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THE
PSYCHOLOGY
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

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MDCCCLIX.

WILLIAM POLLARD, NORTH STREET, EXETER.

To Augustus Stowey, Esquire,
of
Kenbury, near Exeter,

This Work
is Dedicated as a Mark of Sincere Regard,
and in Remembrance
of many Years of kindly Intercourse,
by his Friend and Neighbour,
The Author.

CONTENTS.

MACBETH	PAGE	1
HAMLET	40
OPHELIA	115
KING LEAR	127
TIMON OF ATHENS	188
CONSTANCE	213
JAQUES	232
MALVOLIO. CHRISTOPHER SLY. COMEDY OF ERRORS						249

PREFACE.

The shoemaker, who criticised the work of the great painter of antiquity, was listened to with respect, so long as he confined his observations within the limits of his own practical knowledge. If in the following Essays the author has ventured to submit the works of another great master of art to the test of comparison with the special knowledge of a workman, he trusts that his opinions may receive that consideration to which a long and extensive experience of the irregular phenomena of mind may appear fairly to entitle them. As the shoemaker doubtless found it a more easy and agreeable occupation to criticise painted sandals than to make leather ones, so the author of these Essays has found the study of his own science, as it is represented in the works of the immortal dramatist, a delightful recreation from the labours of his practice. If he could by any charm transfer to his readers but a small portion of the pleasure which he has enjoyed in writing the following pages, he would need to make no apology for their publication, nor entertain any fear of their favourable reception. To have the mind diverted from the routine of professional work, or of study, is both wholesome and enjoyable, not for the reason that Lord Bacon gives for physicians so frequently becoming antiquaries, poets, humourists, &c., namely, because "They find that mediocrity and excellence in their own art maketh no difference in profit or reputation;" but because change in the habitual subject and mode of thought is a source of mental recreation and delight. These pages have, indeed, been written in the leisure hours of a busy life, and although the constant care of six hundred insane persons has afforded ample

opportunities of comparing the delineations of the psychological artist, with the hard realities of existence, it has also denied that leisure, which would have enabled the writer to have expressed his opinions in a form and manner more satisfactory to his judgment, and more worthy of the subject. Under these circumstances they have necessarily been written in some haste, and have been sent to the printer with the ink yet wet: they have also been written in the country, so that neither their matter or manner could be submitted to friendly advice. The author tenders these explanations in excuse for imperfections of literary execution, which, he trusts, may in some measure be atoned for by other qualities in the work, which comes fresh from the field of observation. He claims, indeed, that indulgence which would readily be accorded to a writer whom the active business of life had led into some region of classic interest, and who, taking his ease at his inn, should each evening compare the descriptions of an ancient historian with the scenes he had just beheld during the burden and heat of the day; the fresh and immediate nature of his knowledge would justify him in assuming a certain kind of authority, without at each step establishing the grounds of his judgment. The author, however, has endeavoured to bear in mind, that he was writing, not upon the subject of his own knowledge, but upon that of Shakespeare's; and although it would have been easy to have supported and illustrated his opinions by the details of observation, and the statement of cases, he has abstained from doing so, preferring sometimes to be dogmatic rather than tedious.

Although for many years the dramas of Shakespeare have been familiar to the author, the extent and exactness of the psychological knowledge displayed in them, which a more diligent examination has made known, have surprised and astonished him. He can only account for it on one supposition, namely, that abnormal conditions of mind had attracted Shakespeare's diligent observation, and had been his favourite study. There is no reason to suppose, that when Shakespeare wrote, any other asylum for the insane existed in this

country, than the then poor and small establishment of Bethlem Hospital, the property of which had been taken from the monks by Henry the Eighth, and presented to the city of London for conversion into an asylum, only seventeen years before the poet's birth. In his time the insane members of society were not secluded from the world as they are now. If their symptoms were prominent and dangerous, they were, indeed, thrust out of sight very harshly and effectually; but if their liberty was in any degree tolerable, it was tolerated, and they were permitted to live in the family circle, or to wander the country. Thus every one must have been brought into immediate contact with examples of every variety of mental derangement; and any one who sought the knowledge of their peculiarities would find it at every turn. Opportunities of crude observation would, therefore, be ample, it only required the alembic of a great mind to convert them into psychological science.

Shakespeare's peculiar capacity for effecting such conversion would consist in his intimate knowledge of the normal state of the mental functions in every variety of character, with which he would be able to compare and estimate every direction and degree of aberration. His knowledge of the mental physiology of human life would be brought to bear upon all the obscurities and intricacies of its pathology. To this power would be added that indefinable possession of genius, call it spiritual tact or insight, or whatever other term may suggest itself, by which the great lords of mind estimate all phases of mind with little aid from reflected light. The peculiarities of a certain character being observed, the great mind which contains all possibilities within itself, imagines the act of mental transmigration, and combining the knowledge of others with the knowledge of self, every variety of character possible in nature would become possible in conception and delineation.

That abnormal states of mind were a favourite study of Shakespeare would be evident from the mere number of characters to which he has attributed them, and the extent alone to which he has written on the subject. On no other subject,

except love and ambition, the blood and chyle of dramatic poetry, has he written so much. On no other has he written with such mighty power.

Some explanation seems due of the title chosen for this work. Since psychology strictly implies all that relates to the soul or mind of man in contradistinction to his material nature, the character of Othello might have been placed under this title with as much propriety as that of Lear. The derivation and original use of a term, however, not unfrequently differ from its acquired and permanent use, and the term psychology has, of late years, been used to denote all that relates to the department of science which takes cognizance of irregularities and aberrations and diseases of the mind. It serves not to object that the derivation of the word is opposed to such employment, for the same may be said of half the words in the language. Mental pathology would be a far more exact, but also a more cumbrous term; and no further apology need be made for the modern use of the shorter term, than that no other suits the purpose to which it is applied, with equal convenience. One chooses words, like servants, for their usefulness and not for their pedigree.

The author had intended to append to the following pages a chapter on Shakespeare's knowledge of medicine. When, however, it was partly written, he found that the freedom of expression, which the great dramatist had permitted himself on medical subjects, was such as would either have prevented the admission and consideration of important passages, or have forbidden the present work to many readers, whom it is hoped may otherwise honour it with a perusal. The inconvenience therefore of a separate publication has been preferred.

It only remains to add that, three of the following essays have already appeared in the pages of the "Quarterly Journal of Mental Science," a publication edited by the author.

Exminster, May 12th, 1859.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ESSAYS.

MACBETH.

Macbeth, the most awful creation of the poetic mind, is a study every way worthy of those to whom the storms of passion present the frequent cause of mental disease. The historian studies the temper of the mind in its most ardent heats, that he may gain a clue to the causation of human events ; the statesman, that he may obtain foreknowledge of tendencies to human action ; and the psychologist, for the more beneficent purpose of acquiring that knowledge as the means of alleviating the most terrible of calamities, and of doing that which the terrified physician in this tragedy dared not attempt, of "ministering to the mind diseased." The philosopher studies the laws of storms, that he may teach the mariner to avoid the destructive circle of their influence ; and the physician, whose noble object of study is the human mind, seizes every opportunity of making himself acquainted with the direction and events of its hurricane movements, that he may perchance lead some into a port of safety, or at least that he may assist in the restoration of the torn and shattered bark. But to stand on one side and calmly contemplate the phenomena of human passion, like the chorus in the old Greek drama, is the lot of few. When the elements of human passion are in fierce strife, there is no near standing-place for the foot of science, like the deck of

the great steamer which allowed Scoresby to measure the force and speed of the wild Atlantic wave. The vortex of passion tends to draw in all who float near; and tranquil observation of its turmoil can only be made from a standing point more or less remote. On all possible occasions, indeed, it behoves the man whose object of study and of care is the human mind, to observe for himself its phenomena, and to test its springs and sources of action; but it behoves him to accept the testimony of those who have weathered the storm, and also gratefully to appreciate any assistance he may obtain from others who contemplate the same phenomena from different points of view to his own: and there is no one from whom he will derive help of such inestimable value, as from him whose high faculties enables him to contemplate human nature, as it were, from within. The Poet or maker, the same intrinsically with the Seer or gifted observer, is the best guide and helpmate with whom the psychologist can ally himself. He is like the native of a country to whom mountain and stream and every living thing are known, acting as instructor and guide to the naturalist, whose systems and classifications he may hold in slight esteem, but with whom he has a common love and a more personal knowledge for all their objects. Compared with the assistance which the psychologist derives from the true poet, that which he obtains from the metaphysician is as sketchy and indistinct as the theoretical description of a new country might be, given by one who had never been therein, as the description of Australia might be, drawn from the parallel of its climate and latitude with South America or China.

Above all seers with whom a beneficent Providence has blessed mankind, to delight and instruct them with that knowledge which is so wondrous that it is falsely called intuitive, is that heaven-born genius, who is the pride and

glory of this country, the greatest poet of all ages, and pre-eminently the most truthful analyst of human action. Shakespeare not only possesses more psychological insight than all other poets, but than all other writers, the sacred writings alone excepted. He has been aptly called, "a nature humanized." He has above all men the faculty of unravelling the motives of human action. Compared with his profound knowledge of the surface and depths of the human soul, the information of other great minds, even of such wondrously vigorous intelligences as those of Plato and Bacon, were obscure and fragmentary. Had he not been a poet, what might he not have been as a philosopher? What essays might he not have written? What Socratic dialogues, sparkling with wit, seething with humour, saturated with truth, might he not have written upon politics and philosophy? Some American writer has lately started the idea that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon! Verily, were it not for the want of power of imagination and verbal euphony which is displayed in Bacon's Essays, one might rather think that they were some of Shakespeare's own rough memoranda on men and motives, which had strayed from his desk.

Although Macbeth is less pervaded with the idea of mental disease than its great rival tragedies of Hamlet and Lear, and contains but one short scene in which a phase of insanity is actually represented, it is not only replete with passages of deep psychological interest, but in the mental development of the bloody-handed hero and of his terrible mate, it affords a study scarcely less instructive than the wild and passionate madness of Lear, or the metaphysical motive-weighing melancholy of the Prince of Denmark.

It is not within the scope of our intention to comment upon the artistic perfection of this work. This has already been done, and done well, by professed writers of dramatic criti-

cism—by Schlegel especially, and by Hazlitt. The wonderful rapidity of action which obtains in this tragedy, the exquisite adaptation of all its parts to form a perfect and consistent whole, and the inimitable use of violent contrasts which it presents, have been dilated upon by the German with a ripe and critical intelligence—by our countryman with the eloquence of vehement admiration. Coleridge also has a long essay upon this drama, to which the authority of his name has attached importance. Some of his criticisms, however, appear more subtle than sensible. He discovers that Lady Macbeth's "is the mock fortitude of a mind deluded by ambition. She shames her husband by a superhuman audacity of fancy which she cannot support, but sinks in the season of remorse, and dies in suicidal agony." He discovers that the scene opens "with superstition;" as if Macbeth had dreamt he had seen the Witches. Surely there is a difference between the supernatural and the superstitious! The difference between mere apprehension and reality, between imagination and existence. The truth of supernatural events may be doubted or denied, but if admitted, to see it as it is, is not superstition. Degrading Lady Macbeth into a fanciful would-be heroine, Coleridge makes her lord a pre-determined scoundrel, "rendered temptable (by the Witches,) by previous dalliance of the fancy with ambitious thoughts." "His soliloquy shewed the early birth-date of his guilt." According to this view, the temptation of the weird Sisters, and the "concatinating tendency of the imagination," was quite needless. A villain *ab initio*, "who, wishing a temporal end for itself, does in truth will the means," can find no palliation in the direct tempting of supernatural beings, nor in being subject to the masterdom of another human will. Then Macbeth makes the most grievous metaphysical mistakes. Before the deed, "the inward pangs and warnings of conscience are interpreted into prudential reasonings;" and afterwards, he is

“ever and ever mistaking the anguish of conscience for fears of selfishness.” The idea conveyed is, that conscience is independent of reason; that the inward monitor intuitively decides upon the right and wrong without the aid of the judgment; that the still small voice is an uninstructed sentiment.

We cannot give our adhesion to the theory that Macbeth was originally a treacherous and bad man, prone to deeds of midnight murder. His bold and fierce wife is likely to have known him far better than his metaphysical critic; and she reading his letter, which describes the prophecies of the weird Sisters, says :

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
 What thou art promised :—Yet do I fear thy nature ;
 It is too full o’ the milk of human kindness
 To catch the nearest way ; Thou would’st be great ;
 Art not without ambition ; but without
 The illness should attend it. What thou would’st highly,
 That would’st thou holily ; would’st not play false,
 And yet would’st surely win.”

Macbeth is introduced as a right brave man. “Valour’s minion,” he is called by the bleeding captain, and “Bellona’s bridegroom” by Rosse. “Oh, valiant cousin ! worthy gentleman !” exclaims the King, on hearing the relation of his first victory. Twice in one day he is represented to have saved the kingdom, and the gracious Duncan regrets his inadequate power of reward :

“More is thy due than more than all can pay.”

He is “full of the milk of human kindness,” but withal so personally brave that his deeds against the Irish gallowglasses and the Norwegians are the theme of general enthusiasm, and win for him “golden opinions from all sorts of people.” Evidently he is a man of sanguine nervous temperament, of large capacity and ready susceptibility. The high energy and courage which guides his sword in the battles of his

country are qualities of nerve force which future circumstances will direct to good or evil purposes. Circumstances arise soliciting to evil ; "supernatural soliciting," the force of which, in these anti-spiritualist days, it requires an almost unattainable flight of imagination to get a glimpse of. It must be remembered that the drama brings Macbeth face to face with the supernatural, with that devil's brood the weird Sisters, so unlike the inhabitants of earth, who, after a prophecy immediately fulfilled, "made themselves air into which they vanished." What would be the effect upon a man of nervous sensibility, of such appearances? Surely most profound. Well may Hazlitt say, that "he can conceive no common actor to look like a man who had encountered the weird Sisters." When they had "melted as breath into the wind," even the firm tempered and judicious Banquo exclaims :

" Were such things here as we do speak about ?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner ?"

We may disbelieve in any manifestations of the supernatural ; but we cannot but believe that were their occurrence possible, it would profoundly affect the mind. Humboldt says, that the effect of the first earthquake shock is most bewildering, unsettling one of the strongest articles of material faith, namely, the fixedness of the earth. Any supernatural appearance must have this effect of shaking the foundations of the mind in an infinitely greater degree. Indeed, we so fully feel that any glimpse into the spirit-world would effect in ourselves a profound mental revulsion, that we intuitively extend to Macbeth a more indulgent opinion of his great crimes, than we should have been able to do had he been led on to their commission by the temptations of earthly incident alone.

Macbeth is no villain in-grain, like Richard the Third or

Iago, revelling in the devil's work because he likes it; but a once noble human nature, struggling but yielding in a net of temptation, whose meshes are wound around him by the visible hand of the Spirit of Evil. Slave as he is to that soldier's passion, the love of fame and power, he is not without amiable qualities. He was once loved even by his arch-enemy Macduff, to whom Malcolm says :

“This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest; you have lov'd him well.”

And we may even accept the testimony of the Queen of Hell, “the close contriver of all harms,” in his favour. She upbraids her foul menials, the Sisters, that they had been serving one who had no pleasure in evil for its own sake, but who had spitefully and wrathfully accepted it only as the means to an end :

“And, which is worse, all you have done
Hath been but for a wayward son,
Spiteful and wrathful; who, as others do,
Loves for his own ends, not for you.”

Let it not be thought that we attempt to palliate the guilt of Macbeth. In a moral point of view this is impossible. If his solicitings to crime are supernatural, combined with fate and metaphysic aid, he is not blinded by them. With conscience fully awake, with eyes open to the foul nature of his double treachery, although resisting, he yields to temptation. He even feels that he is not called upon to act to fulfil the decrees of destiny.

“If Chance will have me king, why Chance may crown me
Without my stir.”

Had he with more determination resisted the temptations of the woman, he might have falsified the prophecies of the fiend, and put aside from his lips the poisoned chalice of remorse, maintained from rancours the vessel of his peace, and above all have rescued the eternal jewel of his soul.

Though here and elsewhere Shakespeare has admitted the

doctrine of destiny, no one more pitilessly tore aside this veil from the features for wickedness. Edgar in *Lear*, says : “ This is the excellent foppery of the world ! That when we are sick in fortune [often the surfeit of our own behaviour] we make guilty of our disasters, the sun, the moon, and the stars : as if we were villains on necessity ; fools by heavenly compulsion ; knaves, thieves, and traitors by spherical predominance ; drunkards, liars, and adulterers, by a forced obedience of planetary influence ; and all that we are evil in by a divine thrusting on : an admirable evasion——”

To the Christian moralist, Macbeth’s guilt is so dark that its degree cannot be estimated, as there are no shades in black. But to the mental physiologist, to whom nerve rather than conscience is an object of study, the functions of the brain rather than the powers of the will, it is impossible to omit from calculation the influences of the supernatural event, which is not only the starting point of the action, but the remote cause of the mental phenomena.

The professed moralist is slow to accept the teaching of the drama ; but where shall we find a more impressive lesson of the manner in which the infraction of the moral law works out its own punishment, than in the delineation of the agonizing soul torture of Macbeth ? In this, as in all other instances, the true psychological is not opposed to the true moral doctrine of human life. In the attempt to trace conduct to its earliest source or motive, and to deduce the laws of emotional progression, the psychological, or to use the stricter and better term, the physiological moralist teaches the importance of establishing an early habit of emotional action, which may tend to virtuous conduct, and form a prepared defence against temptation ; by shewing how invariably in the moral world evil leads on to evil, he teaches in the best manner the wisdom of opposing the beginnings of evil, and he develops the ethical principle laid down by our Great Teacher, that an

evil emotion is in the heart the representation of the bad action.

The great interest of this drama is most skilfully made to depend upon the conflicting emotions of sympathy with a man struggling under fearful temptation ; horror excited by treachery and foul murder ; awful amazement at the visible grasp of the Spirit of Evil upon the human soul ; and of satisfied justice at the hell of remorse into which he is plunged. In this respect there is an obvious parallelism between Macbeth and Faust ; since in both the hero-criminal of the piece is not responsible as a free agent, so far as he is but the mortal instrument of the fiend in deeds of evil. The conduct of Faust, however, is not comparable to that of the fierce and bloody Scotch tyrant, and he is saved from our utter disgust and hatred by the more immediate intervention of the fiend in the execution of the murders, both of Margaret's mother and her brother. Had the action not been thus arranged, had Faust himself poisoned the mother and slain the brother, all sympathy with him as a human soul in the hands of fate would have been destroyed in the irrepressible feelings which attach to a base and dastardly criminal.

In Macbeth the fiercer temptation, fanned not only by the evil solicitings of the devil, but by the agency of his dark and terrible human tempter and colleague, renders it possible to commit the perpetration of crimes to his own hand, without destroying those traces of sympathy, without which any deep interest in his fate would have been impossible.

The temptation of the weird Sisters has an immediate effect on Macbeth. In the presence of others, he soliloquises, and calls upon himself the remark :

“ Look how our partner's wrapt.”

The immediate fulfilment of two parts of the prophecy come as “ happy prologues to the swelling act,” and murder is

thought of as an "horrible imagining," and an indication that the supernatural soliciting was evil in its nature.

"This supernatural soliciting
 Cannot be ill ; cannot be good :—If ill,
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,
 Commencing in a truth ? I am thane of Cawdor.
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
 Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature ? Present fears
 Are less than horrible imaginings :
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function
 Is smother'd in surmise ; and nothing is,
 But what is not."

Let not this early and important testimony be overlooked, which Macbeth gives to the extreme excitability of his imagination. The supernatural soliciting of the weird Sisters suggests to him an *image*, not a thought merely, but an image so horrible that its contemplation

"does unfix my hair,
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
 Against the use of nature."

This passage was scarcely intended to describe an actual hallucination, but rather that excessive predominance of the imaginative faculty which enables some men to call at will before the mind's eye, the very appearance of the object of thought ; that faculty which enabled a great painter to place at will in the empty chair of his studio the mental delineation of any person who had given him one sitting. It is a faculty bordering on a morbid state, and apt to pass the limit, when judgment swallowed in surmise yields her function, and the imaginary becomes to the mind as real as the true, "and nothing is, but what is not." This early indication of Macbeth's tendency to hallucination is most important in the psychological development of his character.

We cannot believe that Macbeth had entertained any idea

of his great crime, before the suggestion of it arising from the devil's interview on Fores heath. That he yields to it is only too evident from the passage beginning "Stars hide your fires." That his wife should form the same guilty purpose, upon the mere recital in his letter of the supernatural information he had obtained of that which was in the "coming on of time," proves not that he had suggested it to her, but that she is prone to entertain it on slighter grounds, and that there is between them that unity of thought and desire which is common between man and wife who are much wrapt up in each other.

The struggle with which Macbeth yields to the suggestion is so fierce that horror and pain are forthwith stamped upon his features. His wife exclaims, when he meets her :

"Your face, my thane, is like a book, where men
May read strange matters."

For herself, she hath no faltering ; she hath no need of supernatural appearances to "prick the sides of her intent." Ambition and the desire "of sovereign sway and masterdom," are to her undaunted metal the all-sufficient motives of the terrible deed which she plotted and instigated, and would have perpetrated, had not a touch of filial piety withheld her hand. Strange inconsistency of humanity which leaves not the darkest moments of the lost soul without stray gleams of light.

"Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't."

It is one of the "compunctious visitings of nature," against which she invokes the murdering ministers whose sightless substances wait on nature's mischief, in that expression of sublimated wickedness in which she welcomes the fatal entrance of Duncan under her battlements.

The wavering of Macbeth, expressed in his first soliloquy, appears to us very different from the "prudential reasonings"

which, according to Coleridge, he mistakes for conscience. Surely it indicates a sensitive appreciation of right motive, and the fear of punishment in the life to come; the acknowledgment also that crime, even in this world, receives its proper reward from the operation of even-handed justice; the acknowledgment of the foul nature of treachery to a kinsman and disloyalty to a king. Moreover, that expression of sincere pity for the gracious Duncan, whose meek and holy character is depicted in so fine a contrast to his own fierce and wayward passions, is a sentiment far removed from "prudential reasonings." Thus he convinces himself against the deed, and concludes:

" I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps its' sell,
And falls on the other."

When Lady Macbeth joins him, he expresses his virtuous resolve, and for the first time adds "prudential reasonings:"

" We will proceed no further in this business :
He hath honour'd me of late ; and I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people,
Which would be worn now in their newest gloss,
Not cast aside so soon."

Then mark the temptation to which the terrible woman subjects him; the taunts of cowardice and weakness; taunts to which a soldier gifted with sensitive personal bravery would be keenly alive, especially coming from the lips of a beautiful woman whom he loved;

" Was the hope drunk,
Wherein you dress'd yourself ? hath it slept since ?
And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
At what it did so freely ? From this time,
Such I account thy love. Art thou afeard
To be the same in thine own act and valour,
As thou art in desire ?"

She further urges the temptation by comparing his vacillating desire with her own fell purpose, in that terrible passage :

“I have given suck, and know
 How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me :
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,
 Have pluck'd the nipple from his boneless gums,
 And dash't the brains out, had I but so sworn
 As you have done to this.”

Fearing that his better nature would relent, she had sworn him to the treacherous and bloody deed. She concludes by shewing clearly the opportunity. She will ply the two chamberlains with wine and wassel, until

“Memory, the warder of the brain,
 Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason
 A limbeck only : When in swinish sleep
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death ——”

Well may Macbeth exclaim in astonishment :

“Bring forth men-children only !
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose
 Nothing but males.”

He reels under the fierce battery of temptation and when she has thus poured her spirits into his ear, and chastised his compunctions with the valour of her tongue, he falls ; without time for further thought, rushing into the commission of his first great crime.

“I am settled, and bent up
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show :
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.”

As in earliest time, the temptation was urged by the woman. Woman, infinitely the most virtuous, distances her partner when she has once entered the career of crime.

“Denn, geht es zu des Bösen Haus,
 Das Weib hat tausend Schritt voraus.”

The dagger scene is an illustration of Shakespeare's finest psychological insight. An hallucination of sight resulting from the high-wrought nervous tension of the regicide, and “the present horror of the time,” and typifying in form, the dread purpose of his mind ; impressed upon his senses, but re-

jected by his judgment ; recognised as a morbid product of mental excitement, and finally its existence altogether repudiated, and the bloody business of the mind made answerable for the foolery of the senses.

“ Is this a dagger, which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch
thee :—

I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind ; a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain ?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going ;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest : I see thee still ;
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.”

The deed is done ! and the terrible punishment of guilt commences from the very moment. Remorse dogs the murderer's heels even from the chamber of death.

“ *Macb.* One cried *God bless us !* and, *Amen*, the other ;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say, amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lady M. Consider it not so deeply.

Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat.

Lady M. These deeds must not be thought
After these ways ; so, *it will make us mad.*”

Guilt hath instantly changed the brave man into a coward.

“ I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look on't again, I dare not.”

“ How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?”

The sting of remorse extorts from him the direct expression of regret :

“To know my deed, ’twere best not know myself.”

“Wake Duncan with thy knocking: *Would thou could’st!*”

Compare this with the woman’s firmer nerve, rebuking him :

“You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brainsickly of things.”

“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.”

She enters the murder chamber, to do that which her mate dare not do; and shewing her hands, gilded like the faces of the grooms with Duncan’s blood, says :

“My hands are of your colour; but I shame
To wear a heart so white.”

And this is the lady whom Mr. Coleridge describes as courageous in fancy only!

The passage, “Methought I heard a voice,” &c., is scarcely to be accepted as another instance of hallucination; an hallucination of hearing parallel to that of sight in the appearance of the dagger. It is rather an instance of merely excited imagination without sensual representation, like the “suggestion whose horrid image” is spoken of on Fores heath. The word “*methought*” is sufficient to distinguish this voice of the fancy from an hallucination of sense. The lengthened reasoning of the fancied speech is also unlike an hallucination of hearing; real hallucinations of hearing being almost always restricted to two or three words, or at furthest, to brief sentences. How exquisite is this description of sleep! How correct, psychologically, is the threat that remorse will murder sleep! How true the prediction to the course of the drama, in which we find that hereafter the murderer did “lack the season of all natures, sleep!”

*“Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !
Macbeth doth murder sleep ; the innocent sleep ;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.*

Lady M. What do you mean ?

*Macb. Still it cried, Sleep no more ! to all the house :
Glamis hath murder'd sleep ; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more !”*

When the first agony of remorseful excitement has passed, its more settled phase is expressed in the life-weary, Hamlet-like melancholy of the passage :

*“Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had liv'd a blessed time ; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality ;
All is but toys ; renown, and grace, is dead ;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to brag of.”*

The description of the night of murder is conceived to add to the supernatural. By lamentings in the air, earthquake, eclipse, prodigies in animal life, things “unnatural, even like the deed that's done,” the mental effect of awe is skilfully produced, and the feeling of Macbeth's balance between fate and free-will is maintained just at that point which enables us both to sympathize and condemn.

Macbeth at last hath obtained the “All hail hereafter ;” but the furies of conscience rack his soul with cowardly and anxious thoughts. He is cowed by the presence of a brave and honest man, his old friend and colleague, whose royalty of nature, dauntless temper, and the prudence with which he acts, make him an object of fear, and his presence a rebuke. Jealousy, moreover, of the greatness which the weird Sisters had promised to the issue of Banquo, rankles in his mind, now debased by guilt and the fertile seed ground of all evil passion.

“ For Banquo’s issue have I fil’d my mind ;
 For them the gracious Duncan have I murder’d ;
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace
 Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel
 Given to the common enemy of man,
 To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !
 Rather than so, come, *Fate*, into the list,
 And champion me to the utterance !”

Strange inconsistency ! He yields to Fate when its decrees jump with his own desires ; but when the tide turns he resolves to breast its irresistible wave. One is inclined, however, to the belief, that the first reason assigned for Banquo’s death was the most potent, that “ there is none but he whose being I do fear.” Macbeth had no children, and the descent of the crown could not touch his feelings or interests. When he learns that Fleance has escaped, he feels “ bound in to saucy doubts and fears ;” but, on the whole, he treats the escape as a light matter, and as the cause of future danger to himself, rather than of anxiety respecting the succession.

How awful is the retribution which the Nemesis of conscience works upon the guilty pair ; and that before they have cause to dread any earthly retribution. Duncan’s sons are fugitives in foreign lands. The peers gather freely round the court of the new king. Suspicions have indeed arisen in the mind of Banquo, but he breathes them only to himself, and commends his indissoluble duties to the king. All without seems fair ; but within ? Listen to the deep sound of melancholy surging from the heart of the lady :

“ Nought’s had, all’s spent,
 Where our desire is got without content :
 ’Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.”

From these sad lonely thoughts she rouses herself to chide her lord for permitting similar thoughts to be expressed legibly on his more sensitive organization.

“*Lady M.* How now, my lord? why do you keep alone?
Of sorriest fancies your companions making?
Using those thoughts, which should indeed have died
With them they think on? Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what’s done, is done.

Macb. We have scotch’d the snake, not kill’d it;
She’ll close, and be herself; whilst our poor malice
Remains in danger of her former tooth.
But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy.”

Well might she feel it needful to urge upon him the policy of sleeking o’er his rugged looks, and of being bright and jovial among his guests; but how deep the agony of the reply:

“O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!”

The banquet scene following the murder of Banquo is unrivalled in dramatic force and psychological truth. The kingly host hath put on a forced cheerfulness. He will play the humble host, and sit in the midst. He commands his guests to be large in mirth. He has something like a grim jest for the murderer who appears at the side door, to whom he makes the only play on words in the tragedy, the porter’s ribaldry excepted.

“*Macb.* There’s blood upon thy face.

Mur. ’Tis Banquo’s, then.

Macb. ’Tis better thee *without*, than him *within*.”

“Thou art the best o’ the cut throats; yet he’s good
That did the like for Fleance; if thou didst it,
Thou art the *nonpareil*.”

The short-lived effort to be gay subsides into the usual abstracted mood, and Lady Macbeth needs to chide him: “You do not give the cheer,” &c. He makes an effort, gives that fine physiological grace before meat:

“ Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both ! ”

playfully challenges the absence of Banquo as an act of unkindness, thus by a voluntary mental act calling before his mind's eye the image of the murdered man. When invited to sit, “ The table's full. ” — “ Here's a place reserv'd, sir. ” — “ Where? which of you have done this ? ” None see the shadowy form except Macbeth himself, and his first impression is that it is a sorry jest ; but how quickly does he believe in the supernatural nature of his visitor? “ Thou canst not say, I did it ; never shake thy gory locks at me. ” He looks “ on that which might appal the devil, ” but which no eyes but his own can see. Although “ quite unmann'd in folly, ” fear turns to daring, and he threatens the ghost :

“ Pr'ythee, see there ! behold ! look ! lo ! how say you ?
Why, what care I ? If thou canst nod, speak too. —
If charnel houses, and our graves, must send
Those that we bury, back, our monuments
Shall be the maws of kites. ”

The hallucination fades, and his natural high courage allows him on the moment to philosophize upon the appearance :

“ Blood hath been shed ere now, i' the olden time,
Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal ;
Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd,
Too terrible for the ear : the times have been
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end : but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools : This is more strange
Than such a murder is. ”

Again roused from reverie by his wife, he excuses his behaviour by the same reference to a customary infirmity, which is twice alluded to for the same purpose by his wife :

“ I do forget : —
Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends ;
I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing
To those who know me. ”

He proposes a bumper health to the general joy of the whole table, and that in particular of "our dear friend Banquo," this second reference shewing how his mind is fascinated with the idea of the dead man; and having the immediate effect of re-establishing the hallucination. Then comes that burst of despairing defiance, when the extremity of fear changes to audacity:

"Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with."

"What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,
And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
If trembling I exhibit then, protest me
The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence!—Why so;—being gone,
I am a man again.—Pray you, sit still."

He is astonished that the others present are not moved by the object of his dread. Unlike the air-drawn dagger, which he recognized as an hallucination, he believes this appearance to have been most real. He does this notwithstanding his wife's assurance that—

"This is the very painting of your fear;
This is the air-drawn dagger, which, you said,
Led you to Duncan."

She gives no credence to matters which

"Would well become
A woman's story, told by a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam."

She taunts him, and assures him:

"Why do you make such faces? When all's done,
You look but on a stool."

It is markworthy that the ghost of Banquo is seen to no

one but Macbeth, differing in this respect from that of Hamlet's Father. Moreover, Banquo's ghost is silent: Hamlet's ghost is a conversational being, subject to disappearance at cock-crow, and other ghost laws; points indicating the poet's idea of the ghost of Banquo as an hallucination, not as an apparition; a creation of the heat-oppressed brain, not a shadowy messenger from spirit-land. It is the pathological Nemesis of guilt, not a phantom returned to the confines of the day actively to assist in the discovery of guilt. The progress of the morbid action is depicted with exquisite skill. First, there is the horrible picture of the imagination not transferred to the sense, then there is the sensual hallucination whose reality is questioned and rejected, and now there is the sensual hallucination whose reality is fully accepted.

Are we to accept the repeated assurance, both from Macbeth and from his lady, that he is subject to sudden fits of some kind? or was it a ready lie, coined on the spur of the moment, as an excuse for his strange behaviour?

"Sit, worthy friends, my lord is often thus,
And hath been from his youth: 'pray you, keep seat,
The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well; if much you note him,
You shall offend him, and extend his passion."

And again:

"Think of this, good peers,
But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other,
Only it spoils the pleasure of the time."

Doubtless it was a ready lie; otherwise the lady would have used the argument to her husband, instead of scoffing at his credulity. Macbeth, however, is at this juncture in a state of mind closely bordering upon disease, if he have not actually passed the limit. He is hallucinated, and, in respect to the appearance of Banquo, he believes in the hallucination, and refers it to the supernatural agencies which

discover the "secret'st man of blood." The reality of the air-drawn dagger he did not believe in, but referred its phenomena to their proper source, with as much truth, though not with as much phlegm, as Nicolai or any other sane subject of hallucination could have done. Unlike the hallucinations of Nicolai and Ben Johnson, it caused terror although its unreality was fully recognised, because it suited with "the horror of the time" of which it was a reflex. But between this time and the appearance of Banquo, the stability of Macbeth's reason had undergone a fearful ordeal. He lacked "the season of all natures—sleep;" or, when he did sleep, it was

"In the affliction of those terrible dreams
That shake us nightly."

Waking, he made his companions of the "sorriest fancies;" and, "on the torture of the mind," he lay "in restless ecstasy." Truly, the caution given by his wife was likely to become a prophecy:

"These deeds must not be thought on
After these ways; so, it will make us mad."

In the point of view of psychological criticism, this fact appears on the eve of being fulfilled by the man, when to sleepless nights and days of brooding melancholy are added that undeniable indication of insanity, a credited hallucination. The fear was in reality fulfilled in the instance of the woman, although, at the point we have reached, when she with clear intellect and well-balanced powers is supporting her horror-struck and hallucinated husband, she offers a character little likely, on her next appearance, to be the subject of profound and fatal insanity. The man, on the other hand, appears to be almost within the limits of mental disease. Macbeth, however, saved himself from actual insanity by rushing from the maddening horrors of meditation into a course of decisive resolute action. From henceforth he gave himself no time to reflect; he made the firstlings of his heart

the firstlings of his hand ; he became a fearful tyrant to his country ; but he escaped madness. This change in him, however, effected a change in his relation to his wife, which in her had the opposite result. Up to this time, her action had been that of sustaining him ; but when he waded forward in the sea of blood, without desire of the tedious return, when his thoughts were acted ere they were scanned, then his queen found her occupation gone. Her attention, heretofore directed to her husband and to outward occurrences, was forced inwards upon that wreck of all-content which her meditation supplied. The sanitary mental influence of action is thus impressively shewn. Even the stings of conscience, if not blunted, can for a time be averted, by that busy march of affairs, which attracts all the attention outwardly, and throws the faculty of reflection into disuse.

The rapid deterioration of Macbeth's moral nature deserves notice. The murder of the king, to which he had the greatest temptation, was effected in the midst of a storm of conscientious rebuke. The murder of Banquo was attended with no expression of remorse, although it highly stimulated the imagination ; for this also, he had temptation. But shortly afterwards we find him committing a wholesale and motiveless deed of blood, in the assassination of the kindred of Macduff—far more atrocious and horrible, if there can be degrees in the guilt of such deeds, than all he has done before. At first we find him “infirm of purpose” in guilt. Referring either to his want of sleep or to his hallucination, he says :

“ My strange and self-abuse
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—
We are yet but young in deeds.”

Afterwards he becomes indeed “ bloody, bold, and resolute ;” and he orders the massacre of Macduff's kindred without hesitation or compunction.

“From this moment,
 The very firstlings of my heart shall be
 The firstlings of my hand. And even now,
 To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and done :
 The castle of Macduff I will surprise ;
 Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o’ the sword
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls
 That trace his line. No boasting like a fool :
 This deed I’ll do, before this purpose cool.”

Subsequently to this foul deed, the tyrant supported his power with many acts of sudden and bloody violence : for, notwithstanding the great rapidity of action in the drama, an interval in reality of some years must be supposed between the first and last acts, during which time,

“Each new morn,
 New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows
 Strike heaven on the face.”

See also the fine description of the country under the tyrant’s sway given by Rosse :

“The dead man’s knell
 Is there scarce ask’d, for who ; and good men’s lives
 Expire before the flowers in their caps,
 Dying, or ere they sicken.”

The change in Macbeth’s nervous system, from its early sensibility, when he was young in deeds of guilt, to the obtuseness brought on by hard use, is later in the piece described by himself :

“*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.
Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of fears :
 The time has been, my senses would have quail’d
 To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir
 As life were in’t. I have supp’d full with horrors ;
 Direness, familiar to my slaught’rous thoughts,
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?
Sey. The queen, my lord, is dead.”

To the last, the shadow of madness is most skilfully indicated as hovering around Macbeth, without the reality actually

falling upon him. When at last brought to bay in his stronghold, the opinion of his madness is positively expressed :

“ Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies :
Some say, he's mad ; others, that lesser hate him,
Do call it valiant fury : but, for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd course
Within the belt of rule.”

The cause of his reputed madness is conscience.

“ Who then shall blame
His pester'd senses to recoil, and start,
When all that is within him does condemn
Itself for being there ?”

The defiant fierceness of his resistance is not within the belt of rule. He'll fight till from his bones the flesh is hacked ; put on his armour before 'tis needed ;

“ Send out more horses, skir the country round ;
Hang those that talk of fear.”

But with all this valiant fury, he is sick at heart, oppressed with profound weariness of life : “ I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.” What exquisite pathos in the melancholy passages :

“ My May of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf ;
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,
Curses not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.”

And in this, so Hamlet like :

“ She should have died hereafter,
There would have been a time for such a word.—
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time ;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !
Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more : it is a tale

Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

When all hope has fled, his superabundant activity rejects the very idea of self-destruction. He will not play the Roman fool, and die on his own sword. Gashes look best on others. In the last scene, in which the lying juggle of the fiend is unmasked, and he falls by the sword of Macduff, some remaining touches of conscience and of nature are shewn. At first he refuses to fight :

" My soul is too much charg'd
With blood of thine already."

When even fate deserts him, and his better part of man is cowed, he fights bravely to the last, and falls in a manner which the poet takes care to mark, in the scene which immediately follows, as the honourable end of a soldier's life. He descends from the light a fearful example of a noble mind, depraved by yielding to the tempter ; a terrible evidence of the fires of hell lighted in the breast of a living man by his own act.

The character of Lady Macbeth is less interesting to the psychological student than that of her husband. It is far less complex ; drawn with a classic simplicity of outline, it presents us with none of those balancing and contending emotions which make the character of Macbeth so wide and varied a field of study. It does not come within the scope of this criticism to enquire at length into the relative degree of wickedness and depravity exhibited by the two great criminals. Much ingenious speculation has been expended on this subject, one upon which writers are never likely entirely to agree so long as different people have antipathies and preferences for different forms of character. The first idea of the crime undoubtedly comes into the mind of Macbeth before he sees his wife ; the suggestion of it fills his mind immediately after his interview with the weird Sisters, and he

indicates the strong hold which the horrible imagination takes on him.

“Stars hide your fires ;
Let not light see my black and deep desires ;
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see.”

But in Macbeth's letter to his wife there is not a word by which the enterprise can be said to be broken to her, and she expresses her own fell purpose before their meeting. At the first moment of their meeting, she replies to his assertion, that Duncan goes hence to-morrow :

“O, never
Shall sun that morrow see !”

The idea of the crime arises in the minds of both man and wife, without suggestion from either to the other ; though in Macbeth the idea is a “horrible imagining,” while in Lady Macbeth it is a “fell purpose.”

Lady Macbeth's subsequent taunt,—

“What beast was't then
That made you break this enterprise to me ?”

“Nor time nor place did then cohere,
And yet you would make both,”—

appears to us, though we dare hardly say it, a flaw in the plot. It is certainly inconsistent with Lady Macbeth's language at her first meeting with her lord. The truthfulness of these expressions can only be saved by supposing them to have referred to confidences between husband and wife on Duncan's murder, before Macbeth went to the wars ; a supposition inconsistent with the development of the wicked thought as it is portrayed after the meeting with the weird Sisters.

The terrible remorseless impersonation of passionate ambition delineated in the character of Lady Macbeth, is not gradually developed, but is placed at once in all its fierce power before us in that awful invocation to the spirits of evil.

" 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 ! make thick my blood,
 Stop up the access and passage to remorse ;
 That no compunctious visitings of nature
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between
 The effect, and it ! Come to my woman's breasts,
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers,
 Wherever in your sightless substances
 You wait on nature's mischief ! Come, thick night,
 And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell !
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes ;
 Nor heaven peep through the blankness of the dark,
 To cry, *Hold, Hold !*

With what vehemence and unchanging resolution does she carry out this fell purpose ; how she dominates the spirit of her vacillating husband ; with what inflexible and pitiless determination she pursues that one great crime which gives her sovereign sway and masterdom ! It is, however, to be remarked, that she is not exhibited as participating in her husband's crimes after the murder of Duncan. Having seized upon " the golden round," her high moral courage and self-contained nature, save her from those eternal suspicions and that restlessness of imagination which lead her husband onward from crime to crime. Her want of imagination, her very want of sympathy, would save her from that perversion of sympathy, which, in her husband, resulted in useless deeds of blood. There are some characters capable of committing one great crime, and of resting upon it ; there are others in whom the first crime is certainly and necessarily followed by a series of crimes. A bad, cold, selfish, and unfeeling heart may preserve a person from that fever of wickedness which a more sympathizing nature is prone to run into when the sympathies are perverted, and the mobile organization lends itself to effect their destructive suggestions. We have above indicated the turning point of Lady Macbeth's madness to

have been the state of inactivity into which she fell when her husband broke away from her support into that bloody, bold, and resolute career which followed the murder of Banquo. We can only speculate upon her course of conduct from this time. She probably in some manner gave her countenance to her husband's career, or she would scarcely have been called his "fiend-like queen;" for it must be remembered, that, although the reader is well aware of her guilt, no suspicion of her participation in Duncan's murder has been excited in the other personages of the drama. We may suppose, then, that without active participation in that career of tyranny which desolated Scotland, she looked on with frigid and cruel indifference, while, her imagination having no power to throw itself outwardly, it became the prey of one engrossing emotion—that of remorse. Giving no outward expression of it in word or deed, she verified the saying of Malcolm:

"The grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'erfraught heart, and bids it break."

Cold, stedfast, and self-contained, she could no more escape from the gnawing tooth of remorse, than Prometheus, chained upon his rock, could escape from the vulture-talons for ever tearing his vitals. In Macbeth's more demonstrative and flexible nature, passion was explosive; in her's it was consuming. In him the inward fires found a volcanic vent; in her their pent-up force shook in earthquake the deep foundations of the soul.

Lady Macbeth's end is psychologically even more instructive than that of her husband. The manner in which even-handed justice deals with her, "his fiend-like wife," is an exquisite masterpiece of dramatic skill. The undaunted metal which would have compelled her to resist to the last, if brought face to face with any resistible adversaries, gradually gives way to the feeling of remorse and deep melancholy, when left to feed upon itself. The moral object of the drama required that the

fierce gnawing of remorse at the heart of the lady should be made manifest ; and, as her firm self-contained nature imposes upon her a reticence in her waking moments in strong contrast to the soliloquising loquacity of her demonstrative husband, the great dramatist has skilfully availed himself of the sleep-talking state in which she uncovers the corroding ulcers of her conscience. Whether the deep melancholy of remorse tends to exhibit itself in somnambulism, is a fact which may on scientific grounds be doubted. Shakespeare makes the Doctor himself express the doubt : " This disease is beyond my practice ; yet I have known those which have walked in their sleep, who have died holily in their beds." The phenomena of sleep-walking are painted with great truthfulness. In this slumbrous agitation, " the benefit of sleep " cannot be received, as the Doctor thinks. It neither exerts its soothing effects on the mind, nor is it " chief nourisher in life's feast " to the body.—Light is left by her continually. Was this to avert the presence of those " sightless substances " once so impiously invoked ?—She " seems washing her hands," and " continues in this a quarter of an hour." What a comment on her former boast, " A little water clears us of this deed."—The panorama of her crime passes before her, searing the eye-balls of the fancy ; a fancy usually so cold and impassive, but now in agonising erethism. A wise and virtuous man can " thank God for his happy dreams," in which " the slumber of the body seems to be but the waking of the soul ; " dreams of which he says " it is the ligation of sense, but the liberty of reason, and our waking conceptions do not match the fancies of our sleep." " There is surely a nearer apprehension of anything that delights us in our dreams than in our waked senses." " Were my memory as faithful as my reason is then fruitful, I would never study but in my dreams ; and this time also would I chuse for my devotions." (*Religio Medici.*) But the converse ? Who can tell the torture of bad

dreams! Surely, 'tis better in the mind to lie in restless ecstasy, than thus to have the naked fancy stretched upon the rack; all its defences gone, all power of voluntary attention and abstraction, all guidance of the thoughts, all judgment abrogated. What more lurid picture of hell can be formed than that it is one long bad dream!

Gent. Since his majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from the bed, throw her night-gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

Doct. A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching. In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking and other actual performance, what, at any time, have you heard her say?"

* * * *

Gent. ——— Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and, upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her: stand close.

Doct. How came she by that light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

Doct. You see, her eyes are open.

Gent. Ay, but their sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her hands.

Gent. It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands: I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour.

Lady M. Yet here's a spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks; I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

Lady M. Out, damned spot! out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!—Fye, my lordy, fye! a soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power into account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady M. The thane of Fife had a wife: Where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more

o' that, my lord, no more o' that : you mar all with this starting.

Doct. Go to, go to ; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that : Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady M. Here's the smell of the blood still : all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh ! oh ! oh !

Doct. What a sigh is there ! The heart is sorely charged.

Gent. I would not have such a heart in my bosom for the dignity of the whole body."

The diagnosis arrived at by the judicious and politic Doctor appears to have been, that she was scarcely insane, but so sorely troubled in conscience as to be prone to quit the anguish of this life by means of suicide.

" Unnatural deeds
Do breed unnatural troubles ; infected minds
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.
More needs she the divine than the physician.—
God, God, forgive us all ! Look after her ;
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,
And still keep eyes upon her."

A passage at the very end of the drama indicates, though it does not assert that the fear of the Doctor was realized—

" his fiend-like queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life."

This diagnosis of the Doctor, that actual disease was not present, is again expressed in his interview with Macbeth :

Macb. How does your patient, doctor ?

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.

Macb. Cure her of that :
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd ;
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow ;
Raze out the written troubles of the brain ;
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous grief,
Which weighs upon the heart ?

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.

Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it."

This contempt of physic was not ill-founded upon the want of reliance which the Doctor expressed on the resources of his art. In those early times, the leech and the mediciner had not learnt to combine the moral influences which are the true means of ministering to a mind diseased after the manner of Lady Macbeth's, with those sleep-producing oblivious antidotes which at present form the remedies of melancholia. Such a patient would not now be given over, either to the divine, or to the unresisted ravages of conscience. What indeed could the divine effect without the aid of the physician? or, rather, until the physician had done his work? In such a state of nervous system as that of this wretched lady, no judicious divine would attempt to excite religious emotion; indeed, all thoughts of the world to come would act as fuel to the fire of a conscience so remorseful. The treatment of such a case as that of Lady Macbeth would be, to remove her from all scenes suggesting unhappy thoughts, to fix by constant endeavours her attention upon new objects of interest, and to find, if possible, some stimulus to healthy emotion. If she had been thrown from her high estate, and compelled to labour for her daily bread, the tangible evils of such a condition would have been, most likely, to have rooted out those of the imagination and of memory. The judicious physician, moreover, would not in such a case have neglected the medicinal remedies at his command, especially those which Macbeth himself seems to indicate, under the title of some sweet oblivious antidote. He would have given the juice of poppy, or some "drowsy syrup," to prevent thick-coming fancies depriving her of rest. He would thus have replaced the unrefreshing, nay, exhausting sleep of somnambulism, for that condition so beautifully described, earlier in the play, as that which

“knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast.”

When these remedies had produced their effect, and the patient's remorse was no longer of that “brainsickly” kind accompanying disorders of the organization, then, and only then, might the divine step in with those consolations of religious faith which assure us, that “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.”

What was Lady Macbeth's form and temperament?—In Maclise's great painting of the banquet scene, she is represented as a woman of large and coarse development; a Scandinavian amazon, the muscles of whose brawny arms could only have been developed to their great size by hard and frequent use; a woman of whose fists her husband might well be afraid; but scarcely one who would present that Satanic spiritualization of character which we find in this awful impersonation of dauntless and ruthless ambition; an instrument, in fact, to do coarse things coarsely; a butcher's cleaver perhaps, but by no means the keen scimitar whose rapid blow destroys ere it is seen. We do not so figure Lady Macbeth to the mind's eye—no, not even as the large and majestic figure of Siddons, whose impersonation of the character so moved our fathers. Shakespeare was not in the habit of painting big and brawny women. There is a certain femininity in all his female characters, which is distinguishable even in those whom he has filled with the coarser passions. But that Lady Macbeth, whose soul is absorbed, and whose devilish deeds are instigated by ambition, the highest of all earthly passions, “the last infirmity of noble minds,” which, like Aaron's rod, consumes and destroys the meaner desires,—that this woman should have had the physical conformation of a cook, is a

monstrous libel upon the sex. Regan and Goneril, whom we not only hate, but who excite disgust in our minds, might have been such women, coarse and low natures as they were ; and indeed they are represented as using their fists with a freedom proving the reliance they placed in the efficiency of that safety-valve to passion; and Lear threatens the wolfish visage of one with the nails of the other. But was Lady Macbeth such a being? Did the fierce fire of her soul animate the epicene bulk of a virago? Never! Lady Macbeth was a lady beautiful and delicate, whose one vivid passion proves that her organization was instinct with nerve-force, unoppressed by weight of flesh. Probably she was small ; for it is the smaller sort of women whose emotional fire is the most fierce, and she herself bears unconscious testimony to the fact that her hand was little. The drama contains many indications that, to outward appearance, she was gentle and feminine. Duncan greets her by the name of "most kind hostess;" and, after the murder, Macduff says :

"Gentle lady,
 'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak ;
 The repetition in a woman's ear
 Would murder as it fell."

Although she manifests no feeling towards Macbeth, beyond the regard which ambition makes her yield, it is clear that he entertains for her the personal love which a beautiful woman would excite. Returning from the wars, he greets her with "Dearest love!" "Dearest partner of my greatness!" Afterwards he lavishes upon her the terms of endearment, "Love!" "Dear wife!" "Dearest chuck!" "Sweet remembrancer!" Above all, she makes use of his love to taunt him with his change of purpose, when it looked green and pale at the contemplated murder of Duncan. "From this time," she says, "such I account thy love." She relies upon this threat of disbelief in his love as a goad to urge him to his first great crime ;

and she applies this motive with the confident assurance that the love was there to give it force. Moreover, the effect of remorse upon her own health proves the preponderance of nerve in her organization. Could the Lady Macbeth of Mr. Maclise, and of others who have painted this lady, have shewn the fire and metal of her fierce character in the commission of her crimes, the remembrance of them would scarcely have disturbed the quiet of her after years. We figure Lady Macbeth to have been a blonde Rachel, with more beauty, with grey and cruel eyes, but with the same slight dry configuration and constitution, instinct with determined nerve-power.*

The scene with the doctor at the English court has several points of interest, besides that of antiquarian medicine. It fixes the date of Macbeth's history as that of Edward the Confessor's time. It was doubtless introduced as a compliment to James the First, who assumed the power of curing scrofula, the king's evil, by means of the king's touch. Another passage indicates that it was written in this reign, and thus that it was one of the later productions of the poet. James was descended from Banquo, and in the last witch scene Macbeth thus refers to the lineage of his rival :

" And some I see

" That two-fold balls and treble sceptres carry."

The cure of the king's evil is thus described :

Doct. There are a crew of wretched souls,
That stay his cure : their malady convinces
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,
Such sanctity hath heaven given his hand,
They presently amend.

Macd. What's the disease he means ?

* Since the above was written, we have been informed that Mrs. Siddons herself entertained an opinion of Lady Macbeth's physique similar to our own; and that in Mrs. Jamieson's critique on this character, which we have not had the opportunity of consulting, the same opinion is expressed.

Mal. 'Tis call'd the evil :
 A most miraculous work in this good king :
 Which often, since my here remain in England,
 I have seen him do. How he solicits heaven
 Himself best knows : but strangely-visited people,
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,
 Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves
 The healing `benediction."

Old Fuller, in the plenitude of faith, gives a curious disquisition of this same medical hocus pocus of royalty, the best part of which we subjoin :

"And now the full time was come, wherein good King Edward exchanged this life for a better one. Who, as he was famous for many personal miracles, so he is reported to have entailed (by Heaven's consort,) an hereditary virtue in his successors, the kings of England, (only with this condition, that they continue constant in Christianity,) to cure the *King's Evil*. This disease, known to the Greeks by the name of *Χοιράδες*, termed by the Latines *Struma*, and scrophulæ, hath its cause from phlegm, its chief and common outward residence in or near the neck or throat ; where it expresseth itself in knobs or kernells, pregnant oftentimes with corrupted bloud and other putrified matter, which, on the breaking forth of those bunches, floweth forth, equally offensive to sight, smell, and touch. And yet this noisome disease is happily healed by the hands of the kings of England, stroaking the soar : and if any doubt of the truth thereof, they may be remitted to their own eyes for confirmation. But there is a sort of men who, to avoid the censure of over-easy credulity, and purchase the repute of prudent austerity, justly incur the censure of affected frowardnesse. It being neither manners nor discretion in them, in matters notoriously known, to give daily exprience the lye, by the backwardnesse of their belief.

"But whence this cure proceeds is much controverted by the learned. Some recount it in the number of those *ἀναπόδεκτα* whose reason cannot be demonstrated. For as in vicious commonwealths bastards are frequent, who, being reputed *Filii populi*, have no particular father ; so man's ignorance increaseth the number of occult qualities, (which I might call

chances in nature,) where the effect is beheld, but cannot immediately be referred to any immediate and proper cause thereof. Others impute it the power of fancie, and an exalted imagination. For when the poor patient (who perchance seldom heard of, and never saw a king before,) shall behold his royall hand dabbling in a puddle of putrefaction, and with a charitable confidence rubbing, smoothing, chafing those loathsome kernels, (which I may call clouds of corruption, dissolved oft-times into a feculent shower): I say, when the sick man shall see a hand so humble of one borne so high, such condescension in a king to stroak that soar, at which meaner persons would stop their nostrills, shut their eyes, or turn their faces; this raiseth, erecteth, enthroneth, the patient's fancie, summoning his spirits to assist nature with their utmost might to encounter the disease with greater advantage. And who will look into the legend of the miracles of the imagination, shall find many strange and almost incredible things thereby really effected. Other learned men, and particularly Gaspar Peucerus, though acquitting this cure from diabolical conjuration, yet tax it as guilty of superstition. With him all such do side as quarrell at the ceremonies and circumstances used at the healing of this maladie. Either displeased at the Collect read, (consisting of the first nine verses of the Gospel of St. John,) as wholly improper, and nothing relating to the question; or unresolved of the efficacy of the gold pendent about the patient's neck, (whether partly compleating or a bare complement of the cure); or secretly unsatisfied, what manner or measure or belief is required, (according to the modell whereof health is observed to come sooner or later); or openly offended with the *Sign of the Crosse* which was used to be made on the place affected. All which exceptions fall to the ground, when it shall be avowed, that notwithstanding the omission of such ceremonies, (as requisite rather to the solemnity than substance of the cure,) the hands of our kings (without the gloves, as I may term it, of the aforesaid circumstances,) have effected the healing of this disease.

“Hereupon some make it a clear miracle, and immediately own God's finger in the king's hand.”

Fuller proceeds to describe how a “stiffe Roman Catholic,” having the king's evil in a high degree, and having been cured by Queen Elizabeth, did perceive that the excommunication

which Pope Pius had "let fly at her Majestie" was "in very deed of no effect, seeing God hath blessed her with so great and miraculous a vertue." He proceeds :

"This mention of Queen Elizabeth (there is a magnetic vertue in stories for one to attract another,) minds me of a passage in the beginning of her reign. Making her progresse into Gloucestershire, people affected with this disease did in such uncivil crowds press in upon her ; insomuch that her Majestie, between anger, grief, and compassion, did let fall words to this effect : *Alasse, poor people, I cannot—I cannot cure you ; it is God alone that can doe it.* Which some people interpreted (contrary to her intent and practice, continuing such cures to the day of her death,) an utter renouncing and disclaiming of any instrumentall efficacy in herself. Whereas she only removed her subjects eyes from gazing on her to look up to Heaven. For men's minds naturally are so dull and heavy, that instead of traveling with their thanks to God, the cause of all cures, they lazily take up their lodging more than half-way this side, mistaking the dealer for the Giver of their recovery."

An explanation more ingenious than ingenuous ; for Fuller must have noticed that the Queen disclaimed even the power of dealing the cure.

HAMLET.

All critical study of Hamlet must be psychological ; and as there are few subjects which have been more closely studied, and more copiously written upon, than this magnificent drama, criticism upon it may seem to be exhausted. But human nature itself is still more trite ; yet, study it profoundly as we can, criticise and speculise upon it as we may, much will ever be left outside the largest grasp of those minds who undertake to elucidate so much of it as they can comprehend. Hamlet is human nature, or at least a wide range of it, and no amount of criticism can exhaust the wealth of this magnificent storehouse. It invites and evades criticism. Its mysterious profundity fascinates the attention ; its infinite variety and its hidden meanings deny exhaustive analysis. Some leavings of treasure will always be discoverable to those who seek for it in an earnest and reverent spirit. Probably no two minds can ever contemplate Hamlet from exactly the same point of view, as no two men can ever regard human life under exactly the same aspect. Hence all truthful criticism of this great drama is not only various as mind itself, but is apt to become reflective of the critic. The strong sense of Johnson, the subtle insight of Coleridge, the fervid eloquence of Hazlitt, the discriminating tact of Schlegel, are nowhere more evident than in their treatment of this mighty monument of human intellect. Every man who has learned to

think, and has dared to question the inward monitor, has seen some part of the character of Hamlet reflected in his own bosom.

It will form no part of the subject of this essay to criticise the dramatic construction of Hamlet. We may, however, confess ourselves to be among those who cannot see in its construction that perfect art which has been so abundantly shewn by Shakespeare in many other pieces. Of the petty anacronisms which send Hamlet to Wittemberg, which allow Ophelia to call for a coach, and the King's palace to resound with salvos of artillery, we make small account; like spots on the sun's surface, they only impress themselves upon those who look upon the great work through some medium capable of obscuring its glories. The great length appears by no means an imperfection of this drama as a composition, whatever it may be as an acting play. The analysis of the motives of human action, which is the great object of this work, could not have been effected if the action were rapid. Rapidity of action is inconsistent with philosophic self-analysing motives and modes of thought; while the slow and halting progress of the action in this drama, not only affords to the character space and verge enough to unfold its inmost peculiarities of thought and feeling, but develops in the mind of the reader a state of metaphysical receptivity scarcely less essential to its full appreciation.

Once for all, let us say, in pointing out what appear to us difficulties to a logical apprehension of this piece from that point of view which contemplates the development of character and the laws of mind, we do not urge these difficulties as objections to this great drama, which we love and prize more than any other human piece of composition. We venture to find no fault with Hamlet; we revere even its irregularities, as we prefer the various uniform beauties of forest landscape to the straight walks and trim parterres of a well-kept garden.

There are more irregularities and unexpected turns of action in Hamlet than in any other of Shakespeare's plays. Our belief is, that the poet became charmed with the creature of his own imagination, as it developed itself from his fertile brain ; that as he gave loose rein to poetic fancy and philosophic reverie, he more than ever spurned the narrow limits of dramatic art. The works of Shakespeare's imagination, contrasted with those of the Greek dramatists, have been said to resemble a vast cathedral, combining in one beautiful structure various forms of architecture, various towers and pinnacles,—the whole irregular, vast, and beautiful. The drama of the Greeks, on the other hand, has been said to resemble their temples, finished in one style, perfect and regular. The *simile* is true and instructive, and in no case more so than in its application to Hamlet. If in our admiration of its whole effect,—if in our reverent examination of its parts, its pinnacles of beauty, its shrines of passion, its gorgeous oriels of many-coloured thought,—we venture to express the difficulties we experience in understanding how one part grew out of another, and the many parts grew to form the wondrous whole, let our criticism be accepted as that of one who examines only to learn and to enjoy.

It is known that Shakespeare devoted more time to it than to any other of his works, and that in its construction he altered and re-altered much. The work bears evident traces of this elaboration, both in its lengthy and slow action, in its great diversity of incident and character, and in the great perfection of its parts contrasted with some loss of uniformity as a whole. Some of his plays (as the *Merry Wives of Windsor*), Shakespeare is said to have thrown off with incredible rapidity and facility ; but this certainly is not one in which he “warbled his native wood-notes wild.” It was the laboured and elaborate result of years of toil, of metaphysical introspection and observation. It was the darling child of its great author, and ran some risk

of being a little spoiled. A singular trace of this remodeling, which the commentators appear to have overlooked, is left in the different ages which are assigned to Hamlet in the earlier part and at the end of the drama. The Prince is introduced as a mere youth, whose intent,

“In going back to school in Wittenburg,”

the King opposes. His love is described as

“A violet in the youth of primy nature ;”

and he is so “young” that he may walk with a large tether in such matters. He has not even attained his full stature, for

“Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk ; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal.”

To his mistress he appears in the “unmatched form and feature of *blown youth*.” In fact, he is a young gentleman of eighteen or thereabouts. The inconsistency of attributing such profound powers of reflection, and such a blasé state of emotion, to a youth who could scarcely have had beard enough to be plucked, appears so forcibly to have struck Shakespeare, that he condescended to that which with him is a matter of the rarest occurrence, an explanation or contradiction of the error. With curious care, he makes the Sexton lay down the age of the Prince at thirty years. He came to his office “the very day that young Hamlet was born ;” and he had been “sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.” As if this were not enough, he confirms it with the antiquarianism of Yorick’s skull, which “has been in the earth three and twenty years.” Yorick, whose qualities were well remembered by Hamlet, “a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ;” a kind of memory not likely to have stamped itself before the age of seven ; and thus we have Hamlet presented to us not as an unformed

youth, but a man of age competent to his power of thought, and of the age most liable to his state of feeling.

The first scene, where the Ghost appears to the sentinels on watch, is constructed with exquisite dramatic verisimilitude, and is admirably adapted to prepare the mind for that contest between the materialism of sensation and that idealism of passion, that doubting effort to discriminate between the things which are and the things which seem, which is the mark thread in the philosophy of the piece.

The Ghost appears at cold and silent midnight. " 'Tis bitter cold, and I am sick at heart." "Not a mouse stirring," says Francisco. On this Coleridge remarks, that "in all the best attested stories of ghosts and visions, the ghost-seers were in a state of cold or chilling damp from without, and of anxiety inwardly." As far as visions are concerned, this observation might have psychological importance, as tending to indicate the conditions of the nervous system favourable to the production of hallucination; but with regard to ghosts seen by many persons at the same time, if such things have been, it could only indicate that, escaped for a while from "sulphurous and tormenting flames," these airy existences preferred to walk on cold nights.

We cannot consent to reduce the Ghost of Hamlet to physiological laws.

"We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the shew of *science*."

The Ghost in Hamlet can in no wise be included within the category of illusions or hallucinations; it is anti-physiological, and must be simply accepted as a dramatic circumstance calculated to produce a certain state of mind in the hero of the piece. Hazlitt well says, that actors playing Macbeth have always appeared to him to have seen the weird sisters on the stage only. He never had seen a Macbeth look and act as if he had been face to face with the supernatural.

We have experienced the same feeling in seeing the most approved representations of Hamlet ; and doubtless Goëthe had felt the same, since he produces upon the stage that which the tyro player Wilhelm Meister takes for a real ghost. No person to act the part had been provided, and something marvellous had been mysteriously promised ; but he had forgotten it, probably intending to dispense with the *appearance*. When it came, “ the noble figure, the low inaudible breath, the light movements in heavy armour, made such an impression on him that he stood as if transformed to stone, and could only utter in a half-voice, ‘ Angels and ministers of grace defend us.’ He glared at the form, drew a deep breathing once or twice, and pronounced his address to the Ghost in a manner so confused, so broken, so constrained, that the highest art could not have hit the mark so well.” Besides the part it takes in the development of the plot, the *rôle* of the Ghost is to account for, if not to produce, a high-wrought state of nerve in the hero ; and in the acting play to produce the same effect in lesser degree on the audience. Fielding has described this, when Tom Jones takes Partridge to see Garrick in the character of Hamlet. The life-like acting of the English Roscius, combined with the superstition of the schoolmaster, produces so thorough a conviction of the actual presence of the Ghost, that the result is one of the drollest scenes ever painted by that inimitable romancist.

Hamlet is from the first moment represented in that mood of melancholy which vents itself in bitter sarcasm : “ A little more than kin, and less than kind.” He is “ too much i’ the sun.” Sorry quips truly, but yet good enough for the hypocritical King, who wishes to rejoice and to lament at the same moment :

“ With one auspicious and one drooping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole.”

To the King's unfeeling arguments that the son ought not to grieve for the death of his father, because it is a common theme, and an unavailing woe, Hamlet vouchsafes no reply. But to his mother's rebuke, that the common grief "seems" particular to him, he answers with a vehemence which shews that the clouds which hang on him are surcharged with electric fire :

"Seems, madam ; nay, it is ! I know not seems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak," &c.

He has that within which passes show ; and, when left alone, he tells us what it is in that outburst of grief :

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew !
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter ! Oh God ! Oh God !
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world :
Eye on't, oh fye ! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed ; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely ! That it should come to this,
But two months dead !" &c.

It is the conflict of religious belief with suicidal desire. In his pure and sensitive mind, the conduct of his mother has produced shame and keen distress. His generalising tendency leads him to extend his mother's failings to her whole sex—"Frailty, thy name is woman ;" and from thence the sense of disgust shrouds as with foul mist the beauty of the world, and all its uses seem "weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable." To general dissatisfaction with men and the world, succeeds the longing desire to quit the scene of shame and woe. In the subsequent arguments which the Prince holds with himself on suicide, he acknowledges the constraining power to be the fear of future punishment ; but in this passage the higher motive of religious obedience without fear is acknowledged ; a higher and a holier motive to the duty of

bearing the evils which God permits, and refusing to break His law to escape from them, whatever their pressure may be. A bold man may "jump the life to come," in the very spirit of courage; but a true servant and soldier of God will feel that there is unfaithfulness and cowardice in throwing off, by voluntary death, whatever burden of sorrows may freight the frail vessel of his life.

The concluding line equally marks profound sorrow, and the position of dependence and constraint in which Hamlet feels himself:

"But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue."

And yet what rapid recovery to the quick-witted complaisance of social intercourse, when his friends break in upon these gloomy thoughts; and, again, mark the natural contiguity, in a mind equally sensitive and melancholic, of bantering sarcasm and profound emotion.

"Thrift! thrift! Horatio. The funeral-baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven,
Or ever I had seen that day."

This early passage seems to give the key-note of Hamlet's temper, namely, soul-crushing grief in close alliance with an ironical, often a broad humour, which can mock at despair. Profound life-weariness and suicidal desire indicate that from the first his emotions were morbid, and that the accusation of the King that he had

"A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled,"

was as true of the heart as it was false of the intellect. Yet his rapid recovery from brooding thoughts, and his entire self-possession when circumstances call upon him for action trivial or important, prove that his mind was not permanently off its poise. Profoundly reflective, capable of calling up thoughts and ideas of sense at will, of seeing his father "in his mind's eye,"

he is equally capable of dismissing them, and throwing himself into the present. How thoroughly self-possessed is he in his interview with his friend and fellow-student and the soldiers, and the reception he gives to their account of the apparition, by which they were "distilled almost to jelly by the act of fear;" how unhesitating his decision to see and speak to it, "though hell itself should gape!" and in the seventh scene, when actually waiting for the Ghost, what cool reflection in his comments on the wassail of the country. Yet he heard not the clock strike midnight, which the less pre-occupied sense of Marcellus had caught. His address to the Ghost,

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned?" &c.

is marked by a bold and cool reason, at a time when the awful evidences of the future make

"us fools in nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls."

The courage of the Prince is of the noblest temper, and is made the more obvious from its contrast with the dread of his companions, who suggest that *it*, the neutral *thing*, as it has before been called, may tempt him to the summit of the cliff,

"And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprave your sov'reignty of reason,
And draw you into madness. Think of it;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath."*

But Hamlet is beyond all touch of fear.

* This danger again is remarked in Lear:

"I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong."

“ My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.”

Horatio says, “ He waxes desperate with imagination ;” but his state really appears to be that of high-wrought yet reasonable courage. After following the Ghost to some distance, he'll “ go no further ;” but if this is said with any touch of fear, it soon becomes pity : “ Alas, poor Ghost !” And this, again, changes to revengeful resolution. He demands quickly to know the author of his father's murder, that he

“ May sweep to his revenge.”

But when the Ghost has told his terrible tale, and has disappeared, with the solemn farewell, “ Adieu, adieu, adieu ! remember me,” the reaction comes. Then it is that Hamlet feels his sinews fail their function, and invokes them to bear him stiffly up ; then he recognises a feeling of distraction in the globe of his brain ; then he vows forgetfulness of all things but the motive of revenge. He becomes wild at the thoughts of the “ smiling damned villain,” who had wrought all this woe ; and then, passing from the terrible to the trivial, he sets down in his tables a moral platitude.

“ My tables ; meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain ;
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark.”

We regard this climax of the terrible in the trivial, this transition of mighty emotion into lowliness of action, as one of the finest psychological touches anywhere to be found in the poet. There is something like it in Tennyson's noble poem, *Maud*. When the hero has shot the brother of his mistress in a duel, he passes from intense passion to trivial observation :

“ Strange that the mind, when fraught
With a passion so intense,
One would think that it well
Might drown all life in the eye,—

That it should, by being so overwrought,
Suddenly strike on a sharper sense
For a shell, or a flower, little things
Which else would have been past by !
And now I remember, I,
When he lay dying there,
I noticed one of his many rings,
(For he had many, poor worm,) and thought
It is his mother's hair."

When the mind is wrought to an excessive pitch of emotion, the instinct of self-preservation indicates some lower mode of mental activity as the one thing needful. When Lear's passions are wrought to the utmost, he says, "I'll *do!* I'll *do!* I'll *do!*" But he does nothing. Had he been able, like Hamlet, to have taken out his note-book, it would have been good for his mental health. Mark the effect of the restraint which Hamlet is thus able to put upon the tornado of his emotion. When the friends rejoin him, he is self-possessed enough swiftly to turn their curiosity aside. Horatio, indeed, remarks on his manner of doing so, and on his expression of the intention, for his own poor part, to go pray :

"These are but wild and whirling words, my lord."

Doubtless the excitement of manner would make them appear to be more deserving of this comment than they do in reading. Yet Hamlet knows thoroughly well what he is about, and proceeds to swear his friends to secrecy on his sword. The flippant comments on the awful underground voice of the Ghost "the fellow in the cellarage," "old mole," "truepenny," are another meeting point of the sublime and the ridiculous, or rather a voluntary refuge in the trivial from the awful presence of the terrible. They are thoroughly true to the laws of our mental being. How often have men gone out of life upon the scaffold with a jest upon their lips. Even the just and cool-tempered Horatio, who takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks, is astounded and ter-

rified at the underground voice, which provokes but mocking retorts from the Prince. Horatio exclaims :

“Oh, day and night, but this is wondrous strange !”

That Hamlet's mockery was the unreal opposite to this true feeling, like the hysteric laughter of acute grief, is evident from his last earnest adjuration :

“Rest, rest, perturbed spirit !”

How it is that the resolution of Hamlet to put on the guise of madness follows so quick upon the appearance of the Ghost to him, (indeed, while the spirit is yet present, though unseen, for the resolution is expressed before the final unearthly adjuration to swear,) we are unable to explain. His resolutions are not usually taken with such quick speed ; and indeed the wings of his meditation, which he refers to as swift, commonly beat the air with long and slow strokes, the very reverse of Macbeth's vehement action, framed upon the principle, “that the flighty purpose never is o'ertook, except the act goes with it.” It may, however, be said that the word “*perchance*” shews that Hamlet has not yet decided to act the madman, when he swears his friends to secrecy.

“Never, so help you mercy !

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I, *perchance*, hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on.”

And yet the intention must have substance in it, even at this time, or he would not swear his friends in so solemn a manner to maintain inviolate the secret of his craft. The purport of Hamlet's feigned madness is not very obvious. It does not appear to have been needful to protect him, like that of the elder Brutus. It may be that under this disguise he hopes better to obtain proof of his uncle's guilt, and to conceal his real state of suspicion and vengeful gloom. Still more probable is it that Shakespeare adopted the feigned

madness as an essential part of the old story on which the drama is founded.

The old history of Hamlet relates how he counterfeited the madman to escape the tyranny of his uncle Fengon, and the expedients resembling those in the drama, which were resorted to by the King to ascertain whether his madness was counterfeited or not. The feigned madness, therefore, of the Prince was so leading a feature in the original history, that Shakespeare could by no means have omitted it, even if by doing so he would not have deprived himself of a magnificent canvass on which to display his psychological knowledge. As it stands in the drama, the counterfeit madness would seem to bring Hamlet into more danger than security. What if the King had accepted his madness from the first, and shut him up, as he might have justified himself in doing, in some strong castle. After the death of Polonius, the King says :

“ His liberty is full of threats to all ;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young man.”

And again—

“ How dangerous is it that this man goes loose.”

He puts not the strong law upon him indeed, as he says, because “ he's loved of the distracted multitude,” and because “ the Queen lives but in his eyes.” These motives may explain the King's conduct, but they do not shew that, in assuming the guise of madness, Hamlet was not incurring the probable limitation of his own freedom.

The first demonstration of the antic disposition he actually does put on, is made before his mistress, the fair Ophelia.

“ *Pol.* How now, Ophelia ? what's the matter !
Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven ?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd ;
No hat upon his head ; his stockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle ;
Pale as his shirt ; his knees knocking each other ;
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell,
To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

Oph. My lord, I do not know ;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm ;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
At last,—a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being : That done, he lets me go :
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes ;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me ; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy of love ;
Whose violent property foredoes itself,
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late ?

Oph. No, my good lord ; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His access to me."

We are at a loss to explain this part of Hamlet's conduct towards his sweet mistress, unless as the sad pantomime of separation ; love's mute farewell. That his noble and sensitive mind entertained a sincere love to the beautiful and virtuous girl, there can be no doubt. Surely it must have

been this love which he refers to in that paroxysm of feeling at the close of the ghost scene :

“ Yea, from the table of my memory,
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records.”

Indeed, love is an autocratic passion not disposed to share the throne of the soul with other emotions of an absorbing nature. Hamlet, however, might feel his resolution, to wipe from his memory the trivial fond records of his love, strengthened into action by the conduct of Ophelia herself, who repelled his letters, and denied his access, thus taking upon herself the pain and responsibility of breaking off the relationship in which she had stood to him, and in which with so keen a zest of pleasure she had sucked in the honey-music of his vows, and the reaction from which cost her so dear. In his interview with Ophelia, arranged by Polonius and the King, he speaks to her of his love as a thing of the past. That that love was ardent and sincere we learn from his passionate grief at the grave of his dead mistress ; a grief which, on his own acknowledgment to his friend, we know to have been no acting ; but that he had forgot himself to Laertes, the bravery of whose grief had put him “into a towering passion.” It is at this time, when he had forgot himself, that he explains with passionate vehemence,

“ I loved Ophelia ; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.”

That Hamlet's conduct to Ophelia was unfeeling, in thus forcing upon her the painful evidence of the insanity he had assumed, can scarcely be denied. Hamlet, however, was no perfect character, and in the matter of his love there is no doubt he partook of the selfishness which is the common attribute of the passion wherever its glow is the warmest. His love was not of that delicate sentimental kind which would, above all things, fear to disturb the beatitude of its

object, and feel its highest pleasure in acts of self-denial. It was rather of that kind which women best appreciate—an ardent passion, not a sentimental devotion ; and hence its tinge of selfishness. Yet, having put on his antic disposition with the trappings and suits of madness, he might feel that the kindest act he could perform towards Ophelia would be to concur with her in breaking off their courtship. He might, indeed, have allowed others to tell her that he had gone mad, and have saved her a great fright and agitation of mind ; but, under the circumstances, it cannot be considered unnatural that he should selfishly enough have rushed into her presence to take leave of her in the mad pantomime which she describes. His conduct to Ophelia is a mixture of feigned madness, of the selfishness of passion blasted by the cursed blight of fate, of harshness which he assumes to protect himself from an affection which he feels hostile to the present purpose of his life, and of that degree of real unsoundness, his unfeigned “weakness and melancholy,” which is the subsoil of his mind.

In the following scene the King explains to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern the condition of the Prince in a manner which implies that at that time he entertained no doubt of the reality of his madness.

“ Something have you heard
Of Hamlet’s transformation ; so I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father’s death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of.”

The King’s anxiety to ascertain “if ought to us unknown afflicts him thus,” indicates the unrest of his conscience, and the fear that some knowledge of his own great crime may lie at the bottom of his nephew’s inward and outward transformation. The same fearful anxiety shews itself immediately afterwards, when the vain half-doting Polonius

at the same time assuring him that the Ambassadors from Norway are joyfully returned, and that he has found "the very cause of Hamlet's lunacy," the King exclaims, "Oh! speak of that, that I do long to hear;" thus bringing upon himself the retort courteous of the old man, that the news respecting Hamlet should be kept to follow the pressing business of the moment, as dessert fruit follows a feast.

From Polonius's exposition of Hamlet's madness, which in a manner so contrary to his own axiom, "that brevity is the soul of wit," he dilates with such tediousness and empty flourishes of speech as to draw upon himself the rebuke of the Queen, "more matter with less art," one would almost think that Shakespeare had heard some lawyer full of his quiddets, quilllets, and cases, endeavouring by the sophistry of abstract definitions, to damage the evidence of some medical man to whose experience the actual concrete facts of insanity were matters of familiar observation, but whose verbal expression had more pedantry than power.

"I will be brief: Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't, but to be nothing else but mad?"

In the following lines, the old man recognises madness to be a phenomenon, for which, like every other phenomenon, some cause or other must exist; and, moreover, that madness is not in itself a distinct entity, something apart from the mind, but a *defect* in the mind.

"Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect;
Or, rather say, the cause of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cause."

Hamlet's letter to Ophelia is a silly-enough rhapsody; of which, indeed, the writer appears conscious. It reads like an old letter antecedent to the events of the drama. The spirit it breathes is scarcely consistent with the intense

life-weariness under which its author is first introduced to notice. The signature, however, is odd. "Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this *machine* is to him," and agrees with the spirit of Hamlet's materialist philosophy, which is so strongly expressed in various parts of the play, and which forms so strange a contrast with the revelations from the spirit-world, of which he is made the recipient. The description which Polonius gives of the course of Hamlet's madness, after his daughter has locked herself from his resort, refused his messages and tokens, is vain and pedantic in its expression, but pregnant in meaning :

"And he, repulsed, (a short tale to make,)
Fell into a sadness ; then into a fast ;
Thence to a watch ; thence into a weakness ;
Thence to a lightness ; and, by this declension,
Into the madness wherein now he raves."

Translated into the dullness of medical prose, the psychological opinion of the old courtier may be thus expressed. Disappointed and rejected in his ardent addresses to Ophelia, Hamlet became melancholy, and neglected to take food ; the result of fasting was the loss of sleep ; loss of sleep and loss of food were followed by general weakness ; this produced a lightness or instability of the mental functions, which passed into insanity. The suggestion made by Polonius to test the soundness of his view, that the Prince loved his daughter, and had fallen from his reason thereon, was sound and practical, namely, to arrange and to watch in ambuscade interviews between him and the persons most likely to excite his emotion. Moreover, Shakespeare was in some sort bound to introduce these interviews, inasmuch as they formed an important part of the old history.

The Queen did not partake of the King's anxiety to ascertain the cause of her son's madness. When he tells her that Polonius

“Hath found

The head and source of all your son's distemper,”

she replies—

“I doubt it is no other but the main ;

His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage,”

Hamlet now for the first time appears in his feigned character. The feint is so close to nature, and there is underlying it withal so undeniable a substratum of morbid feeling, that in spite of ourselves, in opposition to our full knowledge, that in his antic disposition Hamlet is putting on a part, we cannot from the first dispossess ourselves of the idea, that a mind fallen, if not from the sovereignty of reason, at least from the balance of its faculties, is presented to us ; so much is undirection of mind blended with pregnant sense and apprehension, both however perverted from the obvious line of sane thought ; so much is the universal and caustic irony tinged with melancholic self-depreciation, and that longing for death which in itself alone constitutes a form of mental disease. In the various forms of partial insanity, it is a question of intricate science to distinguish between the portions of a man's conduct which result from the sound operations of mind, and those which result from disease. Hamlet's own assertion, “I am but mad north-north-west : when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hand-saw,” is pregnant with a psychological truth which has often engaged the most skilful and laborious investigation, both of medical men and of lawyers. It has often been a question of life or death, of wealth or poverty, whether a criminal act was done, or a civil one performed, by a half-madman, when the mental wind was in the north-west of disease, or blowing from the sanatory south.

That in his actual unfeigned mental condition, Hamlet is far from being in a healthy state of mind, he is himself keenly conscious, and acknowledges it to himself in his soliloquy upon the players :

“The spirit that I have seen
 May be a devil ; and the devil hath power
 To assume a pleasing shape ; yea, and perhaps,
Out of my weakness, and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me.”

Upon this actual weakness of mind, and suicidal melancholy, combined with native humour and the biting irony into which his view of the world has sharpened it, is added the feigned form of insanity, the antic disposition wilfully put on, the dishevelled habiliments of person and conversation. The characteristics of this feigned form are those of mania, not indeed violent, acute, and demonstrative, but mischievous, reckless, and wayward, and so mingled with flashes of native wit, and disguised by the ground colour of real melancholy, shewing through the transparency of the feigned state, that Hamlet's character becomes one of the most interesting and complicated subjects of psychological study anywhere to be met with.

He is first introduced to us in his feigning condition with a fine touch to excite pity.

“*Queen.* But look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord ?

Hamlet. Excellent well ; you are a fishmonger.”

Coleridge and others remark upon this, that Hamlet's meaning is, You are sent to fish out this secret. But we are not aware that fishmongers are in the habit of catching their fish. May it not rather be that a fishmonger was referred to as a dealer in perishable goods, and notoriously dishonest ; and thus to give point to the wish :

“Then I would you were so honest a man.”

The writers who insist upon a profound meaning, even in Hamlet's most hurling words, have been mightily puzzled with the lines :

“For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god [or, a good], kissing carrion,” &c.

Coleridge refers to “some thought in Hamlet’s mind, contrasting the daughter with the tedious old fool, her father.” Is it not rather a wild taunt upon the old man’s jealous suspicion of his daughter, as if he had said, since the sun causes conception in such vile bodies, “let not your precious daughter walk in the sun.”

Perhaps he only intended to convey to Polonius, by a contemptuous simile, the intimation that he cared not for the daughter, and thus to throw him off the scent of his quest. The intention to offend the tedious old fool, and thus to disembarass himself of his presence, becomes still more obvious in the description of old age which immediately follows: “Slanders, sir,” &c.

The point of the satire, and the absence of unreason, strikes Polonius.

“*Pol.* Though this be madness, yet there’s method in it. Will you walk out o’the air, my lord?”

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o’the air. How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of.”

In this, again, the old man shews that though his wits may be somewhat superannuated, yet, either from reading or observation, he has no slight knowledge of mental disease.

What depth of melancholy and life weariness is there not apparent in the conclusion of the interview.

“*Pol.* I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me anything that I will more willingly part withal; except my life! except my life! except my life!”

But when his old school-fellows arrive, how frank and hearty his greeting; how entirely is all disguise for the

moment thrown aside! The noble and generous native nature is nowhere made more manifest than in his reception of these friends of his youth, men to whom he once adhered, neighbours to his youth and humour. Until his keen eye discovers that they have been sent for, and are mean instruments, if not spies, in the hands of the king, he throws off all dissimulation with them, greeting them with right hearty and cheerful welcome. Yet, how soon his melancholy peers through the real but transient cheerfulness. The world is a prison, "in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worst." If it is not so to his friend, yet is it so to him, from thinking it so, for "there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to him it is a prison." The real prison, then, is his own mind, as, in the contrary mental state, a prison is no prison, for

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage."

Hamlet feels that he could possess perfect independence of circumstance, if the mind were free.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God! I could be bounded in a nut-shell, and count myself a king of infinite space; were it not that I have bad dreams."

The spies sound him further on the subject of ambition, thinking that disappointment at losing the succession to the crown may be the true cause of his morbid state. In this intention they decry ambition: "it is but a shadow's shadow." Hamlet replies logically enough, that if ambition is but a shadow, something beyond ambition must be the substance from which it is thrown. If ambition represented by a King is a shadow, the antitype of ambition represented by a beggar must be the opposite of the shadow, that is the substance. "Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs, and

outstretch'd heroes, the beggars' shadows." He reduces the sophistry of his false friends to an absurdity, and closes the argument by declining to carry it further: "By my fay, I cannot reason." But Mr. Coleridge declares the passage to be unintelligible, and perhaps this interpretation may be too simple.

So far from being able to examine and recover the wind of Hamlet, his old schoolfellows are put by him to a course of questioning as to the motives of their presence, as to whether it is a free visitation of their own inclining, or whether they have been sent for. Their want of skill in dissemblance, and their weaker natures, submit the secret that they had been sent for to him, and the old "rights of fellowship," "the obligations of ever-preserved love," are immediately clouded by distrust: "Nay, then, I'll have an eye of you," he says. Yet notwithstanding he freely discloses to them the morbid state of his mind; and, be it remarked, that in this exquisite picture of life-weariness, in which no image could be altered, no word omitted or changed, without obvious damage to its grand effect, he does not describe the maniacal state, the semblance of which he has put on before Ophelia and Polonius, but that morbid state of weakness and melancholy which he really suffers, of which he is thoroughly self-conscious, and which he avows in his first speech, before he has seen the Ghost:

"I have of late (but wherefore, I know not), lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises: and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the

paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ? man delights not me, nor woman neither ; though, by your smiling, you seem to say so."

How exquisitely is here conveyed the state of the reasoning melancholiac, (melancholia without delusion,) who sees all things as they are, but feels them as they are not. All cheerfulness fled, all motive for action lost, he becomes listless and inert. He still recognises the beauty of the earth and the magnificence of the heavens, but the one is a tomb, and the other a funereal pall. His reason still shews him the place of man, a little lower than the angels, but the sources of sentiment are dried up, and, although no man-hater, he no longer derives pleasure from kindly affections. The waters of emotion are stagnant ; the pleasant places of the soul are sterile and desert.

Hamlet is not slow to confess his melancholy, and indeed it is the peculiarity of this mental state, that those suffering from it, seldom or never attempt to conceal it. A man will conceal his delusions, will deny and veil the excitement of mania, but the melancholiac is almost always readily confidential on the subject of his feelings. In this he resembles the hypochondriac, though not perhaps from exactly the same motive. The hypochondriac seeks for sympathy and pity ; the melancholiac frequently admits others to the sight of his mental wretchedness, from mere despair of relief and contempt of pity.

Although Hamlet is ready to shew to his friends the mirror of his mind, observe how jealously he hides the cause of its distortion. "But wherefore I know not," is scarcely consistent with the truth. In his first soliloquy, which we take to be the key-note of his real mental state, he clearly enough indicates the source of his wretchedness, which the Queen also with a mother's insight, has not been slow to perceive :

"His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage."

Again, how jealous he is that his friends should not refer his melancholy to love-sickness. With his acute insight into character, the opinion propounded by Polonius, that he was mad for love, could not have escaped him ; a theory, moreover, which would be likely to wound his pride severely. Polonius had already made, in his presence, sundry aside observations on this point ; and the significant smile of Rosencrantz at his observation, "Man delights not me," would be likely to stimulate the sleeping suspicion that he was set down as a brain-sick, rejected lover, and some annoyance at an attempt to explain his madness as the result of his rejection by Ophelia, may combine with the suspicion that he is watched, to explain his harshness towards her in his subsequent interview with her.

How are we to understand his confession to the men he already distrusts, that in the appearance of his madness the King and Queen are deceived, except by his contempt for their discrimination, and his dislike to wear the antic disposition before all company.

When Polonius returns, he immediately puts on the full disguise, playing upon the old man's infirmities with the ironical nonsense about Jephtha, king of Israel, who had a daughter, &c., and skilfully leading Polonius by the nose on the scent of his own theory, "Still on my daughter."

When the players enter, however, he thoroughly throws off not only the antic counterfeit, but the melancholy reality of his disposition ; he shakes his faculties together, and becomes perfectly master of himself in courtesy, scholarship, and solid sense. His retort to Polonius, who objects to the speech of the player as too long, seems a valuable hint of Shakespeare's own opinion respecting the bad necessity he felt to introduce ribald scenes into his plays: "It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Pr'ythee, say on : he's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps." What a noble sentiment in homely

phrase, is that in which he marks the right motive of behaviour towards inferiors, and indeed towards all men. To Polonius's assurance that he will use the players according to their desert, the princely thought, in homely garb, is,

“Odd's bodikin, man, much better : Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping ! Use them after your own honour and dignity : the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty.”

Although he freely mocks the old lord chamberlain himself, he will not permit others to do so. His injunction to the player, “Follow that lord, and look you mock him not,” not only indicates that the absurdities of Polonius are glaring, but that there is less real malice in Hamlet's heart towards the old man than he assumes the appearance of.

Hamlet decides upon the use he will make of the players with a promptitude that shews that his resolve, “sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,” is but the inactivity of an over-reflective melancholic mind, and that there is energy enough in him to seize any real occasion.

Hamlet's soliloquy, “O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !” resembles with a difference the one following his interview with the Captain : “How all occasions do inform against me.” The latter one, after he has obtained satisfactory proof of his uncle's guilt, is far the least passionate and vehement, justifying in some degree the remark of Schlegel, that “in the last scenes the main action either stands still or appears to retrograde.” There is, however, an important distinction between these two soliloquies. The passionate outburst of the first has been stimulated by emotional imitation. The feigned passion of the player has touched the most sensitive chord of feeling, and given occasion to the vehemence of his angry self-rebuke. The account of the soldier's temper, “greatly to find quarrel in a straw, when honour's at the stake,” sets him calmly to reflect and philosophize upon the motives of action.

In these two soliloquies, we have to some extent Shakespeare's own exposition of Hamlet's natural character, and the motives of his conduct.

"The whole," says Schlegel, "was intended to shew that a consideration which would exhaust all the relations and possible consequences of a deed, to the very limits of human foresight, cripples the power of acting." In this tragedy of thought, we have a highly sensitive, reflecting, self-introspective mind, weak and melancholic, sorrow-stricken and life-weary. In a manner so awful that it might shake the soundest mind, this man is called upon to take away the life of a king and a relative, for a crime of which there exists no actual proof. Surely Hamlet is justified in pausing to weigh his motives and his evidence, in concluding not to act upon the sole dictation of a shadowy appearance, who may be the devil tempting his "weakness and his melancholy;" of deciding to "have grounds more relative than this," before he deliberately commits himself to an act of revenge which, even had the proof of his uncle's crime been conclusive and irrefragable, would have been repulsive to his inmost nature. Hamlet's indecision to act, and his over-readiness to reflect, are placed beyond the reach of critical discovery by his own analytical motive hunting, so eloquently expressed in the abstruse thinking in which he indulges. Anger and hatred against his uncle, self-contempt for his own irresolution, inconsistent as he feels it with the courage of which he is conscious, disgust at his own angry excitement, and doubts of the testimony, upon which he is yet dissatisfied that he has not acted, present a state of intellectual and emotional conflict perfectly consistent with the character and the circumstances. If Hamlet had had as much faith in the Ghost as Macbeth had in the Weird Sisters, he would have struck without needing further evidence. If he had been a man of action, whose firstlings of the heart are those of the hand, he would have struck in the earliest heat

of his revenge. He feels while he questions, that it is not true that he is "pigeon liver'd, and lacks gall to make oppression bitter;" but he does lack that resolution which "makes mouths at the invisible event;" he does make, "I would, wait upon, I will:" he does hesitate and procrastinate, and examine his motives, and make sure to his own mind of his justification, and allow us to see the painful labour of a noble and sensitive being, struggling to gain an unquestionable conviction of the right thing to do, in circumstances most awry and difficult; he does feel balancing motives, and painfully hear the ring of the yes and no in his head.

"Che sì, e nò nel capo mi tenzona."

Shall we think the less nobly of him because his hand is not ready to shed kindred blood; because, gifted with God-like discourse of reason, he does look before and after; because he does not take the law in his own hands upon his oppressor, until he has obtained conclusive evidence of his guilt; that he seeks to make sure he is the natural justiciar of his murdered father, and not an assassin instigated by hatred and selfish revenge!

The report given to the King and Queen by the young courtiers is conceived to hide their failure in the mission of inquiry. The Prince, they say, "does confess he feels himself distracted," while he refuses to yield to them the cause:

"But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some confession
Of his true state.

He behaves

"Most like a gentleman;"
"But with much forcing of his disposition,"

and he is falsely stated to have been "niggard of question," but "most free in his reply."

They must, however, have been surprised to hear the condi-

tion in which they found their friend described by the King, as "turbulent and dangerous lunacy," since, up to this time, this is an untrue description of Hamlet's state, whatever cause the King may subsequently have to apply it, when the death of Polonius makes him feel that Hamlet's "liberty is full of threats to all." The expression used by the King, that Hamlet "puts on this confusion," would seem to point to a suspicion, even at this early time, that his madness is but counterfeit. The Queen, however, appears to accept its reality, and, notwithstanding all the arguments of Polonius, she adheres to her first opinion of its cause. She doth *wish*, indeed, that Ophelia's "good beauties be the happy cause of Hamlet's wildness;" since, if so, she entertains the hope that her virtues may bring the remedy. It seems here implied that the King and Queen have been made aware of Ophelia's love for Hamlet; and both in this speech of the Queen, and in the one she makes over Ophelia's grave,

"I hop'd thou should'st have been my Hamlet's wife," it appears that the remedy by which the Queen at this time hopes to attain his recovery to "his wonted way again," is by his marriage. This understanding, however, or arrangement, is nowhere expressed, and indeed, although the Queen may desire to think with Polonius respecting the cause and nature of her son's malady, her mother's knowledge and woman's tact lead her conviction nearer to the truth, when she avows the real cause to be "His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage."

The soliloquy which follows, "To be, or not to be," is one of the most exquisite pieces of poetic self-communing ever conceived. Imbued with a profoundly melancholy view of human life, which is relieved by no gleam of cheerfulness, illumined by no ray of hope, the mind of the unhappy Prince dwells with longing desire, not on a future and happier state of existence, but on annihilation. He wishes to end the

troubles of life in a sleep without a dream, and is restrained alone from seeking it by the apprehension of

“What dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil ;”

by the fear, in fact, of a future state, in which the calamities of this life may be exchanged for others more enduring, in the undiscovered country of the future. This “dread of something after death” scarcely deserves the name of conscience, which he applies to it. The fear of punishment is the lowest motive for virtuous action, and is far removed in its nature from the inward principle of doing right for its own sake. The word, however, does not seem to be here applied in its higher sense, as the arbiter of right, but rather in that of reflective meditation. It is this that makes “cowards of us all.” It is this that prevents Hamlet seeking his own rest in the annihilation he longs for. It is by this also, that his hand is withheld from the act of wild justice and revenge upon which his mind sits on brood. It is thus that he accurately describes the *timbre* of his own mind, so active to think, so inert to act, so keen to appreciate the evils of life, so averse to take any active part against them.

“Thus conscience does make cowards of us all ;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought ;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.”

The motive against suicide here adduced is undoubtedly a mean and fallacious one. It is mean, because it is cowardly ; the coward want of patience manfully to endure the evils of this mortal life being kept in check by the coward fear of future punishment. It is fallacious, because it balances the evils of this life against the apprehended ones of the future ; therefore when, in the judgment of the sorely afflicted, the weight of present evils more than counterpoises those which the amount

of religious faith may point to in the threatening future, the argument here advanced would justify suicide. There is nothing in which men differ more than in their various endowments with the courage of fortitude and the courage of enterprise; and it is certain that of two men equally groaning and sweating under a weary life, and oppressed by the same weight of calamity, if solely actuated by the reasoning here employed by Hamlet in the contemplation of suicide, one would have the courage to endure the present, and the other would have the courage to face the perils of the future. Courage has been described as the power to select the least of two evils; the evil of pain and death, for instance, rather than that of shame. If this be so, it must yet be admitted that either one of two given evils may be the greatest to different men; and courage may urge one man to fight, and another to flee, either in the vulgar wars of Kings and Kaisars; or in the more earnest trials of the battle of life. The converse of the proposition must also be true, and cowardice may either make us stand by our arms or basely desert. The terrible question of suicide, therefore, is not to be thus solved; indeed the only motive against suicide which will stand the test, is that which Hamlet in his first speech indicates, namely, obedience to the law of God; that obedience which, in the heaviest calamities, enables the Christian to "be patient and endure;" that obedience which, in the most frantic desire to put off this mortal coil, can withhold the hand by this one consideration, that

"The Eternal hath set His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

The motives made use of by Hamlet in his earlier and later contemplation of suicide, indicate his religious and his philosophic phase of character. Faith in the existence of a God, and of a future state of existence, is so ingrained in his mind that it powerfully influences his conduct, and constantly turns up to invalidate, if not to refute, that sceptical philo-

sophy with which he is indoctrinated, and which leads him so constantly to trace the changes of matter, as in

“Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole, to keep the wind away.”

This, perhaps, was the philosophy which Horatio and he had learned at Wittenburg, the fallacy of which the Ghost had seemed at first to prove. Yet it is strange how entirely Hamlet appears at times to have forgotten the Ghost and its revelations. The soliloquy, “To be, or not to be,” is that of a man to whom any future state of existence is a matter of sincere doubt. He appears as one of those who would not be persuaded, “though one rose from the dead.”

After the soul-harrowing recital made to him by the perturbed spirit of his father, in which the secrets of the purgatorial prison-house are not indeed unfolded, but in which they are so broadly indicated that no man who had seen so much of the “eternal blazon” of the spirit-world, could find a corner in his soul for the concealment of a sceptical doubt, after this, the soliloquy, “To be, or not to be,” presumes either an entire forgetfulness of the awful revelation which had been made to him, or the existence of a state of mind so overwhelmed with suicidal melancholy as to be incapable of estimating testimony. Now it is well enough known that the most complete sensational and intellectual proofs go for nothing, when opposed to the stubborn strength of a morbid emotion, and if Hamlet reasons upon the future life, and hunts matter through its transmigrations with a sceptical intent, it must be accepted as the result of mental disease which has perverted the instinct of self-preservation, and made him desire nothing so much as simple unconditional annihilation.

In his interview with the much enduring Ophelia which follows the soliloquy, Hamlet has been accused of unworthy harshness. Two considerations will tend to modify, though not altogether to remove this judgment. The reader is aware

that Ophelia entertains the fondest love towards Hamlet ; but he, ignorant of this, only knows that, after accepting the tender of his affections, she has repulsed him with every appearance of heartless cruelty. He feels her to be, the cause in himself, of "the pangs of despised love ;" yet he at first addresses her in a manner indicating his own faithfulness and fond appreciation of all her goodness and virtue, as if he could best approach Heaven through her gracious intercession.

"The fair Ophelia : Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remember'd."

What follows is so opposed to the tenderness of this greeting, that we are compelled to assume that he sees through the snare set for him ; and that in resisting it he works himself up into one of those ebullitions of temper to which he is prone. He sees that Ophelia is under the constraint of other presence, as what keen-sighted lover would not immediately distinguish whether his mistress, in whatever mood she may be, feels herself alone with him, or under the observation of others. He has before shewn his repugnance to the idea that he is love-sick mad. He knows that Polonius thus explains his conduct ; and his harshness to Ophelia is addressed to Polonius, and any others who may be in hiding, more than to Ophelia herself. Yet the harshest words, and those most unfit to be used to any woman, are the true reflex of the morbid side of his mind, which passion and suspicion have cast into the bitterest forms of expression. The true melancholy and the counterfeit madness are strangely commingled in this scene. The latter is shewn by disjointed exclamations and half-reasonings. "Ha, ha ! are you honest?" "Are you fair?" "I did love you once." "I loved you not," &c., and by the wild form in which the melancholy is here cast. "Get thee to a nunnery : why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners?" "What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven!" "Where's your father?" Ophelia tells a white lie. "At home,

my lord." Hamlet knows better, and sends a random shaft into his ambuscade. "Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in his own house."

"*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why would'st thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things, that it were better my mother had not borne me: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?"

"*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another; you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to, I'll no more of 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go."

Partly dictated by jealous fear that Ophelia may solace her pain with some other lover, it is yet an attempt to wean from himself any fondness which may remain. The burthen is, Grieve not for me, but do not marry another. The latter speech is directed to the Queen in ambush.

What exquisite pathos! what wail of despairing love in Ophelia's lament over the ruin of her lover's mind! What fine discrimination of the excellencies marred! What forgetfulness of self in the grief she feels for him! Not for her own loss, but for his fall, is she "of ladies most deject

and wretched," although it is the dying swan-song of her own sanity.

"O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observ'd of all observers : quite, quite down !
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the honey of his musick vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
 That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth
 Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !"

The King, in the meanwhile, whose keenness of vision has not been dimmed by the mists of affection, like that of Ophelia, nor by self-conceit, like that of Polonius, has detected the prevalence of melancholy and sorrow in the assumed wildness of the Prince :

"Love ! his affections do not that way tend ;
 Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,
 Was not like madness. There's something in his soul,
 O'er which his melancholy sits on brood ;
 And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the disclose,
 Will be some danger."

Polonius thinks well of the King's scheme to get Hamlet out of the way by pretext of benefiting his health by change of scene ; though with senile obstinacy he still holds to his opinion that the commencement of his grief sprung in neglected love. To test this further, he proposes the interview with the Queen, who is to be round with her son, and whose conference Polonius will hear. If this scheme fails, let him be sent to England without delay, or be put into confinement.

In his speech to the players, Hamlet's attention, abstracted for a moment from the view of his sorrows, leaves his mind free from the clouds of melancholy, and permits him to dis-

play his powerful and sarcastic intelligence without let or hindrance. His innate nobleness of mind is not less clearly pourtrayed in the conversation with Horatio which immediately follows. The character of this judicious and faithful follower, as it is manifested throughout the piece, and especially as it is here pourtrayed by Hamlet himself, forms a pleasing contrast to that of his princely friend. The one passionate in emotion, inert in action ; the other cool in temper, prompt in conduct. The maxim *noscitur a sociis*, may be narrowed to the closer and truer one, "Shew me your friend, and I'll tell your mind ;" and in a true and deep friendship, there will always be found much uniformity of sentiment, though it may be, and indeed often is combined with great diversity of temperament. Deep friendship rarely exists between persons whose emotional tendencies closely resemble. A true friend is generally chosen in some contrast of disposition, as if the basis of this rare and noble affection were the longing to remedy the imperfections of one's nature by complementing ourselves with those good qualities of another, in which we are deficient.

Before this time, Hamlet has confided to his friend the terrible secret of the Ghost's message, the truth of which he proposes to test by the scheme of the play, and thus to sting the conscience and unkennel the occult guilt of his uncle.

When the court enter, Hamlet puts on his antics in his ironical half-reasonings with the King and Polonius, and his banter with Ophelia. The manners and playhouse licence of the time explain the broad indelicacy of the latter ; but that he so publicly indulged it may be accepted as proof of his desire to mark his indifference to the woman who had, as he thought, heartlessly jilted him, and whose love he had reason to think had been "as brief as the posy of a ring."

As the play within the play draws to its climax, Hamlet becomes so excited and reckless that it is a wonder he does not

spoil his scheme by exposing it to the King, who, on the point of taking the alarm, exclaims, "Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?" He is little likely to be reassured by Hamlet's disclaimer, "They poison in jest; no offence i'the world."

When the crisis has come, and the King's guilt has been unkenneled, and Hamlet is again left alone with Horatio, before whom he would not feign, his real excitement borders so closely upon the wildest antics of the madness he has put on in craft, that there is little left to distinguish between the two. He quotes senseless doggerel, will join "a fellowship in a cry of players," will "take the ghost's word for a thousand pound," and is altogether in that state of flippant merriment which men sometimes assume to defend themselves from deep emotion; as they sometimes jest in the face of physical horrors or mental woe. It is like the hysterical laughter of intense emotion; though not quite. It is partly that levity of mind which succeeds intense strain of thought and feeling, as naturally as it is to yawn and stretch after one long-continued wearisome position. This mood of unfeigned flippancy continues after the re-entrance of his treacherous school friends, well expressing its tone in the doggerel,

"For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,—he likes it not, perdy."

To the courtier's request, that he will put his "discourse into some frame," he rejoins, "I am tame, sir: pronounce." He affects a display of politeness, but the "courtesy is not of the right breed." To the entreaty to give "a wholesome answer" to the Queen's message, he affords an unconscious indication that some at least of his wildness is also not of the right breed, since he appeals to it as a reality. "Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased." Of a disease, however, which leaves the wit too quick for their play. He sees through them thoroughly. To the silly-enough inquiry of

Rosencrantz, "Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do, surely, but bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend;"—he gives answer, laying bare the selfish motives of the other, "Sir, I lack advancement." Suppressing irony, he becomes for a moment serious with them; "Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?" And then that lesson of sarcastic earnestness, to prove that he knew the breed of their friendship and solicitude for him.

"Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. S'blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me."

The veil which he deigns to put on before these mean and treacherous ephemera of the court, is of the thinnest counterfeit; but with Polonius the mental antics are more pronounced, for with him he rejoices in spiteful mischief, as when the tiresome old man "fools him to the top of his bent." "Do you see yonder cloud?" &c. How thoroughly in the surface all this flippancy was, the soliloquy immediately following fully proves. The dread purpose is gathering to action, and the mind was never more sad than all this while, under the mask of intellectual buffoonery, for 'tis even now he

"could drink hot blood;
And do such bitter business, as the day
Would quake to look on."

At this juncture the King re-appears, with his mind thoroughly made up on the point that Hamlet has in him something dangerous, if his doubts are not also solved on the point of his madness. The play, which has discovered the King to Hamlet, must also have discovered his knowledge of the

murder to the King. Before this time, Claudius thinks his nephew's madness must be watched, and although he fears that the hatch and disclose of his melancholy will be some danger, it does not appear that he yet proposes to send him to England with any purpose upon his life. After the play, and before the death of Polonius, the King's apprehension is excited.

“ I like him not ; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range.”

“ The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.”

“ We will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.”

Although the King speaks to the courtiers of dispatching their commission to England forthwith, and desires them to arm to this speedy voyage, it can scarcely be that at this time he is guilty of that treacherous design on Hamlet's life which he unfolds after the death of Polonius. The agony of repentance for his past crime, so vehemently expressed in the soliloquy, “ Oh, my offence is rank,” &c., appears scarcely consistent with the project of a new murder on his mind. The King has no inconsiderable mental endowments and moral courage, though personally he is a coward, and a sottish debauchee. But notwithstanding this personal cowardice, we must accept Hamlet's abuse of him, in contrast to the manly perfection of his father, as applying rather to his appearance, and to his deficiency in those soldier-like qualities which would command respect in a nation of warriors, than to his intellect. Although the King holds fencing, that quality of Laertes which hath plucked envy from Hamlet, “ as of the unworthiest siege ;” yet, although a plotter, “ a cut-purse of the empire and the rule,” and, according to the description of his son-in-law, altogether a contemptible person, intellectually, he is by no means despicable. That burst of

eloquent remorse seems too instinct with the longing for real repentance to have been uttered by this cowardly fratricide, who even in the act is juggling with heaven itself. We feel no pity for the scheming hypocrite, in spite of the anguish which wrings from him the cry :

“O wretched state ! O bosom, black as death !
O limed soul ; that struggling to be free,
Art more engag’d !”

If in that fine appreciation of mercy and of Heaven’s justice, in which

“There is no shuffling ; there the action lies
In his true nature ; and we ourselves compell’d,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence ;”

if these thoughts appear too just to be expressed by so foul a mouth, even as the polished wisdom of the precepts given to Laertes appear inconsistent with the senile capacity of Polonius, we must attribute the fact to that lavish wealth of power and beauty which we find only in Shakespeare ; who sometimes in wanton extravagance sets pearls in pinchbeck, and strews diamonds on the sanded floor, who pours nectar into the wooden cup, and feeds us with ambrosia when we should have been satisfied with bread.

It will scarcely be denied by those who have escaped that blindness of bigotry, which the intense admiration Shakespeare naturally excites in those who study him closely accounts for and excuses, that he sometimes gives to one of his personages an important speech, somewhat out of harmony with the general delineation of the character ; his characters being in other parts so thoroughly natural and consistent, that he is able to do this without injury to the general effect. But when he does so, what breadth of wisdom and beauty of morality does not the discursive caprice afford !

The soliloquy of the King, a homily in thirty lines, on the

mercy and justice of God, and the utter folly of hypocrisy in prayer, is followed by the speech of Hamlet, "Now might I do it pat," &c., containing sentiments which Johnson designates as atrocious.

We are inclined to think that in writing both this speech and the King's soliloquy, Shakespeare had in mind the intention of conveying instruction on the nature and office of prayer, rather than that of developing his plot. From the King's speech, we learn that the mercy of the sweet Heavens is absolutely unlimited, the two-fold force of prayer to bring aid and pardon, the condition of forgiveness namely a true repentance which does not shame justice by retaining the offence, and the worthlessness of word prayers. We know that the prayers of the King are hollow and unavailing, but so does not Hamlet, who is made to bear testimony to the all-sufficient efficacy of prayer, since it can save so damnable a villain as his uncle. His father had been

"Cut off even in the blossom of his sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd."
"He took my father grossly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May."

so that his audit with Heaven was likely to stand heavy with him. Villain as his uncle was,

"Bloody bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!"

still there was that in prayer which would fit and season him for his passage to the future life, and, if taken "in the purging of his soul," why, "so he goes to Heaven."

Both of these speeches seem to have been written to impress most forcibly the efficacy of sincere and prayerful repentance. It was to the religious sentiment that the revival of play acting was due, but when Shakespeare wrote, this had already ceased to be a common subject of theatrical representation, and (*Measure for Measure* perhaps excepted,)

in no other of his Dramas has it been very prominently brought forward. The motive for delay, assigned in this speech, was certainly neither Christian or merciful. Yet the act itself was merciful, and the more horrid bent for which Hamlet excused his inaction, was but speculative. A conscience yet unsatisfied that his purposed deed was a just and righteous one, rather than a cruel thirst for the full measure of revenge, appears to have been Hamlet's real motive for delay at this period. His opportunities for assassinating the King, had he so desired, were certainly not limited to this moment, yet he forbore to use them, until his uncle's murderous treachery towards himself at length resolved him to quit accounts with his own arm. Moreover, it is the Romanist theology which is represented in this play, and its doctrines must be taken into consideration in judging of the excuse which Hamlet makes for delaying to kill the King, until "about some act what has no relish of salvation in't." The future state of punishment is represented as a terminable purgatory; Hamlet's father is doomed "for a certain time" to fast in fires, until his crimes are burnt and purged away. Hamlet swears by the rood, and he lays the stress of a catholic upon the incest of the Queen in becoming her husband's brother's wife. At the funeral of Ophelia it is the catholic ritual which is in abeyance. Great command has over-swayed *the order* of priory or abbey, where the funeral is taking place. The priest says, "her death was doubtful;" and,

"We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing a *requiem*, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls."

In this passage, the Romanist idea is for the third time produced that the soul's future depends upon the mode of leaving this life, rather than upon the manner in which this life has been spent.

In the interview with his mother, the idea of Hamlet's pro-

found affection for her has been most skilfully conveyed in the painful effort with which he endeavours to make her conscious of her position, to set before her a glass where she may see her inmost part, to speak daggers to her, to be cruel, but not unnatural. From the speech,

“A bloody deed ; almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother,”

it would appear that he entertained some suspicions of his mother's complicity in the murder of his father, and that these words were tentative to ascertain whether her conscience was sore on that side. From what follows we must suppose this suspicion allayed. The readiness with which Hamlet seizes the opportunity to strike the blow which kills Polonius, under the belief that he strikes the King, is of a piece with a character too meditative to frame and follow a course of action, yet sudden and rash in action when the opportunity presents itself. The rapid action with which he utilizes the players, with which he circumvents his treacherous schoolfellows, with which he at last kills the King, resembles the quick blow which sends to his account “the wretched, rash, intruding fool,” whom he mistakes for his betters. So long as resolution can be “sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought,” so long as time is allowed for any scruple to be listened to, he thinks too precisely on the event, and lives to say the thing's to do. But let the opportunity of action present itself, and he is quick to seize it, as he would have been dilatory in seeking it. It is the meditative, inactive man, who often seizes opportunities for action, or what he takes for such, with the greatest eagerness. Unable to form and follow a deliberate course of action, he is too ready to lend his hand to circumstances, as they arise without his intervention. Sometimes he fails miserably, as in the death of Polonius ; sometimes he succeeds, as when he finds occasion to praise that rashness, which too often stands him in the place of steady purpose.

“ Rashly,
 And praised be rashness for it,—let us know,
 Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
 When our dear plots do pall ; and that should teach us,
 There’s a Divinity that shapes our ends,
 Rough-hew them how we will.”

The comments of Hamlet upon the death of Polonius, if they had been calmly spoken by a man holding the even tenour of his way through life, would have deserved the moralist’s reprobation quite as much as his speech over the praying King. To us they tell of that groundwork of unsound emotion upon which the almost superhuman intellectual activity of the character is founded. In Hamlet’s life-weary, melancholy state, with his attention fixed elsewhere, such an event as the death of Polonius would have a very different effect to that which it would have had upon so sensitive and noble a mind, if its condition were healthy. His attention at the time is concentrated upon one train of ideas, his feelings are pre-occupied, his sympathies somewhat indurated to the sufferings of others, and his comments upon them are likely, therefore, to appear unfeeling.

The Queen indeed, with affectionate invention, represents to the King the very opposite view. She says “ he weeps for what he’s done ;” his natural grief shewing itself pure in his very madness, like a precious ore in a base mineral, silver in lead ore. It is, however, not thus that Hamlet is represented “ to draw toward an end ” with the father of his mistress, and to deposit the carrion.

The ideas which almost exclude the wrong he has done Polonius from Hamlet’s thoughts, now become expressed with a vehemence inconsistent with sound mind. The manner in which he dallies with the idea of his mother’s incest, using images of the grossest kind—the blighting comparison of that mildewed ear, his uncle, with his warrior father—the vehement denunciation of his uncle—“ a murderer and a villain,

a slave," "a vice of kings, a cutpurse of the empire and the rule," "a king of shreds and patches," "a toad," "a bat, a gib,"—all this verifies his own sneer on himself, that while he cannot act he can curse "like a very drab." Although he succeeds in his purpose of turning the Queen's eyes into her very soul, and shewing black and grained spots there, it must be admitted that this excessive vehemence is not merely so much out of the belt of rule as might be justified by the circumstances, but that it indicates a mind unhinged; and never does Hamlet appear less sane than when he is declaring

"That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft."

Hamlet's behaviour in the second ghost scene is more excited and terrified than in the former one. The apparition comes upon him when in a less firm and prepared mood. The first interview is expected, and each petty artery is knit to hardihood. The second is wholly unexpected, and comes upon him at a time when his mind is wrought to passionate excitement; and it is far easier for the mind to pass from one state of emotional excitement to the opposite, than from a state of self-possessed tranquillity to one of excitement. It is thus with Hamlet's rapid transition from passionate vehemence, with which he is describing his uncle's crimes and qualities, to the ecstasy of fear, which seizes him when his father's shade once more stands before him. The sting of conscience also adds force to the emotion of awe. He has neglected the dread command, the sacred behest, of the buried majesty of Denmark. With unworthy doubts and laggard procrastination, his purpose has become almost blunted. His doubts, however, have now vanished; he no longer entertains the thought that "the spirit he has seen may be the devil;" he no longer questions whether it is "a spirit of health, or goblin damned;" but accepts the appearance implicitly as the gracious figure of his father. Since the first appearance of the

unearthly visitant, he has caught the conscience of the fratricide King, and unkenneled the dark secret of his guilt; therefore it is that at this second visitation the feeling of awe is unmixed with doubt and that touch of defiance which is so perceptible on the former one. Since that, moreover, his nerves have been rudely shaken; he has lived in the torture of extreme anxiety and profound grief, and the same cause would produce upon him a greater effect. Even while he is vehemently railing at the criminal whom he had been called upon to punish, the Ghost appears.

“*Ham.* How is it with you, lady ?

Queen. Alas ! how is't with you ?

That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporeal air do hold discourse ?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
And as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up, and stands on end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience.”

“*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain :
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

Ham. Ecstasy !

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music : It is not madness,
That I have utter'd : bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word ; which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks :
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
While rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen.”

It is in this agony of awe that he calls upon the heavenly guards to save and protect him, that his eyes wildly indicate alarm, that his bedded hairs stand on end, that the heat and flame of his distemper appears to lack all patience. It is in

this agony of awe that he feels himself so unnerved, that he entreats his father not to look upon him, lest he should be thus rendered incapable of all action, and only live to weep. During the brief space of the Ghost's second appearance, Hamlet's extremity of fear can scarcely be overrated. Still it is the fear of awe, not that of horror which petrifies Macbeth in the banquet scene. Moreover, in Hamlet the reaction tends to tears, in Macbeth it is to rage.

There is something exquisitely touching in the regard which the poor Ghost shews towards the frail partner of his earthly state. The former injunction

"Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught."

had scarcely been obeyed; and now the entreaty

"O, step between her and her fighting soul,"

is a fine touch of the warrior heart, whose rough and simple silhouette is thrown upon the page in those two lines of unsurpassable descriptive terseness.

"So frowned he once, when in an angry parle
He smote the sleded Polack on the ice."

The Ghost, indeed, is a character as never ghost was before, so far from being a neutral *it*, a *thing*, the buried majesty of Denmark is highly personal in his simple Slavonic majesty. Though he instigates revenge in the old viking, rather than in that of the Christian spirit, though he protests against the luxury and damned incest which defiled his royal bed, yet is he nobly pitiful to the wretched woman, through whose frailty the transgression arises. After the intercession of the Ghost, Hamlet's manner to his mother entirely changes. In his former reference to the incest, he makes her a full partner of the crime. In his subsequent one he represents the King as the tempter, and supposes her future conduct as that of "a queen fair, sober, wise;" and to the end of the piece he gives her his affection and confidence.

That the apparition was not an hallucination, as accounted by the Queen, a bodiless creation caused by the diseased brain, is known to Hamlet and the reader of the play by its previous appearance, and by its reference to the disclosure then made. Its speech distinguishes it from the supposed ghost of Banquo. It is a stupid error to put the Ghost on the stage clad in armour on this second occasion.

“My father, in his *habit*, as he lived !”

indicates that this time the design of the poet was to represent him in the weeds of peace. The quarto edition, indeed, gives as a stage direction, “Enter the Ghost, in his night-gown.” The appearance is suited to the place, even as the cap-a-pie armament to the place of warlike guard. Unlike the appearance on the battery, which is seen by all who were present, on this occasion it is only visible to Hamlet, and invisible to his mother. Ghosts were supposed to have the power to make themselves visible and invisible to whom they chose ; and the dramatic effect of the Queen’s surprise at Hamlet’s behaviour was well worth the poetic exercise of the privilege. The Queen, indeed, must have been thoroughly convinced of her son’s madness, in despite of his own disclaimer, and of the remorseless energy with which he wrings her own remorseful heart. Her exclamation, “Alas, he’s mad !” is thoroughly sincere ; and though her assurance that she has “no life to breathe” the secret that he is “but mad in craft,” seems to imply her assent to the fact, Hamlet’s language and demeanour are certainly not such as are calculated to convince her of the truth of this avowal. She is therefore likely to have spoken not falsely, but according to her convictions, when she immediately afterwards says that her son is

“Mad as the sea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier.”

The Queen in this ghost scene, and Lady Macbeth in the

banquet scene, are placed in very similar circumstances : they both refer these appearances to a morbid state of the brain, by which the son of the one and the husband of the other are so terribly moved ; they both, but in very different degrees, are endeavouring to conceal remorse. But the Danish Queen is affrighted at the behaviour of her son ; the Scottish Queen, incapable of fear, is mainly anxious about the effect which her husband's conduct will have upon the bystanders. The one gives free expression to her alarm,—she allows amazement to sit visible in her expression and attitude ; the other, firm and self-possessed, is the ruling spirit of the hour. The one is a middle-aged voluptuary who, incestuously married to a drunkard of degraded appearance, has feelings so little refined that, until her son holds up the mirror to her soul, she is barely sensible of her own shameless position ; the other, a great criminal, is as conscious as she is outwardly confident. The one is animated with the spirit of Belial ; the other with that of Satan.

Hamlet finds that his assumed madness, which he puts on and off rather capriciously, is likely to become an impediment to a right understanding with his mother. He sees her ready to deny the reality of her own trespass, because it is mirrored with the demeanour, and, in some sort, with the words of ecstasy. He therefore offers as tests of his sanity, that his pulse is temperate, that his attention is under command, and his memory faithful ; tests which we are bound to pronounce about as fallacious as could well be offered, and which could only apply to febrile delirium and mania. The pulse in mania averages about fifteen beats above that of health ; that of the insane generally, including maniacs, only averages nine beats above the healthy standard : the pulse of melancholia and monomania is not above the average. That a maniac would gambol from reproducing in the same words any statement he had made, is true enough in the acute forms of the

disease ; but it is not so in numberless instances of chronic mania, nor in melancholia or partial insanity. The dramatic representations which are in vogue in some asylums prove the power of attention and memory preserved by many patients ; indeed, the possessor of the most brilliant memory we ever met with was a violent and mischievous maniac. He would quote page after page from the Greek, Latin, and French classics. The Iliad, and the best plays of Molière in particular, he seemed to have at his fingers' ends. In raving madness, however, the two symptoms referred to by Hamlet are as a rule present. The pulse is accelerated, and the attention is so distracted by thick-flowing fancies that an account can scarcely be given of the same matter in the same words. It is, therefore, to this form alone that the test of verbal memory applies. The death of "the unseen good old man" Polonius, which Hamlet in his "lawless fit" and "brainish apprehension" had effected, adds to the alarm of the King, already excited by the "pranks too broad to bear with" of the play. The courtiers and the Queen do not seem to have inquired how it was that the King was so marvellously distempered with choler, wherefore he became so much offended with the catastrophe of the play. Like good courtiers, they accept his humour unquestioning. Now, however, the King has a good presentable excuse for alarm.

"O heavy deed !

It had been so with us, had we been there :
 His liberty is full of threats to all ;
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.
 Alas ! how shall this bloody deed be answer'd ?
 It will be laid to us, whose providence
 Should have kept short, restrain'd, and out of haunt,
 This mad young man : but, so much was our love,
 We would not understand what was most fit ;
 But, like the owner of a foul disease,
 To keep it from divulging, let it feed
 Even on the pith of life."

From which it appears that the all-observing eye of the poet had noted the custom of the world to conceal the occurrence of insanity within the family circle, a custom which still prevails, and from which much evil is wrought. To keep secret the existence of this dreaded malady, the relatives of an insane person oftentimes postpone all effectual treatment until the time of its usefulness is past; and they forego measures of security until some terrible calamity results. Accepting the ignorant and wicked opinion that disease of the brain is disgraceful, they give grounds to others for holding this opinion, by the sacrifices they are willing to make, that the existence of insanity in the family may be concealed. They not only sacrifice to this the safety of the public, but that of the patient himself with his present comfort and the probable means of restoration. From motives variously compounded of selfishness and ignorance, they ignore the two great facts in the treatment of insanity that it must be early, and that it must be conducted in scenes remote from those influences in which it has its origin. Under a real or assumed regard for the feelings of the unhappy patients they retain them at homes which may once have been happy, but which now have become places of moral torture, where every look inflicts a wound, every word probes a sore. When the patient is removed to fresh scenes, and to that skilfully arranged repose of the excited mental functions, which is provided by judicious treatment, the misery inflicted by the disease abates, even as the anguish of a broken limb is allayed by simple rest and well-arranged position. If all asylums for the educated and the wealthy were what they ought to be, or even what asylums for the poor actually are, the detention of the insane, amidst the moral miseries of home, would be utterly inexcusable. At present it has the excuse of prejudice, and of suspicion not without some foundation in fact.

In the following scene with Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, and

the King, Hamlet is again in his most antic disposition of mind. His sarcastic irony to his two old school-fellows, whom he now trusts as he would adders fanged, is more directly insulting than before. They are sponges that soak up the King's countenance, the ape's first morsel, first mouthed, last swallowed. Still he throws a thicker cloak of counterfeit unreason over his sarcasm than he has done before. His replies,

“The body is with the king, but the king is not with
the body. The king is a thing —”

“—— of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and
all after;”

his answers to the King, “Farewell, dear mother,” “My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother”—are fairly on a par in unreasoning suggestiveness with his reply to Polonius. “For if the sun breed maggots,” &c. These mad absurdities are never altogether meaningless, and never altogether foreign to the natural train of his own thoughts. The description of Polonius at supper, “not where he eats, but where he is eaten,” is the foreshadowing idea of the serious and earnest meditations on the mutability of matter in which he indulges over the church-yard skulls. “A man may fish with a worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.” And thus, “A king may go a progress,” &c. 'Tis the very same speculation as that so seriously expressed to his friend.

“To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?”

This is the philosophy he had learnt at Wittenburg, and which he toyed with to the last. He had learned, indeed, its inadequacy to explain all things, by sights which make

“us fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition,
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls.”

He had been compelled to acknowledge that there "are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of" in this philosophy. Still this form of speculation was the habit of the mind, and whether in antic disposition of madness, or in earnest converse with his friend it is found his frequent topic. Might not this habit of dwelling upon the material laws to which our flesh is subject, have been resorted to as a kind of antidote to those "thoughts beyond the reaches of the soul," to which his father's apparition had given rise,—his father, whose "bones had burst their cerements," whose sepulchre had open'd its ponderous jaws to cast him up again. Was not this materialist speculation a struggle against these thoughts, and akin to the unconscious protest against the Ghost, that beyond the grave is

"The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

Alas for Hamlet! What with his material philosophy and his spiritual experiences, there was contention enough in that region of the intellect which abuts upon veneration, to unhinge the soundest judgment; let alone the grief, and shame, and just anger, of which his uncle's crimes and his mother's frailty were the more than sufficient cause, in so sensitive a mind.

In the following scene with the captain of the army of Fortinbras, we have a comment upon the folly of useless war, and an occasion for another fine motive-weighting soliloquy; like the prayer scene, useless indeed to the progress of the piece, but exquisite in itself. Never does Shakespeare seem to have found a character so suited to give noble utterance to his own most profound meditations as in Hamlet. It is on this account that we unconsciously personify Shakespeare in this character, as we personify Byron in Childe Harold, or Sterne in Yorick, and, may we not add, Goëthe in Faust.

The soliloquy, "How all things do inform against me,"

marks a state of inclination to act, in advance of that manifested in the soliloquy beginning, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" but still not screwed up to the point of resolve. The gross example of soldiers, who "for a fantasy, and trick of fame," are so lavish of life and limb, places before Hamlet, in the strongest light, his own craven scruples, and, as he chooses to say, his apprehension of results. But on this point he does not do himself justice. His personal courage is of the most undaunted temper. In his first interview with the Ghost, he does not set his "life at a pin's fee;" and the independent evidence of Fortinbras testifies to his high promise as a soldier. It is not the lack of courage, but the inability to carry the excitements of his reason and his blood, into an act so repugnant to his nature as the assassination of his uncle, that yet withholds his hand; and, although he concludes,

"O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!"

he leaves his purpose unfulfilled, and allows himself to be sent out of the country; a proceeding likely to postpone his revenge indefinitely, or to defeat it altogether; and it is not until he discovers the King's villainous plot against his own life, that he determines to "quit him with this arm."

There is an inconsistency in the reasoning of the first part of this soliloquy, which leads us to surmise that after the words "to rust in us unused," a sentence has been lost. Hamlet is fully aware that his meditative tendency is excessive; that his reason is so far from being unused that it is overstrong for his active powers, and turns aside the current of his enterprise. He is therefore not likely to censure himself for allowing his reason to rust in him unused, especially as he immediately afterwards objects to the impediment to action he finds in a too vigilant forethought. The train of argument appears to have been, that memory and forethought,

the godlike qualities of reason, were not given man to rust in him unused, neither were they given to abuse, or one to be used to the exclusion of the other ; yet either through too slight an appreciation of his wrongs and duties, or through dwelling with too much forethought upon the probable results of action, he still delays to do that which is to be done. As the text stands, the sentence "Since he that made us," &c., is inapplicable to Hamlet, and contradictory to his own expressed opinion of his mental state, and opposed to all we know of it ; since the only inference which can be drawn from it is, that he condemns himself for allowing his reason to rust in him unused, which of all men he did not do. The sentence must rather have been a justification of the use of his reason in forethought ; but to make this apparent, and to connect the sense with the fault he immediately finds with himself on the very point of excessive use of forethought, requires an additional sentence, which may have been accidentally omitted.

The colloquy with the grave-digger and Horatio in the church-yard affords abundant proof that the biting satire and quaintness of thought, which have been accepted as the antic garb of Hamlet's mind, are quite natural to him when he is playing no part. The opening observation on the influence of custom is a favourite theme with him. When he wishes to wring his mother's heart, he is apprehensive whether

"damned custom has not braz'd it so,
That it is proof and bulwark against sense."

And when he dissuades her from her incestuous intercourse, he says :

"That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this ;
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on."

“ For use alone can change the stamp of nature,
And either curb the devil, or throw him out,
With wondrous potency.”

Custom, therefore, brazes the heart in vice ; custom fortifies the body in habits of virtue ; it also blunts the sensibilities of the mind ; so that grave-making becomes “ a property of easiness.”

“ *Ham.* 'Tis even so : the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.”

This, however, is but half truth. The “ hand of little employment ” hath not always “ the daintier sense ” in use. Does custom blunt the fingers of a watchmaker, the eyes of a printer, or the auditory nerve of a musician ? Did the grave-digger do his own sombre work with less skill because he had been accustomed to it for thirty years ? Custom blunts our sensations to those impressions which we do not attend to, and sharpens them to those which we do. Custom, in Hamlet himself, had sharpened the speculative faculties which he exercised, while it had dulled the active powers, which depend upon that resolution which he did not practise.

Hamlet's comments upon the skulls,—upon the politicians, who could circumvent God,—on the courtiers, who praised my lord Such-a-one's horse when he meant to beg it,—on the lawyers, whose fine of fines is to have his fine pate full of fine dirt, and whose vouchers vouch him for no more of his purchases than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures,—are the quaint prosaic expression of his melancholy, his gloomy view of the nothingness of life, combined with his peculiar speculations upon death as the mere corruption of the body. He revolts at the idea of this ignoble life, as he thinks it, ending in annihilation, and he equally recoils at the idea that it may end in bad dreams. He thinks that if death is an eternal sleep, such an end of the ills of life is a consummation devoutly to be wished, but the fear that it is

an eternal dream is unendurable. His fancy is too active to permit him to rush into an eternity of unknown consciousness. Like Prince Henry, in the Spanish Student, he feels,

“ Rest ! rest ! O give me rest and peace !
 The thought of life, that ne'er shall cease,
 Has something in it like despair—
 A weight I am too weak to bear.”

To return to his mother earth an unconscious clod seems his most earnest hope ; yet when the offensive debris of mortality meets his eyes, such an ignoble termination of mental activity revolts both his sensibility and his reason. “ Here's a fine revolution, if one had the trick to see't.” His bones ache to think on't. When he sees the skull of his old friend the jester, from whose companionship he may have derived much of his own skill in fence and play of words and poignancy of wit, his imagination is absolutely disgusted.

“ Alas, poor Yorick !—I knew him, Horatio ; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy ; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times ; and now how abhorred in my imagination it is ! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now ? your gambols ? your songs ? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to keep the table on a roar ? Not one now, to mock your own grinning ? quite chap-fallen ? Now, get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come ; make her laugh at that.”

The grave-digger's jest that Hamlet's madness will not matter in England, since “'twill not be seen in him : there the men are as mad as he,” is legitimate enough in the mouth of a foreigner, since for ages have the continentals jested upon the mad English, who hang themselves by scores every day, and who, in November especially, immolate themselves in hecatombs to the dun goddess of spleen. By this time the jest has somewhat lost its point. At least, it may be said that if the English furnish as many madmen as their neighbours,

they are somewhat better acquainted with the means of ameliorating their sad condition. Madness, however, and suicide, are now known to be as prevalent in the great neighbour nation, whose own writers jest upon their universal diffusion.

All men are mad, writes Boileau, the grand distinction among them being the amount of skill employed in concealing the crack ; and if statistics prove anything with regard to suicides, it is that our once volatile neighbours have an unhappy advantage over us in that respect, both in numbers and variety. If it was ever a habit with us ; it has now become a fashion with them.

The funeral of Ophelia, and the bravery of her brother's grief, are the occasion of conduct in Hamlet which cannot be considered either that of a sane man or of a counterfeit madman. He acknowledges to his friend that he forgot himself, and that he was in a towering passion. The more probable explanation is, that the shock of Ophelia's death, made known to him so suddenly, strangely, and painfully, gave rise to an outburst of passionate excitement referrible to the latent unsoundness of his mind, and that the Queen's explanation of his conduct is the true one :

“ This is mere madness :
 And thus a while the fit will work on him ;
 Anon, as patient as the female dove,
 When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,
 His silence will sit drooping.”

It is indeed mere madness ; for why should a brother's phrase of sorrow over the grave of a sister, however exaggerated its expression, excite a sane lover to such rage,—the rage of passion, not of grief. A sane man would have been struck dumb by overwhelming grief, if he had thus accidentally met at the verge of the tomb the body of a mistress whom he devotedly loved, and whose stunted ritual betokened that with desperate hand she had foredone her own life. In

Hamlet's state of mind, the occurrence gives birth to rash conduct and vehement passion ; passion, be it remarked, not caused by the struggle in the grave, but by the bravery of the brother's grief.

Although after this scene Hamlet converses with thorough calmness with his self-possessed friend, there are passages which strongly indicate the morbid state of his mind. Speaking of his condition on ship-board, he says :

“ Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep : methought, I lay
Worse than the mutineers in the bilboes.”

And again, referring to his present feelings, he says : “ Thou would'st not think, how ill all's here about my heart ; but it's no matter.” “ It is but foolery ; but it is such a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.”

Above all, if his conduct in the church-yard is not the result of morbidly violent emotion, uncontrolled by reason, what can we say of his own explanation :

“ Give me your pardon, sir : I have done you wrong ;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes ? Never, Hamlet :
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away :
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then ? His madness : If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd ;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.”

This reference to the random arrow shot madly o'er the house may possibly have been taken from the play of Titus Andronicus.

Except the above brief reference to the inner wretchedness, which Horatio takes for an evil augury, Hamlet shews no disposition to melancholy after the rough incidents of his sea voyage. The practice of the King upon his own life appears to have fixed his resolve: He'll wait till no further evil is hatched. He that hath

“Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?”

Moreover, what there is to do he'll do quickly. The issue of the business in England, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, will quickly be known, but

“the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say, one.”

In this temper it would have been frivolous in him to have accepted the challenge of Laertes, were it not that he saw in it an opportunity to right himself with his old friend, by the image of whose cause he read the portraiture of his own. It is after a seeming reconciliation thus obtained, that he determines to accept “this brother's wager.” Might not also the challenge be accepted as likely to offer a good opportunity to meet the King, and “quit him with this arm,” an opportunity which he now resolves to seize whenever it offers? The sentiment of coming evil lends probability to the thought.

“Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?”

The final scene of indiscriminate slaughter, which, as

Fortinbras thinks, would more become a battle-field than a palace, points the moral so obvious throughout the piece, that the end of action is not within the hands of the human agents. The blow which finally quits the King was fully deserved for his last act. His end has an accidental suddenness about it, which disappoints the expectation of judicial revenge. Like Laertes, he is a woodcock caught in his own springe. Retribution is left to the terrible future, whose mysteries have been partially unveiled ; and the mind, prepared by the revelations of the Ghost, accepts the death of the King but as the beginning of his quittance.

The death of Hamlet has been objected to, as cruel and needless ; but would it not rather have been cruel to have left him alive in this harsh world, drawing his breath in pain. Heart-broken, and in that half-mad state which is vastly more painful than developed insanity, what could he do here, after the one act for which he was bound to live had been accomplished. Had he survived, he must have sank into inert motiveless melancholy, or have struggled on in the still more painful state of contention between conscience and suicidal desire. To prevent a wounded name being left behind him, he can command his friend to "absent him from felicity awhile;" but for himself the best is the dark mantle of oblivion, the rest with hope which his friend so gracefully expresses :

" Now cracks a noble heart : Good night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels guard thee to thy rest !"

There is no attempted poetical justice in this bloody finale to the drama. The way of the world rather is followed in the indiscriminate mischief. Sweet Ophelia and noble Hamlet meet the same fate which attends the incestuous Queen, the villanous King, the passionate Laertes, and the well-meaning Polonius. The vortex of crime draws down the innocent and the guilty ; the balance of desert being left for

adjustment in the dark future. The intricacy of the action, and the unexpected nature of the events, are copied from life as closely as that marvellous delineation of motive and feeling which brings Hamlet so intimately home to the consciousness of reflective men. Those dramas in which we accurately foresee the event in the first act are as little like the reality of human life as a geometric problem is like a landscape. Granted that there is nothing like accident in human affairs, that if a special providence in the fall of a sparrow may be doubted, the subjection of the most trivial circumstances to general laws is beyond question. Still, in human affairs, the multiplicity and mutual interference of these laws is such, that it is utterly beyond human foresight to trace forward the thread of events with any certainty. In Hamlet this uncertainty is peculiarly manifested. Everything is traceable to causes, which operate, however, in a manner which the most astute forecaster of events could never have anticipated; though, after their occurrence, it is easy enough to trace and name them, as Horatio promised to do.

“So shall you hear
 Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts ;
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters ;
 Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause ;
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook
 Fall'n on the inventors' heads ; all this can I
 Truly deliver.”

Although we arrive at the conviction that Hamlet is morbidly melancholic, and that the degree to which he puts on a part is very small ; that, by eliminating a few hurling words, and the description which Ophelia gives of the state of his stockings, there is very little, either in his speech or conduct, which is truly feigned ; let us guard ourselves from conveying the erroneous impression that he is a veritable lunatic. He is a reasoning melancholiac, morbidly changed from his former state of thought, feeling, and conduct. He has “foregone all

custom of exercise," and longs to commit suicide, but dares not. Yet, like the melancholiacs described by Burton, he is "of profound judgment in some things, excellent apprehensions, judicious, wise, and witty; for melancholy advanceth men's conceits more than any humour whatever." He is in a state which thousands pass through without becoming truly insane, but which in hundreds does pass into actual madness. It is the state of incubation of disease, "in which his melancholy sits on brood," and which, according to the turn of events, or the constitution of the brain, may hatch insanity, or terminate in restored health.

There is an apparent inconsistency between the sombre melancholy of Hamlet's solitary thoughts and the jesting levity of his conversation, even when he seeks least to put on the guise of antic behaviour; an inconsistency apparent only, for in truth this gloomy reverie, which in solitude "runs darkling down the stream of fate," is thoroughly coherent in nature with the careless mocking spirit playing in derisive contempt with the foibles of others. The weeping and the mocking philosopher are not usually divided as of old, but are united in one, whose laugh is bestowed on the vanity of human wishes as observed in the world around, while the earnest tear is reserved for the more deeply felt miseries of his own destiny. The historian of melancholy himself was a double philosopher of this complexion. Deeply imbued with melancholy when his mental gaze was introverted, when employed upon others it was more mocking than serious, more minute than profound. Thence came the charming and learned gossip of the *Anatomy*; thence also the curious habit recorded of him, that for days together he would sit on a post by the river side, listening and laughing at the oaths and jeers of the boatmen, and thus finding a strange solace from his own profound melancholy. Here is his own evidence:

“Humorous they (melancholiacs) are beyond measure; sometimes profusely laughing, extraordinary merry, and then again weeping without a cause; groaning, sighing, pensive, sad, almost distracted, restless in their thoughts and actions, continually meditating.

Velut ægri somnia, vanæ

Finguntur species;

more like dreamers than men awake, they feign a company of antick fantastical conceits.”

There is an intimate relationship between melancholy and humour. The fact is finely touched in the Yorick of Lawrence Sterne, and, what is more to the purpose, in the real history of many of the most celebrated humourists; and the truth even descends to those humourists of action, theatrical clowns. Who has not heard the story of one of the most celebrated of these applying incognito to a physician for the relief of melancholy, and being referred for a remedy to his own laughter-moving antics? Not that humour is always attended by any tinge or tendency to melancholy, as the plenitude of this faculty exhibited by jolly Sir John fully proves. Still there is this in common to the roystering humour of Falstaff, the melancholy humour of Jacques, and the sarcastic humour of Hamlet, that they have each a perverse ingenuity in contemplating the weakness and selfishness of human motive. Wit deals with ideas and their verbal representations; humour with motives and emotions; and that melancholy cast of thought, which tends to exhibit our own motives in an unfavourable light, is apt to probe the motives of others with searching insight, and to represent them in those unexpected contrasts, and those true, but unusual, colours which tickle the intelligence with their novelty and strangeness.

The character of Hamlet presents another contrast, which, if not more obvious than the above, has at least attracted more attention, perhaps because he himself comments upon

it, and because it is a main point upon which the drama turns. It is the contrast between his vivid intellectual activity, and the inertness of his conduct. To say that this depends upon a want of the power of will to transmute thought into action, is to do no more than to change one formula of words into another. There must be some better explanation for the unquestionable fact that one man of great intellectual vigour becomes a thinker only, and another a man of vehement action; one man a mute inglorious Milton, another a village Hampden, or even a Cæsar or Napoleon. That activity of intellect is in itself adverse to decisiveness of conduct, is abundantly contradicted by biography. That activity of intellect may exist with the utmost powerlessness, or even perversity of conduct, is equally proved by the well-known biographies of many men, "who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one." The essential difference of men who are content to rest in thought, and those who transmute it into action, appears not to consist in the presence or absence of that incomprehensible function, that unknown quantity of the mind, the *will*; but in the presence or absence of clearly defined and strongly-felt *desire*, and in that power of movement which can only be derived from the exercise of power, that is, from the habit of action. It is conceivable, as Sir James Mackintosh has well pointed out, that an intellectual being might exist examining all things, comparing all things, knowing all things, but desiring and doing nothing. It is equally conceivable that a being might exist with two strong desires, so equally poised that the result should be complete neutralization of each other, and a state of inaction as if no emotional spring to conduct whatever existed. Hence, inaction may arise, from want of desire, or from equipoise of desire.

It is, moreover, conceivable that an intellectual being might exist in whom desires were neither absent nor equipoised, but in whom the habit of putting desires into action had never

been formed. We are indeed so constituted, that clearly formed desires tend naturally to transmute themselves into action, and the idea of a being at once intellectual and emotional, in whom circumstances have entirely prevented the development of the habit of action, has more the character of a metaphysical speculation than of a possible reality. Still the immense influence of habit upon the power of action is unquestionable, and the want of this habit appears to have been one chief cause of Hamlet's inert and dilatory conduct, and of the contention between that meditative cast of thought, which he in vain strove to screw up to the point of action, and the desire to discharge that repulsive duty which his uncle's villainies had laid upon him. That the time was out of joint would have been for him a subject of painful reflection only, but for the accursed spite which had laid it upon him to set it right, and which was the cause of that fierce moral strife between duty and disposition, which forms the innermost web of the piece. The rash execution of an unpremeditated action is entirely consistent with this sensitive motive-weighing inability to act upon mature resolve. The least resolute men are often the most rash; as quick spasm in feeble muscles is substituted for healthy, regular, and prolonged exertion. Hamlet praises rashness in the instance in which it served him, but he would scarcely have been able to have done so when it led him to slay Polonius in mistake for the King; and the incidents of the drama, no more than the incidents of real life, justify us in rough-hewing our purposes with rashness, though the Divinity may shape the ends even of our most politic arrangements.

This reasoning melancholiac, disgusted with the world, and especially disgusted with the repulsive duty which a hard fate has laid upon him, is not less different to the Hamlet of the past, to him who had been

“The expectancy and rose of the fair state,”

to him who, as a soldier,

“was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally,”

than he is the good feeble young gentleman whom Goëthe describes, and whose “mind is too feeble for the accomplishment” of “the great action imposed as a duty.” “Here is an oak planted in a vase; proper only to receive the most delicate flowers. The roots strike out, the vessel flies to pieces. A pure, noble, highly moral disposition, but without that energy of soul which constitutes a hero, sinks under a load which it can neither support nor abandon altogether.” “Observe how he shifts, hesitates, advances, and recedes!” Goëthe’s simile however, beautiful though it be, appears to halt on both feet, for the great action, which is the oak, does not strike out its roots, does not increase in magnitude or responsibility; nor does the Prince deserve to be compared to a vase, senseless and inert, which cannot expand or “shift;” and, moreover, it is not the greatness of the action which is above the energy of his soul, but the nature of it which is repulsive to its nobility. If Hamlet must be compared to a vase, let it not be to a flower-pot, but to that kingly drinking cup, whose property it was to fly to pieces when poison was poured into it.

In addition to the above, there are other causes of turmoil in Hamlet’s mind less plainly stated, but traceable enough throughout the piece. One of these is the contention between his religious sentiments and his sceptical philosophy. His mind constantly wavers between belief and unbelief; between confidence in an overruling Providence, who shapes all our ends to wise purposes, and even permits its angels and ministers of grace to attend unseen on our hours of trial; between this reverential faith and that scepticism which sees in man but so much animated dust, and looks upon death as annihilation. The pain of this same doubt has been finely expressed by him, whom future centuries will regard as the

great lyric of the nation, even as Shakespeare is for aye its great dramatist :

“ I trust I have not wasted breath :
 I think we are not wholly brain,
 Magnetic mockeries ; not in vain,
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death :
 Not only cunning casts in clay :
 Let Science prove we are, and then ••
 What matters Science unto men—
 At least, to me ? I would not stay.”

“ And he, shall he
 Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
 Who battled for the true and just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or sealed within the iron hills ?”

Indeed, the manifold points of resemblance between Hamlet and In Memoriam are remarkable. In each the great questions of eternal interest are debated by a mind to whom profound grief makes this world a sterile promontory. The unknowable future absorbs all interest. The lyric bard, however, fights his way to more light than the dramatist attains. The fear of annihilation oppresses, but does not conquer him. He rebukes Lazarus for holding his peace on that which afflicts the doubting soul, but for himself he fights his way to faith.

“ He fought his doubts, and gathered strength ;
 He would not make his judgment blind ;
 He faced the spectres of the mind,
 And laid them.”

It is not easy to estimate the amount of emotional disturbance for which Love is answerable in Hamlet's mind. Probably, if other matters had gone well with him, Ophelia's forced unkindness would easily have been seen through and overcome ; but, with a mind pre-occupied with the dread mission of his father's revenge, it is likely that he would not question the earnestness of Ophelia's rejection, and that “ to the pangs of despised love,” he might well attribute one of the most

poignant ills that flesh is heir to. His demeanour to Ophelia, when he first puts on his antic disposition, and which she so graphically describes, not less than his own avowal at her grave, that "twenty thousand brothers could not make up his sum of love," point to the existence, not of "trivial fond records," but of a passion for her, both deep and constant; a passion thrust rudely into the background indeed, but not extinguished, or even weakened, by the more urgent emotions of revenge for his father, of shame for his mother, of scorn and hatred for his uncle. The character of Hamlet would have been incomplete if the element of love had been forgotten in its composition. Harshly as he may seem to treat his mistress, this element adds a warm sienna tint to the portraiture, without which it would have been not only cold and hard, but less true to the nature of the melancholy sensitive being delineated.

There is little trace of ambition in his character; for, although he makes the King's having stepped between the election and his hopes one of the list of his injuries, his comments upon the manner in which this was done savour rather of contempt for his uncle's ignoble means of success, for the manner in which he filched the crown, and was "a cutpurse of the empire and the rule," rather than of any profound disappointment that the election had not fallen upon himself. Indeed, this character has been painted in dimensions far exceeding those of the sceptred rulers of the earth. Ambition would have dwarfed him to the type of a class; he stands forth the mighty poetical type of the race.

It is this universal humanity of the character which lies at the root of its wonderful reality and familiarity. Hamlet seems known to us like an old friend. "This is that Hamlet the Dane," says Hazlitt, "whom we read of in our youth, and whom we seem almost to remember in our after years." "Hamlet is a name: his speeches and sayings but the idle

coinage of the poet's brain. What, then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth which is above that of history." Are we then wrong in treating Hamlet as a reality, and in debating the state of his mind with more care than we would choose to bestow upon the insane vagaries of an Emperor Paul, or a Frederick the First? Have we not more sure data upon which to exercise judgment than upon the uncertain truth of history? Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, has elaborately argued the madness of Burke; a domestic grief, a change of temper, and, above all, a change of political opinions from those which the historian thinks true, to those which he thinks false, being held sufficient to establish the confirmed insanity of the great statesman. Those who read the ingenious argument will feel convinced, at least, of this, that history rarely or never leaves grounds relative enough to solve such a question. Nay, when we are close upon the footsteps of a man's life, when the question is not one of learned trifling, like that of the insanity of Socrates, but the practical one of whether a man just dead was competent to devise his property, when his papers and letters are ransacked, his daily life minutely examined, when scores of men who knew him intimately, bear testimony to their knowledge, we often find the balance of probability so even, that it is impossible to say to which side it inclines, and the feelings of the jury as often as not fabricate the will. But when the great mind of mind speaks out as in Hamlet, it is not so. Then it is as in the justice of Heaven, then the "action lies in its true nature," which neither ignorance can obscure nor sophistry pervert.

It is by this great faculty that Shakespeare unfolds to our view the book of the mind, and shews alike its fairest and most blotted pages, and leaves in us a thirst not for more light, but for more power to read.

If familiarity and fellow-feeling compel us at one time to regard Hamlet as a reality, reflection and curious admiration compel us at others to wonder at it, as a work of man's creative power; and it has ever been to us a question of intense interest to speculate upon the manner it was worked out. There appears this great distinction between Hamlet and all other characters of Shakespeare, in which real or feigned insanity is represented, that, while they are evidently all drawn from the life, it could scarcely have been drawn from observation. Ophelia, for instance, is the very type of a class of cases by no means uncommon. Every mental physician of moderately extensive experience must have seen many Ophelias. It is a copy from nature, after the fashion of the pre-Raphaelite school, in which the veins of the leaves are painted. Hamlet however is not pre-Raphaelite, but Raphaelite; like the Transfiguration, it is a glorious reflex from the mind of the author, but not a copy of aught which may be seen by other eyes. It is drawn, indeed, in accordance with the truth of nature, just as Raphael made use of anatomical knowledge in painting the Transfiguration; but there is something beyond and above that which any external observation can supply. From whence did this come? Without doubt, from within. Shakespeare has here described a broad phase of his own mind; has reflected the *nadir* of his own great soul; has set up a glass in which the ages will read the inmost part of him; how he thought of death and suicide; how he doubted of the future, and felt of the present,

“That this huge state presenteth nought but shows;”
how he looked inwards until fair nature became dark, and spun

“A veil of thought, to hide him from the sun.”

Hallam, the most learned and just of English critics, has recognised this inner reflection of the soul in this and some others of the great bard's sombre characters.

“There seems to have been a period of Shakespeare’s life when his heart was ill at ease, and ill-content with the world or his own conscience; the memory of hours misspent, the pang of affection misplaced or unrequited, the experience of man’s worsor nature, which intercourse with ill-chosen associates, by choice or circumstance, peculiarly teaches; these, as they sank down into the depths of his great mind, seem not only to have inspired into it the conception of Lear and Timon, but that of one primary character, the censurer of mankind. This type is first seen in the philosophic melancholy of Jacques, gazing with undiminished serenity, and with a gaiety of fancy, though not of manners, on the follies of the world. It assumes a graver cast in the exiled Duke of the same play, and next one rather more severe in the Duke of Measure for Measure. In all these, however, it is merely contemplative philosophy. In Hamlet this is mingled with the impulses of a perturbed heart, under the pressure of extraordinary circumstances; it shines no longer as in the former characters, with a steady light, but plays in fitful corruscations, amid feigned gaiety and extravagance. In Lear it is the flash of sudden inspiration across the incongruous imagery of madness; in Timon it is obscured by the exaggerations of misanthropy.”

However true this may be in the main, we can scarcely agree to recognise any part of our own ideal of Shakespeare’s individuality in any of these characters, except in Hamlet and in Jacques. Doubtless there was melancholy and cynicism enough in the great bard, but there could have been no real misanthropy, no mad fury, no stern congelation of feeling, as in Timon, Lear, and the Duke; nor is there any of these in Hamlet or Jacques, or in the real heart history as it is written in the Sonnets.

Misanthropy and cynicism appear to have been very generally confounded. Doubtless they are often found together; yet is there a wide difference between the two in their real nature. The cynic may even carp and sneer at the faults of his brother men, from the depth of his human love, and thus be at quite the opposite pole of feeling to him who avows,

“I am misanthropos, and hate mankind.” The author of *Rasselas*, that prosaic reflection of Hamlet, was eminently a cynic; yet a more tender and pitiful soul never animated human clay, than that which dwelt in the burly Diogenes of Fleet Street. He of Sinope so zealously inculcated virtue as to derive from Plato the nickname of the mad Socrates. Though he lived in a tub he loved mankind, and rudely taught them at how cheap a rate they might obtain happiness. But misanthropy is quite a different thing, either from melancholic dissatisfaction or cynical content. It is a perversion of all human sympathy, incompatible with all nobility of soul, and, most of all, with that sympathetic touch-stone of human emotions, the soul of the true poet. We recognise this in Swift, who was a misanthropist *pur sang*, and whose vast intellectual powers might have placed him among the first of his country’s poets, had not his sympathies been utterly out of unison with those of his kind. The expression of universal hatred is not that of exalted passion, but that of the heartless sneer which is utterly anti-pathetic. Goëthe touches the point when he makes the man-hating demon excuse himself in the heavenly court from the use of pathetic speech.

“Verzeih, ich kann nicht hohe Worte machen,
Mein Pathos brachte dich gewiss zum Lachen.”

The poetic soul of Faust, on the contrary, swells with wide and warm human sympathy; although in despairing rage he curses all human desires, all hope, all faith, and, above all, all patience. In one of these characters we have true misanthropy serving as a foil to the other, to whom, as in Hamlet, not man but man’s position is hateful, and whose human sympathies are passionate, even in the despair which cries out in the life-weary agony, and almost in the words of Hamlet:

“Und so ist mir das Daseyn eine Last
Der Tod erwünscht, das Leben mir verhasst.”

An enquiry into the mental pathology of this character may aptly conclude with a quotation from the writings of a kindred and cotemporary mind to that of the great dramatist, namely, those of Michael de Montaigne. Coleridge, in his truly beautiful lectures, which have been so happily preserved by the notes of Mr. Payne Collier, admits that "such a mind as Hamlet's is near akin to madness" from its "greatness of genius," which is the sense in which Dryden used the word "wit" in the line—

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied."

Montaigne actually saw the saddest exemplification of this truth in one of the greatest "wits" of the age—the immortal Tasso. His comments on the sad spectacle are less harsh than they seem; for although very far from being deficient in human sympathy and pity, he also had a strong dash of the cynic in him, cynicism without misanthropy.

"What puts the soul beside itself, and more usually throws it into madness, but her own promptness, vigour, and agility, and finally, her own proper force? Of what is the most subtle folly made, but of the most subtle wisdom? As great friendships spring from great enmities, and vigorous health from mortal diseases, so from the rare and vivid agitations of our souls proceed the most wonderful and most distracted frenzies; 'tis but half a turn of the toe from the one to the other. In the actions of madmen, we see how infinitely madness resembles the most vigorous operations of the soul. Who does not know how indescribable the difference is betwixt folly and the sprightly aspirations of a free soul, and the effects of a supreme and extraordinary virtue? Plato says, that melancholy persons are the most capable of discipline, and the most excellent; and accordingly in none is there so great a propension to madness. Great wits are ruined by their own proper force and pliability; into what a condition, through his own agitation and promptness of fancy, is one of the most judicious, ingenious, and nearest formed of any other Italian poet to the air of the ancient and true poesy, lately fallen? Has he not vast obligation to this vivacity that has destroyed him? to this light that has

blinded him? to this exact and subtle apprehension of reason that has put him beside his own? to this curious and laborious search after sciences, that has reduced him to imbecility? and to this rare aptitude to the exercises of the soul, that has rendered him without exercise and without soul? I was more angry, if possible, than compassionate, to see him at Ferrara in so pitiful a condition, surviving himself, forgetting both himself and his works, which, without his knowledge, though before his face, have been published unformed and incorrect.

“Would you have a man healthy, would you have him regular, and in a steady and secure posture? Muffle him upon the shades of stupidity and sloth. We must be made beasts to be made wise, and hood-winked before we are fit to be led. And if one shall tell me that the advantage of having a dull sense of pain and other evils brings this disadvantage along with it, to render us consequently less sensible also in the fruition of good and pleasure, this is true; but the misery of our condition is such, that we have not so much to enjoy as to avoid, and that the extremest pleasure does not affect us to the degree that a light grief does; “*Segnius homines bona quam mala sentiunt.*” ‘We are not so sensible of the most perfect health as we are of the least sickness.’

“Pungit

*In cute vix summa violatum plagula corpus ;
Quando valere nihil quemquam movet. Hoc juvat unum,
Quod me non torquet latus, aut pes : Cetera quisquam
Vix queat aut sanum sese, aut sentire valentem.”*

OPHELIA.

“Che per amor venne in furore e matto.”

Ophelia, so simple, so beautiful, so pitiful! The exquisite creation is so perfect, yet so delicate, that we fear to approach it with the rough touch of critical remark. Child of nature in simplicity and innocence—without guile, without suspicion—and therefore, without reserve, or that deceit which often simulates a modesty more dainty than the modesty of innocence. And yet, not ignorant though innocent; but with quick native intellect, which appreciated the selfishness, and rebuked the fears, of her brother's caution; which still more fully appreciated, and was able most eloquently to describe, the noble qualities of her princely lover, “the glass of fashion and the mould of form;” simple, yet not obtuse; but possessing quick sentiment, and lively fancy, to a degree which made her most impressible to all generous emotion; sensitive, but yet reticent; thrilling through every fibre of the soul to the touch of love, and the anguish of despair; yet allowing no confession to be extorted, and no cry to escape, until she sees her lover “quite, quite down;” when, with unselfish grief lamenting his fall, she allies her fate with his, and cries aloud in the agony of woe,—“and I of ladies most deject and wretched.” It is strange how thoroughly we seem to know Ophelia, notwithstanding her taciturnity and reserve. She says nothing of herself, and yet we seem to look into the very recesses of her clear soul; thus presenting one form of

contrast to the being with whose fate her own was entwined, who constantly soliloquising and self-analysing, nevertheless leaves upon us the impression that we know the vast amplitude of his thoughts and feelings, but dimly and in part. The one is the translucent and limpid fountain, reflecting but one image ; the other, the ever-varying river, with rapids, and smooth reaches, and profound depths, reflecting and representing the varied features of earth and Heaven.

Ophelia is passive, but not impassive ; her very reticence is eloquent of feeling. Her love, like that of Imogen and Desdemona, has more of sentiment than of passion in it. It does not vent itself in strong expressions like the passions of Juliet and Cleopatra. It is imaginative, retiring, sensitive, fearful of itself, and yet without one particle of selfishness. In this, also, it is unlike the *amour passion*, which is essentially selfish. Not that Ophelia is wholly without passion ; for love without passion cannot exist, except as a mere dream. But the constituents, sentiment and passion, which are in all love, though in infinitely varying degrees, appear in Ophelia to exist in the greatest possible amount of the former, and the least of the latter.

Sensitive, and imaginative, and devoted, the poor girl was endowed with all the faculties of moral suffering. That she should suffer greatly, undeservedly, irremediably, was needful in order to make her the object of that intense pity which the character excites ; and which was certainly wanted in the drama to perfect it as a tragedy. The character is not very prominent, but it so entirely seizes upon our sympathy and pity, that, in this respect, it leavens our regard for the whole play. Ulrici has called Hamlet a "Gedankentrauerspiel," or, tragedy of thought ; as if there could be any tragic emotion excited by thought alone, whose unmodified influence is to cause assent or dissent ? Yet, if the character of Ophelia were wanting, there would be so much justice in the epithet which

this critic has applied to the drama, it would appeal so much to thoughts and opinions, and so little to sentiment, that it would be too much a drama of thought and opinion to take the rank it does in the most sacred shrine of the tragic muse.

Pity, soft-eyed mother of the virtues, ever assuaging the severe aspect of their male parent, justice ; pity, most unselfish of all the emotions, although in truth but one form of self-suffering ; pity, that appreciation of evil which we understand and sympathize with, and therefore suffer with or compassionate when we behold others under the weight of its affliction ; pity, whose Heavenly influence it is the highest aim and object of the tragic muse to invoke, is the sentiment which the character of Ophelia more powerfully elicits than that of any other of Shakespeare's female characters. For if Imogen was at one time as wretched, her misery was changed into joy ; and if Desdemona was equally innocent, her agony was more brief, and less intense. The sufferings of Cordelia were alleviated by active resistance against the evil power by which they were occasioned. In Lear, the king of sorrows, and in Othello, the lion poisoned by a villain's hand, are characters which excite pity as intense, though not as unmixed ; for in neither is the agony felt to be quite undeserved, or quite unavoidable. For it is to be remarked, that to excite the pure sentiment of pity—First, it is needful the suffering reflected from the consciousness of another upon our own sensibility should be such as we can appreciate, and bring home, as it were, to ourselves ;

“*Haud ignarus mali miseris succurrere disco.*”

Secondly, that the sufferings should be great. We do not pity the petty miseries of life ; and although a man's happiness may be stung to death by poisonous insects as certainly as it can be torn by the fangs of a savage monster, we are not revolted at

wounds which we cannot see. Thirdly, unmixed pity can only be excited by suffering, which is undeserved and unavoidable. When a man brings upon himself only so much suffering as he deserves to endure ; or when, through wilfulness or obstinacy, he endures suffering which he can avoid, justice holds up the stern finger and forbids pity to interfere. But avoidability of suffering and desert of suffering are so relative and varied with circumstance, that some amount of obstinacy or demerit is readily overlooked by the tender eyes of compassion. "Treat us all according to our merits," says Hamlet, "and who shall escape whipping ?" Feel for us all according to our merits, and who shall deserve pity ?

Yet justice modifies pity, nay, sometimes forbids it—even where suffering is greatest. The agonies of hell, as they are painted on the broad canvas of Milton, do not excite pity, because they are felt to be justly endured.

Ophelia is, from the first moment of her appearance, suffering the anguish of doubt and wounded love. Unlike Desdemona and Imogen, there is no bright period of the character. There is gentle but real sorrow in her first words, "No more but so ?" Must she consider herself merely the toy of her princely lover ? "The perfume and suppliance of the minute ?" Has he been trifling with her love ? and his own, is it nothing but youthful lust, dishonourable to himself and dangerous to her ? "No more but so ?" She does not believe it ; her brother sees that she does not believe it, and he gives more credit to Hamlet's earnestness. "Perhaps he loves you now ;" but he may not marry where he chooses ; he may not carve for himself ; therefore it behoves poor Ophelia to exercise her wisdom where wisdom is rarely exercised, and to believe Hamlet's love only so far as the probability of an honourable marriage may justify her faith. Match-making probabilities, which the poor girl was far enough from being able to estimate ! Laertes does not advise his sister according to the truth of the

saying, that "the woman who hesitates is lost." He advises her to believe in Hamlet's love to a certain extent, not to give *too* credent an ear :

"Be wary then, best safety lies in *fear* ;

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near."

Polonius knows that best safety lies in *flight* ; he insists upon no half measures. The not very delicate warning of Ophelia's disagreeable brother, that she is likely to lose her honour to Hamlet's unmastered importunity, is evidently distasteful to the poor girl, and gives occasion to the only sparkle of displeasure which the gentle creature ever shews, in that quick witted retaliation of advice,

"But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven ;
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read."

Ophelia's reference to the primrose path of dalliance which her libertine brother was likely to lead, shews, from the first, that her purity of mind is not the result of ignorance. She seems young and ardent—her brother fears for her honour not more on account of Hamlet's importunity, than on account of her own youth, which is likely to rebel against the dictates of prudence, though unsolicited, "though none else near."

What the old father has to say takes a much more straightforward and decisive form than the advice of Laertes, who feels that he is treading on tender ground, and who gets repaid by counter advice. Polonius reproaches his daughter that she has been "most free and bounteous of her audience with Hamlet ;" and he tells her downright, "you do not understand yourself so clearly, as it behoves my daughter, and your honour." To the demand that she should give up the truth to him, the poor frightened girl at once acknowledges Hamlet's suit, but carefully conceals the state of her own heart.

“ *Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby:
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Wrangling it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable fashion.

Pol. Ay, fashion you may call it; go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks.”

A green girl, indeed; a baby in the perils of court amours, having the credulity of innocence, but not that of stupidity. A sensitive unsophisticated maiden for the first time in love, wondering at the new and strange sensation, scarcely confessing it to herself, unable to distinguish the traits of the mysterious tyrant who has set up his throne in her young heart. The father and the brother fear for her chastity; and these fears may have been well founded, for she appears the very prototype of Margaret in Faust, who, in the very spirit of unselfish devotion, could refuse her lover nothing. But they need not have feared for her modesty, or for that precious quality in women which the cold word modesty, or moral moderation, does not express: the shamefacedness of love (*pudicitia*, *pudeur*, *Keuscheit*) at once the effect and the proof of moral purity. Had Ophelia been capable of measuring her love in accordance with the advice of her worldly brother, of yielding to Hamlet so far as the probability of the voice of the nation assenting to his marriage might justify her; her chastity might have been perfectly safe; but it is certain that the *pudicitia* of her love would have

been lost. There are such beings as brazen prudes. There are also those who have fallen and are pure. Rousseau well says, "Le vice a beau se cacher dans l'obscurité, son empreinte est sur les fronts coupables ; l'audace d'une femme est le signe assuré de sa honte ; c'est pour avoir trop à rougir qu'elle ne rougit plus, et si quelquefois la pudeur survit à la chastité, que doit on penser de la chastité quand la pudeur même est éteinte?"

Between this scene and the next one in which Ophelia appears, time must have elapsed, during which Hamlet has pursued his suit ; since Ophelia, in obedience to her father's command, has repelled his letters and denied access. These letters would scarcely have been written by Hamlet, subsequently to his interview with the ghost and his vow to erase all trivial fond records from the table of his memory. According to the progress of the love story, therefore, the last scene of the first act would appear to belong to the second act ; which would leave Hamlet's mad appearance in Ophelia's closet as the first and immediate consequence of his resolve to "put an antick disposition on." This it is which changes the old courtier's fear that Hamlet intended to wreck his daughter's honour, into the belief in his sincerity and consequent madness ; and thus arises his regret that he had not noted him with better heed and judgment.

Ophelia's plasticity and yieldingness of character, rather than her depth of filial affection, appear manifested in the readiness with which she first obeys the old man's orders to reject Hamlet's addresses, and with which she subsequently lends herself to the deceit which is practised upon her lover, to test and demonstrate his state of mind, and especially, whether, as Polonius maintained, and the Queen finely expressed, that her "good beauties be the happy cause of Hamlet's wildness." The arranged meeting of Hamlet and Ophelia, "as 'twere by accident," and the pretence of the

maiden to read a book as a colour to her loneliness, was a species of conduct inconsistent with her ingenuousness of character, and to which she appears to have lent herself in sorrowful unquestioning obedience. The dialogue which follows is a terrible punishment for any fault she may almost unconsciously have committed. Her lover sees the snare laid for him, and recognizes the deceitful part she is taking. She has not seen him "for this many a day," and longs to re-deliver his remembrances formerly so precious to her, now become so poor since he has proved unkind. How much she expresses in how few words. What simplicity and faith in his love—"Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so." What patient anguish at his denial of his love—"I was the more deceived." What unselfish forgetfulness of her own deep sorrow, to which the word forgiveness would be misapplied, since the slightest notion of resentment never seems to have entered her gentle soul. When she recognizes in his disdainful vituperation the incoherence of insanity, she cries, "Oh! help him, ye sweet heavens!"—not herself, but him. Not because she is deceived and rejected, but because he is quite, quite down, is she of ladies most deject and wretched. Not for her own blighted hopes, but because his unmatched form is blasted with ecstasy, does she raise that cry of anguish—

"Oh! woe is me!

To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

In the whole of the play there is not a more exquisite passage than this lamentation of the desolate maid over the supposed ruin of her lover's intellect.

Ophelia appears once more, before her own mind is "as sweet bells jangled out of tune," when one of the audience before the players; but it is to be remarked, that she never makes a consecutive speech again. To Hamlet's indelicate banter, she makes the curtest replies, scarcely sufficient to defend her

outraged modesty. She is concealing, and, as well as may be, bearing up against the anguish gnawing at her heart. But fancy and intellect are benumbed by sorrow, only to display themselves at a later date, again active, though perverted, under the stimulus of disease.

It is left in some doubt to what extent grief at the death of Polonius concurred, with pining sorrow at the blight of her love, in giving rise to Ophelia's distraction. The King and Queen, and Laertes, evidently refer it to the former cause; yet although in her gentle ravings she constantly refers to her father's death, and never directly to her lover's unkindness, we are inclined to refer to the latter as by far the most potent, though it may, perhaps, not be the sole cause of her distraction. This opinion founds itself upon the form of insanity which is depicted, namely, mania with prevalent ideas of the sentiment of love, or erotomania, as it is learnedly called. "In medicine," says Ferriar, "we have fine names at least, for every species of disease," and erotomania is the fine name for that form of insanity in which the sentiment of love is prominent, as nymphomania is the fine name for an allied but sufficiently distinct variety in which the instinct is excessive.

We have somewhere read that Ophelia's snatches of song were culled from the street ballads of the day, and that Shakespeare thus obtained an easy theatrical effect. This, however, seems probable only with reference to the two longer and more indelicate effusions beginning, "Good morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day," and "By Gis and by Saint Charity." The snatches of song which precede have so peculiar a reference to her state of mind, that it seems impossible they could be other than impromptu, strung together at the time :

"How should I your true love know from another one?
By his cockle hat and staff, and his sandal shoon?"

"He's dead and gone, lady, he's dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf, at his heels a stone."

“ White his shroud as the mountain snow,
 Larded all with sweet flowers,
 Which bewept to the grave did go,
 With true-love showers.”

They well express the confused connection in the poor head, between the death of her father, and the loss of her lover ; the one is foremost on her lips, but it is not difficult to see that the latter is uppermost in her thoughts. The same confusion between the two sources of her sorrow is manifested in all she says. In the lines—

“ They bore him barefaced on the bier,
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;—
 Fare you well, my dove ! ”—

the two first lines seem to go for the loss of her father—the last for her lover. The same lucid confusion and imperfect concealment are still more obvious in her distribution of flowers.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance : pray you, love, remember : and there's pansies, that's for thoughts. 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.”

Well might her passionate brother, softened for a moment by her grief and sweetness, exclaim—

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

For never was sentimental mania more truly and more exquisitely depicted than in this effusion of mad song.

“ Sie wiegte Schmerz und Sehnsucht
 Und jeden Wunsch mit leisen Tönen ein.
 Da wurde Leiden oft Genuss, und selbst
 Das traurige Gefühl zur Harmonie.”—Goëthe's *Tasso*.

It seems impossible that Shakespeare could have done otherwise than drawn from the life in this character. He has in truth and in deed verified the introductory observation, that her mood will needs be pitied, for gentleness and goodness, struggling in the deepest affliction of which human nature is capable, have never been more finely drawn; and yet not overdrawn, for in the vivid reality of the picture there is not one touch of mawkishness. Compare, in this respect, the love-lorn maiden of Sterne, poor Maria, who allowed the stranger to wipe away the tears that trickled down her cheeks with his handkerchief, which he steeped in his own, and then in hers, then in his own, until it was steeped too much to be of any further use. "And where will you dry it, Maria?" said I. "I will dry it in my bosom," said she, "it will do me good." One never meets with such bathos of sentiment as this in the real insane, nor in the insane characters of the great master. Ophelia's prettinesses are as natural as they are touching. The freshness of reality encircles her head like the wild flowers with which she weaves her garlands. This fantastical dress of straws and flowers is a common habit of the insane, but it seems more natural in Ophelia than in the angry and raging madness of old Lear, in whom it is also represented. The picture of her insanity is perfected by many other touches as natural and true. She

"Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense."

She winks, and nods, and makes gestures, which have the double effect of breeding dangerous conjectures in the minds of the people, and of delineating, with exactness, the habits and practices of gentle but general mania. There is no consistency in her talk, or rather, there is only the consistency of incoherence, with two prominent ideas, the loss of her lover, and her father's death.

“ Well, God’ield you! they say the owl was a baker’s daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table ! ”

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

Compare this perfect incoherence with the apparent incoherence of Hamlet, whose replies, as Polonius observes, are often more pregnant of indirect meaning, than reason and sanity could be. There is no hidden meaning in aught that poor Ophelia says. When for a moment she wanders from her leading train of thought, the consequence of ideas is utterly lost. Even at the last, when she has fallen into the weeping brook, she has no appreciation of her danger.

“ Her clothes spread wide ;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up :
Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress.”

Utterly lost, except to the insane train of ideas, she is as insensible to danger as a somnambulist ; and singing her life away, she passes from the melody of madness to the silence of the grave. O rose of May ! too soon blighted ! but whose perfume shall endure in a monument of immortal words, when the tombs of Egyptian kings shall have crumbled into the desert dust !

KING LEAR.

Aye, every inch a king, in all his pompous vanity, his reckless passion, his unstable judgment, a thorough king, whom even madness could not dethrone from the royal habits of authority, of strenuous will, and of proud predominance. As the highest mountain summit becomes the fearful beacon of volcanic flame, testifying in lurid characters to the world's deep heart-throes, so this kingliest of minds—he who in his little world has been the summit and the cope of things—becomes, in the creative hand of the poet, the visible outlet of those forces which devastate the soul. We stand by in reverential awe, despairing, with our small gauge of criticism, to estimate the forces of this human Etna. Oppressed by the power and magnitude of the passions, as depicted in this most sublime and awful of poetic creations, it is only after the senses have become accustomed to the roar and turmoil that we throw off the stupor, and dare to look down upon the throes of the Titan, and begin to recognize the distinctive features of the fierce commotion. Even then we must stand afar off; for not in Lear, as in others of the poet's great characters, can one for a single moment perform the act of mental transmutation. In Hamlet, for instance, the most complex of all, many a man may see reflected the depths of his own soul. But Lear is more and less than human in its isolated grandeur, in the force and depth of its passions, in its abstraction from

accidental qualities. In the breadth of his strength and weakness he is painted like one of those old gods, older and greater than the heathen representatives of small virtues and vices—the usurping vulgarities of polytheism. The true divinities of Lear were old, like himself very old and kingly—Saturn and Rhea, the autochthones of the heavens; even as his qualities are laid upon the dark and far off, yet solid and deep foundations of moral personality. Well might this king of sorrows exclaim, in the words of the World-spirit, to those who attempt to tear his passions to tatters before the footlights; yea, even to the more reverent efforts of critics—

“Du gleichst dem Geist den du begreifst,
Nicht mir!”

Essayists upon this drama have followed each other in giving an account of the development of Lear's character and madness, which we cannot but regard as derogatory to the one, and erroneous in relation to the other. They have described Lear as an old man, who determines upon abdication, and the partition of his kingdom, while he is of sane mind, and fully capable of appreciating the nature of the act. Thence it becomes necessary to view the original character of Lear as that of a vain weak old man; thence it becomes necessary to discuss the point when the faculties first give way; thence it becomes necessary to view the first acts of the drama as a gross improbability. “Lear is the only serious performance of Shakespeare,” says Coleridge, “the interest and situations of which are derived from the assumption of a gross improbability.” Such undoubtedly they would be, if they were the acts of a sane mind; but if, on the contrary, it be accepted that the mind of the old king has, from the first, entered upon the actual domain of unsoundness, the gross improbability at once vanishes, and the whole structure of the drama is seen to be founded,

not more upon "an old story rooted in the popular faith," than upon the verisimilitude of nature. The accepted explanation of Lear's mental history, that he is at first a man of sound mind, but of extreme vanity and feeble power of judgment, and that, under the stimulus of subsequent insanity, this weak and shallow mind develops into the fierce Titan of passion, with clear insight into the heart of man, with vast stores of life science, with large grasp of morals and polity, with terrible eloquence making known as with the voice of inspiration the heights and depths of human nature; that all this, under the spur of disease, should be developed from the sterile mind of a weak and vain old man; this, indeed, is a gross improbability, in which we see no clue to explanation.

Gross improbabilities of circumstance are not so rare in Shakespeare. The weird sisters in Macbeth, and the ghost in Hamlet, are certainly not more probable as events, than the partition of Lear's kingdom. But there is one kind of improbability which is not to be found in Shakespeare—the systematic development of goodness from badness, of strength from weakness; the union of that which, either in the region of feeling or of intellect, is antagonistic and incompatible. Even in depicting the mere creatures of the imagination, Shakespeare is consistent; we feel the fairy to be a fairy, the ghost to be a ghost; and even those foul tempters in woman's form,

"Who look not like the inhabitants of the earth
And yet are on it,"

are distinct, special, clear-cut creations of the poet's brain, consistent in every characteristic with themselves: Ariel is all aerial, and Caliban all earthly. In Shakespeare's characters there is no monstrous union of fair with foul, and foul with fair, as in those phantasms who opposed Ruggier in the island of Alcina:

“Alcun’ dal collo in giù d’uomini han forma,
 Col viso altri di simie, altri di gatti ;
 Stampano alcun’ con piè caprigni l’orma ;
 Alcun son centauri agili et atti ;
 Son gioveni impudenti, e vecchi stolti,
 Chi nudi, e chi di strane pelli involti.”

There is nothing of this in the works of the Supreme Mind, whose poem is created nature. There is nothing of this in the works of that human mind, who, in the consistency and power of his work, has attained the nearest approximation to his great Author. Neither in nature, that is, in the works of God, nor in high art, that is, in truthful imitation of nature, is any such monster to be found as a vain and weak old man developing into the strength and grandeur of a prophet; the voice of Isaiah in the mouth of an imbecile.

Hallam expresses unreservedly the opinion that Lear's wondrous intellectual vigour and eloquence are the result of his madness, and that the foundation of his character is that of a mere “headstrong, feeble, and selfish being.”

“In preparing us for the most intense sympathy with this old man, he first abases him to the ground; it is not *Cædipus*, against whose respected age the gods themselves have conspired; it is not *Orestes*, noble minded and affectionate, whose crime has been virtue; it is a headstrong, feeble, and selfish being; whom, in the first act of the tragedy, nothing seems capable of redeeming in our eyes; nothing but what follows—intense woe, unnatural wrong. Then comes on that splendid madness, not absurdly sudden as in some tragedies, but in which the strings, that keep his reasoning powers together, give way, one after the other, in the frenzy of rage and grief. Then it is that we find, what in life may sometimes be seen, the intellectual energies grow stronger in calamity, and especially under wrong. An awful eloquence belongs to unmerited suffering. Thoughts burst out more profound than Lear, in his prosperous hour, could ever have conceived; inconsequent, for such is the

condition of madness, but in themselves fragments of coherent truth, the reason of an unreasonable mind."

If this great and sound critic had possessed any practical knowledge of mental pathology, he could not have taken this view of the development of the character. Intellectual energy may, indeed, sometimes be seen to grow stronger under the greatest trials of life, but never when the result of these trials is mental disease. So far as eloquence is the result of passion, excitement of passion may stimulate its display; and it is remarkable that so long as Lear retains the least control over his passion, his imagination remains comparatively dull, his eloquence tame. It is only when emotional expression is unbridled, that the majestic flow of burning words finds vent. It is only when all the barriers of conventional restraint are broken down, that the native and naked force of the soul displays itself. The display arises from the absence of restraint, and not from the stimulus of disease.

The consistency of Shakespeare is in no characters more close and true, than in those most difficult ones wherein he portrays the development of mental unsoundness, as in *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and *Lear*; into these he throws the whole force of his genius; in these he transcends, not only all that other poets have effected before him, but all that he has ever done himself. The border country between sanity and insanity—that awful region of doubt and fear, where the distorted shadows of realities, and the chimeras dire of the brain, are distinguishable in the sunless gloom of our unreason by flickering corruscations of the fancy, by fog meteors of humour, and by lightning flashes of passion—this region his bold and fearless mind delights to explore, and to lead those who can follow him, even as *Virgil* led *Dante* through the circles of hell. He delights to observe and to explore it, and, with his own clear light of genius, to look down

upon it and through it, and to trace the wanderings and the falls of the erring, misled, spirit; but never, for one moment, does he lose his own sharp and accurate faculty of distinguishing realities and moral probabilities. In his hands the development of an insane character is as strictly amenable to law, as that of the most matter-of-fact and common-place sanity. In his hands the laws of mental aberration are as sure as those of the most regular development; nay, they often tend to illustrate the latter, as in the hands of a botanist a green petal proves the development of the flower from the leaf. It is on the development of insanity, the gradual loosening of the mind from the props and supports of reason and of fact, the gradual transition of the feelings from their old habitudes and relations to morbid and perverted excess, the gradual exaggeration of some feelings and the extinction of others and the utter loss of mental balance resulting therefrom; it is in this passage from the state of man when reason is on its throne to a state when the royal insignia of his preeminence among God's creatures are defaced, that the great dramatist delights to dwell. Other poets and dramatists have represented the developed state, either in features so repulsive, that, like Cibber's statues of madness at Bethlem, they need to be curtained from the vulgar gaze, or like Gray's

“Moping maniac, laughing wild amidst severest woe,”

they combine in an absurd manner qualities which neither in the sane man nor the maniac can possibly co-exist.

Cervantes, indeed, has painted with exquisite skill the half-lights of one form of insanity; but Shakespeare alone has described the transition period and the state of resistance. It is remarkable within how small a compass all that Shakespeare has written on perfected madness may be

brought; namely, one short scene of Ophelia's madness, and three scenes of the madness of Lear.

The willfulness with which critics have refused to see the symptoms of insanity in Lear, until the reasoning power itself has become undeniably alienated, is founded upon that view of mental disease which has, until recently, been entertained even by physicians, and which is still maintained in courts of law, namely, that insanity is an affection of the intellectual, and not of the emotional part of man's nature. The author of these essays was among the first to raise the standard of revolt against this theory, in two articles on the "Law and Theory of Insanity," in the 24th and 25th numbers of the *Medico-Chirurgical Review*. The veteran Guislain had already fully recognized the immense influence of emotional suffering in the causation of insanity; but the wider and still more important principle, that morbid emotion is an essential part of mental disorder, still remained a novel doctrine. Any detailed exposition of the metaphysical and psychological arguments, by which I have endeavoured to maintain the validity of this doctrine, would here be out of place. It may suffice to state, that with the exception of those cases of insanity which arise from injuries, blood poisons, sympathetic irritations, and other sources of an unquestionably physical nature, the common causes of insanity are such as produce emotional changes, either in the form of violent agitation of the passions, or that of a chronic state of abnormal emotion, which pronounces itself in the habitually exaggerated force of some one passion or desire, whereby the healthy balance of the mind is at length destroyed. From these and other reasons founded upon the symptomatology and treatment of insanity, upon the definite operation of the reasoning faculties, and their obvious inability to become motives for conduct without the intervention of emotional influence, and also from the wide chasm

which intervenes, and must intervene, between all the legal and medical definitions of insanity founded upon the intellectual theory and the facts as they are observed in the broad field of nature, the conclusion appears inevitable, that no state of the reasoning faculty can, by itself, be the cause or condition of madness; congenital idiocy and acquired dementia being alone excepted. The corollary of this is, that emotional disturbance is the cause and condition of insanity. This is especially obvious in the periods during which the disease is developing; "in the prodromic period of the disorder, the emotions are always perverted while the reason remains intact." Disorders of the intellectual faculties are secondary; they are often, indeed, to be recognized as the morbid emotions transformed into perverted action of the reason; but in no cases are they primary and essential.

How completely is this theory supported by the development of insanity, as it is portrayed in Lear! Shakespeare, who painted from vast observation of nature, as he saw it without and felt it within, places this great fact broadly and unmistakably before us. It has, indeed, been long ignored by the exponents of medical and legal science, at the cost of ever futile attempts to define insanity by its accidents and not by its essence; and, following this guidance, the literary critics of Shakespeare have completely overlooked the early symptoms of Lear's insanity; and, according to the custom of the world, have postponed its recognition until he is running about a frantic, raving, madman.

Lear is king at a time when kings are kings. Upon his will has hung the life and wealth, the being and the having, of all around. Law exists indeed; the reverend man of justice and his yoke-fellow of equity are benched high in the land, but he is the little godhead below.

“Aye, every inch a king.

When I do stare, see how the subject quakes !”

Perilous height, too giddy for the poor human brain ! Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown ! Unsafely thinks the head which wears a crown ! The very first king by divine appointment went mad. What are the statistics of insanity among crowned heads ? Who can tell ? About half a century ago, one fourth of the crowned heads of Europe were insane, those of Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Russia, and England. But often the chariot of government may be kept in the ruts of routine long after the guiding mind is obscured. With trembling hands, royal servants and kinsfolk hold a veil before the piteous spectacle. Not as of old does Nebuchadnezzar wear his chains in public. The wide purple hides all, until the service becomes too dangerous ; and then perchance the sharp remedy of the assassin’s scarf has to be applied round Paul’s imperial neck.

Or the madness may not be quite so extreme, nor the remedy so conclusive. It may be disguisable and tolerable until it abates, and the poor patient emerges to become one of Mr. Carlyle’s hero-kings. It may display itself, as in Frederick Wilhelm of Prussia, only in violence of language and conduct towards his children, in beatings and kickings, in restless frightened nights and wanderings from chamber to chamber, in terrors of assassination with loaded pistols under the pillow, and yet the government machine be guided by the frantic hand in an altogether admirable manner, according to Mr. Carlyle, and those who bow down in pious worship before power in high places, be it ever so wild.

And why should not Mr. Carlyle make a hero of his mad king, who is also a dumb poet polishing to perfection practical unspoken stanzas, as that of his giant regiment, which might irreverently be called one of his delusions ? Why not ? since Schiller has made a beautiful, all perfect hero

from the materials of an insane prince : Don Carlos, who in this country and in private station, might have found his way to the criminal wards at Bethlem, to whom, in fact, the sharp remedy of assassination had to be applied, as to Muscovite Paul. Why not? except that poetry and history are rather different things.

This fact of royalty in Lear; that he has been eighty years and more a prince and king, that he is not only despotic in authority but in disposition, that his will can tolerate no question, no hindrance; this, if not the primary cause of his lunacy, gives colour and form to it. He strives to abdicate, but cannot; even madness cannot dethrone him; authority is stamped legibly on his brow; he is not alone a mad man but a mad king.

Unhappy king, what was thy preparation for thy crown of sorrows, thy sceptre of woe! Unlimited authority; that is, isolation. To have no equals, that is to say, no friends; to be flattered to the face, and told that there were gray hairs in the beard before the black ones were there, plied with lies from early youth, (for this teaches that Lear was a king before he wore a beard), and therefore to be set on a pedestal apart from his kind, even from his own flesh and blood, until all capacity to distinguish truth from falsehood, affection from hypocrisy is lost, this is thy preparation.

Half a century of despotic power, yielded by a mortal of rash and headstrong temper, and with vivid poetic imagination, may well produce habitudes of mind to which any opposition will appear unnatural and monstrous as if the laws of nature were reversed, to which the incredible fact can be accepted only with astonishment and unbounded rage.

But Lear's mind is conditioned by extreme age as well as by despotism; age which too often makes men selfish, unsympathising, and unimpressible; age, which in some "hardens the heart as the blood ceases to run, and

the cold snow strikes down from the head and checks the glow of feeling," in others, is the occasion of stronger passion and hotter temper. A sad state, one of labour and sorrow, and dangerous to happiness, honour, and sanity. The natural state of old age is, that the judgment matures as the passions cool; but a tendency of equal force is, that the prevailing habitudes of the mind strengthen as years advance; and a man who, in "the best and soundest of his time hath been but rash," feels himself, and makes those around him feel, "not alone the imperfections of engrafted condition, but therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them;" a maxim not less true because it is the heartless observation of a thankless child, and one capable of being extended to almost all the prevailing emotions and tendencies of man. In old age, the greedy man becomes a miser; in old age, the immoral man becomes the shameless reprobate; in old age, the unchecked passions of manhood tend to develop themselves into the exaggerated proportions of insanity. How stern a lesson is the folly, the extravagance, and the vice of old men, that while it is yet time, passion should be brought into subjection, and the proportions and balance of the mind habitually submitted to the ordinances of the moral law!

It is worthy of remark that Lear's age is physically strong and vigorous; he has been a warrior as well as a king.

"I've seen the day with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip."

Even at the last he has vigour enough to kill the slave who was hanging Cordelia. He is a keen hardy huntsman, and he rides from the house of one daughter to that of another with such speed, that his strong willing messenger can scarcely arrive before him by riding night and

day. Physically, therefore, he is a strong, hale, vigorous man; and the desire he expresses to confer his cares on younger strengths, that he may "unburthened crawl towards death," is either a specious reason for his abdication, or one which has sole reference to the consciousness of that failing judgment which is obvious to others, and probably not unfelt by himself; and which his daughter so cruelly insinuates when he claims her gratitude.

This state of hale bodily strength in senile mania is true to nature; it is observed, both in second childhood, that is, in the dementia of old age, and in the insanity of old age, that the physical powers are commonly great—the body outlives the mind—or to speak more physiologically and truthfully, some functions of the body remain regular and vigorous, while others suffer morbid excitement or decay; general nutrition retains its power, while the nutrition of the brain becomes irregular or defective.

Coleridge justly observes, that "it was not without forethought, nor is it without its due significance, that the division of Lear's kingdom is, in the first six lines of the play, stated as a thing determined in all its particulars previously to the trial of professions, as the relative rewards of which the daughters were to be made to consider their severa portions." "They let us know that the trial is a silly trick, and that the grossness of the old king's rage is in part the result of a silly trick suddenly and most unexpectedly baffled and disappointed."

That the trial is a mere trick is unquestionable; but is not the significance of this fact greater than Coleridge suspected? Does it not lead us to conclude, that from the first the king's mind is off its balance; that the partition of his kingdom, involving inevitable feuds and wars, is the first act of his developing insanity; and that the manner of its partition, the mock-trial of his daughters' affec-

tions, and its tragical denouement, is the second, and but the second act of his madness? The great mind, so vigorous in its mad ravings, with such clear insight into the heart of man that all the petty coverings of pretence are stripped off in its wild eloquence, not only is unable to distinguish between the most forced and fulsome flattery and the genuineness of deep and silent love; it cannot even see the folly of assuming to apportion the three exact and predetermined thirds of the kingdom according to the professions made in answer to the "silly trick;" cannot even see that after giving away two-thirds, the remainder is a fixed quantity, and cannot be more or less according to the warmth of the professions of his youngest and favorite daughter; a confusion not unlike the account he subsequently gives of his own age—"four score and upwards; not an hour more or less."

With what courtly smoothness of pretence goes on the mocking scene, until Cordelia's real love, and obstinate temper, and disgust at her sister's hypocrisy, and repugnance perhaps at the trick she may see through, interrupt the old king's complacent vanity; and then the astonishment, the retained breath, the short sentences, the silence before the storm! and then the outbreak of unbridled rage, in that terrible curse in which he makes his darling daughter—her whom he loved best, whom he looked to as the nurse of his age—for ever a stranger to his heart! It is madness or it is nothing. Not, indeed, raving, incoherent, formed mania, as it subsequently displays itself; but exaggerated passion, perverted affection, enfeebled judgment, combining to form a state of mental disease—incipient indeed, but still disease—in which man, though he may be paying for past errors, is for the present irresponsible.

The language in which is couched the expostulations of the noble-minded Kent collected and even-tempered in all his

devoted loyalty and self-sacrifice, shews the impression which this conduct makes upon the best and boldest mind present :

“Be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is *mad*.”

“With better judgment check
This hideous rashness.”

“Kill thy physician and thy fee bestow
Upon the foul disease.”

Lear's treatment of Kent; his ready threat in reply to Kent's deferential address, which, in the words of true devotion, only looks like the announcement of an expostulation; his passionate interruptions and reproaches; his attempted violence, checked by Albany and Cornwall; and finally the cruel sentence of banishment, cruelly expressed; all these are the acts of a man in whom passion has become disease. In the interview with France and Burgundy the seething passion is with difficulty suppressed by the rules of decorum and kingly courtesy. To Cordelia's entreaty that Lear would let the King of France know the simple truth of his displeasure, only the savage reply is given—

“Better thou
Hadst not been born than not have pleased me better;”
and he casts out his once loved daughter—the darling of his heart, the hope of his age—without his grace, his love, his benison.

All this is exaggerated passion, perverted affection, weakened judgment; all the elements, in fact, of madness, except incoherence, and delusion. These are added later, but they are not essential to madness; and as we read the play, the mind of Lear is, from the first, in a state of actual unsoundness, or, to speak more precisely, of disease. The conference between Regan and Goneril, which ends the scene, seems to prove this view correct; for, although they attribute their father's outrageous conduct to the infir-

imity of age, it is evident it has surprised and alarmed them. His sudden changes, unguarded by any judgment, are evidently a new thing to these selfish and clear-sighted observers; although, indeed they are but the exaggerated results of long habits of rule and rashness, matured into a state which renders him unfit for the exercise of authority.

Gon. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath been little; he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off, appears too grossly.

Reg. 'Tis but the infirmity of his age: yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself.

Gon. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then must we look from his age to receive, not alone the imperfections of long-engrafted condition, but therewithal, the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

Reg. Such inconstant starts are we like to have from him, as this of Kent's banishment.

Gon. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us sit together: if our father carry authority with such disposition as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

Reg. We shall further think of it.

Gon. We must do something, and i' the heat."

Goneril speedily finds that such authority as her old father chooses to exercise does offend her. He strikes her gentleman for chiding his fool; wrongs her, as she thinks, by day and night; every hour he flashes, as she thinks, into one gross crime or other; he upbraids her on every trifle. She'll not endure it. She has no love for the old man, and little patience for his infirmities, whether they be those of native disposition, of dotage, or of disease:

"Idle old man,
That still would manage those authorities
That he hath given away! Now, by my life,
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd
With checks as flatteries—when they are seen, abus'd."

Strong as her language has been on her father's constant wrongs to her, and his 'gross crimes,' Goneril attributes them to the effects of dotage, and appears to entertain no suspicion that real madness is threatening. It is not till long after—in the third act, when Glo'ster is "tied to the stake"—that the old king's insanity is recognized by one of his ungrateful daughters; Regan asking—

"To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?"

Soon after Goneril's exposition of the terrain, Lear enters from hunting, hungry and impatient—

"Let me not stay a jot for dinner, go get it ready."

A collected conversation with disguised Kent follows, and then the steward appears to put upon him the predetermined insolent negligence, which his mistress had given him instructions for. Lear, in his magnanimity, does but half see it, and requires to have his attention directed to it by the knight, whose keener observation has remarked the great abatement of kindness, and lack of ceremonious attention, which has been latterly shewn to his master. The king has seen it too, but had rather blamed his own jealous curiosity, than permitted himself to think the unkindness was intentional. Even now he throws off the thought lightly, and calls eagerly for that strange being, that wonderful medley of wit and philosophy, of real affection and artificial folly, "my fool!" whom he loves none the less for his attachment to disgraced Cordelia.

Knight. Since my young lady's going into France the fool hath much pined away.

Lear. No more of that, I have noted it well."

Silent repentance for his rash and cruel treatment of this well-loved daughter hath already touched the old man's heart. But the transitions of feeling are more rapid than the changes of sunshine and shade in an April day. In

the next sentence, he is in unmeasured rage with the steward for his insolent reply, and has no control over his tongue or his hands :

“ My lady’s father ! my lord’s knave ! you whoreson dog ! you slave ! you cur ! ” “ Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal ? [*Striking him.*] ”

Enough of Lear’s violence, both in language and conduct is manifested, to confirm the truth of Goneril’s harsh accusations. It must be owned that the old king has a terrible tongue, and a quick and heavy hand. The slightest opposition throws him into violent and outrageous speech and behaviour, little likely to be endured with patience, except by those who have strong motives for it in love or duty or interest. It is strange, however, with what patience he endures the bitter taunts and sarcasm of his fool. They seem only to pique his curiosity, and to excite his interest in the gladiatorial display of wit and folly. The fool, indeed, is “ a bitter fool,” “ a pestilent gall,” but his taunts are elicited, not repressed ; and the “ all-licensed fool ” says to his master’s face, and without a word of reproof, fifty times more than had brought upon Kent his cruel sentence of banishment. But the talk with the fool is only a lull in the storm. Goneril enters with a frontlet of frowns, and in a set speech—harsh in its rhythm even, and crabbed in its diction—she accuses her old father of the rank and not to be endured riots of his insolent retinue ; charges him with allowing and protecting it, and threatens to apply instant redress, whether it offend him or not. Too much astonished to be angry, he exclaims, “ Are you our daughter ? ” She retorts with accusations personal to himself, forcibly conveying the impression of Lear’s changed state at this period ; a point important to the view here maintained, that from the first the old king’s mind is off its balance,

"*Gon.* I would you would make use of your good wisdom, whereof I know you are fraught; and put away these dispositions, which of late transport you from what you rightly are."

The altercation becomes warmer, the daughter's accusations more pointed and offensive. Her father's changed dispositions are "new pranks," his knights, "debosh'd and bold," infecting the court with their lewd and riotous manners. The king is commanded, rather than requested, to apply the remedy by diminishing and reforming his train. If he does not, Goneril will do it herself—"will take the thing she begs." The impression left on the mind is, that Goneril's accusations are well founded; urged, indeed, without affection, or sense of gratitude or duty, or even of that decent forbearance towards the failings of the old king, which a good woman would have felt had she not been his daughter. Hitherto only the hard selfishness of Goneril's character has been developed; its dark malignancy is unfolded by future events. However, she has struck her old father on the heart with harsh and bitter words, and his changing moods are now fixed into one master-passion. Delusion and incoherency and other features of insanity are added as the disease subsequently develops itself; but incontrollable rage is nowhere more strongly expressed than in the execrations and curses which Lear now hurls against his daughter. Eloquent as his terrible curses are, they are without measure and frantic. He beats his head,

"Oh, Lear, Lear, Lear!

Beat at this gate that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out!"

He weeps, and is ashamed at the hot tears; he weeps for rage, and curses through his tears. He threatens to resume his kingly power, and adds to Goneril's other sel-

fishness, that of alarm. There cannot be a doubt that at this time his conduct is thoroughly beyond his control. He is beside himself, and insane.

Lear, who never appears more tranquil than when the butt of the fool's jests, is diverted by them for a few moments, and consents to laugh at his own folly; but, his thoughts run upon his injury to Cordelia, and the one he has himself received:

"I did her wrong.
To take it again perforce! Monster ingratitude!"

He is conscious of his mental state, and even of its cause. He feels the goad of madness already urging him, and struggles and prays against it, and strives to push it aside. He knows its cause to be unbounded passion, and that to be kept in temper would avert it.

"Oh, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad!"

This self consciousness of gathering madness is common in various forms of the disease. It has recently been pointed to by an able French author as a frequent symptom in that form of insanity accompanied by general paralysis. According to my own observation, it is a far more common symptom in that form of mania which develops gradually from exaggeration of the natural character. A most remarkable instance of this was presented in the case of a patient, whose passionate but generous temper became morbidly exaggerated after a blow upon the head. His constantly expressed fear was that of impending madness; and when the calamity he so much dreaded had actually arrived, and he raved incessantly and incoherently, one frequently heard the very words of Lear proceeding from his lips: "Oh, let me not be mad!"

Lear struggles against this temper, which he feels is leading towards madness; and even against the plain

evidence of his daughter's ingratitude, which inflames the temper. He will not understand Goneril's accusations and threats, until they are expressed in language too gross and cruel to be mistaken. In the same manner he will not believe that Regan and Cornwall have placed his messenger in the stocks. To Kent's blunt assertion, it is both he and she—your son and daughter—he reiterates denial, and swears by Jupiter it is not so :

“They durst not do't ;
They could not, would not, do't ; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect such violent outrage ;”

and when conviction follows upon Kent's plain narrative of his treatment and its occasion, rage almost chokes the utterance. At first he struggles to repress its expression :

“*Lear.* O, how this mother swells up towards my heart !
Hysterica passio !—down thou climbing sorrow,
Thy element is below !”

He does not succeed long, and when denied access to his child ; under the pretence of sickness, which he well recognizes as the image of revolt and flying off ; and when reminded, inopportunately enough, “of the fiery quality of the duke,” the climbing sorrow will not be repressed :

“*Lear.* Vengeance ! plague ! death ! confusion !—
Fiery ? what quality ? why, Gloster, Gloster,
I'd speak with the duke of Cornwall, and his wife.

Glo. Well, my good lord, I have informed them so.

Lear. Inform'd them ! Dost thou understand me, man ?

Glo. Ay, my good lord.

Lear. The king would speak with Cornwall ; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands, tends, service :
Are they informed of this ?—My breath and blood !—
Fiery ? the fiery duke ?—Tell the hot duke, that—
No, but not yet :—may be, he is not well :
Infirmity doth still neglect all office,
Whereto our health is bound ; we are not ourselves,
When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body : I'll forbear ;
 And am fallen out with my more headier will,
 To take the indispos'd and sickly fit
 For the sound man.—Death on my state ! wherefore
 Should he sit here ? This act persuades me,
 That this remotion of the duke and her
 Is practice only. Give me my servant forth :
 Go, tell the duke and his wife, I'd speak with them,
 Now, presently : bid them come forth and hear me,
 Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
 Till it cry—*death to sleep.*

Glo. I'd have all well betwixt you.

Lear. O me, my heart, my rising heart!—but down."

The first indication of commencing incoherence is seen in this most affecting expression of the conflict within :—“commands, tends, service ;”—unless it be that the rapid flow of ideas only permits the expression of the leading words, omitting the connecting ones which would make sense of them. There is more of sorrow, than of haughty passion, in this conflict of emotion ; the strong will resisting the stronger passion, and attempting to palliate and explain the evidence of that indignity, upon which it is too justly founded. The Fool's philosophy, that absurd cruelty and absurd kindness have the same origin, is well introduced at this point ; though little likely to attract his frantic master's attention, whose unreasoning generosity to his daughter is now replaced by unmeasured rage and hatred.

“*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels, when she put them i' the paste alive ; she knapp'd 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cry'd, *Down, wantons, down :* 'Twas her brother, that, in pure kindness to his horse, butter'd his hay.”

Lear is evidently more unwilling to quarrel with Regan than he was with Goneril. He loves her better ; and indeed, if any difference can be marked between these most bad women, the temper and disposition of Regan are

certainly, far less repulsive than that of her fierce sister. Black as her conduct undoubtedly is, viewed by itself, it is but grey when brought into contrast with that of her hellish sister—the adulteress, the murderess-poisoner, and suicide. Lear himself acknowledges the difference between them :

“ No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse ;
 Thy tender-hefted nature shall not give
 Thee o’er to harshness ; her eyes are fierce, but thine
 Do comfort, and not burn ;”

and it is remarkable that he does not curse Regan, except in connection with her sister. His terrific imprecations are heaped upon the head of Goneril alone, as if, with the instinct of madness, he had recognized the dark supremacy of her wickedness. When Regan, whom he appears to have loved, joins the old man, his heart is somewhat softened, and grief, for a moment, takes the place of passion ; yet it is passionate grief, choking its expression with its intensity :

“ Beloved Regan,
 Thy sister’s naught : O, Regan, she hath tied
 Sharp-tooth’d unkindness, like a vulture, here,—
 [Points to his heart.
 I can scarce speak to thee ; thou’st not believe
 With how deprav’d a quality—O, Regan !”

He finds his convictions somewhat checked at this conjuncture ; he does not meet with that sympathy from Regan, which he has made sure that his injuries will excite. She reasons with him, not accusingly and threateningly as Goneril, and yet not yielding a point of the question at issue. She tells him the truth without flinching, and strangely, without at first giving offence, as far as she is concerned :

“ O, sir, you are old ;
 Nature in you stands on the very verge
 Of her confine : you should be rul’d and led

By some discretion, that discerns your state
Better than you yourself."

One cannot but perceive, that if Regan had been permitted to act without the bad interference of her fiend sister, she might have ruled and led the old king without seeming to do so, and have guided his madness in a less turbulent channel; but she takes side with her sister, and suggests that the king should ask her forgiveness—the forgiveness of a daughter. The old king kneels and adds the eloquence of action to his reproof—unsightly tricks, as Regan calls it—and certainly not dignified, nor consistent with the demeanour of a sane king; but adding terrible force to the mockery of the suggested forgiveness, and to the fierce imprecation which it calls forth; "You nimble lightnings," &c., during the utterance of which Lear probably remains on his knees, with hands extended, to call down "the stored vengeance of heaven," which he invokes.

He now returns to the outrage upon Kent. He will not believe that Regan knew on't, and is in a way, for the present, to be easily soothed, if it had suited the plans of the bad sisters to do so; but Goneril appears, and all goes wrong with him and with them:

"Who comes here? O, heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if you yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down, and take my part!"

Is there any passage more pathetic and sublime than this, even in Shakespeare?

Although Regan has immediately before defended the conduct of Goneril, Lear is astonished that she should take her by the hand; but the unison of the sisters, made patent to him by this act, recalls the cause of offence which he has with Regan herself, and which he has referred to and forgotten more than once:

“O, sides, you are too tough!
Will you yet hold? How came my man i' the stocks?”

This flightiness of thought, this readiness to take up a subject strongly, and to lay it down again lightly, to run from one subject to another, and still more, from one temper to another, is a phase of mental disease approaching that which is called incoherency. At present, the sudden changes of thought and feeling are capable of being referred to some cause recognizable, although inadequate. In complete incoherency, the mind wanders from subject to subject without any clue being apparent by which the suggestion of thought by thought, or idea by idea, can be followed and explained. In the sane mind one idea follows another, according to laws of suggestion, which vary in individuals, but are subject to general principles; so that a man, intimately acquainted with the mental peculiarities of another, might give a very probable opinion as to the succession of any ideas which had passed through the well known mind; or, one idea being given, might guess the character of the one which suggested it, and the one which in turn it would suggest. But, in the mind of the insane, these general principles of the succession of ideas are abrogated. Doubtless there are rules of suggestion and succession if we knew them, but for the most part they are too strange and uncertain to be recognized; the mode of suggestion of ideas in one madman being far more unlike that which exists in another madman, than the different modes which exist among sane people. Moreover, the genesis of thought differs greatly in the same insane mind, during different periods and phases of the malady. The idea of preaching, for instance, in the present phase of Lear's insanity, would probably have suggested some sublime expression of moral truth. At a later period it brought under his notice the

make and material of his hat, and suggested cavalry shod with felt, and the surprise and slaughter of his enemies. The idea-chain of a sane mind is somewhat like the images in a moving panorama; one can tell, if the country is known, what has preceded and what will follow any particular scene; but the sequence of ideas in the insane mind is more like the arbitrary or accidental succession of grotesque images, which are thrown on the curtain of a magic lantern; there is no apparent connection between them, and no certainty of sequence: it is as if ideas were suggested by the points and corners of those which precede, by the unessential parts, and not by their real nature and character. This, no doubt, is owing to the rapid flow of ideas which takes place in these phases of insanity; an idea is not grasped in its entirety, it only touches the mind as it were, and suggests another. The *Ideen-jagd* of the Germans is a good descriptive term for a common form of incoherence.

Lear, however, is not yet incoherent; he is only approaching that phase of the malady. He has entirely lost that obstinate resolve, which his heady and passionate will gave him at the commencement. He is flighty, even on subjects of the most dire moment to him. He takes up and lays down his determinations, with equal want of purpose. This is evident in his hasty references to the treatment which Kent has met with from the fiery duke and Regan. This flightiness of thought is accompanied by a rapid and undirected change of emotion, a still weightier evidence of the mind's profound malady. This is strongly marked in the speech to Goneril, whom, in eight lines, he addresses in four different tempers: irritation; sadness, with some memory of affection; followed by an outburst of rage and hate; and again by straining patience:

Lear. I prithee daughter, do not make me mad ;
 I will not trouble thee, my child ; farewell ;
 We'll no more meet, no more see one another—
 But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter ;
 Or, rather, a disease that 's in my flesh,
 Which I must needs call mine ; thou art a boil,
 A plague-sore, an embossed carbuncle,
 In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee ;
 Let shame come when it will, I do not call it.
 I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot,
 Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove :”

This state of mind is further evident from the sudden change of his resolution to return home and reside with Goneril, because he believes that she will let him have more attendants than her sister. He has just before declared that he would rather “abjure all roofs,” or “knee the throne of France,” or be “slave and sumpter to this detested groom,” than return with her ; and yet, because Regan entreats him to bring but five-and-twenty followers, assigning as good reason :

“ How, in one house,
 Should many people, under two commands,
 Hold amity ? ’Tis hard, almost impossible ”—

he forgets all the comparisons he has drawn between her and Goneril, so unfavourable to the latter ; he forgets his deep-rooted hatred to Goneril, and proposes to return home with her :

“ I'll go with thee ;
 Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
 And thou art twice her love.”

At this point the mind seems almost falling into fatuity ; yet it is but for a moment, for immediately after comes that outburst of eloquence : “ O, reason not the need,” &c., the grandeur of which it would be difficult to overmatch with any other passage from dramatic literature. It concludes, not with expressions of noble anger, but with those of insane rage, at a loss for words to express itself.

"No, you unnatural hags,
 I will have such revenges on you both,
 That all the world shall ——, I will do such things ——.
 What they are yet I know not ; but they shall be
 The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep ;
 No, I'll not weep :—
 I have full cause of weeping ; but this heart
 Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,
 Or ere I'll weep :—O fool, I shall go mad !"

It is the climax of his intercourse with these daughters, who turn their backs on him and bar their doors. Not yet do they directly plot against his life. He rushes into the stormy night, such a night that nature seldom sees, such a storm that "man's nature cannot carry the affliction nor the fear." He escapes from the cruel presence of his daughters to the bare heath, where "for many miles about, there's scarce a bush." Here, in company with the fool, "who labours to out-jest his heart-struck injuries," in reckless, frantic rage, he "bids what will take all." On this scene Coleridge finely remarks,

"What a world's convention of agonies is here ! All external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed,—the real madness of Lear, the feigned madness of Edgar, the babbling of the Fool, the desperate fidelity of Kent—surely such a scene was never conceived before or since ! Take it but as a picture for the eye only, it is more terrific than any which a Michael Angelo, inspired by a Dante, could have conceived, and which none but a Michael Angelo could have executed. Or let it have been uttered to the blind, the howlings of nature would seem converted into the voice of conscious humanity. This scene ends with the *first* symptoms of positive derangement."

Hardly so ; it is but the climax of the disease, the catastrophe of the mind history. The malady, which has existed from the first, has increased and developed, until it is now completed. And yet writers generally agree with Coleridge in considering that Lear only becomes actually insane

at this point, and some indeed have endeavoured to mark the precise expression which indicates the change from sanity to insanity. That which they (under the vulgar error that raving madness, accompanied by delusion, is alone to be considered real insanity) take to be the first signs, I may enquire into as the signs of the first crisis, or complete development of the disease. It is to be remarked that Lear's first speeches in the storm, beginning

“Blow winds and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!”
“Rumble thy bellyfull, spit fire, spout rain!”

and even his frantic demeanour, as he contends unbattered with the elements, are the same in character as his language and conduct have been hitherto. There is no difference in quality, although the altered circumstances make the language more inflated, and the conduct more wild. He has, before this time, threatened, cursed, wept, knelt, beaten others, beaten his own head. Under the exciting influence of exposure to a storm so terrible as to awe the bold Kent who never, since he was a man, remembers the like; under this excitement, it is no wonder that the “poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man,” should use the extremest emphasis of his eloquence. These speeches, therefore, do not more appear the frantic rant of insanity than much which has preceded them. Still less can I admit, as evidence of delusion, the accusation directed against the elements, that they are “servile ministers” of his “pernicious daughters.” This seems but a trope of high-flown eloquence, consistent with the character and the circumstances. The real critical point where delusion first shews itself I place a little further on, where Lear for the first time sees Edgar, and infers, with the veritable logic of delusion, that a state of misery so extreme must have been the work of his unkind daughters. Before this point, however, is reached, an event occurs very notable, although likely to escape notice, than which there

is nothing in this great case from the poet's note book more remarkably illustrating his profound knowledge of mental disease, not only in its symptomatology, but in its causation and development. It is *the addition of a physical cause* to those moral causes which have long been at work.

Lear's inflated speeches, which indicate resistance to the warring elements, are followed by a moment of resignation and of calm, as if he were beaten down by them. He "will be a pattern of all patience." He thinks of the crimes of other men, in that speech of regal dignity: "Let the great gods find out their enemies now." He is "a man more sinned against than sinning." The energy of rage and of frantic resistance has passed by. Calmer thought succeeds, and then comes this remarkable admission:

"My wits begin to turn,
Come on, my boy: How do'st my boy? art cold?
I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel;
Poor fool and knave, I've one string in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee."

The import of this must be weighed with a speech in the last act, when Lear is incoherent and full of delusion, but calmer than at this time, and with the reason and impertinency mixed of complete mania:

"When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words; they told me I was everything: 'tis a lie: I am not ague proof."

This is thoroughly true to nature. Insanity, arising from mental constitution, and moral causes, often continues in a certain state of imperfect development; that state which has been somewhat miscalled by Prichard,

moral insanity ; a state of exaggerated and perverted emotion, accompanied by violent and irregular conduct, but unconnected with intellectual aberration ; until some physical shock is incurred—bodily illness, or accident, or exposure to physical suffering ; and then the imperfect type of mental disease is converted into perfect lunacy, characterised by more or less profound affection of the intellect, by delusion or incoherence. This is evidently the case in Lear, and although I have never seen the point referred to by any writer, and have again and again read the play without perceiving it, I cannot doubt from the above quotations, and especially from the second, in which the poor madman's imperfect memory refers to his suffering in the storm, that Shakespeare contemplated this exposure and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in the malady. Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases, the more carefully we study his works ; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which, if well advertized, would make the reputation of a modern psychologist.

It is remarkable, that in the very scene where Lear's madness is perfected, his first speeches are peculiarly reasoning and consecutive. Shakespeare had studied mental disease too closely, not to have observed the frequent concurrence of reason and unreason ; or the facile transition from one state to the other. In Lear, his most perfect and elaborate representation of madness, he never represents the mental power as utterly lost ; at no time is the intellectual aberration so complete that the old king is incapable of wise and just remark. He is as a rudderless ship, which fills her sails from time to time, and directs her course aright, and to the eye observing for the moment only, her stately and well directed course speaks of no want of guidance ; but inward bias, or outward force,

destroys the casual concurrence of circumstances to produce a right direction, and the next moment she is tossing in the trough of the sea, with sails a-back, drifting helpless, the sport of wind and wave.

Lear's first speech in this scene, contains a profound psychological truth : Kent urges him to take shelter in a hovel from the tyranny of the night, too rough for nature to endure ; Lear objects that the outward storm soothes that which rages within, by diverting his attention from it ; which he may well feel to be true, though the exposure and physical suffering are at the very time telling with fearful effect upon his excited, yet jaded condition. In the excitement of insanity physical injury is not perceived, for the same reason that a wound is not felt in the heat of battle. But the injury is not the less received, and the sanatory guardianship of pain being abrogated, is more likely to be endured to a fatal extent without resistance or avoidance. It is a cruel mistake, that the insane are not injured by hardships from which they do not appear to suffer. I have heard a barrister urge the argument to exonerate the most heartless and cruel neglect.

“*Lear.* Thou thinkst ’t is much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin : so ’tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix’d,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou’dst shun a bear ;
But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou’dst meet the bear i’ the mouth. When the mind ’s free
The body ’s delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude !
* * *

O, that way madness lies ; let me shun that ;
No more of that”—

This is the last speech of which there have been so many, expressing the consciousness of coming madness, which now yields to the actual presence of intellectual aberration ; the excited emotions of unsound mind giving place to the delusions

and incoherence of mania. There is one more speech before delusion appears. Lear will not enter the hovel because the tempest will not give him leave to ponder on things which would hurt him more; and yet he yields with meekness unnatural to him: he will go in, and then "I'll pray and then I'll sleep;" and then comes that calm and pitiful exordium to houseless poverty, that royal appeal for "poor naked wretches," whose cause has been pleaded in these recent days with so much success by the great power which now acts in the place of despotic authority—the power of the press. What Lear thought, under the tyranny of the wild storm, the great and wealthy have recently felt under the newspaper appeals, which have so forcibly and successfully brought the cause of the houseless poor to their knowledge.

And now intellectual takes the place of moral disturbance. It is remarkable how comparatively passionless the old king is, after intellectual aberration has displayed itself. It is true, that even in his delusions he never loses the sense and memory of the filial ingratitude which has been the moral excitant of his madness; but henceforth he ceases to call down imprecations upon his daughters; or with confused sense of personal identity, he curses them, as the daughters of Edgar. It is as if in madness he has found a refuge from grief, a refuge which Gloucester even envies when he finds his own wretchedness "deprived that benefit to end itself by death:"

Gloucester. The king is mad: How stiff is my vile sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs;
And woes, by strong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves."

To lose the sovereignty of reason is, indeed, to be degraded below humanity:

“ A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch ;
Past speaking of in a king ! ”

and yet, like the grave itself, it may be a refuge from intense agony. As the hand of mercy has placed a limit even to physical suffering in senseless exhaustion or forgetful delirium, so in madness it has raised a barrier against the continuance of the extreme agony of the soul. Madness may, as in acute melancholia, be the very climax of moral suffering ; but in other forms it may be, and often is, the suspension of misery—the refuge of incurable sorrow. This is finely shewn in Lear, who, from the time that his wits, that is, his intellects, unsettle, is not so much the subject as the object of moral pain. His condition is past speaking of, to those who look upon it, but to himself it is one of comparative happiness, like the delirium which shortens the agony of a bed of pain. The second crisis, indeed, arrives—the crisis of recovery ; and then he experiences a second agony like that of a person reviving from the suspended animation of drowning.

The king recognizes, in Edgar's miserable state, a reflection of his own ; and the intellect, now in every way prepared by the accumulation of moral suffering and physical shock, falls into delusion and confusion of personal identity :

“ *Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters ?
And art thou come to this ? ”

“ *Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults, light on thy daughters !

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor ! nothing could have subdued nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.—
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh ?
Judicious punishment ! 't was this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.”

The next speech is a wonderful example of reason and

madness. He seizes, in Edgar's nakedness, upon the first suggestion of that train of thought which makes him the grand Sartor Resartus of poetry :

“*Lear.* Thou were better in thy grave, than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume :—Ha! here 's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings;—come; unbutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*”

Before this time he has placed a high value upon appearance and outward respect; man's need must not be argued; the gorgeous robes and appurtenance of royalty are of exaggerated value in his eyes; but henceforth all is changed, and the spirit of that philosophy, which has found modern expression in the grotesque and powerful work of Carlyle, pervades all his rational speech. He tears his clothes, not in the common spirit of destructiveness, which instigated the epileptic Orestes to the same act, and which is seen in common operation where madmen are accumulated; he tears off his clothes as disguises of the real man, as he afterwards tears off the disguise of hypocritical modesty from the simpering dame whose face presages snow; as he afterwards tears off the disguises of unequal justice; and of the scurvy politician with glass eyes; and of the gilded butterflies of court; and the pretences of those who affect to look into the mysteries of things as if they were God's spies; the disguise, that is, of knowledge not possessed, the very inmost rind of Teufelsdröck himself, the disguise of philosophy. This tendency of thought is the ground of Lear's second delusion; he recognizes in Edgar, a philosopher, one who has practically reduced man to his elements; and he holds to the idea to the end of the scene :

“First let me talk with this philosopher :
What is the cause of thunder ?”

He is serious enough in the opinion :

“Let me ask you one word in private.”

He will not go into the shelter which Gloster at so much risk has provided, unless he is accompanied by his “philosopher,” his “good Athenian ;” and Gloster and Kent are fain to permit the companionship of the abject Edgar : “Let him take the fellow.” But in the next scene in the farm house, this delusion has given way to a third : Edgar and the Fool are believed to be the high justiciaries of the kingdom, before whom Goneril and Regan shall be tried. This easy change of delusion is true to the form of insanity represented : acute mania, with rapid flow of ideas, and tendency to incoherence. In the more chronic forms of insanity, the delusions are more permanent ; but in this form they arise and subside, giving place to others, with the rapidity thus faithfully represented.

At every stage the king recognizes his own madness. At this point, when the somewhat blind perceptions of Kent have only just recognized the fact, that “his wits begin to unsettle,” Lear eagerly acknowledges the completed reality :

“*Fool.* Pr’ythee, nuncle, tell me, whether a madman be a gentleman, or a yeoman ?

Lear. A king ! a king !”

There never yet was an idea, sane or insane, which had not its origin in a sensation, physical or emotional, or in another idea. The laws of the genesis of thought are not abrogated in insanity : they only differ from those of the healthy mind, as the physical laws of pathology differ from those of physiology. Man’s knowledge, indeed, of mental law, is far less precise than that of physical law, and he is far less able to trace its disturbed action. The means of

making a probable conjecture at the genesis of Lear's delusions are, however, left us. The first, respecting Edgar's supposed daughters, is suggested by the lowness to which his nature is subdued, which could only be through his unkind daughters. The second is suggested by Edgar's naked, unaccommodated manhood. The third appears to have had its origin in a slighter suggestion, the sight of a pair of joint stools, hard and warped, whom the poor madman likens to his daughters, and for whose trial he suddenly extemporizes a court of justice :

“*Lear.* It shall be done, I will arraign them straight :—
Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer :— [*To Edgar.*
Thou, sapient sir, sit here. [*To the Fool.*—Now, ye she
foxes !— * * * * *

Bring in the evidence.—

Thou robed man of justice, take thy place :— [*To Edgar.*
And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity, [*To the Fool.*
Bench by his side :—You are of the commission,
Sit you too. [*To Kent.*

Edg. Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd ?

Thy sheep be in the corn ;

And for one blast of thy minikin mouth,

Thy sheep shall take no harm.

Pur ! the cat is grey.

Lear. Arraign her first ; 't is Goneril. I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kicked the poor king her father.

Fool. Come hither, mistres ; Is your name Goneril ?

Lear. She cannot deny it.

Fool. Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

Lear. And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim
What store her heart is made of.—Stop her there !
Arms, arms, sword, fire !—Corruption in the place !
False justicer why hast thou let her 'scape ?”

Were it not for the comments of Kent and Edgar, this scene would read as if Lear threw some voluntary mockery into it ; but his amazed look which we learn from Kent, and the pity with which Edgar is overwhelmed, prove its sad

earnestness. It would be most interesting could we know how this scene was actually played under the direction of Shakespeare. It does not seem probable that he wished to represent Lear as the subject of so extreme an hallucination as that his daughters were present, in their own figure and appearance, and that one of them escaped. It is more probable that he wished to represent them, personified by the excited imagination, in the form of the stools; and that Kent or Edgar, seeing the bad effects which this vivid personification was working, snatched away one of the stools; and this produced the passionate explosion on Regan's supposed escape.

There is little, indeed, which, in the features of madness, Shakespeare allowed to escape his observation. Here, thrown out with the carelessness of abundant wealth, is the knowledge that the accusations of the insane are worthless as evidence. "I here take my oath before this honourable assembly that she kicked the poor king, her father." The honourable assembly, doubtless, did not believe the precision of this statement; but assemblies more honourable, and real official persons, who, at least, ought to possess a larger knowledge of the peculiarities of the insane, have given credence to the accusations of lunatics, like to this of Lear's, except that they had no foundation in the reality of unkindness:

"'Tis the times' plague when madmen lead the blind."

In the speech, "Let them anatomize Regan," &c., passion has subsided into reflection; the storm is past, the poor old heart is tranquillized by exhaustion, the senses are falling into the blessed oblivion of sleep:

"Make no noise, make no noise; draw the curtains:
So, so;—we'll go to supper in the morning."

Even Kent now acknowledges that his dear master's wits

are gone ; but trouble him not, he sleeps, and noble affection watches and hopes :

“*Kent.* Oppress’d nature sleeps :—
This rest might yet have balm’d thy broken senses,
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.”

Hardly so, noble Kent. The mind’s malady is too deep-seated to be thus easily cured by nature’s effort ; nature’s sweet restorer will scarcely balm the wounds which have so long festered. To use a surgical simile, there can be no union by first intention here ; sleep may terminate the brief and sudden insanity of delirium, but not this. If, afterward, his “untuned and jarring senses” are actually restored by the sweet influence of sleep, it is not by the brief and insufficient sleep of exhaustion, but by that of skillful and solicitous medication ; sleep, so long and profound, that it is needful to disturb it ; sleep, the crowning result of successful medical treatment, conducted in the spirit of love and sympathy, and whose final remedy hangs on the sweet lips of Cordelia. In mania, the broken sleep of mere exhaustion does but renew the strength of excitement ; but the profound sleep, resulting from skillful treatment, is often the happy cause of restoration.

The intellectual and excited babbling of the Fool, and the exaggerated absurdities of Edgar, are stated by Ulrici, and other critics, to exert a bad influence upon the king’s mind. To persons unacquainted with the character of the insane, this opinion must seem, at least, to be highly probable, notwithstanding that the evidence of the drama itself is against it ; for Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar’s mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared—gone to sleep at mid-day, as he says—and Edgar has left to be the guide of his blind father, that the king becomes

absolutely wild and incoherent. The singular and undoubted fact was probably unknown to Ulrici, that few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to be aware. He not only represents the fact of Lear's tranquillity in the companionship of Edgar, of his sudden and close adherence to him, though drawn thereto, perhaps, by delusions; but he puts the very opinion in the mouth of Edgar, although applying it to his own griefs, and not to those of the king.

“Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind;
 Leaving free things and happy shows, behind:
 But then the mind much sufferance doth o'er-skip,
 When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.”

Edgar's assumed madness presents a fine contrast to the reality of Lear's. It is devoid of reason, and full of purpose. It has the fault, which to this day feigning maniacs almost invariably commit, of extreme exaggeration. It imposes upon the unskillful observation of Gloster, Kent, and the others; but could scarcely impose upon any experienced judgment. Had Edgar himself found any future need to repeat his deception, he might have taken lessons as to the truer phenomena of diseased mind from the poor old king, whom he observed from the covert of his disguise, and have represented that characteristic of true madness—“matter and impertinency mixed”—which he entirely fails to exhibit. Edgar's account of his motives for assuming this disguise to escape the hunt after his life, is a curious illustration of the manner in which the insane were permitted to roam the country, in the good old days:

“Whiles I may 'scape,
 I will preserve myself: and am bethought
 To take the basest and most poorest shape,

That ever penury, in contempt of man,
 Brought near to beast : my face I'll grime with filth ;
 Blanket my loins ; elf all my hair in knots ;
 And with presented nakedness out-face
 The winds and persecutions of the sky.
 The country gives me proof and precedent
 Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,
 Strike in their numb'd and mortified bare arms
 Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary ;
 And with this horrible object, from low farms,
 Poor pelting villages, sheep-cotes and mills,
 Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
 Enforce their charity.—Poor Turlygood ! poor Tom !
 That 's something yet ;—Edgar I nothing am."

In Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," an interesting and learned account is given of the singular mendicants, known by the name of "Toms o' Bedlam." Bethlem, at the time when Shakespeare wrote, "was a contracted and penurious charity," with more patients than funds, and the governors were in the habit of relieving the establishment by discharging patients whose cure was very equivocal. These discharged patients, thrown upon the world without a friend, wandered about the country chanting wild ditties, and wearing a fantastical dress to attract the notice and the alms of the charitable. Sir Walter Scott suggested to Disraeli, "that these roving lunatics were out-door pensioners of Bedlam, sent about to live as well as they could on the pittance granted by the hospital." But, in addition to the true "Tom," there was a counterfeit who assumed the grotesque rags, the staff, the knotted hair of the real one, to excite pity or alarm, and to enforce undeserved charity. These men, who are described by Decker in his "English Villanies," were called "Abram men," and hence the phrase current to the present day, to "sham Abram." They had a cant language, a silly, rambling "*maund*," or phrase of begging.

The fullest source of information on this subject Disraeli found in a manuscript note transcribed from some of Aubrey's papers, which singularly elucidates a phrase which has been the subject of some "perverse ingenuity" among the critics—"Poor Tom, thy horn is dry!"

"Till the breaking out of the civil wars, *Toms of Bedlam* did travel about the country; they had been poor, distracted men, that had been put into Bedlam, where, recovering some soberness, they were licentiated to go a begging, *i. e.*, they had on their left arm an armilla, or iron ring for the arm, about four inches long, as printed in some works; they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox, in a string or bawdry, which, when they came to a house they did wind; and they put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any one of them."

The whole description of these Toms o' Bedlam and their counterfeits—"the proggings Abram men," as they are given by Disraeli, from Decker and other old authors—affords a curious illustration of the fidelity of Shakespeare's delineation of character, even when most grotesque and apparently unnatural. The assumed character of Edgar bears the most exact resemblance to the description of these beings, as it has been dug out of the past by the researches of the literary antiquarian.

"The wild ditties of these itinerate lunatics gave rise," says this author, "to a class of poetry once fashionable among the 'wits,' composed in the character of a Tom o' Bedlam." Purcell has set one of them to very fine music. Percy has preserved six of these mad songs, some of which, however, Disraeli pronounces of too modern a date to have seen actual service; but he adds a fine one from a miscellany published in 1661, and that not the first edition. It concludes with the following stanza of wild imagery:

" With a host of furious fancies,
 Whereof I am commander :
 With a burning spear,
 And a horse of air,
 To the wilderness I wander ;
 With a knight of ghosts and shadows,
 Summoned am I to tourney :
 Ten leagues beyond
 The wide world's end ;
 Methinks it is no journey ! "

What can be said of the Fool? What can be thought of him? Fool he was not, in the sense of lack of wisdom or of knowledge. He is as individualized and unique as any character in Shakespeare. He is Jacques with a cap and bells, and a gay affectionate temper. He is a spiritualized and poetical Sancho Panza, and, like him, adds to the sadness of the tale by the introduction of ridiculous images: for of Lear it may be said, as Byron said of Don Quixote :

" Of all tales 't is the saddest—and more sad
 Because it makes us laugh."

Shakespeare represents his other fools as mere ornaments and appendages to the tale, the grinning gurgails of his structure: but the fool in Lear is an important character, a buttress of the tale. It is through him that Lear first gets into trouble with his dog-hearted daughter. Lear loves him, and he loves Cordelia, and thus there is a bond of affection which knits him to the two as part of the family. His reckless and all-licensed speeches serve the part of the Greek chorus in explaining many things which would not otherwise be so readily intelligible. Altogether, his child-like affection to Cordelia, his devoted attachment to the king, his daring contempt for the bad daughters, his profound insight into the motives of human action cynical yet tempered by love, render him a most charming character, and give him an easy pre-eminence

over all others who have philosophized in motley. Although called a boy, his great knowledge of the heart indicates his age to have been at least adult. So far from being in any degree imbecile, his native powers of intellect are of the finest order. His wayward rambling of thought may be partly natural, partly the result of his professed office, an office then held in no light esteem. In physique he is small and weak. His suffering from exposure to the inclement night excites Lear's tender compassion, even in his wildest mood, and it does in effect extinguish his frail life. A waif of wayward un-muscular intellect in an age of iron. An admirable union of faithful affection with daring universal cynicism; he also illustrates the truth of the opinion, that the scoffer and the hater are different beings. The "comic sublime" of this character forms a grotesque counterpart and contrast to that of the king, and heightens the effect while it relieves the pain of the tragic development.

Ulrici has some excellent remarks on the supreme art of this contrast:

"Nowhere has Shakespeare pushed the comic into so close and direct proximity with the tragic, and with no one else has the great hazard of doing so, succeeded as with him. Instead of thereby for one moment injuring the tragic effect, he has known how, by this means, wonderfully to exalt and strengthen it; not only does the wisdom of the Fool make, by contrast, the folly of the king and its tragic meaning more conspicuous; not only does he thus, on all occasions, hold up a mirror to the thoughts and acts of others, and through its reflex greatly strengthen the light of truth; but yet more, in the profound humour of the Fool a depth of intelligence conceals itself, upon which the tragic view of the world (*Weltanschauung*) generally rests. To this humour, the tragic art, as it were, allies itself, in order to place her deepest innermost centre nearer to the light. This genuine humour of the Fool plays, as it were, with the tragic; to him pleasure and pain, fortune and misfortune are synonymous; he jeers on the gripping

suffering and fate of earthly existence ; death and annihilation are a jest to him. On this account he stands above the earthly existence and its tragic side ; and he has already attained the aim of the tragic art, the elevation of the human spirit over the mere life of this world, with its sufferings and doings ; this appears in him, as it were, personified. His very humour is in its conception, the comic sublime. Wonder has been expressed that the poet should confer such magnanimity and intelligence on one who has degraded himself to the position of a mere jester. I can only admire therein the profound wisdom of the master ; for when life itself is nothing to a man, his own position in life will be nothing to him ; and the lowliest lot will be preferred and selected, because it expresses most clearly our real elevation."

In Lear's next appearance a change has taken place both in his circumstances and in his state. He has arrived at Dover, and he

" Sometimes, in his better tune, remembers
What we are come about, and by no means
Will yield to see his daughter."

The memory of his own harsh and cruel conduct to this dear daughter, and the burning shame he feels, detain him from her. It appears from his subsequent interview with her, that apprehension of Cordelia's hatred affords another motive. "I know you do not love me." His old love for her indeed has returned, and he will take poison from her hands if she wills it ; but the poor vexed mind cannot perceive that Cordelia differs from her sisters ; differs so much as to lead Kent to declare that human disposition is the sport of fate, and not the result of law ; that injuries cannot weaken her love, even as unbounded benefits could not secure theirs. Lear is no longer surrounded by the sympathizing but grotesque companionship of his first maniacal hours. The dearly loved fool has strangely disappeared ; his frail existence ceases, without sign or comment. Edgar is transformed from mad Tom into the peasant guide of his blind father. Some

dear cause must also wrap Kent in concealment until the catastrophe arrives ; he leaves an un-named gentleman to attend his master, and the poor madman escapes from the stranger's watch and guard, and roams in the fields alone, as Cordelia so touchingly describes :

“*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he ; why he was met even now
As mad as the vex'd sea : singing aloud ;
Crown'd with rank fumiter, and furrow weeds,
With harlocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-flowers,
Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow
In our sustaining corn.—A century send forth ;
Search every acre in the high-grown field,
And bring him to our eye. *[Exit an Officer.]*

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

Phys. There is means, madam :
Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,
The which he lacks ; that to provoke in him,
Are many simples operative, whose power
Will close the eye of anguish.

Cor. All bless'd secrets,
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,
Spring with my tears ! be aidant, and remediate,
In the good man's distress !—Seek, seek for him ;
Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life
That wants the means to lead it.”

The word rage seems here used not to designate passion, but the frenzy of maniacal excitement ; at this time it is not passionate, but tending rather to gaiety. The first phase of mania was emphasized by the memory of recent injury ; and although even then the passionate indignation was subdued from the intense bitterness which the first sense of his daughters' conduct occasioned, the emotional state was that of anger and sorrow. After the interval which has elapsed between the sudden flight from the neighbourhood of these daughters who were plotting against his life, and his re-appearance at Dover with Cordelia's blessed

succour nigh, the emotional state has changed into one less painful, yet indicating more profound disease. The proud and passionate king is now wild and gay, singing aloud, crowned with wild flowers; his incoherence is sometimes complete, and no idea rests in his mind with sufficient tenacity to be called a delusion. This new phase of mania is as wonderfully and exactly true to nature as the one which it follows in consistent development. The more perfect incoherence is now dissociated from formal delusion. The emotional disposition natural to the man, and hitherto exaggerated by the wrongs he has suffered, is now completely lost and perverted by the progress of disease. Though he forgets that he is no longer a king, the regal deportment is altogether lost; though he does not forget his daughter's injuries, and can compare their conduct with that of Gloster's bastard, the fierceness of anger is quenched. The state of mind in which a delusion is suggested by a casual circumstance, just as a dream is suggested by casual sensations, in which the false idea thus originating is dwelt upon and examined in its various bearings as if it were the representative of truth in a sane mind; this intellectual state has given way to the one of more profound injury called incoherence, in which false mental associations and false ideas arise and fade too easily, too transiently to be called delusions. A dozen false ideas chase each other in half as many minutes. Strictly speaking, perhaps each of the false idea-images of incoherence deserves the name of delusion, although it is not usually given. The simple and important fact may be stated with regard to Lear thus: that in the first phase of his mania the false ideas were few, and had some consistency and duration; in the present phase they are numerous, disjointed, and transitory.

Edg. The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.

Lear. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the King himself.

Edg. O thou side-piercing sight!

Lear. Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet: I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.—O, well flown bird!—i' the clout, i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.

Edg. Sweet marjoram.

Lear. Pass.

Glo. I know that voice.

Lear. Ha! Goneril!—with a white beard!—They flattered me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard, ere the black ones were there. To say ay, and no, to every thing I said!—Ay and no too was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once.” * * *

The withering denunciation of incontinency, “The wren goes to 't,” &c., and the grander one of injustice, “Thou rascal beadle,” &c., are too consecutively reasoned for the king's state of mind at this period. The apparent inconsistency is only to be accounted for by Lear's inherent grandeur of thought and natural eloquence, which even in frenzy rolls forth its magnificent volume, like nothing else I know of in poetry. It is not common to see incoherence alternating with the precise expression of complex thought, but I have sometimes observed the phenomenon when the complex thoughts, so expressed, have formed a part of the hoarded treasures of the mind. And so it must be with Lear; the eloquence of his madness is partly the result of an imagination always vivid and now stimulated to excess, and of an involuntary display of oratorical power, native to the man, and partly of profound knowledge of human nature, acquired during an age of practical kingship. He speaks, as the bird sings, from inborn force, which neither anger, nor grief, nor madness, nor the pangs of approaching death, can subdue.

Blind Gloster's reflection upon the ruin of such intellect is truly grand ; for what is the inert world that it should outlast the spirit which dwelleth therein ? What is the beauty of nature without eyes to behold it, or its harmony without mind to rejoice in it ?

"*Glo.* O ruined piece of nature ! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me ?

Lear. I remember thine eyes well enough—
Dost thou squiny at me ?
No, do thy worst, blind cupid, I'll not love.—
Read thou this challenge ; mark but the penning of it."

Stark madness again, instantly following reasoning eloquence ; the eyeless orbits of an old friend but the occasion of an incoherent jest. The thoughts are now the mere sport of the suggestive faculty. Any slight circumstance may give rise to the most earnest, any impressive object or terrible incident may give rise to the most trivial or wayward notions. His old friend's great calamity is lost in his own, and does but suggest absurd comparisons and empty quibbles.

The quibble on seeing without eyes induces the comments on the justice and thief, and the dog in office, beginning prosaically, rising into the grand poetic climax, and then ending in mere incoherence.

"None does offend, none, I say, none ; I'll able 'em :
Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal the accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes ;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now :
Pull off my boots :—harder, harder ; so.

Edg. O, matter and impertinency mix'd !
Reason in madness !

Lear. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes.
I know thee well enough ; thy name is Gloster :
Thou must be patient ; we came crying hither.
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,
We wawl, and cry :—I will preach to thee ; mark.

Glo. Alack, alack the day !

Lear. When we are born, we cry, that we are come
 To this great stage of fools ;—This a good block !—
 It were a delicate stratagem, to shoe
 A troop of horse with felt : I'll put it in proof ;
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill."

Here is the inexpugnable notion of kingly power ; then the rambling "pull off my boots ;" then tardy pity for Gloster, and consolation in the spirit of the doctrine that we are born to trouble ; then the strange idea chain, that consolation shall be given in the form of a religious discourse, which brings the hat under observation, "a good block ;" this the silent cavalry and the stolen revenge. A more perfect representation of wandering intellect it is impossible to conceive. Even his own pitiful recognition of his state assumes a form of expression, half incoherent, half poetical. He no longer distinguishes friends from foes, and with other changed feelings, he has become susceptible of fear. When this is removed, he perceives clearly enough that his personal liberty is not secure even from his friends, and away he decamps, poor old king, a veritable type of gay, incoherent mania. Incoherency, the characteristic of rapid and irregular idealization, is so far from being a definite quality, like a clear-cut delusion, that its degree may vary from the slight fault in the sequence and order of ideas which may be observed in the earliest stages of excitement from wine, to that ceaseless and utterly unintelligible babble, which is observed in some chronic lunatics. Extreme degrees of incoherency are invariably associated with advanced decay of the mental powers. Perception and memory are greatly enfeebled ; the power of comparison is clean gone. A ceaseless flow of shallow images ripples over the mind, and continues ever after. All power of attention to new objects is lost ; in some cases the babble of words appears to be continued, even after the mind has ceased to reflect the pale spectres of thought which they once represented. In

Cor. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Phys. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well.

Phys. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there."

This seems a bold experiment, and one not unfraught with danger. The idea that the insane mind is beneficially influenced by music is, indeed, a very ancient and universal one; but that the medicated sleep of insanity should be interrupted by it, and that the first object presented to the consciousness should be the very person most likely to excite profound emotion, appear to be expedients little calculated to promote that tranquillity of the mental functions, which is, undoubtedly, the safest state to induce, after the excitement of mania. A suspicion of this may have crossed Shakespeare's mind, for he represents Lear in imminent danger of passing into a new form of delusion. The employment of music in the treatment of the insane would form an interesting chapter in the history of ancient and modern psychology. The earliest note of it is in Holy Writ: "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp and played with his hand, so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him" (1 Sam. xvi.) In Elisha it produced inspiration: he called for a minstrel, and "when the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him" (2 Kings iii.) Asclepiades effected many cures of insane persons by this means; and Galen reports that Æsculapius did the same. "Jason Praetensis (cap. De maniâ) hath many examples how Clinias and Empedocles cured some desperately melancholy, and some mad, by this, our music."—*Burton*. But there is danger in its use, "for there are some whom," saith Plutarch, "*musica*

magis dementat quam vinum." In modern times, the greatest advocate for music in the treatment of insanity has been Dr. Mason Cox, who employed it systematically, and, as he relates, with the best effect. Frank also employed it, and he relates the instance of a young person affected with periodical insanity, who, every time he heard the sound of music, was seized with a furious paroxysm of mania. Dr. Knight had seen its tranquilizing and beneficial effects in numerous cases, and had never seen it do harm; but yet he could not think its employment safe in excited and recent cases. Guislain distinguishes its use—1st, as exercising the mind of the patient who executes; and, 2nd, when played by others, as producing effects upon the nervous system through the emotions. In the first of these modes, its employment is, undoubtedly, beneficial as a means of recreation; but modern physicians appear to have little faith in its effects when simply listened to. Either the nerves are less delicately strung than formerly, or the quality of music has deteriorated, or the power of medical faith has decayed; of which explanations the latter is, probably, the true one. Still, credence is given to its power in certain conditions; for instance, the national melodies of mountain countries are said to possess a most wonderful influence on the nerves. The *ranz des vaches* causes melancholy in the Switzer; and Locheil, in the shrill screams of the bagpipe, is said to produce the occasional effect of making the Scotchman desire to return to his own country. Shakespeare records another remarkable consequence of listening to the Highland music. A physiological explanation, however, may be offered of Shylock's assertion, that some men, "when the bagpipe sings in the nose, cannot contain their urine," namely, that the musical performance described merely meant a violent fit of sneezing; which might easily, in nervous persons, occasion the peculiar effect attributed to it. It may be the forcing strain of interrupted

respiration, and not the exciting strain of the pibroch, which is meant. The argument that the fact is inexplicable, and the reference to the "woollen bag" are, however, adverse to this view.

Esquirol attributes a considerable amount of power both for good and evil to the influence of music on the insane.

"I have often employed music but have very rarely obtained any success thereby. It calms and composes the mind, but does not cure. I have seen insane persons whom music rendered furious:—one was so, because all the notes appeared false:—another, because he thought it frightful that the people should amuse themselves in the presence of so miserable a being. I believe the ancients exaggerated the effects of music, while the facts recorded by modern writers are not sufficiently numerous to determine under what circumstances it possibly may be of benefit. This means of treatment, however, is precious, especially in convalescence, and ought not to be neglected, however indeterminate may be the principles of its application, and however uncertain may be its efficacy."

When Lear awakes with the loud music ringing in his ears, and finds himself once more in royal state and apparel, and with Cordelia at his feet, fancy flashes upon him the idea that he has passed the dread bourne of life. Remembrance fails, and even personal identity needs verification.

Lear. You do me wrong, to take me out o' the grave:—
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; When did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide!

Phys. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

Lear. Where have I been? Where am I?—Fair day-light?—
I am mightily abus'd.—I should even die with pity,
To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—
I will not swear these are my hands:—let's see;
I feel this pin prick. 'Would I were assur'd
Of my condition.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hand in benediction o'er me :—
No, sir, you must not kneel.

Lear. Pray do not mock me :
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward ; not an hour more nor less ;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks, I should know you, and know this man ;
Yet I am doubtful : for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is : and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments ; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night : Do not laugh at me ;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.

Cor. And so I am, I am.

Lear. Be your tears wet ? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not :
If you have poison for me I will drink it.
I know you do not love me ; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong :
You have some cause, they have not."

"*Phys.* Be comforted, good madam : the great rage
You see, is kill'd in him : and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.
Desire him to go in : trouble him no more,
Till further settling.

Cor. Will't please your highness walk ?

Lear. You must bear with me :
Pray you now, forget and forgive ; I am old and foolish."

The idea that death is past is half a delusion, half a dream, in which the objects of sense are visible while the judgment is not sufficiently alert to interpret them. When he does awake, the mind, suffering from the weakness which follows fierce excitement, cannot comprehend the new circumstances which surround him—the unknown place and the royal robes. But, first of all, the poor patient would assure himself that he is a living sentient being, and not a soul in torture, as the fearful dream has represented. The half-timid enquiries into his state and surroundings, represent both exhaustion and calm-

ness. This self-examination and interrogation is a common feature in convalescence from insanity ; although, it must be admitted, that the transactions here represented, and as the exigences of the drama perhaps require that they should be represented, are more sudden and distinct than the real operations of nature. Lear's timid consciousness of infirmity of mind, "I fear I am not in my perfect mind," is in fine contrast to the energetic assertion of his frantic state : "Let me have surgeons, I am cut to the brains." The statement of his age affords a delicate touch of that intellectual weakness which accompanies the state of repose and exhaustion. He does not see that four-score and upward is not an exact, but an inexact statement. "Be your tears wet," seems a return to the half-dream, half-delusion ; he still doubts the personality of Cordelia, and when he attains conviction on the point, the idea that she will avenge her wrongs upon him does not at once forsake him ; and yet it lasts not long, and he desires her to forget and forgive. The physician wisely apprehends danger from the weak mind throwing itself back upon the memory of its injuries and sufferings, and interrupts the colloquy. The high honour and worth with which Shakespeare invests the physician here and elsewhere, deserves notice. In *Macbeth*, although the angry king rejects an agency which cannot work social and political cures, the physician is represented as a wise and dignified person. In this play of *Lear* the character is still more exalted ; and it would be easy to prove that throughout Shakespeare's writings, there is no character held in more honour than that of the medical man. Even the starved apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, is gifted with a conscience. Shakespeare, in this respect, presents a remarkable contrast to *Molière*, with whom the physician of his day was the favourite butt of ridicule ; but Shakespeare's esteem for physic was founded upon knowledge, while *Molière's* contempt of it was

founded upon ignorance; for while the latter sets up the manners and pretensions of the medical pedant as the butt of his ridicule, there is not a passage in his writings which indicates the slightest knowledge of the art or science of the profession which he so assiduously covers with contempt. The gibberish of dog-latin pretended prescriptions is his nearest approach to it. Shakespeare, on the other hand, evinces so surprising and minute a knowledge of both, that it would be no difficult task to prove from his writings that he had been a diligent student of the healing art, and thence it might be inferred that he had been a doctor's apprentice, with a probability not much below that which has been so ingeniously developed by the Lord Chief Justice, to prove that he was an attorney's clerk. I yield, indeed, to Mr. Payne Collier's theory as argued by Lord Campbell, the precedence of probability, inasmuch as Shakespeare's knowledge of law is technical, while his knowledge of medicine is general, and such as he might have more readily acquired outside the professional limits. His knowledge of law is that which a clerk might possess; his knowledge of medicine is evidently the acquirement of a riper age, capable of resolving observation into principle; a very different thing to the inventory of an apothecary's shop, which Lord Campbell justly scouts as evidence of more than casual remark and faithful memory. The more modest and probable conclusion, however, would seem to be, not that which the lawyer may compliment himself with, nor that which the doctor or the sailor might respectively arrive at, in consequence of the poet's knowledge of medical and nautical affairs; but simply, that in Shakespeare the world possessed a man, who, like Aristotle, was endowed with all the knowledge of his time, combined with the divine gift which the Greek did not possess, of making it available in the most gorgeous employment of fancy and language. He was a naturalist in the widest sense, and a poet in the

highest. Infinitely more than Goëthe he merited the title of the All-sided One.

Let us conclude this somewhat professional digression by expressing the opinion, that Shakespeare's prescription for Gloster's empty and bleeding orbits, "flax and the whites of eggs," is good domestic surgery.

When Lear next appears a prisoner with Cordelia, his mental state has again undergone great change. The weakness of exhaustion has disappeared, and the delusion and incoherency of the preceding excitement has yielded to the good influences with which this daughter, thrice blessed in her devoted affection, has balmed the wounded soul. Lear has returned as nearly as possible to his state of mind before the storm, and the shock of physical suffering and exposure. Medical treatment and physical comfort, and the blessed influences of affection have soothed his intellectual frenzy. But the moral disturbance remains, with this notable difference, however, that he now gives vent to passionate love, as he formerly did to passionate anger and hate. There is no measure or reason in his love for Cordelia, as there was none in his hatred of Goneril. He forgets his age in one as in the other. In prison he will wear out sects of great ones; his enemies shall die and rot before he will part with Cordelia, or weep at sorrow which has lost its sting now she is with him.

"Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,
Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see them starve first."

This is not mania, but neither is it sound mind. It is the emotional excitability often seen in extreme age, as it is depicted in the early scenes of the drama, and it is precisely true to the probabilities of the mind history, that this should be

the phase of infirmity displaying itself at this moment. Any other dramatist than Shakespeare would have represented the poor old king quite restored to the balance and control of his faculties. The complete efficiency of filial love would have been made to triumph over the laws of mental function. But Shakespeare has represented the exact degree of improvement which was probable under the circumstances, namely, restoration from the intellectual mania which resulted from the combined influence of physical and moral shock, with persistence of the emotional excitement and disturbance which is the incurable and unalterable result of passion exaggerated by long habitude and by the malign influence of extreme age.

The last scene, in which Lear's tough heart at length breaks over the murdered body of his dear child, is one of those masterpieces of tragic art, before which we are disposed to stand silent in awed admiration. The indurated sympathies of science, however, may examine even the death scene. The first thing to remark is, that there is no insanity in it, that Lear might have spoken and acted thus if his mind had never wandered. He has found Edmund's mercenary murderer hanging Cordelia, so as "to lay the blame upon her own despair." He kills the slave, and with the last remnant of strength carries the dear body into the midst of that heart-struck conclave, where the sisters, who "desperately are dead," already lie. At first he is under the excitement of mental agony, expressing itself in the wild wail :

"Howl, howl, howl! O, you are men of stones;
Had I your tongues and eyes I'd use them so,
That heaven's vault should crack:—She's gone for ever!"

Then follows the intense cruel anxiety of false hope, followed by quick resolve and reasonable action: the demand for the looking glass: the trial of the feather, to ascertain if any faint imperceptible breath remains. Then, the sustaining but fatal excitement over, leaden grief settles upon the heart, and

benumbs the feelings to every sense, save one. Noble Kent comes too late with the prepared surprise of his discovery. The wreck of kinghood sits in the midst, with no eyes, no thoughts for living friend or dead foe, for no object save one, the voided temple of his love, now a limp carcase in his nerveless lap. What a group for a sculptor, Lear and Cordelia, types of manly grandeur and female grace, with but half a life between the two! The feather test has failed, and the sweet breath refuses to mist or stain the clear surface of the stone; conviction arrives that "now she's gone for ever," and there is no fire left in the once ardent heart for one more angry word, no thought except the passing one of satisfied revenge. She's gone for ever—doubt of the stern fact is past, and death presses on his own heart; feeling is mercifully blunted and thought obscured; imagination is the last to congeal; desire, father to the thought, makes the dear lips move, and the soft voice invite to follow:

"Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman:"—

The loyal friends around, Albany and Kent and Edgar, strive to arouse his attention from the gathering stupor, which they do not yet recognize as that of death; and in banished Kent, now reinstated in the appurtenances and lendings of his rank, an object bound to stimulate attention and curiosity is at hand. But he has put off the revelation of his faithful service, until it is too late to be understood. The king recognizes his person, indeed, even through the gathering mists of death, which beginning at the heart, weakens the circulation through the brain and dims the sight. How constantly does the dying man complain that the room is dark, or that he cannot see. "Where is your servant Caius?" brings a mechanical thought, trifling as it seems, but in true place. The unreflecting movement of the mind, the excito-motory action of the brain, as

some would call it, a thought of simple suggestion, which, is the last kind of thought the dying brain can entertain, just as involuntary muscular action endures after voluntary power of movement is lost. The new idea, that Caius and Kent are one, cannot be entertained: this requires comparison and a greater power of cerebration than the feeble tide of blood, which is now percolating the brain can provide for.

Lear. I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you straight.

Kent. If fortune brag of two she lov'd and hated,
One of them we behold.

Lear. This is a dull sight: Are you not Kent?

Kent. The same; —
Your servant Kent: Where is your servant Caius?

Lear. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too: He's dead and rotten.

Kent. No, my good lord; I am the very man;—

Lear. I'll see that straight.

Kent. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have follow'd your sad steps.

Lear. You are welcome hither.

Kent. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly.—
Your eldest daughters have fore-done themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Lear. Ay, so I think.

Alb. He knows not what he says; and vain it is
That we present us to him.

Edg. Very bootless.”

Very bootless—and yet stupified by dire mischance, they are blind to the near approach of the “veiled shadow with the keys,” who is at hand to release this loved and hated one of fortune from his eminence of care. Albany proceeds to make state arrangements, to promise the wages of virtue and the cup of deservings to friends and foes, and to resign his own absolute power to the old majesty, whose heart is beating slower and fainter, whose face is blanching, and whose features are pinching as the life current passes on its way

in ever slower and smaller waves, until at length the change of aspect suddenly strikes the dull Duke, and he exclaims, "O! see, see!" and then one flicker more of reflecting thought, one gentle request, "Pray you undo this button;" expressing the physical feeling of want of air; one yearning look on her who'll "come no more," and the silver thread is loosed, the golden bowl for ever broken.

"*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no, no life:
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more.
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you undo this button: Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her lips,—
Look there, look there!—

[*He dies.*]

Edg. He faints!—My lord, my lord,—

Kent. Break, heart; I prithee, break!

Edg. Look up, my lord.

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him
That would upon the rack of this rough world
Stretch him out longer."

Note. The folly of trusting treacherous memory has led to a misquotation at page 132 of this Essay. Gray wrote, "*moody* madness, laughing wild" not moping madness. If moodiness may to some degree appear inconsistent with wild laughter, it certainly is not so with madness. Indeed, moody and mad are conjoined by Shakespeare himself in the line,

"But rather moody, mad, and desperate stags."

TIMON OF ATHENS.

“I am Misanthropos, and hate mankind.”

The remarkable difference between Timon and all the other dramas, both in construction and general idea, has been a subject of much difficulty with the literary critics. It has been generally supposed to be one of Shakespeare's latest works transmitted to us in an unfinished state; but the explanation of Mr. Knight appears far more probable, that it was originally produced by an inferior artist, and that Shakespeare remodeled it, and substituted entire scenes of his own; this substitution being almost wholly confined to the character of Timon. That of Apemantus, however, bears unmistakable impressions of the same die.

It certainly is not like the sepia sketch of a great master, perfect so far as it goes; nor yet like an unfinished picture which shews the basis of the artist's work; nor yet like those paintings of the old masters, in which the accessories were filled in by the 'prentice hands of their pupils, while the design and prominent figures indicated the taste and skill of high genius. It is rather an old painting, retouched perhaps in all its parts, and the prominent figures entirely remodeled by the hand of the great master, but designed and originally completed by a stranger.

Of the origin of Timon's character there can be no doubt. He is unmistakeably of the family of Hamlet and Lear. The

resemblance to Lear especially is close ; like him at first, full of unreasoning confidence ; like him at last, full of unreasoning hate. In Lear's circumstances, Timon might have followed closely in his steps. The conditions of rank and age and nation, do indeed direct the course of the two in paths wide apart, but in actual development of character they are not far from being parallel.

Timon is very far from being a copy from Plutarch's sketch, "a viper, and malicious man unto mankind." He is essentially high-minded and unselfish. His prodigality is unsoiled with profligacy ; indeed, it takes to a great degree the form of humane and virtuous generosity, satisfied with the pleasure of doing good, the luxury of giving, without view of recompense. Even his profuse feasting is represented as noble and dignified hospitality, alloyed by no grossness. His temper is sweet and serene ; even Apemantus cannot ruffle it.

With all this goodness of heart he is no fool ; his remarks on all occasions shew refined and educated intellect. He has sense on all points except two, namely, in the ability to appreciate character, and the knowledge of the relation of things, as represented by the counters which transfer them. He has all kind of sense except that which is current—common sense. How such a character could be produced in the out-of-door life of Athens, where every citizen had his wits sharpened by contact with those of his neighbours, it would be difficult indeed to conjecture ; but the character of Lord Timon in his prosperity is one which may any day be found in the ranks of the English aristocracy. A young man is born to a great name and estate ; he inherits a generous disposition and an ardent temper ; he is brought up as a little prince, and is never allowed to feel the wholesome pain of an ungratified wish. Can it be matter of wonder that in such a hotbed the growth of mind should be luxuriant and weak. Fortunately for our golden youth they generally

undergo the rough discipline of public school and college ; their sensibilities are indurated, and their wits sharpened, in societies where, if they find sycophant spirits, they also find independent and even tyrannical ones. But young Cræsus, brought up at home, what must be his destiny in these latter days ? When the twenty-first birthday emancipates him from mamma and the mild tutor, well for him if reckless hospitality be his worst offence against prudence ; well for him if that old man of the woods, the land steward does not suffocate him in his tenacious embrace ; well for him if the turf and the card-table do not attract his green state of social initiation, devour wealth and destroy morality. Men who most need knowledge of the selfishness of their fellow men, have too often the least of it. Bred up on the sunny parterres of life, they have no experience of the difficulties and dangers of the rough thicket. The human pigeon has not even the resource of fear and swift flight to save him from the accipitres of his race. The fascination of false confidence lends him a willing victim to their talons, and under the chloroform of self-esteem he does not even feel being rent and devoured. So it is with Timon, with intelligence quick enough on all other matters, he is utterly incapable of seeing his relation to men and theirs to him, of appreciating the real value of deed and motive. The kind of knowledge most imperatively needed to guide our conduct is that of relation. It is the first to which the mind opens. The child under ever recurring penalties is compelled to acquaint himself with the relation existing between his person and the physical world ; he burns himself, and thereafter dreads the fire. The man under penalties more sharp and lasting, must discover his moral relations in this world, must learn to estimate himself and those around him, according to the actualities of motive. As the child ascertains that fire and blows cause pain, so the man must learn that flattery is not friendship, that imprudence exacts regret, that the prevalent

philosophy of this selfish world is that taught by Lear's unselfish fool, "Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following; but the great one that goes upward, let him draw thee after;" or by Timon's poet, who laboriously conveys the same idea that flashes from the fool:

"When fortune, in her shift and change of mood,
Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependents,
Which laboured after him to the mountain's top,
Even on their hands and knees, let him slip down,
Not one accompanying his declining foot."

Timon, however, takes a widely different view of life. To him society is a disinterested brotherhood in which to possess largely is but to have the greater scope for the luxury of giving, and in which want itself may be but a means to try one's friends, and to learn their sterling value. His first act of bounty, not less noble than reasonable, is to pay the debt on which his friend Ventidius is imprisoned. It is done with graceful freedom, and his liberated friend is invited to him for further help in the fine sentiment, that

"Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after."

The dowry of the servant Lucilius, to satisfy the greed of the old miser whose daughter he courts, is more lavish and less reasonable. Timon will counterpoise with his fortune, what the old man will give with his daughter, though he feels the burthen of the task.

"To build his fortune, I would strain a little,
For 'tis a bond in men."

His inquiries are of the shortest. He has no hesitation, no suspicion, but gives away fortunes as if his means were exhaustless, and his discrimination infallible. He acts in fervent disbelief of his opinion immediately afterwards expressed, that since

“ Dishonour traffics with man’s nature,
He is but outside.”

Timon conducts himself as if all men on the contrary were true to the core like himself, deriving enjoyment from the happiness of others. Life to him is a poet’s dream of goodness and beauty. All men are deserving of his bounty, even as he is deserving of the love and gratitude of all.

But there is more than this reasoning bounty acting upon a false estimate of man’s goodness. Timon gives for the very love of giving; he scatters without motive, further than the pleasure of doing so affords.

“ He outgoes the very heart of kindness,
He pours it out. Plutus the god of gold
Is but his steward, no meed but he repays
Seven fold above itself.”

He scatters jewels, and horses, and wealthy gifts among the rich, even as he distributes fortunes among the needy. He will have nothing back. Ventidius succeeds to the wealth of his father, and seeks to return the talents which freed him from prison, but Timon will have none of the gold.

“ I gave it freely ever; and there’s none
Can truly say he gives if he receives.”

This squandering disposition would appear to be the converse of what phrenologists denote acquisitiveness. To coin a word, it is disquisitiveness, and in some men would seem to be an innate bias of the disposition. It is to give, for the pleasure of giving; to spend, for the pleasure of spending, without esteem for the things procured in return. Probably like the opposite desire of accumulating, it is a secondary mental growth. The love of gold in itself would be as absurd as the love of iron; but after having been first esteemed for its attributes, its ability to confer pleasure and power, it becomes valued for itself, and the mere love of hoarding, without the

slightest reference to the employment of the hoard, takes possession of the mind. So in the opposite mental state, the first pleasures of distributing wealth are, no doubt, derived from the gratification it affords in various ways; in contributing to the happiness of others; in purchasing esteem or the semblance of it for one's self; in apparently raising one's self above the level of those on whom the benefits are conferred, and thus gratifying vanity; or in the more direct gratification of the senses. The pleasure of enjoyment from these sources is at length unconsciously transferred to the mere act of distribution. To give and to spend for the mere pleasure of doing so, combined with the love of change, are the attributes of many a prodigal who is no profligate, of many a man who, in a stricter sense than that usually applied to the saying, is no one's enemy but his own—very strictly this can never be said, for in civilized society no man can be his own enemy without injuring others.

Such a man is Timon represented. He appears to have had no strong attachment either to men or things. The jewel recklessly purchased, is lavishly thrown to the first friend he meets. His fortune is at every one's command, not only of the old friend in prison, and of the old servant aspiring to fortune, but at that of the flatterers of his own rank, empty in head and heart, who have no real wants or claims.

Timon has indeed a noble theory of friendship, but there wants in it all those heartlights which prove the reality of the thing, as it existed between Hamlet and Horatio, or Celia and Rosalind in the other sex. There is, however, a noble freedom of welcome in his introduction to his first feast:—

“*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony was but devis'd at first
 To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 't is shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none.
 Pray sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,
 Than my fortunes to me.”

In his table speech, his explanation of his own profuseness, and his reliance upon a return in kind from his friends, is almost communist in the expression of the idea, that the fortunes of all should be at the service of each :—

“Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits : and what better or properer can we call our own than the riches of our friends ? O, what a precious comfort 't is to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes ! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born ! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks ; to forget their faults, I drink to you.”

He gives more entertainment, distributes more jewels, showers presents on those who bring them and on those who do not, and, without knowing it, all “out of an empty coffer.” What he speaks is all in debt, he owes for every word. Honest Flavius seeks to apprise him, but since “its a word which concerns him near,” he will not listen. Even Apemantus, who seems to entertain a surly liking for him, and who seeks to inspire in him some suspicion that friendship has its dregs, tenders advice which this time is not quite railing. He admits him to be honest though a fool.

“Thus honest fools lay out their wealth in courtesies.”

He'll not be bribed lest that should shut his mouth, and Timon would then sin the faster ; Timon will give so long that soon he will give himself away in paper ; but Timon will have none of his warning, it is railing on society ; and Apemantus rebuffed at the only moment when he is tolerable, turns on his heel with his rejected advice :

“O that men's ears should be
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery.”

Timon's profuseness is pourtrayed in the steward's terse account of his debts, and the ever motion of his raging waste ; but the desire which prompts it, is best given in his own words of farewell to his guests,

“ I take all and your several visitations
 So kind to heart ; 't is not enough to give ;
 Methinks I could deal kingdoms to my friends,
 And ne'er be weary.”

But now the time of reckoning approaches in which it is prophesied that,

“ When every feather sticks in his own wing,
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,
 Which flashes now a phoenix.”

He is beset with the clamorous demands of creditors, and turns with reproachful enquiry to the one honest man who has been seeking so long to check the ebb of his estate, and this great flow of debts ; and when he at length gives ear to the importunity that can no longer be avoided, his debts double his means, and all his vast lands are engaged or forfeited. No estate could support his senseless prodigality,

“ The world is but a word,
 Were it all yours to give it in a breath
 How quickly were it gone ? ”

Flavius, like Apemantus refers the motive of Timon's profusion to vanity and the love of compliment.

“ Who is not Timon's ?
 What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord Timon's ?
 Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon !
 Ah ! when the means are gone that buy this praise,
 The breath is gone whereof this praise is made :
 Feast-won, fast-lost : one cloud of winter showers,
 These flies are couch'd.”

This however is not quite the whole truth. There is doubtless much vanity in Timon's ostentation, but there is also a magnanimous disregard of self, and a false judgment of others founded upon it. His bounty,

“ Being free itself, it thinks all other so.”

Now comes the real trial, the test of man's value. Riches are

o²

gone, but the noble heart is "wealthy in his friends;" it were lack of conscience to think otherwise.

"*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:
 No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;
 Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.
 Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack
 To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;
 If I would broach the vessels of my love,
 And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,
 Men, and men's fortunes, can I frankly use,
 As I can bid thee speak."

The trial is made, the bubble bursts; one after another the friends find characteristic and ingenious excuses. To one, bare friendship without security is nothing; another is in despair that he hath not furnished himself against so good a time; another puts on the semblance of anger that he was not sent to first, and pretending that his honour hath thus been abated, he refuses his coin.

The world turns dark with Timon, he is struck down by his friends' desertion.

"Thy lord leans wonderously to discontent, his comfortable temper has forsook him; he is much out of health and keeps his chamber."

The period of depression which would naturally intervene between that of confidence and enraged defiance is concealed from view, and only alluded to in the above sentence. Here, as in *Lear* and *Constance*, the poet takes care to mark the concurrence of physical with moral causes of insanity. Mere bodily disease is no subject for dramatic representation; and the fact of its existence is lightly enough indicated, but it is indicated, and that is sufficient to preserve the exact natural verisimilitude of the diseased mind's history. When Timon re-appears, the re-action of furious indignation possesses him. He rushes wildly forth from the house in which his loving

servants have sought to retain him. Must his very house also be his enemy, his gaol?

“The place where I have feasted, does it now,
Like all mankind, shew me an iron heart?”

At the door he is beset with a crowd of dunning creditors, adding fuel to the flame of his rage.

“*Phi.* All our bills.

Tim. Knock me down with 'em : cleave me to the girdle.

Luc. Serv. Alas ! my lord,—

Tim. Cut my heart in sums.

Tit. Mine, fifty talents.

Tim. Tell out my blood.

Luc. Serv. Five thousand crowns, my lord.

Tim. Five thousand drops pays that.

What yours ?—and yours ?

Tim. Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you !

Hor. 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money ; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em.

[*Timon drives them out and re-enters.*]

Tim. They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves :
Creditors ?—devils.”

He gives orders for his farewell feast, although Flavius reminds him of his absolute want of means, and says that in doing so

“You only speak from your distracted soul.”

However Timon and the cook will provide. The feast is toward. The expression of rage is controlled, and the infinite sarcasm of the inverted benediction is pronounced before the guests know what it means. The ambiguity of the language is of course intended to conceal for a moment its true meaning—that men are all villains and women no better ; that even their piety is selfishness, so that if the Gods gave all, even they would be despised like Timon ; but all being amiss, let all be suitable for destruction.

The dishes uncovered are full of warm water, which Timon throws into the faces of his mock friends, whose perfect nature

“is but smoke and lukewarm water.” He overwhelms them with a torrent of curses by no means lukewarm, throws the dishes at them, and driving them from the hall, takes his own farewell of house and home, bursting with rage and general hate.

“Burn house, sink Athens ! henceforth hated be,
Of Timon, man, and all humanity.”

The conclusion of the “smiling, smooth, detested parasites,” is the same as that already arrived at by the servants, namely

“Lord Timon’s mad.”

Nothing indeed is less safe than to adopt the opinion of some of Shakespeare’s characters upon others. He makes them speak of each other according to their own light, which is often partial and perverted, obscured by ignorance, or blinded by prejudice. The spectator sees the whole field, and experiences difficulty of judgment, not from narrowness of vision, but from its extent. In *Timon*, as in the early parts of *Lear*, the psychological opinion is embarrassed by the very circumstance which constitutes the difficulty in actual cases of dubious insanity, namely, that the operations of diseased mind are not retrograde to those of normal function, but merely divergent from them, in the same direction.

Timon’s eloquent declamations against his kind, are identical in spirit with those of ‘*Lear*.’ They are, indeed, interrupted by no vagrancy of thought, but are always true to the passion which now absorbs him, namely, intense hatred of the human race in whom he believes baseness and wickedness inherent. Here lies the great intellectual error which may indeed be called delusion ; that, because some few men have been base and thankless parasites, the whole race is steeped in infamy. His emotional being is absorbed by indignation, and this re-acting on the intellect, represents human nature in the darkest colours of treachery and villainy.

It is not clearly made out to what degree Timon is influenced by spite. In the imprecation upon Athens, "Let me look back upon thee," &c., he invokes social disorder of every kind as the punishment for his own treatment, and does not represent it as actually existing, and as the cause of his fierce anger. There is, some uncertainty in this passage, some confusion of thought between the depraved state of Athens which merits dire punishment, and the social disorders which in themselves constitute such punishment. The wall of Athens is thought to girdle in a mere troop of human wolves. To avenge his own injuries, he prays that the matrons may turn incontinent, that obedience may fail in children, and so forth, recognising that the contrary has existed, and that social disorder is invoked as the punishment of demerit towards himself. He acknowledges that "degrees, observances, customs, and laws," have held their place, and that their "confounding contraries" would be a new state of things due to that human baseness which is now obvious to his distempered vision through the medium of his own wrongs. In the following scene, where he apostrophises "the blessed breeding sun," in vehement declamation, he does not so much invoke curses upon man, as describe his actual state as in itself a curse; moral depravity he depicts in its existing colors.

"*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth
 Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb
 Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—
 Whose procreation, residence, and birth,
 Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes,
 The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,
 To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,
 But by contempt of nature:
 Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord.
 The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,
 The beggar native honour:
 It is the pasture lards the rother's sides,

The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dares,
 In purity of manhood stand upright,
 And say, "This man's a flatterer?" If one be,
 So are they all; for every grize of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate
 Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;
 There's nothing level in our cursed natures,
 But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd
 All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!
 His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:
 Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!"

Instead of roots he finds gold, yellow, glittering, precious gold, and he comments upon it in terms which still further prove that the social curses he invokes upon the detestable town he has quitted, are those which he believes to exist. There is no honesty, no nobility in man, proof against this yellow slave, this damned earth which will "knit and break religions, bless the accursed, make the hoar leprosy adored, place thieves and give them titled approbation." This belief in the existence of man's utter unworthiness is of prime importance in estimating Timon's character. It is needful to vindicate his misanthropy from being that of miserable spite. There is no doubt a mixture of personal resentment in his feeling, but his deep rooted disparagement and contempt of man, is founded upon a fixed belief in his utter worthlessness. If men were noble and good, or if Timon could believe them so, he would not hate them; but they are all to his distempered mind either base in themselves, or base in their subserviency to baseness. "Timon Atheniensis dictus interrogatus cur omnes homines odio prosequeretur: Malos, inquit, merito odi; cæteros ob id odi, quod malos non oderint."—*Erasmus*. This is not to hate man as he ought to be, nor even as he is, but as he appears in the false colours of mental derangement.

The character of Apemantus is skilfully managed to elicit the less selfish nature of Timon's misanthropy. In the one

it is the result of a bad heart, in the other that of a perverted reason. If all men were true and good, they would be the more offensive to the churlish disposition of Apemantus, who is an ingrained misanthrope, and as such is recognized and abhorred by Timon himself. He seeks Timon to vex him—"always a villain's office, or a fool's;" he attributes Timon's conduct to the meanest motives,—a madman before, he is now a fool;

"This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune."

He recommends Timon to play the part he was undone by—a base flatterer; and that he should turn rascal to have his wealth again, that he might again distribute it to rascals. He accuses him of being an imitator—"Thou dost affect my manners;" of putting on the sour cold habit of his nakedness and melancholy from mere want, and of the capacity to be a courtier, were he not a beggar. Timon estimates the currish spirit which thus attacks him, at its true value. "Why should'st thou hate men? they never flattered thee?" He replies,

"If thou had'st not been born the worst of men
Thou hadst been a knave and a flatterer."

Apemantus, indeed, is a real misanthrope, who judges of man by his own bad heart. It was necessary to the drama that he should speak his thoughts, but naturally such a man would only express his antagonism to mankind in his actions. Such misanthropes are too common; every malevolent villain being, in fact, one of them, although selfishness in league with badness may counsel hypocrisy. Boileau recognises this in his lines on the malignant hypocrite of society:

"En vain ce misanthrope, aux yeux tristes et sombres,
Veut, par un air riant, en éclaircir les ombres:

Le ris sur son visage est en mauvaise humeur ;
 L'agrément fuit ses traits, ses caresses font peur ;
 Ses mots les plus flatteurs paroissent des rudesses,
 Et la vanité brille en toutes ses bassesses."

Lord Shaftesbury, in the *Characteristics*, takes a view of misanthropy, which strictly accords with the character of Apemantus. He places it among "those horrid, monstrous, and unnatural affections, to have which, is to be miserable in the highest degree." He writes :

"There is also among these a sort of hatred of mankind and society ; a passion which has been known perfectly reigning among some men, and has had a peculiar name given to it, misanthropy. A large share of this belongs to those who have habitually indulged themselves in a habitual moroseness, or who by force of ill nature and ill breeding, have contracted such a reverse of affability, and civil manners, that to see or meet a stranger is offensive. The very aspect of mankind is a disturbance to 'em, and they are sure always to hate at first sight."

Timon's contempt of the treasure of gold, which he discovers in his naked and houseless misery, marks his changed nature less than his entire disregard of the invitation of the senators to rank and power, and to be captain of Athens. Riches, for their own sake, he always placed at the lowest value. He now distributes them as moral poison. To Alcibiades, whom, following Plutarch's hint, he hates less than others, he gives it to whet the sword which threatens his country. To the courtezans he gives it, because they are the infecting curses of man.

"There's more gold
 So you damn others, and let this damn you,
 And ditches grave you all !"

To Flavius he gives it tempting him to misanthropy ; to the contemptible poet and painter, because they are villains ; to the thieves, that in the poison of wine it may destroy them.

“ Here’s gold ; go suck the subtle blood of the grape,
 ’Till the high fever seethe your blood to froth,
 And so ’scape hanging.”

Gold, which has been his own curse, has become in his eyes the curse of all. It is “ the common whore of mankind.” His contemptuous distribution of the “ yellow slave,” the “ damned earth,” the “ strong thief,” with blows and maledictions to the mean wretches who seek it from him, is the keenest satire upon the state of society, which for want of it has thrown him from its bosom.

It has been said both by Schlegel and Hazlitt, that Timon is more a satire than a drama. This idea may have been derived from the little development of character which it exhibits. Each character is placed clear and definitely formed in the page, and remains so. Timon’s alone undergoes one radical change, of which we see the effect, rather than the transition. During the fourth and fifth acts, the movements of the drama are solely devised with the intention of bringing the several personages under Timon’s withering denunciation.

There are, however, some passages which hint of change, and are more important than the more prominent and eloquent ones in affording an estimate of Timon’s mental state. By the other personages he is evidently regarded as mad. Alcibiades thus excuses his anathemas on the ladies of pleasure.

“ Pardon him, sweet Timandra ; for his wits
 Are drowned and lost in his calamities.”

The good steward expresses wondering grief at the change in his appearance, the pregnant sign of the mind’s disease.

“ *Flav.* O, you gods !
 Is yon despis’d and ruinous man my lord ?
 Full of decay and failing ? O, monument
 And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow’d !
 What an alteration of honour has
 Desperate want made !

What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends :”

Even before this, life-weariness has suggested the intention of suicide ; the life weariness of true mental disease, which is distinct from misanthropy, and has reference only to the individual. Misanthropy of opinion may be robust, egotistical, resisting, full of life. The misanthropy of melancholia is despairing and suicidal.

“I am sick of this false world ; and will love nought
But even the mere necessities upon 't.
Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave ;
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat
Thy grave-stone daily : make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.

It is, however, not certain whether Timon dies directly by his own hand, or indirectly by the misery which he inflicts upon himself. The exposure described in such noble poetry by Apemantus, out of place as it seems in his churlish mouth, “What, think'st that the bleak air thy boisterous chamberlain,” &c., is in itself a kind of suicide, which has many a time and oft been resorted to by the insane. Indeed, of all forms of voluntary death, that of starvation is the most frequently attempted by them. Timon, however, does not actually refuse food ; he digs for roots and eats them, while he regrets the necessity,

“That nature being sick of man's unkindness
Should yet be hungry”—

Although his exposure to “desperate want,” which hath made him almost unrecognizable to the loving eyes of his faithful steward, may from the first have been adopted for a suicidal purpose, it is more probable that the manner of his death was still more voluntary ; for however sensibly he might feel his failing health drawing to a close, it is not likely that on the day when he supported the animated dialogue with the

senators, he should be able positively to foretell his death from exhaustion on the morrow.

“ Why, I was writing of my epitaph ;
It will be seen to-morrow ; my long sickness
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,
And nothing brings me all things.”

After mocking the senators with the pretended patriotism of a public benefit, copied from the short notice to be found in Plutarch, the invitation forsooth to the Athenian citizens to stop their afflictions by hanging themselves upon his tree, Timon takes his farewell of men and their deeds, in words pointing to a voluntary death, in a prepurposed time and place.

“ *Tim.* Come not to me again : but say to Athens,
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood ;
Whom once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover ; thither come,
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end :
What is amiss, plague and infection mend !
Graves only be men’s works ; and death their gain !
Sun, hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign.

Suicide had not that place of honour among the Greeks, which it afterwards obtained among the Romans, and at the present day, has among that remote and strange people the Japanese. Yet the duty of living and bearing one’s burden manfully was not fully recognised until a better religious faith instructed us, that this life is but a state of preparation for another. The suicide of Timon, whether it is effected by exposure and want, or by more direct means, has no motive recognised by the ancients as an excuse, and can only be attributed to the suggestions of a diseased mind.

Whether Shakespeare intended in Timon to describe the career of a madman is a question on which it is difficult, perhaps impossible, to come to a definite conclusion. The chief objection to the affirmative would be, that all satire upon the hollowness

of the world would lose much of its point if it came from the lips of an undoubted lunatic. This objection, however, loses somewhat of its validity, when it is remembered that in *Lear*, Shakespeare actually has put such satire in the mouth of the maddest of his characters, during the height of the disease ; and that in his devotion to the truth of nature he would certainly have represented such misanthropy, as a monstrous growth of the mind, if it were so.

Is it possible even in a state of disease? is it actually met with? Undoubtedly, yes. Making allowance for the difference between the adorned descriptions of poetry and plain matter of fact, putting on one side the power of eloquent declamation, which belongs indeed not to the character, but to the author, the professed misanthrope in word and in deed is met with among the insane, and, as I think, among the insane only. This malignant and inhuman passion, for such it is, takes divers forms. Sometimes it is mere motiveless dislike ; every one is obnoxious with or without cause, like Dr. Fell, in the adage. This is the malignity of Apemantus expressing itself in conduct, rather than in frank confession. The explanation of it is best given by Timon himself that,

*“Ira brevis furor est,
But this man’s always angry.”*

If anger be identical with madness, except in its duration, this exception is here excepted, and this form of madness may be said to be a life-long and universal anger. Another form of insanity, not uncommon in and out of lunatic asylums, approaches more nearly to the misanthropy of Timon ; namely, that form of chronic mental disease, I know not whether to call it mania or melancholia, which constantly torments itself and others by attributing evil motives, not like Timon’s to all ranks and classes of society, but to every individual with whom the unhappy being comes in contact. The poetical misanthropy of Timon is generalised, and cannot be said to point at any

individual, unless it be Apemantus. The misanthropy of reality is individualized; it points to all persons in turn, but to one only at a time.

This form of misanthropy may, and indeed often does exist, with none of the attributes of Insanity, but as the expression of that misleading influence, which evil dispositions exercise over the judgment. In not unfrequent instances, however, it passes the limits of sanity, and presents all the features of mental disease. Hate and suspicion become constant and uncontrollable emotions; belief in the misconduct of others develops into delusions, representing the commission of actual crimes; and with these mental symptoms the physical indications of brain disease are not wanting. No task of psychological diagnosis, however, is so arduous as that of determining the point at which exaggerated natural disposition of any kind becomes actual disease; but as the boundaries of sane mind are left behind, difficulty and doubt vanish.

When sane malignity has developed into insane misanthropy, a remarkable change is sometimes seen in the habits of the man, resembling the self-inflicted miseries of Timon. I once knew a gentleman whose educated and acute intellect occupied itself solely in the invention of calumnies against every person with whom he was brought into contact. This habit of mind was associated with utter negligence of the proprieties of life, and indeed of personal decency, so that it became absolutely requisite for his own sake, that he should receive the protection of an asylum. A more close approximation to the misanthropy represented by the dramatist, because more general and uninfluenced by malign feeling, was, however, presented in the case of a poor creature in whose expulsion from that which served for his Timon's cave, I took some part. For several years I had frequently passed by a desolate-looking house, which I believed to be uninhabited. Any strange thing, accompanied by change, strikes one's

attention, but stranger things, not so accompanied, pass by unnoticed. So it was that this house remained in this state for years, without anyone asking why it was so. At length information was received that an insane person was incarcerated within its desolate looking walls. In company with a Justice of the Peace and others, I obtained admission into the house, and, by forcing a door, into the chamber of the anchorite. Here in gloomy mistrust and dislike of all mankind he had secluded himself for five years. Little of his history was known, except that he had travelled in all parts of the world, had returned to find great domestic affliction, and from that time had shut himself in one room ; the bare necessaries of life being supplied to him by relatives who connived at his eccentricity, one of whom scarcely more sane than himself, also occupied a room in this strange home. It is astonishing that with a penurious diet, and absence of all comfort, and an absolute want of fresh air and exercise, he retained health for so long a time. Had it not been for this self-inflicted misery and incarceration, it would have been difficult to certify that this poor man was insane. He disliked his fellow men, and shut himself up from them ; that was all. Although not a rich man, he had property ; and while it was under contemplation how he could be rescued from his voluntary misery, some relations took him under their kind protection. Had this man possessed the passionate eloquence of Timon, and been exposed to severe incitements to its use, by irritating invasions on his misanthropic privacy, he might have declaimed as Timon did ; if Timon indeed did declaim ; if silence indeed is not the natural state of misanthropy, and all the eloquence of this drama that of the author, rather than of the character.

The character which Shakespeare has delineated in Timon, is remarkably enough the subject of the *chef d'œuvre* of French comedy. The *Misanthrope* of Molière, however, is in many respects, a very distinct personage from

that of Shakespeare. So far from being susceptible to flattery and to the blandishments of prosperity, more than half of his quarrel with society is founded upon his abhorrence of this social falsehood. Although he loudly condemns general vices, and thus accounts for his retirement from the world,

“La raison, pour mon bien, veut que je me retire ;
Je n’ai point sur ma langue un assez grand empire,”

yet he detests private scandal, and reproaches his mistress for indulging in it. The dishonest praise and blame of individuals are equally hateful to his ears. The reason he assigns for his misanthropy, and its extent, are identical with those which Erasmus attributed to Timon ; in his anger, he says, that his aversion to man admits of no exception ;

“Non, elle est générale, et je hais tous les hommes ;
Les uns, parcequ’ils sont méchants et malfaisants,
Et les autres, pour être aux méchants complaisants.”

He hates all mankind, because they all come under the category of rogues or flatterers. He is, however, elevated above Timon in this, that the personal injuries he himself receives are not the cause of this hatred ; on the contrary, he treats them with a noble indifference. The character of Alceste is, on the whole, that of a magnanimous, truth-loving, truth-speaking man, misplaced in a court where servility and corruption are triumphant. His very defects, his anger at vice and duplicity, and his promptness to express it, are those of a noble soul.

Rousseau has taken this view of the character in a severe criticism, to which he has exposed Molière for degrading the dramatic art, to pander to the corrupt morals of his age, in covering virtue with ridicule, and vice with false attractions. Other French writers have generally dissented from this condemnation, but Rousseau’s letter to D’Alembert is a fine example of analytic criticism, not to be set aside by the sneering assertion, that

he identified himself with this noble character, and felt his own vanity wounded in its unworthy treatment. Rousseau's estimate of it is irrefragably just and logical. If he has erred at all, it is in the opinion of the impression which the character of Alceste is calculated to make. His imprudent magnanimity may have been a subject of ridicule to the *parterre* of Molière's time, and doubtless was so; but this view of the character was less due to the manner in which it is delineated, than to the corrupt morals and taste of that age. In better times it would be difficult to throw ridicule upon that which is intrinsically and morally excellent. An interesting anecdote, related by St. Simon, attests that this view of the character was even taken in Molière's own time by the person most interested in estimating it justly. The Duc de Montausier was generally recognized to be the original of the misanthrope, and was so indignant at the supposed insult that he threatened to have Molière beaten to death for it. When the king went to see the play, M. le Duc was compelled to go with him as his governor. After the performance the Duke sent for Molière, who was with difficulty brought to him, trembling from head to foot, expecting nothing less than death. M. Montausier, however, gave him a very different reception from that which he expected; he embraced him again and again, overwhelmed him with praises and thanks, for "if he had thought of him in drawing the character of the misanthrope, which was that of the most perfectly honest man possible, he had done him an honor which was only too great, and which he should never forget."

Rousseau positively asserts not only that Alceste was not a misanthrope in the proper sense of the word, but that no sane man can be such.

"One may say that the author has not ridiculed virtue in Alceste, but a true fault; that is to say, hatred of mankind. I reply, that it is not true that he has endowed his character

with this hatred. The mere name of misanthrope must not be understood to imply that he who bears it is the enemy of the human race. A hatred of this kind would not be a defect, but a depravity of nature, and the greatest of all vices, since all the social virtues are connected with benevolence, and nothing is so directly contrary to them as inhumanity. The true misanthrope, if his existence were possible, would be a monster who would not make us laugh; he would excite our horror."

The true misanthrope, in fact, is such a character as Iago, a malevolent devil, without belief in any human goodness, without human sympathies, one who has said in his heart, "evil, be thou my good." But the very nature of such inhuman hatred would impose not only silence as to evil thoughts, but hypocritical expression of humane sentiment. The honest wide-mouthed misanthropy of Timon is wholly explicable on neither of these theories. It is neither the rough garb of sincerity and virtue, as in *Alceste*, nor inhuman hatred as in *Iago*. It is a medium between the two, inconsistent with sane mind, and explicable alone as a depravation and perversion of nature arising from disease. It is a form of insanity.

Aretæus, describing the conduct of maniacs "in the height of the disease," remarks, "some flee the haunts of men, and going into the wilderness live by themselves."

In Caius Cassius there is a fine psychological delineation of another character, who estimates man and his motives depreciatingly. Cassius is robustly sane and self-possessed, and therefore has little in common with Timon. He would approximate more closely to Jaques did not the strong intermixture of spleen pickle him as it were from the contagion of melancholy. In Cæsar's unfriendly but graphic description, he figures as the type of cynicism, except that the envy of ambition is attributed to him which the true cynic would despise. Shakespeare's only true cynics are his fools and his madmen.

“ *Cæs.* Let me have men about me that are fat ;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o’ nights :
Yond’ Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he’s not dangerous ;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. ’Would he were fatter :—But I fear him not :
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no musick :
Seldom he smiles ; or smiles in such a sort
As if he mock’d himself, and scorn’d his spirit
That could be mov’d to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart’s ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves ;
And therefore are they very dangerous.”

However true the dangerous nature of such men may be, in times when despotic power can only be attacked by conspiracy, it can scarcely be so when eloquence is the most formidable assailant of established authority. Sleep o’ nights is needful to sustain the energy of the day, and a fat body is often associated with a well-nourished brain of best quality. The greatest orators and some of the greatest demagogues have at least indicated a proclivity to Falstaffian proportions ; witness Danton, Fox, O’Connell, John Bright, and the Bishop of Oxford. Falstaff, indeed, himself says, “Give me spare men and spare me great ones,” but this was only for soldiers.

CONSTANCE.

Constance is delineated with Greek simplicity. The grandeur of one great passion is weakened by no subordinate parts of character on which the mind can rest and feel relief. All is simple and clear, like the one thrilling note of a trumpet, rising higher or falling lower, but never altering its tone. The wondrous eloquence in which the passion clothes itself does but display its force. Its unity and direction of purpose remain unchanging and unchangeable. Passion is not seen except when transformed into action. Like a great wind, it would be voiceless except for opposition; it would be viewless except for its effects. There may be a few tossed leaves, or a whirling cloud-rack, or the crash of forests. The invisible force remains the same, measured most imperfectly by the casualties of resistance.

But this passion itself, single in its onward force, is not altogether so in its nature and origin. It wears the garb of maternal affection, of the strong love a widowed mother bears to her only child; but as in Queen Margaret, the fury of ambition is added: ambition for herself, as much as for her son, which Elinor perceives, and with wounding truth expresses:

“Out insolent! thy bastard shall be king,
That thou may'st be a queen and check the world.”

This fierce desire of power and place, which is but coldly expressed in the word ambition, is as undeniable in Con-

stance as her mother's love. Had she no child she would be ambitious for herself. Having one, she is more vehemently ambitious for him, and indirectly for herself. The tenderness of love alone would have led her to shun contention and to withdraw her child from danger ; as Andromache sought to withhold her husband from the field of honour with unalloyed womanly apprehension. But love influenced by ambition, and ambition stimulated by love, produced that compound passion which incurred all risks, braved all dangers. Combined passions are weak or strong, according to their perfection of union, and singleness of purpose. If concurrent desires are but half of one mind, they pull diverse ways, and give rise to the weakness of inconsistency ; but if they are thoroughly of one accord, chemically combined as it were, the product acquires new and irresistible strength. This force of compound emotion is finely developed in Constance, in contrast with the other female characters of the drama. Ambitious without love, she would have possessed the hard vigour of Elinor ; loving without ambition, she would have been tenderly devoted like Blanch. Under the lash of the combined passion she is a fury, whom her boundless love and her deep woe barely suffice to redeem from our horror.

The first words of Constance are those of prudent advice, the suggestion of a strong vehement nature against the first move in the dread game of war. They contrast well with the ready boasts of coward Austria and feeble France :

“ Stay for an answer to your embassy,
Lest unadvis'd you stain your swords with blood.”

It is the only tranquil speech which the poor woman is permitted to utter. The scolding match into which she immediately precipitates herself with Queen Elinor develops the irritability and vehemence of her temper. To Elinor's taunt of unchastity she replies with acrid *tu quoque* invective.

She fairly overwhelms the queen-mother with vituperation, and does her best to merit the contemptuous entreaty of John, "Bedlam, have done!" and at length the expostulations of her own friend.

"*Eli.* Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
 A will, that bars the title of thy son.
Const. Ay, who doubts that? a will! a wicked will!
 A woman's will! a canker'd grandame's will!
K. Phi. Peace, lady; pause, or be more temperate:
 It ill beseems this presence, to cry aim
 To these ill-tuned repetitions."

She has already incurred the remonstrance of her gentle son.

"*Arth.* Good my mother, peace!
 I would that I were low laid in my grave;
 I am not worth this coil that's made for me."

Her very tenderness to her child is fierce, like that of some she-beast of prey. Had there been no motive in the mother's heart but that of love, this appeal might well have checked not only the unbridled use of speech, but the dangerous course of action into which Constance throws herself. But at this period, ambition is stronger than love, and it would be hard to say to what extent ambition for herself was not mixed up with that for her son. The scene affords clear insight into the natural character of Constance, as a proud ambitious woman, of irritable and ungoverned temper. The flight of her imagination, like that of her passion, is yet comparatively low. She well scolds her opponents indeed, but not until later is her unrivaled power of invective fully developed.

In nothing is Shakespeare's master-hand more evident than in the manner in which he lays a true and consistent foundation for his characters. To have built such an one as that of Constance, on the basis of the common female virtues, would have been monstrous. Constance, in whom fierce passion is not the result, but the cause of madness, could only have been from the beginning, what she is plainly

shewn to have been, a haughty, irascible woman, whose tongue and temper were dreaded by friend and foe.

Although accurate history has little to do with dramatic representation of character, it is worthy of remark, that the impèrious claim of Constance to the crown of England for her son, was not founded upon that indefeasible right which would have been recognized at a later period. Mr. Foster in his *Historical Essays* remarks that,

“In England, while some might have thought Arthur’s hereditary claim superior to his uncle’s, there was hardly a man of influence, who at this period would have drawn the sword for him, on any such principle as that the crown of England was heritable property. The genius of the country had been repugnant to any such notion. The Anglo-Saxon Sovereignty was elective, that people never sanctioning a custom by which the then personal and most arduous duties of sovereignty, both in peace and war, might pass of right to an infant or imbecile prince; and to the strength of this feeling in the country of their conquest, the Normans heretofore had been obliged to defer.”

When the alliance between John and Philip has been determined, the latter enquires for her, and the Dauphin replies,

“She is sad and passionate in your highness’ tent.”

Philip thinks the peace “will give her sadness very little cure,” and in real apprehension asks his brother of England, “how we may content this widow lady?” John proposes to give up Bretagne and other dignities and powers to Arthur, and trusts in this manner to appease if not to satisfy her ambition, and avert her vituperation :

“I trust we shall,
If not fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation.”

John, however, had reckoned without his host; the lady’s will was not to be so readily satisfied, nor her passionate

exclamation so easily stopped. When Salisbury bears to her the message of the kings, and the information of their new compact, her rage knows no bounds, and the expression of it is as vehemently eloquent as that of her passionate grief when she has really lost all. Those, who in deference to the sacred virtues of womanhood attribute all the language and conduct of Constance to the all-sanctifying motive of maternal love, will do well to remark that this passionate scene takes place while her son is with her and free from danger, except that which her own ambition prepares for him. Her rage arises from the thought that Blanch shall have those provinces instead of her son :

“ *Const.* Gone to be married ! gone to swear a peace !
 False blood to false blood join’d ! Gone to be friends !
 Shall Lewis have Blanch ? and Blanch those provinces ?
 It is not so ; thou hast misspoke, misheard ;
 Be well advis’d, tell o’er thy tale again :
 It cannot be ; thou dost but say, ’t is so :
 I trust I may not trust thee ; for thy word
 Is but the vain breath of a common man.
 Believe me, I do not believe thee, man ;
 I have a king’s oath to the contrary.
 Thou shalt be punish’d for thus frightening me,
 For I am sick, and capable of fears ;
 Oppress’d with wrongs, and therefore full of fears ;
 A widow, husbandless, subject to fears ;
 A woman, naturally born to fears ;
 And though thou now confess thou didst but jest,
 With my vex’d spirits I cannot take a truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day.”

“ O, if thou teach me to believe this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow how to make me die ;
 And let belief and life encounter so,
 As doth the fury of two desperate men,
 Which in the very meeting fall, and die.—
 Lewis marry Blanch ! O, boy, then where art thou ?
 France friend with England ! What becomes of me ?—
 Fellow, be gone : I cannot brook thy sight ;
 This news hath made thee a most ugly man.”

In this violent language the spirit of disappointed ambition is paramount : ambition not only for Arthur but for herself, "What becomes of me?" The attack on Salisbury, the innocent messenger, so unworthy of a lady and a princess, can only be excused on the supposition that she is beside herself with fruitless rage, and vents it on any one within reach. It wants but little that she should turn her tongue or her hands even upon Arthur. When, alarmed by her fury, he interposes, "I do beseech you, madam, be content." She replies with a strange sophistry, which a true mother's heart would never employ, that if he were "grim, ugly, and slanderous to his mother's womb," &c. :

"I would not care, I then would be content ;
For then I should not love thee ; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, and deserve a crown."

When was true mother's love ever measured by the beauty of her child. ? When did it not rather increase with the child's imperfections? Sacred miracle of nature, a mother's love hangs not on such casual gifts as form and beauty. The crétin idiot, hideous and half human, claims and receives more than its share. Even moral deformities cannot exhaust this unselfish all-enduring fount of love ; as the reprobate son, the outcast of the family, knows full well, feeling that there is a bond holding him to one pure heart which can never loosen. But the love of Constance is alloyed with pride, and ambition, and selfishness. Not simply because Arthur is her son is he dear to her, but also because he is rightful heir to a crown, and because his beauty flatters her pride :

"Of nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose."

With the true selfishness of intense pride, she attributes the sufferance of all Arthur's injuries to herself. She alone feels and must under-bear the woes of disappointed ambition. She

calls upon the peer whom she has so insolently and causelessly abused, to assist in her vituperations :

“Tell me, thou fellow, is not France foresworn ?
 Envenom him with words ; or get thee gone,
 And leave those woes alone, which I alone
 Am bound to under-bear.”

She will not go with Salisbury to the Kings. Did they know her truly they would never send for her. She is in an ecstasy of passion, which she miscalls grief and sorrow. The idea that she will make the huge firm earth the throne of this great emotion carries one beyond the earth in its grandeur. The intensity of her passion is almost Satanic. Her humanity is alone vindicated by her subjection to its powers. Such passion in a questionable cause, moving a strong nature, would excite only fear and abhorrence ; endured by a weak one it excites our extremest pity. Insanity alone redeems such passion to the kindred of womanhood, and is already foreshadowed in that culminating point where the extremes of pride and grief meet in the dust.

“I will instruct my sorrows to be proud :
 For grief is proud, and makes his owner stoop.
 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 sorrows sit ;
 Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.”

There is one word in the above quotations which must not pass without comment. Constance avows herself in ill health. “For I am *sick*.” This point of physical disturbance is rarely omitted by Shakspeare, in the development of insanity. It may be referred to in this instance in the most casual and careless manner, for the drama can take little cognizance of the physical imperfections of our nature. Still, however skilfully and imperceptible, the point is made. In a sick frame, passion like that of Constance would have

fuller sway. The irritable nerves would act and re-act on the irritated mind. Emotion would obtain more complete and disastrous empire.

When Constance, unobserved before, rises from the ground amidst the congratulating court, with the dignified and solemn denunciation of kingly treachery, one of the finest possible dramatic effects is produced with the simplest means. Her eloquence throughout this scene is magnificent. The interests even of kingdoms seem below its lofty aim. The truth of kings, and, as a minor term, the truth of all other men, is counterfeit. The invocation to the Heavens, that they should arm for her, and be husband to her, and set discord betwixt these perjured kings, is the climax of eloquence. To Austria's entreaty, "Lady Constance, peace;" she replies in utter forgetfulness of all miseries except her own :

"War! War! War! peace is to me a war."

No idea of the Pythoness, or of any woman inspired by good or evil influences, ever represented a more extatic state of eloquent emotion. The poet's own representation of inspired insanity, Cassandra in *Troilus and Cressida*, is tame and indistinct, in comparison.

"Cry Trojans, cry! Lend me ten thousand eyes
And I will fill them with prophetic tears," &c.

Constance descends from this exalted strain, to wither Austria with her unmatched powers of vituperation, in which she does not even disdain a ridiculous image :

"Thou wear a lion's hide ! doff it, for shame,
And hang a calf-skin on those recreant limbs." \

The war she invokes is near at hand in the "holy errand" of the Legate. When this clerical despot pours the vials of the church's wrath on the head of John, who "blasphemes" in terms of English patriotism and protestantism, Constance must vie with the curses of authority, for which there's "law and warrant."

“*Const.* O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curse a while !
Good father cardinal, cry thou, amen,
To my keen curses : for, without my wrong,
There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.”

Afterwards she only contributes short sentences to the dialogue, so pregnant with mighty interest ; but they are artfully conceived to incline the wavering mind of King Philip and Lewis to the warlike decision she so ardently desires, and they are expressed with fierce unity of purpose. As she has imprecated from heaven the bloody arbitrament of battle, she invokes hell itself, to alarm the timid soul of Philip :

“ Look to that devil ! lest that France repent,
And by disjoining hands, hell lose a soul.”

Lewis she taunts with his unfledged bride, and the coyness of his honour. Her passion stimulates her lofty intellect, and enables her to suggest in the strongest possible manner to each person, the motive likely to weigh most.

She gains her purpose, and the issue of war is to decide her rights. Blanch, with true woman's heart, laments for the sake of those she loves simply and for themselves. To her,

“ The sun's o'ercast with blood.”

But Constance, to whom peace is war, war is of all things most welcome, as the means to the end of her ambition, her fiendish ambition. May those who seek for war ever bear its heaviest penalties. May the general murderer feel the truth of Pandulph's assertion of the particular one :

“ For he that steeps his safety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody safety and untrue.”

So it is with Constance. She loses her cause and her son, and the passion of ambitious love now appears in the form of grief, perhaps of remorse.

When all purpose of ambition is at an end, and even the chief object of it lost, its instigations are no longer predominant in the poor woman's heart; in the prostrating grief she now endures there is no thought of the lost kingdom; one monster grief, like Aaron's rod, devours all smaller ones; there is from henceforth only one thought, one feeling, one mental object, one fixed idea,—that her son is for ever lost. King Philip recognizes in her one already dead to the world:

“Look who comes here? a grave unto a soul
Holding the eternal spirit 'gainst her will,
In the vile prison of afflicted breath.”

Constance taunts him with his and her own calamities as the result of his peace, whereas they were in reality the issue of her war. This is the only point on which her quick intellect ever trips. She shews no signs of bending, though her spirit is wounded unto death. Her invincible pride rejects all comfort, all solace. The charnel-house ideas of her invocation to death is poetic delirium, the frenzy of imagination. Juliet's imagination, embracing the same ideas, is feeble and prosaic compared with this horror.

“No, I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress.
Death, death, O amiable lovely death!
Thou odoriferous stench! sound rottenness!
Arise forth from the couch of lasting night,
Thou hate and terror to prosperity,
And I will kiss thy detestable bones;
And put my eyeballs in thy vaulty brows;
And ring these fingers with thy household worms;
And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
And be a carrion monster like thyself:
Come, grin on me; and I will think thou smil'st,
And buss thee as thy wife! Misery's love,
O, come to me!”

In her fierce, unconquerable pride, she would make death itself obey her as a vassal, and would shake the world even in leaving it.

“O, that my tongue were in the thunder’s mouth !
Then with a passion would I shake the world ;
And rouse from sleep that fell anatomy.”

Pandulph tells her plainly that she is mad, and rouses that eloquent defence of her reason, in which she repeats the test of madness which Lear applies to himself, the recognition of personal identity, and in which she expresses the same idea of madness as a refuge from sorrow, which Gloster does.

“*Pand.* Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so ;
I am not mad : this hair I tear, is mine ;
My name is Constance ; I was Geoffrey’s wife ;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost :
I am not mad :—I would to heaven, I were !
For then, ’tis like, I should forget myself :
O, if I could, what grief should I forget !—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz’d, cardinal ;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason,
How I may be deliver’d of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself :
If I were mad, I should forget my son ;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he :
I am not mad : too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.”

This supposed test of sanity, the preservation of the sense of personal identity, is used in the same manner by Sebastian in *Twelfth Night*, to assure himself that in the strange enjoyment of Olivia’s favours, he is neither dreaming nor doting.

“*Seb.* This is the air ; that is the glorious sun :
This pearl she gave me, I do feel ’t, and see ’t :
And though ’t is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet ’t is not madness. Where ’s Antonio then ?
I could not find him at the Elephant :
Yet there he was ; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.

His counsel now might do me golden service :
 For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
 That this may be some error, but no madness,
 Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
 So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
 That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
 And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
 To any other trust, but that I am mad,
 Or else the lady's mad ; and yet, if 't were so,
 She could not sway her house, command her followers,
 Take and give back affairs, and their despatch,
 With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing,
 As, I perceive, she does : there 's something in 't
 That is deceivable."

It is however no better a test of madness than that applied by Cassio, to prove his state of sobriety.

"Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk : this is my Ancient ;
 This is my right hand, and this is my left."

Angrily as Constance rejects the idea of madness, yet she is mad ; the very type of acute reasoning mania. In real life the intellect would scarcely be so consistent and consecutive in its operations ; but in real life neither sane nor insane people talk blank verse, and express even their deepest emotions in the magnificent imagery which great poets use. The raving of maniacal frenzy, in which the emotions are exclusively involved, would be represented by short and broken sentences, in which every link in the idea-chain would not be expressed, and which would therefore represent, more or less the features of incoherence. The poet fills up these chasms in the sense, and clothes the whole in the glowing language of excited intellectual power ; and thus we have in Constance the representation of a frenzied woman, speaking with more arrangement of ideas, than frenzy really permits. King Philip bids her bind up her tresses, which she has been madly tearing with her own hands to prove herself not mad. These tresses,

“Where but by chance a silver drop hath fallen,”
 she will bind up as she is bid ; she will even do this in fanciful reference to the one subject of all thought, her son’s imprisonment.

“I tore them from their bonds ; and cried aloud,
 O that these hands could so redeem my son,
 As they have given these hairs their liberty !
 But now I envy at their liberty,
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.”

The despairing cry of overwhelming misery, which can apprehend no hope even in heaven, expresses itself in the fancy that she can never again see her son even beyond the grave, for canker sorrow will change him.

“And so he’ll die ; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven
 I shall not know him : therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.”

Her last words indicate a state of hallucination. Grief represents her son’s voice and figure to her senses. Or if this be not taken literally, it at least represents one manner in which hallucination is produced. An absorbing emotion constantly directs the attention to one idea-image. This creation of the mind at length becomes accepted by the sense, and the hallucination of insanity exists. This differs in its origin, and its significance, from hallucination arising from some abnormal state of the nerves of sense merely, which may exist, as it did in Ben Jonson and Nicolai, without any deviation from a sound state of mental health. If the lively representation of Arthur’s presence be not intended to convey the idea of actual hallucination, it at least expresses the complete dominion which an absorbing emotion attains over the attention and mental conception.

“*K. Phi.* You are as fond of grief as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
 Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me ;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well : had you such a loss as I,
 I could give better comfort than you do.—
 I will not keep this form upon my head,
 When there is such disorder in my wit.
 [*Tearing off her head dress.*]
 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 !
K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her."

The frightful spectacle, of acute mania pursuing its course to a fatal end, was no attractive subject for dramatic representation. Shakespeare exhibited the growing horror to the extreme limit which decent regard to human weakness permitted, and then mercifully drew the veil. The spectacle of sleepless nights and restless days, of fierce raving and desperate outrage until exhausted nature sinks, this he could not and would not exhibit to the public gaze. In one short line alone he tells the end,

"The Lady Constance in a frenzy died."

This concealment of the horrors of furious mania, although their existence is indicated, has its parallel in the treatment of the death of the Queen in *Cymbeline*. The strong mind of this bad woman, one who "bears down all with her brain," is lost in maniacal frenzy, brought on by the disappointment of her schemes. She lies "upon a desperate bed," with

"A fever from the absence of her son ;
 Madness of which her life's in danger."

The horror of the desperate bed is withheld. Its termination only is recorded with the frenzied confession of her wickedness. In the flush of victory, the King is accosted by Cornelius, the

good and discreet physician, who had baffled the Queen's intended poisonings.

“ Hail great king !
To sour your happiness I must report
The Queen is dead.

Cymbeline. Whom worse than a physician
Would this report become ? But I consider,
By medicine life may be prolonged, yet death
Will seize the doctor too. How ended she ?

Cor. With horror, madly dying like herself,
Who being cruel to the world, concluded
Most cruel to herself.”

The death of the noble minded wife of Brutus is a distant terror like that of Constance. Impatience at the absence of her husband, and grief at the growing power of his enemies, induce the frenzy of despair and suicide.

“ With this she fell distract,
And her attendants absent, swallowed fire.”

In all the deaths of all the plays, a long bill of mortality indeed, there is only one instance in which all the horrors of a bad end are laid bare, namely, in that of the Cardinal Beaufort. In King John's death, physical anguish alone is expressed, and this with such beauty and force of language as to veil the foul reality of death by a corrosive poison.

Constance even more than Lear establishes the fact that Shakespeare held the origin and nature of insanity to be emotional. Until the last there is no delusion, scarcely a deviation from reason, and yet she is conducted through a tempest of emotional disturbance into the very midst of maniacal excitement. All the causes of disease are purely emotional. The predisposing cause is her fiercely passionate disposition. The exciting cause is grief. The symptoms are the same as the causes, transformed into abnormal conditions of degree. Disorder in the wit is felt, but scarcely exhibited. Loss of control over the operation of the intellect is mani-

fested in the last speech only, or perhaps also in the disconnected expression preceding, "To England if you will." Nature is above art, as Lear says, and a truth now appreciated by science needs not the support of opinion even from so great an artist as Shakespeare. But perfect art is founded upon science, the science of exact observation at least, and to such a test there can be little doubt that this character was submitted in the crucible of the poet's great brain, before it was moulded into that form of fierce power and beauty, in which it excites our admiration and awe. The wondrous eloquence of Constance is second to that of no other character except Lear. It would seem that Shakespeare revels in the free swing of fancy, in the repudiation of all mental restraint which half madness justifies. He uses these characters as the motley favourites of old courts were often used, to speak bitter truth without fear or favour, without hesitation or retention, without prudential subtraction or self-seeking after thought. The madmen of Shakespeare are his broadest exponents of humanity.

In the development of the insanity of Constance, the power of passion finds a potent ally in that of imagination. Imagination, that creative faculty which paints in the mind's eye those images which in health may be dismissed at will, but which in disease haunt the oppressed brain with their importunate presence. The faculty of forming sensational ideas without the intervention of the external senses, is one which, if not kept in subjection to a sober judgment, is more perilous to mental health than ought else except unbridled passion. In actual insanity this function runs riot, and the world of reality is supplanted by that of fancy. This idea is most beautifully expressed in *Midsummer Night's Dream* :

" 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.

The. More strange than true. I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
 More than cool reason ever comprehends.
 The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination all compact ;
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold ;
 That is, the madman : the lover, all as frantick,
 Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt :
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation, and a name.
 Such tricks hath strong imagination ;
 That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy ;
 Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
 How easy is a bush suppos'd a bear ?"

The best commentary on this is again to be found in the pages of that acute and original thinker, the author of the "Characteristics," who directly traces the origin of insanity to this very excess of the imaginative faculty uncorrected by the judgment.

"This, indeed, is but too certain ; that as long as we enjoy a mind, as long as we have appetites and sense, the fancy's of all kinds will be hard at work ; and whether we are in company or alone, they must range still, and be active. They must have their field. The question is, whether they shall have it wholly to themselves ; or whether they shall acknowledge some controuler or manager. If none, 'tis this I fear which leads to madness. 'Tis this, and nothing else which can be call'd madness, or loss of reason. For if fancy be left judge of anything, she must be judge of all. Everything is right, if anything be so, because I fancy it. 'The house turns round. The prospect turns. No, but my head turns indeed, I have a giddiness ; that's all. Fancy would persuade me thus and thus, but I know better.' 'Tis by means therefore of a controuler and corrector of fancy, that I am saved from being mad. Otherwise, 'tis the house turns, when I am giddy. 'Tis things which change (for so I must suppose) when my passion merely or temper changes. But I was out

of order. I dreamt. Who tells me this? Who besides the correctrice, by whose means I am in my wits, and without whom I am no longer myself?"

This distinction between the mind directed by fancy, under the sway of the senses, and the appeal from thence to reason is directly asserted in the *Winter's Tale*.

" Camillo.

Be advised.

Florizel. I am, and by my fancy : if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason.
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome."

What is this corrector or controller of fancy? It is somewhat begging the question to reply, that it is the reason; for reason is often held to include all the intellectual operations, and among them the one to be controlled. The real umpire appears to be the faculty of comparison, by which the unrealities of imagination, or the misrepresentations of perverted sensation are contrasted with the knowledge derived from experience. Shakespeare somewhere remarks, that after one has looked fixedly at the sun, all things appear green. If this appearance continued, the mental preservative against belief in the reality would be, the comparison of present impressions with the memory of the past, the testimony of others, and a grounded belief in the unchangeability of nature.

In the greater number of delusive appearances, one sense corrects another; but when all the senses and all the circumstances of time and place continue to affirm the reality of some transaction, it is difficult to see from whence the corrective would come. If the sensations of dreaming were as clear and consistent as those of the waking state, how would men be able to distinguish the memory of their dreams from those of their real actions? There is a curious passage bearing on this point in *Troilus and Cressida*. The young lover has just witnessed the falsehood of his mistress. He cannot at first believe the evidence of his senses, and argues

against his misery, by combating the testimony of his eyes and ears with that of his affections.

“ *Ulyss.* All’s done, my lord.

Tro. It is.

Ulyss. Why stay we then ?

Tro. To make a recordation to my soul
Of every syllable that here was spoke.
But, if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing the truth ?
Sith, yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth avert the attest of eyes and ears,
As if those organs had deceptive functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was Cressid here ?

Ulyss. I cannot conjure, Trojan.

Tro. She was not, sure.

Ulyss. Most sure she was.

Tro. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ther. Will he swagger himself out on’s own eyes ?

Tro. This is not she. O madness of discourse,
That cause sets up with and against thyself !
Bi-fold authority ! where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all reason
Without revolt : this is, and is not, Cressid !
Within my soul there doth conduce a fight
Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate
Divides more wider than the sky and earth ;
And yet the spacious breadth of this division
Admits no orifice for a point, as subtle
As Ariachne’s broken woof, to enter.”

The arguments of Macbeth against the unreal mockeries of the phantom rest upon a like foundation ; but somehow or other, and despite of all the philosophy of Bishop Berkeley, there is a vast difference between appearance and reality. Hamlet, and Brutus, and Macbeth may have seen ghosts, and believed in them more or less, but a hungry man never disbelieves in the pudding he is eating ; unless, indeed, he is absolutely insane, and then no limit can be set to the absurdities of belief or disbelief.

JAQUES.

“And melancholy marked him for her own.”

“The melancholy Jaques” is another phase of the Hamlet character, contemplated under totally different circumstances. There is the same contemplative cast of thought on the frailties of man exercising itself in obedience to a depressed state of emotion. In Jaques this has not been the result of sudden revulsion of feeling, of some one great grief, which has, as it were, overspread the heavens with a pall. It is of more gradual and wholesome growth, the result of matured intellect and exhausted desire. Jaques is an “old man,” or at least old enough to be called so by the rustic lass in her anger of disappointment; and he himself indirectly attributes his melancholy to his wide knowledge of the world.

“It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and, indeed, the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humourous sadness.” “Yes, I have gained my experience.”

It is thus he hath gained knowledge, if not wisdom; unless wisdom be not truly described in that line of the poet, which says that it enables us

“To see all other’s faults and feel our own.”

He does indeed suffer from more than intellectual depreciation of man’s sensuality. He has wallowed in it himself, and if he suffers not the acute sting of remorse, he endures

the dull ache of exhaustion. To use a term now almost naturalized among us, he is thoroughly *blasé* with licentious freedom. He has squandered his means and exhausted his powers of enjoyment; having been forgetful that moderation is the true epicureanism of enjoyment, he will now rail upon the pleasures of the world in the false stoicism of disgust. Falstaff says that old men "measure the heat of our livers by the bitterness of their own galls;" but in Jaques it is the heat of his own liver which has embittered the gall of his opinion. He says

"Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fye on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores, and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot hast caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world."

The contrast of this philosophy with the nobler one of the banished Duke, which leads him to discover the sweet uses of adversity, and to find good in everything, is all in favour of the latter; for the loving humanity of the Duke, as contemplative in its way as the cynicism of the other, is felt to be that of goodness, and nobleness, and truth; while that of Jaques is made to throw, not only on his thoughts, but on himself, that tinge of ridicule which belongs to perverse exaggeration. His general cynicism, however, is combined with tenderness of heart; he grieves even at the physical pain endured by brutes; and the moral evil of the world, which he sees through and through, pains and distresses him. The selfishness which makes worldlings bequeath wealth to the rich, and which makes "misery part the flux of company,"

and the prosperous to look with contempt upon the wretched, is to him not a source of hatred, but of sorrow.

“Most invectively he pierceth thro’
The body of the country, city, court,”—

but his invectives are half erased with tears. Jaques’ melancholy is no affectation, though he “loves it better than laughing,” “and can suck it out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs.” Although his intimate knowledge of mankind, and his sententious power of expression, and his perverse ingenuity in representing things awry, make his company an intellectual feast, so that the Duke says,

“I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he’s full of matter,”

he feels no vain pleasure in the display, and avoids the disputation and collision of wit which the Duke so much enjoys.

“*Jaq.* I have been out all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company; I think of as many matters as he, but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them.”

He is as far from being unsocial as he is from being really misanthropic. He delights in the gay Amiens and his songs, though he does suck melancholy from them. He fancies Orlando, sees no fault in him, except “to be in love,” and invites his companionship “to rail against our mistress the world and all our misery.” He almost solicits friendship with Rosalind; but to Touchstone he cleaves as to a grotesque image of his own thoughts. There is no trace in him of that terrible selfishness which distinguishes melancholy when it has become disease. The sensual sources of selfishness have been dried up in him; and the intellectual ones are frozen by his in-grain cynicism. He is more disposed to solitude than disputation, to silence than intellectual display, seeing that “’tis good to be sad and say nothing.” The most subtle of all vanities, that of mental power, is absent, and the two or three long

speeches he makes are but the spontaneous expression of his contemplation. If this contemplation paints itself in sad colours, it is singularly free from personal animosity. This is finely expressed in his reply to the accusation of the Duke, that he would commit sin in chiding sin.

“*Jaq.* Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very weary means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, The city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?”—

The motive for this general censure of vice is, indeed, as wide apart from that of individual slander, as benevolence is from malice. The tenderest love of which the world's history bears record, denounced and unsparingly lashed all vice, but the woman taken in adultery was told to “go and sin no more.”

The Duke always appears unduly severe in his estimate of Jaques' humour. He has accused him of “sullen fits,” of being “compact of jars,” of deriving his disgust of life from used up libertinism; and after Orlando's famishing appeal for pity and sustenance, he does him the injustice to refer the cause of his sadness to the feeling of personal misery.

“*Duke S.* Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.”

Jaques replies in that epitome of life in twenty-eight lines, describing the seven ages of man, the condensed wisdom of which has become “familiar as household words.” It affords a complete, though indirect refutation to the Duke's implied reproach, and distinctly lays the wide basis of his philosophy on human life at large. It is to be remarked that there is neither anger nor malice in this description of life. It merely

represents the shady side of truth. The weakness of infancy, the pains of education, the woes of love, the dangers of glory, the pedantry of mature authority, the meanness of aged frugality, and the wretchedness of decay, these are the aspects of life given in brief sentences, each of which is like a picture in outline from the pencil of Retzsch. But life has another aspect: infancy has its pleasures of sense and its beauty; boyhood, its game and its fun; love, its joys; war, its glory; and age, its honourable worth. Only in the last scene of all, when decay and rottenness claim the yet living ruins of mind and body, is there no redeeming compensation;

“Last scene of all
That ends the strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.”

But how few who start in life reach this melancholy part of the course, more painful to behold perhaps than to endure. Infancy mewling and pewking, or crowing with laughter, is welcome and abundant as flowers in spring, but the living decay of second childhood is a prodigy.

The delight which Jaques takes in the quaint humour of Touchstone is partly owing to the attraction which that singular compound of wit and folly has, for one whose curiosity to know all varieties of character is as keen as that of an antiquarian or a naturalist for some strange or new thing, and partly to the satire on human life expressed in the fool's sallies. Touchstone is second only in the aristocracy of Shakespeare's fools, subordinate only to him, hight of Lear, whose younger brother he might well be, more robust in health and coarse in humour, but with the self-same faculty of turning wisdom into folly and folly into wisdom, of levelling pretension by ridicule, and exposing the naked absurdity of false honour. The philosophy of folly is more broad, uncleanly, and rabe-

laisian in the expression which it receives from Touchstone, than from the fool in Lear, but it is the same in effect, and as such is delightful to Jaques. He delights in him, and entreats the Duke to do so likewise. "Good my Lord, like this fellow." He goes out of his way to counsel him against his false marriage and its effects, when the wood so greenly put together will warp, warp.

Jaques indeed displays a greedy appetite for all knowledge of human nature. He hunts after peculiarities and revels in the chase; as Shakespeare himself must have done, to have acquired that wonderful collection of game and vermin, which he has transmitted to us in the vast museum of his dramas. That Jaques, with all his contempt of mankind in general, really loves man in the particular, is proved by his last speech,

"*Jaq.* Sir, by your patience; If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life,
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?"

Jaq de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—
You to your former honour I bequeath; [*To Duke S.*
Your patience, and your virtue, well deserves it:—
You [*to Orlando*] to a love, that your true faith doth merit:—
You [*to Oliver*] to your land, and love, and great allies:—
You [*to Silvius*] to a long and well-deserved bed:—
And you [*to Touchstone*] to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victual'd:—So to your pleasures;
I am for other than for dancing measures."

In this he does full justice to all, even to poor Touchstone, whose perverse match he has not been able to prevent. If he is not for dancing measures, it is because the gay cloak of ceremonious amusement would conceal that which he hungers after, the heart of man; because it would afford a less fruitful field of observation than the words and works of the Duke, so recently converted from the wicked enjoyment

of worldly power. Jaques himself has no want of belief in human goodness, and in his own heart there is so much of it that he is quite unable to support consistently, the part of scoffer, much less that of misanthrope.

“ With too much knowledge for the sceptic’s side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic’s pride,
 He hangs between ;”

between his general theory of man, painted in the sombre colours of his own emotional sadness, and his love of individual men. Instigated not less by his own goodness of heart than by his profound knowledge of the strength and weakness of men, their good and evil, their virtue and vice, mixed human nature receives from him more pity than contempt.

Jaques leaves upon my mind the impression, that he was absolutely sane. In him judgment remained master of the direction of thought, and the dilatation of feeling. It is true he cherished his melancholy, but if he had thought fit to do so, he retained the power to oppose, if not to repress it. Herein appears to exist the psychical distinction between the sane and the insane melancholist ; a distinction, which it may often be very difficult, if not impossible to establish, but the only one which can be safely propounded, and which must be constantly borne in mind, and sought for, even when it cannot be found. The still more essential difference, that in one case there is cerebral disease, and in the other there is not, can only be proved by the symptoms of disease, which are often obscure or concealed.

But if Jaques was sane, it cannot also be said that he was safe. The voluntary indulgence of melancholy is a perilous experiment. Health may carry a man through it, as it will carry one through the miasm of a marsh reeking with ague, or through the pestilential breath of a fever ward. But if under any change of circumstances health should fail, or the

virulence of the poison be increased, the resistance would in one case, as in the other, be eventually overpowered. If Jaques had fallen on the bed of sickness, or under the dark shadow of real grief, it is probable that his fantastic melancholy would have been converted into the melancholia of disease, which, assimilating all things into itself, would first have defied, and finally have subjugated the reason, and have given him cause to exclaim with Messala :

“ Oh, hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not.”

There are few words which have been used both by Shakespeare and others in such various and different senses as melancholy. The history of words is the history of thought, and a complete account of the life and adventures of this word, from its birth in Greek physics, its development through philosophy and poetry, to its present state of adult vigour in the prose of every-day life, would be an interesting exercitation, but neither an easy nor a brief one. Originally employed to express a medical theory of the ancients on the origin of madness, it has singularly enough been used to denote the most opposite emotional states. *Choler* signifies anger, a meaning upon which Shakespeare frequently quibbles ; but *melancholer*, *black choler*, means the opposite of anger, namely, emotional depression. It has however only recently settled into this signification. The learned Prichard asserts that the ancient writers attached to it no idea of despondency, but only that of madness in general. Dr. Daniel Tuke, however, points out that in this opinion, Prichard has not displayed his usual accuracy. “ Hippocrates, in one of his aphorisms says, ‘If fear or distress continue for a long time, this is a symptom of melancholy.’ And in other places he distinguished melancholy from mania, by the absence of violence ; at other times, however, he applies the word to madness in general. Modern

writers before Esquirol used the word melancholy, to convey the idea of derangement on some particular point, whether accompanied by gloom or mirth. Thus Cullen included under melancholy 'hallucinations about the prosperous' as well as 'the dangerous condition of the body;' and Dr. Good speaks of 'a self-complacent melancholy.'" Other writers appear to have used the term in a non-medical sense, with equal diversity of meaning. Thus Henry More makes melancholy synonymous with enthusiasm.

"It is a strong temptation with a melancholist when he feels a storm of devotion and zeal come upon him like a mighty wind—all that excess of zeal and affection, and fluency of words is most palpably to be resolved into the power of melancholy, which is a kind of natural inebriation"—"the vapour and fumes of melancholy partake of the nature of wine."

Milton uses the word melancholy in the sense of contemplative thought, and invokes and deifies the emotion in *Il Penseroso* :

"But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest melancholy."

Since then the term has been gradually settling down into its present meaning of emotional dejection. It is not however properly used even now to signify a morbid state, unless periphrasis for that purpose be made use of; and care should be taken, which is not always done, to distinguish between melancholy and melancholia, the latter being the proper technical term applied to a form of mental disease.

Shakespeare uses the word melancholy with many modifications in its meaning, but with far less of laxity than that employed by other authors, and in a sense more approaching that of melancholia. In "*Love's Labour Lost*," the grandiloquent Spaniard in his letters to the King uses the term in its strictly medical sense :

"Besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend

the black oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health giving air."

In the following scene the question is actually mooted, though unfortunately not determined, of the difference between sadness and melancholy.

"*Arm.* Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy ?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no ; O lord, sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal ?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior."

King John, in that fine scene where he tempts Hubert to the murder of his nephew says,

"Or if that surly spirit melancholy,
Had baked thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which else runs trickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep men's eyes,
And strain their cheeks to idle merriment."

In *Twelfth Night* it is supposed to perform another culinary process. Fabian says, "If I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy."

In *Taming the Shrew*, the physicians are said to recommend the pleasant comedy to Christopher Sly, on the grounds that,

"Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your blood,
And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy,
Therefore they thought it good you hear a play,
And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life."

In *Viola's* touching description of the effects of concealed love, the black spirit is made to assume a new livery, in a manner which proves Shakespeare to have been conversant with the appearances at least of chlorosis or green sickness, the *febris amatoria* as it has also been called.

“ She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”

The alliance, or rather the resemblance, existing between pride and melancholy, is noted in *Troilus and Cressida*. Speaking of Achilles, the enquiry is made “ Is he not sick ?” Ajax replies :

“ Yes, lion sick of a proud heart : You may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man ; but by my head it is pride.”

But the melancholy which approaches most nearly to that of Jaques is that of Antonio, the merchant of Venice. In his noble simplicity he does not parade it like Jaques, who rather prides himself in the sable plumage of his disposition. Antonio merely calls his depression sadness, and attempts not to account for it.

“ *Ant.* In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn ;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me,
That I have much ado to know myself.”

His friends endeavour to account for the emotional phenomenon in various ways, more or less unjust. His “ mind is tossing on the ocean,” and “ fear of misfortune makes him sad,” or he is in love. “ Fie, fie !” that folly at least is not to be imputed to the staid nobleness of his character. Then it must be constitution and the work of nature ; he's sad because he is not merry ; “ Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time ;” some will grin at anything, and others will smile at nothing ; “ Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.”

Gratiano is still less complimentary, and attributes the sadness of his friend to the desire to gain the world's opinion for wisdom. The downright unreserved frankness of these men to Antonio is, however, an indirect testimony to the goodness of his heart, and the sweetness of his temper.

Gra. You look not well, signior Antonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. Let me play the Fool :
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ?
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*,
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.

* * * * *
But fish not with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion."

A most unjust imputation, for there are few characters in the dramas less self-seeking than that of this princely merchant. The more probable cause of his unexplained melancholy would seem to be that of *ennui*, arising from unruffled prosperity. Man is not only born to trouble, but a certain amount of it is good for his mental health. Without some motion of the elements, the waters of life stagnate. Antonio's melancholy has its origin in his prosperity, his unselfish disposition, and sweet temper. To have spat upon old Shylock's gaberdine was as little indication of the contrary, as to have kicked a vicious cur, when he was worrying helpless children. He delivered

those who made plaint to him from the Jew's forfeitures, and he despised and spat upon the wretched usurer. When real trouble comes upon him, his melancholy disappears. He will gladly release himself from the penalties of the bond. The apparent submission to his fate, because he is "a tainted wether of the flock," and will by death avoid "the hollow eye and rumpled brow, and age of poverty," all this is spoken in the magnanimous desire to relieve the wretchedness of his friends ; but when the wealth, of which he was formerly so careless, is regained, there is no expression of melancholy in its reception.

"Sweet lady, ye have given me life and living."

Monotonous prosperity is the cause of his morbid sadness ; a strong dose of adversity its cure. The more wholesome condition is that of the middle state prayed for by the wise Agur, "give me neither poverty nor riches, feed me with food convenient for me."

The melancholy of the Queen in King Richard the Second bears a strong resemblance to that of Antonio. A new element, however, is added, in the vague apprehension of coming evil. The sadness of the Queen, like that of Antonio, is partly constitutional, and arises in the midst of prosperity ; but unlike it, it does not rest in the present ; but throws its dark shadow into the future. This union of sadness and fear is constantly met with among the insane ; very frequently, indeed, groundless fear is the sole apparent cause of melancholia, or rather its prominent feature. In the following passage, the Queen's explanation of the origin of sadness from fear, and Bushy's rejoinder upon the origin of fear from sadness, is a wonderful example of psychological acumen. It is remarkable that in Richard's Queen, as in Antonio, the real stroke of adversity is described as adverse to the melancholy which had free sway in prosperous

times, for when the King is led in humiliation through London, the Queen's spirit is roused, and she encourages her depressed Consort to lion-like resistance.

"*Bushy*. Madam, your majesty is too much sad :
You promis'd, when you parted with the King,
To lay aside life-harming heaviness,
And entertain a cheerful disposition.

Queen. To please the King, I did ; to please myself,
I cannot do it ; yet I know no cause
Why I should welcome such a guest as grief,
Save bidding farewell to so sweet a guest
As my sweet Richard : yet, again, methinks,
Some unborn sorrow, ripe in fortune's womb,
Is coming towards me ; and my inward soul
With nothing trembles : at something it grieves
More than with parting from my lord the King.

Bushy. Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which shew like grief itself, but are not so :
For sorrow's eye, glazed with blinding tears,
Divides one thing entire to many objects,
*Like perspectives, which rightly gaz'd upon
Distinguish proper form,—but eyed awry,
Shew nothing but confusion,—So your majesty,*
Looking awry upon your lord's departure,
Finds shapes of griefs more than himself to wail ;
Which, look'd on as it is, is nought but shadows
Of what it is not. Then, thrice-gracious queen,
More than your lord's departure weep not ; more's not seen ;
Or if it be, 't is with false sorrow's eye,
Which, for things true, weeps things imaginary.

Queen. It may be so ; but yet my inward soul
Persuades me it is otherwise : Howe'er it be,
I cannot but be sad ; so heavy sad,
As—though, in thinking, on no thought I think—
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrink."

In the above quotation, I have ventured with diffidence to alter the lines in italics from the original, in which, by some accident of writing or printing, the sense appears to have been perverted to the very contrary of that which it seems to me evident that it was intended to convey. In the original, the

perspective or telescope when rightly gazed upon, is said to shew confusion, and when eyed awry, to distinguish form aright; a statement opposed both to the context and to the fact. The text in both Collier's and Knight's editions stands thus :

“ Like perspectives, which rightly gazed upon,
Shew nothing but confusion,—eyed awry,
Distinguish form : so your sweet majesty,” &c.

In the endeavour to restore that which appears to me the true meaning, I have omitted one word and inserted another, which are needful to maintain the rythm, but are not essential to the sense.

The old authors commonly used the word ‘ perspective ’ for telescope, and by Bishop South, the word is not only used in this sense, but is employed in a simile closely parallel to the above ; disturbed position being substituted for disturbed refraction.

“ It being as impossible to keep the judging faculty steady in such a case, as it would be to view a thing distinctly and perfectly, through a *perspective* glass held by a shaking paralytic hand.” Vol. iii., sermon 2.

Thus, in different characters, Shakespeare has referred to melancholy, as the cause, or the consequence, or the accompaniment of various and very different emotions. The villain-melancholy described by John, the love-melancholy by Viola, the melancholy of pride in Achilles, of prosperity in Antonio, of constitution and timidity in the Queen of Richard II., of contemplation in Jaques, have their several anatomies opened to view with more skill, if less labour, than that employed by the quaint and learned diligence of old Burton, the professed dissector of the passion. In Cymbeline, this diversity of melancholy's habitation is positively though poetically expressed :

“ Oh, melancholy !
Whoever yet could find thy bottom ? find

'The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish carack
Might eas'liest harbour in?'

There is but one step from *melancholy* to *music*. There is but one step from delicacy of pleasure to that of pain, and from that of pain to pleasure. Highly strung sensibility is the common term, or rather, the common condition of both. Internal or external circumstance, the events or humours of life, determine to which side the balance shall temporarily or permanently incline. According to existing state or bias, the same thing may cause or allay emotional depression. This is most remarkable in the influence exercised by music upon persons of melancholic tendency. Melancholia may be said to be the minor key of the soul, and, in finely strung organisms, the internal vibration responds to the external concord of sweet sounds. It is only the unreflective man of action, like Harry Hotspur, who would

"rather be a kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of those same metre ballad-mongers."

Jaques, on the contrary, "can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weazel sucks eggs," and finds as much enjoyment in the process. His delight in music may be correlated with many passages in the other dramas to the same effect. The most obvious and beautiful of these perhaps are to be found in the *Merchant of Venice*, and *Twelfth Night*. In the former, not only is the sentiment expressed, but the reason for it is given.

"*Jessica*. I am never merry when I hear sweet music,
Lorenzo. The reason is, your spirits are attentive."

This reason is illustrated by the effect which a trumpet sound produces upon a herd of wild colts, and the conclusion is indicated that the melancholy moved by music is that of sensibility, and is opposed to the darker melancholy which is referred to by King John as that fit for a base action.

“The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted :”

In *Twelfth Night*, the Duke uses music with another psychological purpose :

“If music be the food of love, play on,
 Give me excess of it ; that surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.”

The same idea is expressed by *Cleopatra*,

“Give me some music, music moody food
 Of us that trade in love.”

It is invoked by *Queen Catherine* to dispel sadness :

“Take thy lute, wench ; my soul grows sad with troubles :
 Sing and disperse them if thou canst.”

In some sad moods, however, it cannot be endured, as when in deep misery *Richard II.* exclaims,

“This music mads me, let it sound no more ;
 For though it have help'd mad men to their wits,
 In me it seems, it will make wise men mad.”

But enough of this : it would be wearisome to quote all Shakespeare's references to this most refined of sensual pleasures, of which it cannot be doubted that he was passionately fond. Collins' *Ode*, in which music is made to express in turn the voice of all the passions, does not indicate so sensitive an ear, and so true an appreciation of its influence on the mind, as that which pervades the dramas of Shakespeare,

MALVOLIO. CHRISTOPHER SLY. COMEDY
OF ERRORS.

In the time when Shakespeare wrote, and of which he wrote, there existed no "Imputed Lunatics' Society." At least there are no records of its existence, and not even a tradition thereof. Is it possible that one of the members may have immolated the Secretary on a funeral pyre of the proceedings, and thus converting the whole into the "baseless fabric of a vision, left not a wreck behind." If so, the more's the pity; for if the writings of Shakespeare may be taken as a guide, it was more needed then than it is now; inasmuch as the false imputation of insanity appears at that time to have been quite a common incident.

These characters of imputed insanity were needful to bring Shakespeare's psychological delineations "full circle round." The various phases of real and feigned insanity, which he has depicted with such marvellous skill and truthfulness, needed this one link to complete the chain. In its way it is perfect, as representing not only a masterly and most amusing sketch of the fabrication of imputed lunacy, but also of the treatment thought to be suitable for the insane in those days. Some incidental references to the treatment of the insane are to be found in several of the dramas. Thus Cominius says to Coriolanus,

"If, 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles."

In *Romeo and Juliet* also is the following :

Benvolio. Why Romeo art thou mad ?

Romeo. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is :
Shut up in prison : kept without food,
Whipp'd and tormented."

In "As you like it," Rosalind incidently refers to the treatment of insanity.

"Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do : and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too."

Malvolio only gets the half of Rosalind's recipe, which he endures without exciting much commiseration ; a fact which may lead to the reflection that the ill-treatment of a real madman is an offence of very different colour to a frolic, however mischievous, with a vain egotistical coxcomb like Malvolio, or a drunken humorist like Sly. A sane man who has behaved himself like a madman, deserves some sort of punishment ; the misfortune of real disease claims ever-enduring forbearance and kindness ; from whence it results that the interests of an insane person, who has really suffered ill treatment, and those of a sane person who has brought upon himself the imputation of insanity, are very far from being identical.

In the frolic of Twelfth Night, Shakespeare prefaces his character for the imputation of madness, with the same skill he has elsewhere displayed in laying the ground plan for the reality. The unalloyed egotism of the major-domo at first vents itself in a querulous attack on the Fool, and on those who laugh at his folly. He is one of those men to whose self-important gravity every jest is an insult. Olivia gives the key note of his disposition ; a testy temper measuring all things by the rule of his narrow self-esteem.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free

disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts, that you deem cannon-bullets."

Though he has right on his side in objecting to Sir Toby's saturnalia, the same priggish vanity is evident in the method of reproof, bringing down upon him the pungent sarcasm of that moist moralist :

"Art thou any more than a steward? Dost thou think because thou art virtuous there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

He offends Maria also with his Jack-in-office reproofs. Maria, the "wittiest piece of Eve's flesh in all Illyria," instantly forms the plan of consummate revenge, namely, to "gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation." She has taken the exact guage of his self-esteem, and knows every pebble in the hover of vanity where the great trout lies, which she will lure into her grasp with tickling falsehoods.

"*Mar.* I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love ; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated : I can write very like my lady, your niece ; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent ! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him."

Malvolio has made enemies on every side, by the tale-bearing arts of upper-servant diplomacy, so that recruits to the ambushade of frolic are easy to find. Fabian will be boiled to death with melancholy, "rather than lose a scruple of the sport," and Sir Toby will "fool him black and blue." The poor victim's proclivity to folly is carefully elaborated before Maria's wicked device of the letter makes the cup brim o'er.

“ He has been yonder in the sun practising behaviour to his own shadow this half hour. Observe him for the love of mockery, for I know that this letter will make a contemptive idiot of him.”

Malvolio's egregious vanity expressed in his overheard soliloquy is so preposterously flagrant, that it scarcely needed the dish of poison dressed for him in the feigned letter from the Countess, to bring it to a climax so closely resembling madness, that Olivia should accept the fact, without further proof than the absurd demeanour which the poor “ baffled fool ” puts on before her :

“ *Mal.* 'Tis but fortune ; all is fortune. Maria once told me, she did affect me : and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect, than any one else that follows her. What should I think on't ? ”

The steward's conceit has not the common quality of good nature to redeem it. He is testy and quarrelsome among his fellow servants, and a willing tell-tale of their failings, an ill-disposed sheep-dog of the domestic flock, a “ niggardly rascally sheep-biter,” as Sir Toby calls him. He is a man who has no pity for others, having himself put into prison the captain who rescued Viola, for some unspecified offence. His adhesion to Olivia is founded upon selfishness alone. He not only displays no real affection for her, not even that of a faithful servant, but from the first he treats her with that off-handed upper-servant want of respect, which seems to say that she is honoured by his service. The folly of his aspiration to her hand has not therefore a breath of excuse or palliation. He can love no one but himself, and the demeanour, which he puts on in consequence of Maria's letter, is but the expression of his own previous thoughts and aspirations. He dons himself in yellow stockings, a colour which Olivia abhors, cross garters himself, a fashion she detests, and presents

himself before—not the goddess of his idolatry, but the stepping-stone to his ambition, with the apish manners of an underbred dandy. Maria having previously prepared her mistress's mind for the most obvious explanation of his absurdities.

“*Mar.* He's coming, madam ;
He is sure possess'd.

Oli. Why, what's the matter ? does he rave ?

“*Mar.* No, madam,
He does nothing but smile : your ladyship
Were best have guard about you, if he come ;
For, sure, the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.—I'm as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.—

How now, Malvolio ?

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho, [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. Smil'st thou ?

I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady ? I could be sad : This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering ; But what of that, if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is : *Please one, and please all.*

Oli. Why, how dost thou man ? what is the matter with thee ?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs : It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed. I think, we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. God comfort thee ! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft ?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio ?

Mal. At your request ? Yes ; Nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady ?

Mal. *Be not afraid of greatness.—'twas well writ,*” &c.

“*Oli.* Why, this is very midsummer madness.”

In what midsummer madness is supposed to differ from that of the rest of the year is not certain, unless it may be that the heat of the weather is supposed to increase that of the brain, and render its vagaries more rampant. Olivia's injunction to Maria, to “let this fellow be looked to,” and that the people

should have special care of him, though immediately following the expression of her opinion that he is mad, has so little the effect of opening his eyes, dimmed with the scales of egotism, that he draws from the half contemptuous expression a perverse and flattering meaning.

“Let this fellow be looked to; fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow! nothing that can be, can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes.”

Not even the direct accusations of the conspirators that he is mad, can excite a suspicion of the foolery of which he is both the agent and the butt. They are idle shallow things, not of his element; they will know more shortly, and have reason to behave more respectfully. This bantering scene is pregnant with comicality, and with reference to the old-fashioned ideas of madness and disease. While Sir Toby and Maria wickedly refer the cause of the supposed insanity to demoniacal possession, Fabian hits the more sensible explanation afforded by humoral pathology.

“*Fab.* Here he is, here he is:—How is’t with you, sir? how is’t with you, man?”

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private; go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you?—Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ah! does she so?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is’t with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he’s an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched!

Fab. Carry his water to the wise woman.

Mar. Marry, and it shall be done to-morrow morning, if I live! My lady would not lose him for more than I’ll say.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: Hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers; good sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx?

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter."

The unscrupulous tormentors have some apprehension that he may verily go mad, from the complete success of their device. Sir Toby at first thinks that he may become actually insane from disappointment, when he finds that the castle building of his ambition is all in the clouds. "Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad." Now, however, they think that the very excess of his morbid vanity will bring him to this consummation.

"*Fab.* Why, we shall make him mad, indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark-room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he is mad; we may carry it thus, for our pleasure, and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen."

He is put in the dark room and bound; and to carry on the riotous fun, an exorcist is provided in the Clown, representing Sir Topaz the Curate.

"*Clo.* What, ho, I say,—Peace in this prison!

Mal. [*In an inner chamber.*] Who calls, there?

Clo. Sir Topaz, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topaz, Sir Topaz, good Sir Topaz, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man? talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fye, thou dishonest Sathan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones, that will use the devil himself with courtesy: Say'st thou, that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows, transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories towards the south and north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, sir Topas; I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness, but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled, than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused: I am no more mad than you are; make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras, concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras, ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well."

This interview represents a caricature of the idea that madness is occasioned by demoniacal possession, and is curable by priestly exorcism. The idea was not merely a vulgar one in Shakespeare's time, but was maintained long afterward by the learned and the pious; more than a trace of it, indeed, remains to the present day in Canon LXXII. of the Church, which provides, that no Minister without the license of the

Bishop of the Diocese shall "attempt, upon any pretence whatsoever, either of possession or obsession, by fasting and prayer, to cast out any devil or devils, under pain of the imputation of imposture or cosenage, and deposition from the ministry."

I have known more than one ceremonial of exorcism performed without this reference to episcopal authority, which was doubtless intended to check injudicious zeal in the employment of a superstitious rite. The exorcism of the false Sir Topaz is supposed to be proceeded with in the proper place, namely, the Church, and hence the reference to the bay windows and to the clear-stories. This ceremonial must have been of no uncommon occurrence in Shakespeare's time. In Catholic countries it is still resorted to ; and in the lunatic colony of Gheel, in Belgium, it appears to be the usual active treatment to which recently admitted patients are subjected.

There is nothing new under the sun, at least, in human nature ; to this conclusion, a careful study of Shakespeare must inevitably lead, for either from contemplation or observation, he seems to have known all the absurdities, and all the shades of man's intellectual weakness and pride. Could he arise again, would he not find this century rather dull and uninteresting, compared with his own ? Material improvements excepted, would he not find the world rather worse for wear, more crowded and less merry, more pretentious and less truthful, more knowing and less wise ; and would he not find existing follies as numerous as old ones, only less picturesque ?

If the old world system of exorcism is caricatured by the false Sir Topaz, one of the modern tests of insanity is also keenly quizzed. The idea of testing the existence of insanity, by questions on the doctrine of transmigration, may find its counterpart in more than one recent legal investigation,

in which it has been argued by very learned counsel, and maintained by very eminent physicians, that, because an educated gentleman retains some knowledge of his previous acquirements, it is impossible that he can be insane.

It is noteworthy that Shakespeare does not introduce the exorcist in the grave and tragic instances of insanity, but only to cope with the comic instances of falsely imputed madness, in Malvolio and the Antipholi.

The Clown puts off the character of the reverend exorcist, and appears in his own. He well advises Malvolio to "endeavour thyself to sleep and leave thy vain bibble babble;" and in the very acme of pretended good faith, he exhorts the victim, "tell me true, are you mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?" and in reply to the strenuous denial of both, he closes the argument with the assertion which might have prevented it, "nay, I'll never believe a madman 'till I see his brains."

The Clown provides the poor dupe with materials and means to write a letter, and undertakes to carry it to Olivia, whom Malvolio thinks the cause of his ill-usage. The Clown, however, does with the letter much as the letters of insane patients are too often treated at the present time. He detains it until the writer comes in question respecting the imprisonment of Viola's friend, the sea captain, and then presents it with the remark that, "a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered."

The Duke rightly thinks that the letter "savours not much of distraction." Malvolio comes into the presence, and gives a temperate account of the treatment by which he has been "made the most notorious geck and gull that e'er invention played on."

It is to be feared, however, that if the steward's vanity is diminished under treatment, the gall and malice of his disposition are increased. He takes leave with the threat, "I'll

be revenged on the whole pack of you," foreshadowing a criminal information for conspiracy, or at the very least an action for assault and false imprisonment.

The theme of Christopher Sly's imputed madness in the Induction of *Taming the Shrew* turns on the old point of indistinguished identity. The frolic, to "practise on the drunken man" by letting him awake from the insensibility of his liquor, surrounded by the circumstances of a lord, at once suggests the old question,

"Would not the beggar then forget himself?"

Sly, we fear, is a sad rogue, though he denies it. "The Sly's are no rogues. Look in the Chronicles, we came in with the Conqueror." But descent barreth not bad qualities, and a man's lineage may have "crept through scoundrels, ever since the flood." He would almost barter his birthright for a pot of small ale, and it is not therefore surprising that he should readily enough give up his identity, when bribed with an atmosphere of sensual gratification. Consciousness and conscientiousness are not merely allied in sound. There is exquisite drollery, if there is also some inconsistency in making Sly, who is sane, accept this oft repeated test of alienation. Sly's readiness to submit to a change of identity, is proof positive, if other proofs were wanting, that this test is not trustworthy. He is at first very positive.

"What, would you make me mad? Am I not Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not: if she say I am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in Christendom. What! I am not bestraught!"

Here is identification with circumstance: but, alas, the tempter comes to prove all this is but a strange lunacy, and

to proffer the delights of lordly luxury, and the sensualist gives up his past existence to embrace that of the sybarite. After all it is but a change of manner.

“ Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
 Or do I dream, or have I dream'd till now ?
 I do not sleep : I see, I hear, I speak ;
 I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things :—
 Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed ;
 And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
 Well, bring our lady hither to our sight ;
 And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.”

Self-identification is, indeed, no test of sanity or insanity. An insane man, who fancies himself made of butter, or of glass, is not convinced to the contrary by fire not melting him, or blows not breaking him, and is not likely to be convinced by the persistence of ordinary sensation in a substance which ought to be senseless. The power of the delusion which overlooks the attributes of that which it believes to exist, is not likely to succumb to the attributes of that which it believes not to exist. Moreover sensation may be defective or perverted, while emotion and intellect remain sound. The prick of Lear's pin might be inflicted on a limb which had lost the sense of feeling ; and if the organs of vision had been affected, Sebastian might neither have seen the glorious sun nor the pearl, or might have seen them multiplied or distorted.

In the Comedy of Errors, madness is imputed to four of the principal characters, namely, to the two pairs of twins. There is more of fanciful incident than of delineation of character in this piece. The idea of insanity first presents itself to the mind of the courtesan to whom Antipholus of Ephesus denies the ring he has had from her. The idea once suggested is eagerly seized upon by his shrewish wife and her partisans, to interpret the violent and absurd conduct of her lord. Mistaken identity is again the pivot of the imputed madness, but

in this instance the mistake is not made by the subject of it, but by the public. Adriana procures the assistance of a conjuring exorcist, Pinch. The marks of anger are interpreted into the signs of madness.

“ Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks !”

“ Mark, how he trembles in his extasy !”

“ *Pinch.* Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight ;
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.”

This of course adds fuel to the fire of the angry man's excitement ; discussion leads to violence ; master and man overpowered and bound together are put in a dark and dampish vault.

Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, the other halves of the identity, as they may be called, take refuge from their persecutions in the sanctuary of the cloister. The interview of the Abbess with the zealous and jealous wife is the fine passage of the play. Adriana must have drawn upon her fancy for the account of the premonitory symptoms, or have thus interpreted the ill-humour caused by her own shrewish temper. The Abbess makes a wrong guess or two at the cause, but her keen eye reads the only probable one in the feature language of the wife. The manner in which she inveigles the latter into self-accusation, and then describes the distracting effect of domestic care and worry is finely graphic.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was ;
But, till this afternoon, his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea ?

Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ;
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly, as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference :

In bed, he slept not for my urging it :

At board, he fed not for my urging it :

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I have often glanced it ;

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And thereof came it, that the man was mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman

Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing ;

And therefore comes it, that his head is light.

Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings ;

Unquiet meals make ill digestions,

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation^e barr'd, what doth ensue,

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ;

And, at her heels, a huge infectious troop

Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man, or beast :

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits."

The imputation of disordered mind is cast upon many other characters in these dramas, but in no other is there a discussion, or so to say, an inquisition upon the truth of the

fact, except in *Measure for Measure*, when Isabella throws herself before the Duke, praying for justice upon his hypocrite deputy, the saintly Angelo. The imputation of disordered intellect is here made in all seriousness, to discredit the accuser, and avert the punishment of crime. Angelo replies to the maiden's denunciation.

"*Angelo.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm.
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother
Cut off by cause of justice !

Isabel. By cause of justice !

Angelo. And she will speak most bitterly and strange.

Isabel. Most strange, and yet most truly will I speak."

The accusation is made, and the Duke answers in well-assumed belief in Angelo's truth and Isabella's distractedness ; thus eliciting from her that discrimination between the impossible and the improbable, which ought never to be lost sight of, in estimating dubious statements of suspected minds.

"*Duke.* Away with her ;—Poor soul,
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

Isabel. O prince I conjure thee, as thou believ'st,
There is another comfort than this world,
That thou neglect me not, with that opinion
That I am touched with madness ; make not impossible
That which but seems unlike."

The duke accepts the distinction, and applies the best possible test to the reasonableness of the statement, namely, the just consequence of one idea on another, the "dependency of thing on thing."

"*Duke.* By mine honesty,
If she is mad as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,
Such a dependency of thing on thing
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isabel. O gracious duke,
Harp not on that ; nor do not banish reason
For inequality ; but let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid."

This imputation of insanity to smother truth is as old as the time when it was replied to by the great apostle of truth, in the very spirit of Isabella's appeal: "I am not mad most noble Festus, but speak forth the words of truth and soberness." The test which the Duke applies is the only one valid in regard to the reason, although it is opposed to Locke's theory, that madmen reason right on wrong premises. But the right statement of the premises is a great part of the reasoning process: the dependency of one premise on another being duly set forth, the conclusion follows as a matter of course. Hence it follows, that although it may be needful to apply other tests to ascertain the soundness of other functions of the mind, that of the reason, strictly so called, must ever be estimated by the due sequence of ideas, the "dependency of thing on thing."

