Research Publications *of the* University *of* Minnesota

Studies in Language and Literature
Number 8

AN ESSAY TOWARD A HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE IN DENMARK

BY

MARTIN B. RUUD, Ph.D.
Assistant Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Minnesota

Published by the University of Minnesota
Minneapolis, February, 1920

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OF THE

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PREFACE

The present study, like my *Shakespeare in Norway*, to which it is properly a complement, is an attempt to trace the history of Shakespeare in Denmark as it is found in translations, criticism, and stage performances. I am aware that in thus limiting myself to external history, I am evading the most interesting part of such an investigation—the tracing of Shakespeare's influence on Danish literature. That, however, can hardly be done till we know something of the ways by which a knowledge of Shakespeare came to Denmark and the impress which the plays made upon Danish criticism and stage history. I have therefore passed over even such well ascertained facts as the influence of Shakespeare on Ewald, Oehlenschlæger, and Christian Hviid Bredahl, except so far as it may be inferred from their own critical dicta.

That there are gaps and errors, I am well aware. It could hardly be otherwise in a field so little explored. I venture to point out also that the monograph has been written thousands of miles from the sources at a time when the lines of communication have been worse than uncertain. It has been impossible, therefore, to verify many statements, or to subject others to a new scrutiny.

My thanks are due to the American-Scandinavian Foundation and to the University of Chicago, whose generous support made my studies abroad possible, to the authorities of the Royal and University libraries at Copenhagen for their courtesy and helpfulness, and to my wife, who relieved me of most of the drudgery of copying materials.

M. B. R.

The University of Minnesota
October, 1918

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AN ESSAY TOWARD A HISTORY OF SHAKESPEARE IN DENMARK

CHAPTER I

TRANSLATIONS OF SHAKESPEARE

1

We shall probably never know when Shakespeare first came to Denmark. That his name at least was known to scores of young Danish scholars who visited England in the early years of the eighteenth century is probable enough; Holberg must have heard of him, and one of Holberg's contemporaries definitely mentions his name. Other statements are unsafe. Toward the middle of the century, as we shall see, there is evidence of fuller knowledge, even of real understanding, but before 1777, when Johannes Boye published his translation of *Hamlet*,[1] the thread is uncertain and tenuous.

Boye was born in 1756, matriculated at the university in Copenhagen in 1772, and devoted himself eagerly to the study of philosophy and modern languages. In later life, indeed, he was to gain a certain distinction as a political economist and as the protagonist of the old Enlightenment against the new philosophy of Kant. But his political economy was antiquated, and his philosophy, even as he wrote, was dead. Boye lives, like so many others, not through his *magnum opus*, but through the accidental fact that he was the first Danish translator of Shakespeare.

The translation is in prose, and the reader may be curious to see what he did with Shakespeare's verse in a prose so unformed and heavy as was that of Danish before the wizardry of Jens Baggesen had taught his countrymen how to use it with grace and flexibility.

O! at dette alt for haarde haarde Kiöd vilde smelte, töe op og henflyde i Dug! eller at den Evige ey havde stilled sin Torden mod Selvmorderen! O Gud! O Gud! hvor langvilligt, slæt, afnytted og ubrugelig er all denne Verdens Gode for mig! O Fyh! O Fyh! den er en uluged Hauge, der skyder i Fröe, fyldt med lutter uhyre vækstgiærrige Ting.—At det skulde gaae saa vidt! kun to maaneder död! ney ikke saa længe! ikke to—Saa ypperlig en Konge, mod denne som Hyperion mod en Skovtrold: Saa kiærlig mod min Moder, at han ey taalte at Vindene blæste paa hendes Ansigt. O Himmel og Jord! hvorfor skal jeg erindre dette? Hun hang om ham, som om Begiærlighed voxte ved det den nöd; dog inden en Maaned! o! lad mig ey tænke derpaa—Svaghed, dit Navn er Qvinde! En lille Maaned!—eller förend de Skoe vare gamle, med hvilke hun fulgte min arme Faders Liig, som Niobe, lutter Taarer—Og hun, just hun—O Gud! et ufornuftigt Dyr vilde have sörget længere—gifter sig med min Farbroder, men ey liigere min Fader, end jeg Hercules. Inden een Maaned—hendes Öyne endnu röde af Taarer. O! forbandede Hastighed, at fahre med saadan

[1] *Hamlet, Prinz af Danmark.* Oversat af Johannes Boye. Kiöbenhavn. 1777.

Færdighed til blodskiændig Ægteseng. Det er ey godt, og kan ey heller give Godt af sig. O brist mit Hierte, thi jeg maae nu tie.[2]

Perhaps one other specimen should be given, and I choose, for obvious reasons, the great soliloquy, than which there can be no severer test of a translator's powers:

At være eller ikke være, det er Spörsmaalet—om det er ædlere at taale en grum Skiæbnes Piile og Slynger med ubevægeligt Sind, eller at gribe til Vaaben mod en Hær af Ulykker og ved Modstand ende dem—At döe—at sove—ei meer; og som ved en Sövn at ende all den Hiertevee og Livets tusinde Anstöd, som ere Kiödets Arvedeel: det er en Ende man bor önske andægtig. At döe—at sove—at sove—maaske at drömme; ah der er Knuden—thi hvad Drömme der monne komme i Dödens Sövn naar vi har slidt os fra denne dödelige Allarm, maae holde os tilbage. Dette er Udsigten, som tvinger os til at leve et langt elændigt Liv. Thi hvo ville taale Tiidens Svöbe og Spot; Undertrykkerens Urætfærdighed, den Stoltes Foragt, afslagen Kiærligheds Qvaal, Lovens Tilsidesættelse, de Mægtiges uforskammede Hovmod, og de Foedstöd taalmodig Fortieneste maae tage af den Uværdige; naar man med en usel Dolk kunne forskaffe sig Hvile? hvo ville under svare Byrder sukke og svede et möysommeligt Liv igiennem, naar ikke Villien blev tvungen af Frygt for noget efter Döden (det skiulte Land, hvorfra ingen Reysende vender tilbage) og giör at vi hellere bær de Ulykker vi har, end flyer til andre vi ikke kiender? Saaledes giör Tvivl os alle feige; og saaledes besmittes vor Beslutnings naturlige Farve af Eftertænknings mörke Anströg, og saa bliver vigtige Forsætter stödte tilbage af denne Udsigt, og kommer aldrig til Handling.[3]

Malthe Conrad Bruun, who never said or did things by halves, pronounced this translation so bad that one could fairly say of it that it is no translation at all.[4] It is prosy, no doubt, and without the slightest suggestion of imaginative power, but the sense is reasonably clear; Shakespeare's meaning is correctly given, even though the poetry is fled. Too often, indeed, Boye takes refuge from the difficulties of his task in the blankest kind of paraphrase. Note, for example, how flat is his rendering of Shakespeare's lines:

> Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
> Had left the flushing in her galled eyes.
> (Hendes Öyne endnu röde af Taarer)

Or, when Shakespeare has it

> . . . there's the respect
> That makes calamity of so long life;

Boye paraphrases:

> Dette er Udsigten som tvinger os til at leve et langt
> elendigt Liv—

[2] *Hamlet, Prinz af Danmark* pp. 22-24.

[3] *Ibid.* pp. 124-26.

[4] *Strada*, 1796. p. 122.

as if Shakespeare had written:

> . . . there's the consideration that makes us
> live a long and wretched life.

Shakespeare:

> the insolence of office.

Boye:

> de Mægtiges uforskammede Hovmod.

Some glosses, nevertheless, which seem to us today downright blunders, are not blunders at all, for Boye was simply following the standard commentators. Thus, farther along in the play, (Boye, III, 8, Variorum, III, 2) where the Danish translation has the phrase—"sort som en Solsort" (black as a blackbird) for our standard "black like a weasel,"—the translator is faithful to Theobald's text of 1773,[5] which we know he used.[6] At times, too, the style is amorphous and ungainly; for example, the last lines of "At være eller ikke være."

But when all is said and done, the fact remains that Boye's work is a distinctly creditable performance—intelligent, readable, and free from that wooden slavishness which is the curse of translations. It was well received. *Lærde Efterretninger*, the oldest of contemporary critical periodicals, honored it with an extended if not very significant review. The critic gives a two-page summary of the plot, criticises the diction, and remarks rather naïvely that the play is full of anachronisms.[7] On the other hand, *Nye Kritiske Tilskuer* gives a long, searching, and extremely laudatory review.[8] After a rhapsody about the wonderful, the unrivalled Shakespeare, the writer declares that translations of his work should ever be welcome. The undertaking, however, is a daring one. "A young compatriot has ventured to give us this elevated, difficult, in many respects this well-nigh untranslatable poet, in Danish." The result, he continues, is, on the whole good, and suggests much of the splendor of the original. By way of illustration, he quotes a part of the soliloquy "To be or not to be" and Hamlet's speech to the players. The review is not all praise; the author criticises sharply many of Boye's renderings, suggests improvements, and calls attention to certain omissions which seem to point back to a defective original. The point is not well taken. Boye has omitted nothing; but his manner of paraphrasing instead of translating often makes it appear that something in the original has been slurred over. The article closes with a

[5] *Vide* letter of Boye's great-grandson, Provst M. A. Boye, in *Politiken* newspaper (Copenhagen), May 27, 1913. Provst Boye says: "I have in my possession the edition of Shakespeare which he used, Theobald's of 1773, in eight volumes."

[6] Theobald, following Pope, reads "black like an ouzle." Cf. *Hamlet* (New Variorum Ed.) 1:272, note.

[7] *Kiöbenhavnske Efterretninger om Lærde Sager*, October 9, 1777.

[8] Volume for 1777, nos. 23 and 24.

sketch of Shakespeare's life which shows a good acquaintance with results of contemporary scholarship.

There is nothing here to suggest that note of mingled condescension and hostility which characterized, for example, Voltaire's critical dicta on Shakespeare. The deficiency, however, is more than made good by the article in *Nye Kritiske Journal*.[9] The opening is amicable enough. *Hamlet* should interest Danish readers, since the characters are Danes, though certainly it is plain that, save for the carousing, for which Danes were long famous, Shakespeare had in mind rather Englishmen of his own day. The worship of Shakespeare in England and Germany, says the reviewer, goes to the length of idolatry, but whether patriotism or literary fashions or a real understanding of the poet has led the translator to his work, he does not know. He finds much to admire in Shakespeare—elevation of thought and richness of fancy—and he quotes, as a particularly notable passage, the dialogue between Hamlet and the king (IV, 3, 21-31): "Your worm is your Emperor for diet," etc. "For the rest we are very far from joining the chorus of praise in which Shakespeare is exalted and lauded as the paragon of dramaturgists. He is the wildest and most untamed genius one can imagine, in whom is found in full measure that mingling of lunacy and wisdom which one of the ancients demanded in a genius. One might almost say of him what he said of the world:

> . . . 'tis an unweeded garden
> That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely."

The translation, as a whole, is praised; but the writer would not have been a true son of the eighteenth century if he had missed this opportunity for minute verbal criticism. Thus he reads *Poleaxe*, not, with Theobald and Boye, *Polak*. It is possible that he is right; the only trouble is that he insists upon being dogmatic about it. In one instance, however, he catches Boye tripping. Boye translates:

> A double blessing is a double grace;
> Occasion smiles upon a second leave (I, 3, 53-54)

as follows: "See her kommer min Fader. Jeg vil anden Gang faa hans Velsignelse. *Jo större Tilladelse, des behageligere er Leiligheden.*" Which, as the writer says, is complete nonsense.

2

Boye had reason to feel satisfied with his work and with the reception which the public had given it. He did not, however, carry it forward. The second Danish translation of a play of Shakespeare's was Rosenfeldt's *Macbeth* of 1787. This book has completely disappeared from

[9] Volume for 1777, pp. 221 ff.

Danish public libraries, and but for a review by J. C. Tode in *Kritik og Antikritik*,[10] we should not know that it had ever existed. Rosenfeldt himself has been forgotten. The standard Danish encyclopedia and biographical dictionaries are silent about him; only in the all but obsolete *Literaturlexikon* by Nyerup and Kraft (1820) do we find a short account of his life and works. What the *Macbeth* of 1787 was like we shall probably never positively know, but the fact that it was in prose, and the fact that isolated lines quoted in Tode's review correspond closely with corresponding lines in the later edition, lead one to believe that Rosenfeldt in 1790 simply reprinted the text of the first edition. In his review, Tode says: "We have long wished that we, too, might have a translation of one of the great dramatic poets of the world, but a translation that might open the eyes of those who will not accept him for what he is because they can not read him in the original. Such a translation was never more desirable than at this moment when English literature is becoming increasingly popular among us, and we are beginning to appreciate this great creative genius for what he is." The writer regrets that Rosenfeldt cast the translation into prose, for in prose the pedestrian passages seem to have no excuse for being, and the strong and poetic parts lose much of their dignity. "A poet should be translated in verse; rather adapt than imitate and vitiate. To turn what is essentially poetry into prose is, accordingly, a great wrong." The remainder of the review is occupied with a close examination of the translation of single lines in the first two scenes of Act I. It may be said, without entering into the matter further, that Tode's strictures are nearly always justified.

We know so little of Rosenfeldt's life that we can only speculate about his mode of work, but it seems altogether likely that *Macbeth* was put out as a feeler. At all events, two years after Tode's review appeared the first part of *William Shakespeares Skuespil. Oversatte paa Dansk efter de engelske Originaler af N. Rosenfeldt.*[11] This volume contains three plays, *Macbeth, Othello,* and *All's Well That Ends Well.* The second part, containing *King Lear, Cymbeline,* and *The Merchant of Venice,* was published in 1792. Tode had advised Rosenfeldt to study Eschenburg, and he had done so to such good purpose that he took over Eschenburg's notes, with some condensation, to be sure, and he quite plainly had the German text before him as he worked. Of this matter I shall speak in a moment. On page ii is a pompous dedication to "Herr Christian Colbiörnson, Hans Kongelige Majestets Etatsraad, General-Procureur—Deputeret i det Kongelige Danske Cancellie—Assessor i Höisteret, etc., etc.," and following this, on pages iii and iv, a dedicatory note to Colbjörnson. After a deferential, almost servile apology for the liberty he has taken in claiming the interest of the

[10] October, 1787-May, 1788, no. 1.

[11] Kiöbenhavn, 1790.

distinguished statesman in his work, Rosenfeldt continues: "Indeed, it is solely the genius and extraordinary natural powers of the original author—of the application of which to the increase of knowledge and the improvement of manners his works exhibit so many examples—which warrant me in inscribing [this translation] to you, whose noble and successful labors have been constantly directed toward the awakening of sympathy for virtue and righteousness, the defense of human rights, and the cause of truth." Is not this the unmistakable voice of the eighteenth century? Shakespeare, if he is to be at all significant to the men of that generation, must be enlisted in the cause of virtue, enlightenment, and social and political reform.

From the patron, Rosenfeldt turns, in a short preface, to the reader. He apologizes for errors, trusts that they are not so serious that they will militate against the usefulness of the translation, and defends the use of prose on the ground that, save in the so-called "syngestykker," that curious hybrid of opera and spoken drama, the Danish public is not accustomed to the mingling of prose and verse on the stage. "In *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* I have attempted a verse translation of the passages written in verse, for they would otherwise have lost too much of their essential beauty without any corresponding gain in accuracy." Following this comes a translation of Pope's introduction to his edition (xi-xxxii) and, last of all, pages xxxiii-l, a conventional but well informed sketch of Shakespeare's life. I have compared this biographical essay with that in Eschenburg's edition of 1783, and it seems clear that Rosenfeldt's is an independent compilation. The notes, which in both parts (1790 and 1792) are massed at the back of the volumes, are, however, frankly translated from Eschenburg.[12]

It is not easy to find purple passages in Rosenfeldt. The even mediocrity of the translation makes selection difficult; but perhaps a scene from the first act of *Macbeth* will serve our purpose:

Dersom det var afgjort naar det er gjort, da vilde jeg önske det nu snart var gjort; kunde Drabet alene hegne for Fölgerne og indhente de seendrægtige Fordele, maatte dette Dolkestik her være alt og ende alt, kun her, saa vilde jeg paa dette Tidens Skjær modig springe det tilkommende Liv forbi. Men i slige Tilfælde have vi allerede her vor Dom; saasnart vi ikkun give andre blodige Anslag, vende de ufortövet tilbage for at plage Opfinderen. Retfærdigheden med upartisk Haand förer Giftbægeret tilbage til vor egne Læber. Her burde han have dobbelt Beskyttelse; först fordi jeg er hans beslægtede og Undersaat, tvende stærke Grunde imod denne Handling. Saa og som hans Vert burde jeg holde Morderne ude, og ikke selv gribe Dolken. Duncan har desuden udvist saa megen Mildhed, forholdt sig saa Himmelreen paa sin vigtige Post, at hans Dyder, liig Engle, vil udbasunere dyb Fordömmelse over hans Ombringelse. Ja, Medynk selv, i Skikkelse af et nögent nyfödt Barn vil bestige Stormen, eller og Himlens Cheruber ride paa Luftens usynlige Löbere for at blæse

[12] *William Shakespeare: Schauspiele.* Neue Ausgabe von Joh. Joach. Eschenburg. Bd. 1-12. Zurich, 1775-77. There was a new edition, Strassburg, 1778; reprinted, Mannheim, 1783.

denne afskyelige Gjerning i enhvers Ören, indtil Vinden selv skal drukne i Taarer. Jeg har ingen Braad hvormed jeg kan anspore mit Anslag, uden den töylelöse Ærgjerrighed, der forspringer sig selv, og falder ind paa en Anden—Nu, hvad Nyt!

[*Lady Macbeth kommer ind*]

LADY MACBETH: Han har næsten afspist; hvorfor forlod du Værelset?

MACBETH: Spurgte han efter mig?

LADY MACBETH: Ja, er det ikke bleven dig sagt?

MACBETH: Vi vil ey gaa vider i denne Sag; nu nylig har jeg modtaget Æresbevisninger og indkjöbt kostbare Agtelses Tegn af alle Slags Folk, som nu maa bæres i deres kostbareste Glands, og ikke kastes bort saa hastig.

LADY MACBETH: Var da Haabet drukken, som dengang beskjeled dig? Er det siden faldet i Sövn og vaagner nu, forat blegne og forfærdes over, hvad det gjorde saa frimodigen? Fra dette Öjeblik af, haver jeg samme Tanker om din Kjerlighed. Frygter du for i Gjerningen at vise den samme Behjertighed som i dine Önsker? Vil du erholde det, som du agter for Livets störste Klenodie, og dog i dine egne Tanker leve som en Kujon, ladende—'jeg tör ikke' vente paa 'jeg vilde,' ligesom Katten i Ordsproget?

MACBETH: Kjere, tal ey mere derom. Jeg tör gjöre alt, hvad der tilkommer en Mand; den er ingen, der vover at gjöre mere—[13]

And so on. It would be wearisome to quote further. Rosenfeldt's translations were promptly reviewed in *Lærde Efterretninger*.[14] The reviewer is conscientious, but insufferably pedantic and trivial. His admiration for Shakespeare is unstinted: "One can give dramatic poets no better counsel than, in the words of Horace, to give their days and nights to Shakespeare." For he is, and will continue to be, the great master in showing forth the actions of men and the hidden springs of conduct. The value of a translation, even to one who plans to read Shakespeare in the original, is indisputable, for if one knows the drift of the action and has an intelligent understanding of the characters, a great many of the difficulties in the English text disappear. But to produce a really useful translation, the translator must have a sound knowledge of the languages in which he is working. And this knowledge, he maintains, Rosenfeldt does not possess. To prove his contention he cites a number of inaccuracies in translation and still others in Danish idiom and diction. The inaccuracies are indubitable, and the abundance of German words, but both are venial faults. The critic, however, was keen enough to hit upon the fatal weakness of Rosenfeldt's translation. After pointing out the inadequacy of a prose rendering, and the flimsiness of the translator's explanation of his course, he writes: "In translating into prose, Hr. Rosenfeldt assumes the right to resolve the metaphors, and this it is which makes of the vigorous dialogue of the original flat, trivial, and garrulous Danish."

That is exactly the point. To an even greater extent than in Boye, prosy paraphrase is made to do duty for translation. The following passage offers a good example:

[13] I, 6.

[14] *Nyeste Kiöbenhavnske Efterretninger om Lærde Sager* no. 27. 1790.

HELENA: . . . Then I confess,
Here on my knee, before high Heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high Heaven,
I love your son.—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him
That he is loved of me. I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.[15]

Rosenfeldt translates thus:

Nu saa bekjender jeg her paa mine Knæe for Himmelen og for Dem, at jeg fremfor Dem og næst efter den höie Himmel elsker Deres Sön. Mine Venner vare fattige men ærlige; saaledes er ogsaa min Kjerlighed. Fortörnes ei, thi det skader ham ikke, at han er elsket af mig. Jeg forfölger ham ei med mindste Tegn af forvoven Efterstræbelse; ei heller vil jeg have ham förend jeg kan fortjene ham; og dog ved jeg ikke hvorledes jeg kan forskaffe mig denne Fortjeneste.

Note the bald prosiness of the last three lines. The translation of the lines that follow is perhaps even more typical of the fashion in which Rosenfeldt emasculated Shakespeare's figures. Compare the following passage with the original:

Jeg veed jeg elsker ham forgjeves, og kjemper imod Haabet. Dog alligevel lader jeg min Kjerligheds Ström i dette bedragelige og usikkre Sold, og mærker slet intet Savn, omendskjönt jeg bestandig taber.

Here the translation is not merely pure periphrasis, it is positively misleading. Again, in Act II, the original has:

KING: Thou knowest she has raised me from my sickly bed.
BERTRAM: But follows it, my lord, to bring me down
Must answer for your raising? . . .

Rosenfeldt renders Bertram's speech:

Men fölger det deraf, naadige Konge, at Deres
Opreisning skal drage mit Fald efter sig?

Now and again we encounter eccentricities that are worse than mere watery paraphrases. Two occur very close to each other in *Macbeth*. Compare Macbeth's speech (III, 4, 38):

Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both—

with the Danish

Nu lad da Fornöyelse være Appetitens Befordrer og Sundhed begges.

Or, still better, this gem of misunderstanding:

[15] *All's Well That Ends Well*, I, 3.

LADY MACBETH: . . . . . .
. . . O, these flaws and starts,
(Impostors to true fear) would well become
A woman's story at a winter's fire
Authoris'd by her grandam—

In Danish:

. . . . . .
. . . O! denne Forbauselse, disse Syner, som ere blotte Indbildninger, vilde være vel anbragte i en gammel Kjellings Eventyr en Vinteraften *for at moere Sin Bedstemoder.*

How any one who could read English at all could shoot so wide of the mark is past understanding.

A final question presents itself in connection with Rosenfeldt's translation. To what extent did he depend on Eschenburg? From Eschenburg he borrowed his notes, and it might be supposed that he used him as a guide in translating. Unquestionably he did so use him. Eschenburg, for instance, has grossly mistranslated Helena's words in *All's Well That Ends Well* (I, 3, 162):

. . . or were you both our mothers
. . . oder waren Sie beyde meine Mütter

and Rosenfeldt, not understanding the English, has adopted, with a slight modification, Eschenburg's reading:

eller vare de mig begge i Moders Sted

Again, the countess says:

God shield, you mean it not! daughter and mother
So strive upon your pulse.

Eschenburg renders this:

Machen die Worte Tochter und Mutter solchen gewaltsamen Eindruck auf dein Blut.

And Rosenfeldt:

Kunde de Ord Moder og Svigerdatter have saamegen Indflydelse paa dit Blod.

And notice how much closer to the German than to the English is Rosenfeldt's translation in the passage given above (page 8):

Ich folge ihm nicht mit irgend einem Zeichen einer zudringlichen Bewerbung, auch wünsche ich ihn nicht eher zu haben, bis ich ihn verdiene, wiewohl ich nicht absehe, wie ich mir dies Verdienst je erweben kann.

I hope there will be no misunderstanding. Rosenfeldt translates straight from the English and uses the German simply as an occasional guide. Occasional—for it is plain that in many cases he did not consult Eschenburg at all. We can infer this from the fact that in some cases where Eschenburg translates correctly, Rosenfeldt goes astray. We have

already quoted as an instance of his inaccuracy Macbeth's speech: "Let good digestion," etc. Eschenburg translates correctly:

Jetzt begleite gute Verdauung den Appetit und Gesundheit beyde.

He also translates correctly the speech of Lady Macbeth which Rosenfeldt mistranslates (see page 9):

Weibermärchen—wofür ihre Grossmutter Gewähr leistet.

And other examples are abundant. On the whole, the Danish translator would have fared better if he had followed the German text even more closely than he did.

An interesting speculation remains. Did Rosenfeldt translate the fragments of *Julius Caesar* which appeared in Trondhjem's *Allehaande* in 1782?[16] Information about him is scanty. My only authority is Nyerup and Kraft's *Almindeligt Litteraturlexikon* (1820), which says that he was born in Christiania, educated at the university of Copenhagen, and in 1796 made procurator at the superior court in his native city. He died as bailiff of Strömsö (now a part of Drammen) in 1805. Most of his life, then, was spent in Norway and it is entirely possible that he may have published a specimen of his Shakespearean translations in Trondhjem's *Allehaande*. It is true that *Julius Caesar* is not one of the plays in the volumes of 1790 and 1792, but this objection is not fatal, since we know from his preface to the first volume[17] that he was busied on certain other plays of Shakespeare's which are not found in his published works, *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This, of course, is mere conjecture.

3

In 1794 Hans Wilhelm Riber translated for the Royal Theatre Nahum Tate's stage version of *King Lear*. Inasmuch as this belongs to the history of Shakespeare on the Danish stage, it had best be discussed in another chapter. Two years later, in 1796, the celebrated Malthe Conrad Bruun tried his hand[18] at two passages already translated—Hamlet's soliloquy, by Boye; and Macbeth's "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" by Rosenfeldt. His judgment on their efforts was certainly not complimentary. It may be seriously questioned, however, whether Bruun's work is so immensely superior to them as he seems to think. Since these translations have never been reprinted, I give one, the soliloquy from *Hamlet*, in full:[19]

[16] See my *Shakespeare in Norway*. *Scandinavian Studies and Notes* 4:92 ff. 1917.

[17] Förste Deel, pp. vii-x.

[18] In *Svada. Et Magazin for Theater, Philosophie, Litteratur og Historie.* Udgivet af M. C. Bruun.

[19] Cf. with Boye's translation of the same passage, p. 2.

At være eller ikke være? Det er
Spörgsmaalet! Er det ædlere at taale
en uretfærdig Skjæbnes Rasen, eller
imod den hele Smerte Hær at gribe
til Vaaben og ved Modstand ende dem?
At döe!—at sove!—mere er det ikke.
Eet Blund kun, saa at sige, frelser os fra
den Hjerteqval, den Kiæmpen mod Naturen,
som faldt i Stövets Arv. Det er en Ende
andægtigt Önske vard!—At döe!—At sove!—
At sove! Men kanske at drömme? Ah, ja her
er Knuden; hvilke Drömme os vil möde
i Dödens Sövn, naar Dödeligheds Kjortel
vi kasted' af, det, det, maa standse os.
Ja, det er den Betænkning som opholder
endog Elendighedens Liv saa længe.
Hvo vilde ellers bære Lykkens Snert
og Haan, Tyrannernes Uretfærd, Ringeagt
af den Hovmodige, foragtet Elskovs
Sjelsmærter, Lovens Seendrægtighed
og Övrighedens Uforskammethed,
den Spot Fortjenesten maa taalig lide
af de Uværdige? Hvo bar det, naar han
blot med en Dolk sig kunde skaffe Roe?
Hvo vilde længer sukke, svede under
det Livs Möisommelige Byrde?—Men
den Angest for noget after Döden (dette
Ukjendte Land fra hvilket ingen Reiser
tilbagekom) forvirrer vor Beslutning
og gjör at hellere vi lide den
bekjendte Qval, end til en ukjendt flyve,
Saa gjör Samvittighed os alle feige!
Saa sygner Kiækhedens medfödte Farve
ved Overveielsens det blege Anströg.
Ja, store diærve Foretagender
bortdreies derved fra det raske Löb
og döe uvirksomt hen.

In No. 36 of his magazine *Tilskueren* for 1804, Rahbek tells us that he has long contemplated a translation of Shakespeare, but that he has given it up, since "a young man of unquestionable ability" has submitted to him some specimen scenes of distinct promise. The "young man of unquestionable ability" was Foersom, who had just sent to Rahbek some sheets of his translation of *Julius Caesar*. Rahbek, who was nothing if not generous, was quick to see the excellence of Foersom's work and the immense inferiority of his own.

One essay had already appeared. In 1800 Rahbek published in *Minerva*[20] a translation of Mark Antony's oration at Caesar's funeral (III, 2,

[20] 4:295 ff. 1800.

75-262). Rahbek has acquitted himself well. The translation is almost minutely accurate, smooth and flowing, but without a spark of poetic fire. The fluent Danish verses do not move the reader with anything of the insinuating cunning of the original. But so superior is it to the commonplace prose of Boye and Rosenfeldt, that one is tempted to emphasize it more, perhaps, than it deserves. The reader can easily form his own estimate from the following passage:

I Venner, Landsmænd, Romere! O laaner
Mig Eders Öre! her jeg kommer for
At jorde Caesar, ei at prise ham.
Det Onde Mænd her gjöre, overlever dem!
Det Gode jordes tit med deres Been.
Saa være det med Caesar! Ædle Brutus
Fortalte Eder, han var herskesyg.
Ifald saa var, det var en grusom Feil,
Og grusomt har og Caesar bödet for den.
Her jeg—med Bruti Minde og de Andres—
(Thi Brutus er en hæderværdig Mand,
Det er de alle, Hædersmænd.)
Fremstaaer at tale ved hans Jordefærd.
Han var min Ven, var tro og retviis mod mig;
Men Brutus siger: Han var herskesyg;
Og Brutus er en hæderværdig Mand.
Han bragte mange Fanger her til Rom,
Hvis Lösepenge fyldte Statens Giemmer,
Mon dette syntes herskesygt af Caesar?
Naar Armod græd, græd Caesar; Herskesyge
Vel skulde vare giort af haardere Malm.
Dog Brutus siger han var herskesyg,
Og Brutus er en hæderværdig Mand.
I alle saae, at ved Luperkals Fest
Jeg treegang böd ham Kongekrone; som
Han treegang afslog. Var det Herskesyge?
Dog Brutus siger han var herskesyg,
Og Brutus er en hæderværdig Mand.
Jeg taler ei at dadle Bruti Ord,
Men jeg er her at sige hvad jeg veed;
I alle elsked ham eengang, ei uden Föie,
Hvad hindrer Eder da at sörge for ham!
Forstand! du flygtet er til vilde Dyr,
Og Mænd har tabt dig! bærer over med mig!
Mit Haab er i Kisten der hos Caesar
Jeg dvæle maae, til jeg det har tilbage.

Four years afterwards, in taking leave of Shakespearean translation, Rahbek published in *Tilskueren* his rendering of the entire first act of *Julius Caesar*.[21] I shall not tire the reader's patience and mine by further long quotations; except that I think it worth while to give a part of the speech

[21] *Tilskueren*. Et Ugeskrift udgivet ved Knud Lyne Rahbek 1: nos. 36, 37, and 42. 1804.

of the cobbler in scene 1 as an example of the inevitable failure of one language to reproduce the subtleties of another:

SECOND CITIZEN: Rigtig, Herre! Alt hvad jeg lever af er min Syl; jeg befatter mig ikke med nogen Haandtering, Mandsager eller Qvindesager, uden med Sylen. Jeg er, sandt at sige, Herre, en Feldskiær for gamle Skoe; naar de ere i stor Fare, curerer jeg dem. Saa smukke Folk som nogensinde have traad paa Oxehud har gaaet paa mine Hænders Gierninger.

Rahbek had a hand in one other Shakespearean translation—a rendering, in collaboration with Christian Levin Sander, of *Macbeth*. Sander, although by birth and education a German, had gained a position in Danish letters by his patriotic tragedy, *Niels Ebbesen af Nörreriis* (1789). He was appointed, in 1800, professor of pedagogy and German at the newly established Pedagogical Seminary. Here, in the winter of 1801-2, he delivered a series of lectures on "Shakespeare and His Tragedy *Macbeth*."[22] We shall consider the critical lectures when we come to discuss Shakespearean criticism in Denmark. For the moment we are concerned only with Lectures XII, XIII, and XIV, which consist simply of a complete prose translation of the play by Rahbek and Sander. By Rahbek and Sander? A more accurate description would be "by Niels Rosenfeldt. Revised by Rahbek and Sander." Fully to realize this, one has only to compare the dialogue from *Macbeth*, already given, with the corresponding passage in Rahbek and Sander.

LADY MACBETH: Var da dette Haab drukken som för besielede dig med Mod? Er det siden faldet i Sövn, og vaagner nu, for at blegne og forfærdes over, hvad det nys besluttede med saa megen Manddom? Fra dette Öieblik af troer jeg det samme om din Kjerlighed. Hvad? Frygter du for i Gjerningen at vise det samme Mod, som i dine Önsker? Vil du erholde det som du agter for Livets störste Klenodie, og dog i dine egne Tanker leve som en Nidding? Skal dette—jeg tör ikke—strax följe paa—jeg gad gjerne! Er du som Katten i Ordsproget?

MACBETH: Jeg beder dig, hold op! Jeg tör alt, hvad der sömmer sig for en Mand; den der tör mere er ingen.

That the translators of 1801 had the earlier version before them is obvious. It would be quite unjust, however, to charge them with wholesale plagiarism. They altered, and they altered nearly always for the better. Note how much simpler and clearer is Rahbek and Sander's rendering of the last three lines of Lady Macbeth's first speech! And certainly:

Jeg tör alt hvad der sömmer sig for en Mand; den der tör mere er ingen

is at once more direct and more nearly correct than

Jeg tör gjöre alt, hvad som tilkommer en Mand; den er ingen der vover at gjöre mere.

A bit further along, Rosenfeldt's meaningless and ridiculous phrasing:

[22] Levin Christian Sander, *Forelæsninger over Shakespeare og hans Sörgespil Macbeth*. Heri findes tillige det ved Sander og Rahbek oversatte Sörgespil *Macbeth* som ogsaa kan faaes særskildt. Kiöbenhavn. 1804.

Hvad var det da for et Dyr, der kom dig til at fortroe mig et saadant Foretagende? is much improved by the revisors:

Hvor det da et Uhyre, der bevægede dig til at fortroe mig dette Foretagende?

But their indebtedness to Rosenfeldt is indubitable, though they fail to mention his name. Rahbek, at least, knew Rosenfeldt's translations, for he mentions them in 1816 in his valuable survey of Danish Shakespeariana.

4

All these attempts are, however, essentially preliminaries. In comparison with the work of Peter Thun Foersom they are quite negligible. It was he who first gave to Denmark adequate translations of Shakespeare, so that the supreme dramatist of the world became a reality to the Danish people.

Foersom was born February 20, 1777, in Öster Lindet, near Ribe, in Jutland, where his father was rector.[23] In 1793 he matriculated at the university from the Latin school at Ribe, and passed the preliminary examinations with fair success. After 1795, however, he seems to have devoted most of his time to languages, belles lettres, amateur theatricals, and the innocent, if often boisterous fun of the Quartier Latin of Copenhagen. Before long his interest in the stage took him to the Royal Theatre, where, on October 18, 1798, he made his début. Foersom was not a born actor. His figure was unimpressive; his voice, low and indistinct; his stage presence, almost awkward. But he had an iron will which kept him at work, and he had an imagination which penetrated with perfect sureness to the heart of the rôle he was playing. Added to this was an unusual mimetic power and an intensity of emotion which gave to his interpretations of complex characters an unforgetable beauty. His Hamlet is one of the great traditions of the Danish stage. These qualities of imaginative power, artistic sympathy, and complete absorption in the task before him, which enabled him to overcome all physical handicaps as an actor, were, of course, the very qualities which made him an ideal translator.

He had begun the study of English in school days at Ribe. When he came home on his vacations his father often gave him a page or two of an English dictionary to memorize. So far from discouraging the schoolboy this drastic discipline had but the effect of stimulating his eager desire to learn English as perfectly as possible. He devoured dictionaries and grammars, and English books of all sorts. Perhaps all this would have had no permanent effect had he not, in 1795, come upon Ossian in the original. It is difficult for us today to realize the magic effect of this curious compound of bombast and sentimentality on the men of the time. Foersom,

[23] The chief source of the following account of Foersom's life is the excellent monograph by Nicolaj Bögh in *Museum* 2:223 ff. and 296 ff. 1895.

like countless others in every land, was carried completely away. He resolved to know at first hand the masterpieces of this wonderful literature, and he was led, as Ewald had been, to Shakespeare. Exactly when he took up the study of Shakespeare we do not know, nor when he began the work of translation. But in 1803 he submitted *Julius Caesar* to the Royal Theatre. The directors quietly pigeon-holed it. That might have ended the matter, had not Foersom also sent his translation to Rahbek, who was quick to recognize its excellence, and in 1804 published in *Minerva* the whole of Act V.[24] From time to time Foersom published further specimens in periodicals and annuals.

In his *Nytaarsgave for Skuespilyndere* (1805) appeared a short passage from Act IV, 3 of *Love's Labour's Lost;* in the same annual for 1807, under the title *Dramaturgie in nuce*, Hamlet's speech to the players, and most of *Romeo and Juliet*, beginning with the ball at the Capulets'; finally, in 1811, in *Theone*, the Falstaff scenes from *1 Henry IV*.

In the meantime, however, Foersom had succeeded in getting, on what he calls "ubillig billige" terms, a publisher for the first volume of his translations,[25] containing *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar*. Both of these plays were ready earlier, the latter in 1803; *Hamlet* in 1805.[26] And thereafter the volumes appeared fairly regularly till shortly before Foersom's death; Part II, *Lear, Romeo og Julie* (1811); Part III, *Richard II, 1 Henry IV* (1815); Part IV, *2 Henry IV, Henry V* (1816); Part V, *1-2 Henry VI* (1818). Of Part V Foersom translated *1 Henry VI* and *2 Henry VI*, Act I. The rest is by P. F. Wulff, who carried the work forward till 1825. Further, in 1811, Foersom published a revised edition of *Hamlet*, and in 1816 a translation and adaptation of Schiller's stage version of *Macbeth*. The reason for preparing a revised edition of *Hamlet* so soon after the first reveals in a very interesting way the spirit in which Foersom approached his great task. The translations of Part I had been based on Steevens' edition. But Foersom knew that the best text was Malone's, and as soon, therefore, as he could procure a copy, he undertook a revision of the plays already published. Apparently only *Hamlet* was ever finished, for there is no record of a second edition of *Julius Caesar* from Foersom's hand. As a matter of fact, the changes in the second edition of *Hamlet* are the slightest possible, and absolutely without significance.

Foersom, indeed, did not pretend to philological accuracy. What he did pretend to do he has himself clearly stated in the preface to Part I.

[24] *Scener af Shakespeare's Sörgespil Julius Caesar.* May, 1804. The text has been collated for me with that of 1811 by Cand. phil. Poul Poulsen. Hr. Poulsen writes: "The text in *Collected Works* is essentially the same as that of the specimen. The orthography, however, is not identical; something hardly to be expected at that time."

[25] *William Shakespeare: Tragiske Værker.* Oversatte af Peter Foersom. 1-4. Kiöbenhavn. 1807-16. Femte Decl, Oversat af Peter Foersom og P. F. Wulff. Kiöbenhavn. 1818.

[26] Cf. Foersom's letter to Rahbek, September 29, 1805. Bögh, *op. cit.* p. 302.

"The cardinal principle which I adopted for this translation was to reproduce the words of the poet in a manner worthy of him, to repeat as faithfully as Echo what his Genius imparted unto me. Wherever I have failed to achieve this goal, though I have kept it faithfully before me, as on a high mountain, and have remained wandering about on the plains, the failure is due to simple want of capacity." The reader must not look, he continues, for strict metrical regularity—Shakespeare himself is often irregular—nor for exact renderings of puns and wordplay and disputed passages. Occasionally, indeed, such passages, when they defied explanation, have been silently omitted.

We cannot be sure, then, that in reading Foersom we are reading Shakespeare's very words. Critics, from the first reviewer, Werner Abrahamson, to Edvard Brandes in our own day, have not failed to point out the mistakes. I open my book absolutely at random and light upon such an unintelligible jargon as the following in the translation of Hamlet's cryptic speech to Polonius (II, 2):

> Lad hende ei gaa i Solen; Frugtbarhed er en Velsignelse; men da Jeres Datter kan bære Frugt—min gode Mand! hav et Öie paa hver Finger.[27]

The fact remains, of course, that he who would have the *ipsissima verba* of the author has no recourse but to turn to the original. Of a translation we ask only an approximation. The glory of Foersom's translations is not philological, but poetic. Edvard Lembcke, who revised and completed his work many years later, said truly that "there are passages in which Foersom's poetic genius has asserted itself in such a way that it has found the living and vivid phrase" which cannot become archaic and which cannot be improved.[28]

No better example of the sureness with which Foersom entered into the spirit of Shakespeare, or of the miraculous felicity with which he reproduced his poetry can be instanced than the superb translation of the balcony scene in *Romeo and Juliet:*

> Han leer af Skrammer som blev aldrig saaret!—
> [*Julie lader sig see oppe i sit Vindue*]
> Men tys! Hvad gjennemstraaler Vinduet hist,
> Det Östen er, og Julie er Solen!
> Staae op, o favre Sol! og dræb Diana;
> at Du skjöndt hendes Tempelvogterinde,
> er skjönnere end hun, det harmer hende.
> O, tjen ei hende; hun er fuld af Nid;
> see hendes Vestalindedragt er gusten
> og bleg, kun skabt for Daarer; derfor kast den.—
> Det er min Elskte. Det er min Udvalgte!

[27] Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

[28] Quoted by Bögh, *op. cit.* p. 305.

O, vidste hun hun var det!
Hun taler, dog hun siger Intet;—Intet?
Jo, hendes Öie taler, jeg vil svare—
Jeg er for dristig, ei til mig hun taler;
Det Skjönneste af Himlens Stjernepar
er bortsendt og har bedet hendes Öine
at skinne, til de kom, i deres Baner.
O, vare handes Öine der, og de
i hendes Ansigt, hendes Kinders Glands
beskjæmmed' Stjernerne, som Dagens Lys
en Lampes Skin; fra hendes Öie strömmed
et Straalehav igiennem Luftens Rige,
saa Fugle sang, og meente det var Morgen.
See, hvor sin Kind hun stötter paa sin Haand!
O, var jeg Handsken blot paa hendes Haand,
saa rörte jeg hiin Kind!
JULIE: Vee mig!
ROMEO: Hun taler!—
Tal atter, Lysets Engel, thi Du straaler
i Natten saa höiherlig over mig,
som en af Herrens vingede Cheruber
for Dödeliges himmelvendte Öine,
naar underslagne de tilbage segne,
og stirre paa dens Gang blandt stille Skyer
mens over Luftens mörke Barm den seiler.
JULIE: O, Romeo! hvi est du, Romeo?
afsiig din Fader og forsværg Dit Navn;
vil Du ei det, da sværg Du er min Elsker
og jeg ei mer en Capulet vil være!

In rhythm, melody, beauty of imagery and phrase, this is well-nigh perfect. So nearly flawless, indeed, is it, that when Lembcke attempted to revise it in 1861, he all but ruined it:

Tal atter, Lysets Engel, thi saa herlig
Du straaler her i Natten over mig
som en af Herrens vingede Cheruber
for Dödeliges himmelvendte Öine,
der stirre med tilbageböiet Hoved
imens imag han rider Skyens Ganger
og seiler sagtelig paa Luftens Barm.

Since Lembcke obviously spared himself no pains, it is passing strange that he did not correct the errors that fairly stared him in the face, e.g., the line to which Foersom gives a decidedly ambiguous turn:

O, var jeg Handsken blot paa hendes Haand,
saa rörte jeg hiin Kind.

Equally fine is the translation of the passage in *Richard II*, V, 1, beginning:

QUEEN: What, is my Richard both in shape and mind
Transformed and weakened? etc.

The queen's wrath and contempt for the king's pusillanimity are no less adequately put in Foersom's Danish:

> Dronningen: Hvad! Er min Richard da paa Sjæl som Legem,
> omskabt og svækket?—Siig, har Bolingbroke
> afsat din Hjerne, gravet i dit Hjerte?
> I Döden selv slaar Löven Kjæmpekloen
> og saarer Jorden, om ei andet, harmfuld,
> at den er overvunden, og vil Du,
> paa Pogeviis fromt döie Straf. Riis kysse,
> for ham, den glubende dybt ydmygt krybe,
> Du, Löve! Konge over Dyrene.
> Kong R.: Ret! Konge over Dyr! Ja, var' de bedre
> var jeg end over Folk en seirsæl Konge.
> Min elskte Fordums-Dronning! drag til Frankrig,
> tænk jeg er död, og at nu her Du tager
> som paa min Dödseng! evig Afsked fra mig!
> I kjedsom Vinteraften sid ved Arnen
> hos gode, gamle Folk; lad dem fortælle
> Dig Sagn om bittre, længst forsvundne Tider;
> og för god nat Du siger, saa til Gjengæld
> for deres Sorg fortæl mit Sörgefald;
> send dem saa grædende til deres Senge,
> thi selv de döde Brande ville stemme
> i Din sorgstemte Tunges Sörgetone,
> de vilde græde Ilden ud af Medynk,
> og sörge her i Aske, hist i Kulsort,
> fordi en salvet Kong saa blev afsat.

Nor was Foersom less happy in his rendering of Shakespeare's lighter passages, as witness this spirited and dashing translation of the immortal scene between Prince Hal and Falstaff in the Boar's Head Tavern:

Falstaff: Fanden tage alle Kujoner og det med Hud og Haar; nu og i al Evighed, Amen! Det er mine Ord.—Giv mig et Glas Sæk, Dreng!—För jeg længer skal vedblive dette Liv, för skal jeg knytte Strömper og stoppe og saale dem ovenikjöbet.—Fanden tage alle de Kujoner!—Giv mig et Glas Sæk, Esel. Er der da ingen Dyd mer paa Jorden?

Prinds H.: Saae du da aldrig Titan kysse et Fad Smör? den blödhjertede Titan som smeltede ved Sönnens blöde Fortælling! Gjorde du det, saa betragt engang denne Masse!

Falstaff: I Esel! Ogsaa i dette Glas Sæk er der Kalk! Der er ikke andet end Kjeltringer at finde blandt de syndige Mennesker—Dog—en Kujon er to Gænge værre end Sæk med Kalk i! en skjændelig Kujon!—Gaae din Vei, gamle Hans! Döe naar Du vil! dersom Mandsmod, ægte Mandsmod ikke er udslettet af Jordens Ansigt, vil jeg passere for en suur Sild. Der leve ikke tre brave Mand uhængte i hele England; og den ene af dem er feed og bliver til Alders; Gud see i Naade til os; Det er en slem Verden, siger jeg. Gid jeg var Væver! saa kunde jeg sidde og synge Psalmer eller saadant noget!—Fanden tage alle Kujoner, siger jeg endnu engang.

Prinds H: Hvad nu, I Uldsæk, hvad mumler I der?

FALSTAFF: Du, en Kongesön! Hvis jeg ikke med en Narrebrix prygler Dig ud af Dit Kongerige, og driver alle dine Undersaater foran Dig som en Flok Vildgjæs, saa gid der aldrig mere voxe Skjæg i mit Ansigt!—I Prinds af Wales!

PRINDS H: Hvad! I forbandede Kanonprop! Hvad gaaer der af Jer!

FALSTAFF: Er I ikke en Kujon? svar mig paa dette? og Poins der?

POINS: For Djævelen i Istervom? Kalder I mig Kujon, render jeg Dig med Kaarde gjennem Livet.

FALSTAFF: Jeg kalder Dig Kujon? Jeg vil för see Dig i Helvede, end jeg vilde kalde Dig Kujon; men jeg vilde give tusinde Pund til, at jeg kunde rende saa stærkt, som Du kan. I har en smuk lige Ryg; I bryder Jer ikke om at Folk seer Eders Bag.—Kalder I det at være i Baghold for Eders Venner? Fanden i Vold med sligt Baghold! Lad mig faae Nogen for mig som tör see mig under Öine. Lad mig faae et Bæger Sæk;—jeg er en Skjelm, har jeg smakt Vaadt endnu i Dag.

PRINDS H: O Gavtyv! Dine Læber er knap törre endnu af det sidste Du drak.

FALSTAFF: Ligemeget er det! Fanden tage all Kujoner siger jeg syvende og sidste Gang.

[*Han drikker*]

Foersom's success was decisive from the first. His good friend Werner Abrahamson reviewed Part I in two long articles in *Lærde Efterretninger*.[29] Good translations are rare, he writes, and good translations of Shakespeare even rarer. In Danish, with the exception of one or two fragments, there is not a single one, for certain others—undoubtedly Rosenfeldt's, though he does not say so—are worthless. He then points out with a good deal of insight certain of the external difficulties in the way of a satisfactory translation—the abundance of monosyllables and of archaisms. Foersom has done his work admirably, however, and it is not creditable to the Danish public that he should have had such difficulties in obtaining a publisher. "Can it be that our host of readers read but to kill time, never suspecting that they have a head and heart, both in need of sound sustenance." The remainder of the very long review is concerned with the translation of single words and lines. Here he does not usually fare so well, and Foersom, in a later number of *Lærde Efterretninger*,[30] has no difficulty in disarming his critic. Thus, when Abrahamson suggests that, instead of Foersom's

. . . hvi dine hellige bisatte Been,

the line should read

Hvorfor dit Legeme, lagt i hellig Jord,

Foersom answers that the reading which Abrahamson has in mind,

Why thy bones, hears'd in canonized Earth—

is a commentator's guess, probably Pope's. And so in many other instances.

[29] Pp. 289 ff. and 364 ff. 1807.

[30] Pp. 364 ff. 1807.

A reviewer in *Nyeste Skilderier af Kjöbenhavn*[31] was as emphatic in his praise as Abrahamson. After a thoughtful and intelligent comment on *Lear*, he continues, "To translate all this so as to give to the Danish reader a play of Shakespeare's as little removed from the original as a translation can be, is a work of genius." He enumerates, as Abrahamson had done, the difficulties of translating Shakespeare: the superabundance of monosyllables in English, the numerous obsolete and obsolescent words, the individuality, the eccentricity, indeed, of Shakespeare's diction; and, finally, the extreme condensation of phrase, which tempts to paraphrase or silent omission of the knotty verses. "To steer clear of Scylla, and yet not fall into Charybdis, is the problem that Foersom has so beautifully solved."

After Foersom's death, in 1817, the recognition of the greatness of his achievements grew ever deeper and finer. Rahbek, who had been the first to welcome it, wrote with perfect truth: "He was a poet in the finest and truest sense of the word. . . . I speak not merely of his translation of Shakespeare, although it is doubtless upon this that his reputation must rest; . . . it is one of the exceeding few translations in which spirit interprets spirit, and not letter, letter; and reveals in so many respects

That his soul with Shakespeare lives.[32]

Molbech wrote about the same time: "The difference between Foersom's translation and those that preceded it is that his follows Shakespeare's form, whereas they are in prose. Even one who can not read the original will understand how difficult his task was. It is true that it sometimes led him away from the literal translation; but the instances are not many, and even when he is farthest away, he still preserves the spirit of Shakespeare. Certain it is that he is not always equal to Schlegel; but it is equally certain that he is often superior to him."[33] Two years later, Meisling, who himself translated *The Tempest* and *The Merchant of Venice*, and was, therefore, in some sense, a rival, paid Foersom generous tribute. "Without troubling ourselves with a microscopic analysis of petty errors . . . of which there are but few, we are of the opinion that this translation must be considered one of the best. . . which Danish literature possesses. Numerous and maddening as are the blunders of our recent translations, they but reveal in sharper light his work, wrought with a clear conception of what he was doing, love for his poet, and competence of soul. Surely, if these qualities can make it one, this must be called a work of art."[34] There were other tributes, in prose and in verse, so kindly meant that it seems the part of charity not to reprint them here.[35]

[31] 15:55 ff. and 69 ff. 1811.

[32] *Tilskueren* no. 25. 1817.

[33] *Athene* 9:464 ff. 1817.

[34] *Dansk Literaturtidende* no. 17. 1819. Quoted by Bögh, *op. cit.* p. 304.

[35] See *Tilskueren* no. 15. 1817. *Ibid.* nos. 25 and 26. Cf. also Bögh, *op. cit.* p. 305, note 2.

As was to be expected, there were voices of dissent; and one was so insistent that it can not be passed over.[36] Thomas Thaarup is known in Danish literature for his little idyllic interlude *Höstgildet*. In private life, however he is said to have been hot-tempered and sharp-tongued. At all events, he was in politics and in literature incredibly parochial and bigoted. In 1813 he gave the impulse to the so-called "Jödefeiden"—an outbreak of Anti-Semitism—by a translation of Bucholtz' *Moses and Jesus*, and in 1816 he added fuel to the fire by his translation of Rüh's *On the Claim of the Jews to German Citizenship*. In an appendix to the work, Thaarup refers to a German play, *Unser Verkehr*, a satire on the Jews. This play he had translated into Danish, but had not sent it to theatre, "although I cannot understand why it should not be performed there, as it has been elsewhere." A few lines further on he continues: "Of a truth, the stage is in as great need of such plays as the public of amusement; there is nothing which we lack so little as material for dolorous meditation; and we do not have to create it by massacres on the stage. Our [romantic] poetry will, outside the playhouses, foster the superstition so dear to many, without its being necessary to frighten weak women and helpless children by hollow strokes of a midnight bell—or by the ghost of a murdered king with crown and sceptre, in papier-mâché armor from head to foot. Badly chosen and morally offensive expressions are so common in daily speech and in print, that it is quite superfluous to present a crazy king who curses his daughter in words which might be pardoned in a lecture to midwives, but are utterly inappropriate in a tragedy."

The address is plain as could be desired, and Foersom did not allow the attack to go unchallenged. He published anonymously in Molbech's *Athene*[37] a long letter from "William Shakespeare in Elysium to Thomas Thaarup in Smidstrup."[38] First of all, he tells the disgruntled Thaarup that he is very well satisfied in Elysium, more content than on earth, although, thank God, he was very well satisfied there, and never affected the distressing grouch which leads only to the misery of oneself and one's friends. He says that for a long time after his death he was considered a madman, with certain gleams of sanity and imagination, to be sure, but without learning or taste. Then it was that David Garrick made him presentable for "nice people." Since then many of Garrick's most learned countrymen have racked their brains to interpret him, not without success. "One cannot please every one—not even you, Tom: and sometimes it seems to me that you can not even please yourself." Voltaire, too, had ridiculed him; but he had known him, and feared him so much that he sought to make his influence innocuous on the continent, "in punishment for which

[36] The following account is based on Bögh, *op. cit.* pp. 308 ff.

[37] 7:349 ff.

[38] Thaarup owned a farm at Smidstrup, near Vedbæk, in North Sjælland.

crime he must now listen to my tragedies in Elysium." He accuses Thaarup of knowing but little of Shakespeare, whereas he knows his French authors excellently well. "If it were not now too late, and you cared to be about it, I should counsel you to learn to know them a trifle better, that you might see that your Voltaire was not ashamed to steal my gold in the very moment that he was reviling me as a boor. In that country in which the Gallo-German Wieland dismembered me, there arose some excellent folk who read me and understood me before they cudgelled me, or, like street arabs, pointed their fingers at me because my foreign garb was strange to them. Take down from your shelf in your lovely Smidstrup, Lessing and Herder, and Goethe and Garve, and read them; for later writers, I suppose, you would condemn unread. When you have read them, I dare say you will judge more generously of me. But what do I say? Judge? Obviously you can not judge in a case in which you are entirely ignorant. . . . From what source do you know me, Tom? My peculiar ancient speech it is too late for you to learn. . . . You know me through cuttings and adaptations, wherein my spirit and the form which houses it are alike destroyed. Or you know me from Wieland, whom I have mentioned before; or from Eschenburg, to whom I owe much; or from A. W. Schlegel, to whom I owe most of all; or from my Danish translators, Rosenfeldt, Rahbek, Sander, Meisling, and Foersom. Of a truth, Tom, I think you are talking sheer stuff about me, or that you know me only through the old translation of *Hamlet*, and in Rosenfeldt's more commendable than successful effort to translate several of my plays for his countrymen." . . . "In the last of your books against the Jews, you have contemptuously dismissed two of my plays which have not only been my own favorites, but dear also to others, namely *King Lear* and *Macbeth*. This is not strange, since you do not know me, and consider yourself quite a different being, as, indeed, you are. When I died at fifty-two, I had written only thirty-six great plays, besides many sonnets. You had written at the same age three farces which the occasion favored and the music improved." . . . "Your talk about *King Lear* is far from being as 'sharp as the sting of a bee'; it is dull, and the noise of it is like the slow and lazy hum of a drone. . . . You are not merely ignorant; you are coarse." After a passage hardly less coarse than Thaarup's own, "Shakespeare" closes in a more friendly tone of mild correction. Foersom still retained his good temper.

A few months later his work was done. It was incomplete, indeed, but it was splendid and permanent. "He was a poet," says Oehlenschlæger of him in his *Memoirs;* "his translation of Shakespeare marks an epoch."[39]

[39] *Oehlenschlægers Erindringer.* Samm.. udragne og udgivne ved F. L. Liebenberg og Otto Borchsenius, p. 311. Kjöbenhavn. 1872.

After his death, Foersom's work was continued by P. F. Wulff, a captain in the navy. The first volume, containing one play and part of another from Foersom's hand, appeared in 1818; the remainder irregularly from that date till 1825.[40] Perhaps the fairest judgment on Wulff's danishing of Shakespeare is that of his biographer in *Dansk Biografisk Leksikon*—"a creditable performance for its day." More can hardly be said. He is faithful, competent, and usually a little pedestrian, though now and then the original inspires him to something not far below Foersom's level. This is particularly true of the following from *Cymbeline*—Iachimo's description of Imogen in her bed.

> Hvor skjön Du er paa Leiet! Friske Lilie,
> Langt hvidere end Dit Lagen! Gid jeg torde!—
> et Kys, kun Eet!—Rubiner uden Lige,
> I smykke Læben—Hendes Aande spreder
> sin Vellugt overalt, og Lysets Flamme
> mod hende böier sig, og titter under
> de lugte Öielaag, for der at möde
> det skiulte Lys, som under disse Vinduer
> er funklende: Azur i Snee indfattet,
> det Blaae af Himlens Blaae. Nu til mit Værk!
> til min Erindring jeg nedskriver alt:
> Saadanne Malerier—Vinduet der—
> og Sengens Pryd—Tapeter med Figurer—
> Saa og saaledes—samt Historiens Indhold.—
> Blot et naturlig Tegn paa hendes Legem,
> meer end ti tusinde Optegnelser
> af Huusgeraad, var stærkere Beviis.
> O Sövn, du Dödens Abe, lul du hende!
> Giör hendes Sandser liig et Monument
> som ved et Gravsted hviler!—Vær Du mit!
> [*tager et Armbaand af hendes Arm*]

The only review of Wulff I have been able to find is one by Dr. Simon Meisling, in *Dansk Literaturtidende*.[41] In this article occurs the fine eulogy of Foersom already quoted; but Meisling is more than fair also to Wulff. He dismisses as mere peccadillos slight verbal inaccuracies. "Such blunders are inevitable in the very nature of the language and the metre. He who succeeds in giving us all of Shakespeare with the accuracy and spirit of Foersom and his successor, will merit the ungrudging thanks of the nation."

[40] *William Shakespeare: Tragiske Værker.* Sjette-Niende Deel. Oversatte af Peter Frederik Wulff. The plays translated by Foersom are: I, *Julius Caesar, Hamlet* (1807); II, *Lear, Romeo and Juliet* (1811); III, *Richard II, 1 Henry IV* (1815); IV, *2 Henry IV, Henry V* (1816); and of Volume V, *1 Henry VI* and *2 Henry VI*, Act I. Wulff translated, of Volume V, *2 Henry VI*, Acts II-V, and all of the remaining plays: Volume VI, *3 Henry VI, Richard III* (1818); VII, *Othello, Coriolanus* (1819); VIII, *King John, Henry VIII* (1821); IX, *Cymbeline, As You Like It* (1825).

[41] *Dansk Literaturtidende* no. 17:356 ff. and 283 ff. 1819.

A half-hearted attempt to meet this implied demand for a complete Shakespeare was made in the years 1845-50 by the publishing house of Schubothe.[42] The new edition was eclectic, to say the least, obviously issued to meet a demand in the book-trade. Schubothe reprinted, with only slight orthographical changes, the five volumes of Foersom. To this were added the four volumes of Wulff, "edited by Offe Höyer," and two supplementary volumes, also edited by Höyer, containing *Twelfth Night*, *Macbeth*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *Measure for Measure*. The text of *Macbeth* is simply a reprint of Foersom's adaptation of Schiller, which Höyer incorporated into the new edition, as he says, for the sake of completeness. He made a few editorial changes, indeed, and indicated the usual stage cuttings. *The Merchant of Venice* is the so-called Rahbek translation, of 1827; and *Measure for Measure* is a new translation by Höyer. Who the translator of *Twelfth Night* was, is doubtful. It was probably Wulff, since the translation follows directly the plays done by him, with nothing to indicate a separate hand.

Höyer's revision of Wulff is painstaking, but neither radical nor noteworthy. He altered in the direction of greater literalness without changing the literary quality, to say nothing of improving it. Of such a task he was constitutionally incapable. His translation of *Measure for Measure* is not of a character to inspire admiration for his powers, although they are by no means contemptible. He managed fairly well Isabella's plea for mercy:

> ISABELLA: For seent? ak nei, naar jeg har talt et Ord,
> jeg kan tilbagekalde det. Tro mig,
> at intet Attribut paa Herskervælden,
> ei Kongekrone, Rigsforstander-Sværdet,
> ei Marskalkstaven eller Dommerskrudet,
> ei noget smykker halvt med saadan Glands
> som Naaden gjör. Var han i Eders Sted
> og I i hans, som han I havde snublet;
> dog han ei Eders Strenghed havde viist.
> ANGELO: Jeg beder Jer hold inde.
> ISABELLA: Algode Gud, besad jeg blot Jer Magt,
> og var I Isabella! Stod det saa,
> jeg viste hvad det var at være Dommer,
> og hvad, en Fange.
> LUCIO [*afsides*]: Rigtigt, det er Maaden!
> ANGELO: Til Løven Eders Broder er hjemfalden,
> og Eders Ord I spiller kun.

[42] *William Shakespeare: Dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af Peter Foersom. 1-4 Deel. Kjöbenhavn. 1845-46.
5 Deel. Oversat af Peter Foersom og P. F. Wulff. Kjöbenhavn. 1847.
6-9 Deel. Oversatte af P. F. Wulff. Udgivne og gjennemsete af Offe Höyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1848-50.
10-11 Deel. Oversatte af P. F. Wulff m. fl. Udgivne og gjennemsete af Offe Höyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1850.

ISABELLA: Ak vee mig!
Alverden var hjemfalden til Guds Vrede,
og han, som kunde lade Straffen udgaae,
udfandt Forsoningen. Hvor gik det Eder
hvis Han, som Dommen holder i sin Haand,
Jer dömte som I er? Betænk blot det,
og Naaden vil paa Eders Laber aande
med Barnets Uskyld.

Nearly a decade later, Fröken Sille Beyer, famous for her unfortunate stage adaptations of Shakespeare's plays, undertook to prepare a third "revised and enlarged" edition of Foersom and Wulff.[43] She believed that such a revision was demanded by the changes which the language had undergone during the fifty years since Foersom's first volume appeared. If it is necessary to keep the language of a translation of a foreign classic up to date, her contention was doubtless sound. But it may fairly be questioned whether too much is not lost in the process when the translation itself has become a classic. Certainly the task demands tact of a high order, and respect, not merely for the original but for the translation. Now these were the very qualities which Sille Beyer did not possess. We need not wonder, therefore, that her attempt fell flat, and that the reviewers dealt harshly with it.

Only two plays, *Hamlet* and *Julius Caesar*, were ever published. The first critic to take them in hand was Clemens Petersen, best known to us for his profound influence on Björnson and his mistaken, if often keen, review of *Peer Gynt*. The reader who is interested in knowing what a critic well-versed in Hegel could do to a victim should turn to Petersen's articles in *Fædrelandet*.[44]

It is dangerous to tinker with Foersom's work, he writes, "for it has qualities that put it on a level with, if not above, any translation of Shakespeare. The German by Tieck and Schlegel, and the Swedish by Hagberg show a sharper critical sense and sounder philological learning, but none of them has reproduced Shakespeare with the force and inspiration of Foersom. He has a miraculous power of imitation. . . . There is such dash and resonance in it, that one might believe that one was reading an original work. Such a translation is an ornament to any literature." Faults there are, to be sure; Germanisms are rather too abundant; certain expressions are obsolete; the word order now and then is unnecessarily inverted, and a few passages which sound well, prove on close examination to be meaningless. But manifestly Sille Beyer is not the person to undertake the revision. "She does not always revise where revision is necessary. . . . And her changes are so numerous that even one fourth of them

[43] *William Shakespeare: Dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af Peter Foersom, P. F. Wulff og fl. Tredje forögede Udgave. Gjennemseet af Sille Beyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1859.

[44] Nos. 210 (October 6, 1859) and 222.

would be too many; often they are positively incorrect, and as a rule, they are so completely without reason that they can be characterized only as egregious blunders. And her style, so far as it is possible to judge of it from isolated lines, has about it something sugary-sweet and feeble which is as far from Foersom as it is from Shakespeare." This sweeping indictment Petersen then proceeds to establish through several columns of fine newspaper print. And no dispassionate reader will doubt that he proves his case.

Sille Beyer bravely attempted a rejoinder to this terrific onslaught,[45] pleading, rather inappositely, the success of her adaptations for the stage and the approval of J. L. Heiberg of her work. Save that she justified, in some measure, her translation of one line,[46] she makes little headway. In truth she had no case. Petersen had advised her to leave Foersom alone and take up rather those plays which he had left untranslated. At the close of her pamphlet, after a mild little sally at the pretensions of critics, she announces that she has already followed his advice and is now at work on *Antony and Cleopatra*.

The task which Sille Beyer left unfinished, and which everyone, even her critics, deemed desirable, a cautious modernization of Foersom and a new translation of the plays not translated by him, was taken up in 1861 by Conrector Edvard Lembcke, of the Latin school at Haderslev (Hadersleben) in North Slesvig. He was a man of fine feeling and eager enthusiasm, who had won the affection of his countrymen in his battle for Danish nationality and Danish speech in the duchy. With a courage and persistence which none of his predecessors save Foersom had displayed, he carried the great enterprise through to the end.

Lembcke seems to have felt from the outset that what was needed was not a revision but a completely new translation.[47] As a matter of fact, so long as he is dealing with Foersom's work, his revision follows the older translation closely. On the other hand, he has no respect for Wulff and Höyer, and refashions their translations without compunction. The first edition of Lembcke, now the standard text of Shakespeare in Danish, was published in seventeen volumes between 1861 and 1873.[48] When

[45] *I Anledning af Zn Z's Anmeldelse i Fædrelandet.* Kjöbenhavn. 1860.

[46] I samme Skabning som den döde Konge.

Shakespeare has:

In the same figure like the king that's dead.

And Foersom:

I samme Skikkelse som salig Kongen

Hamlet, I, 1.

[47] Cf. preface to the first edition, 1861.

[48] *William Shakespeare: Dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af P. Foersom. 3. Udgave. Omarbeidet af Edvard Lembcke. 1-18 Deel. Kjöbenhavn. 1861-73. (Fra 6. Deel med Titel, *William Shakespeares Dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af P. Foersom og Edvard Lembcke.) Samt tillige med andet Titelblad: *William Shakespeares Dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af Edvard Lembcke. 10 vols.

completed, the work included all the plays in the Shakespeare canon save *Titus Andronicus* and *Pericles*.[49] Six plays, *Timon of Athens*, *The Winter's Tale*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *The Taming of the Shrew*, were here translated for the first time into Danish, and a new translation of *Macbeth* replaced the old Foersom-Schiller. There was a second, so-called "revised" edition of Lembcke in 1877-79,[50] and a third in 1897-1900.[51] The separate plays, of course, have been reprinted countless times in copies without number. The successive revisions, as anyone who will take the trouble can easily satisfy himself, are revisions only in name. Variants are so few and so slight as to be negligible.

Lembcke's translations are today so easily accessible that it would be a work of supererogation to give any specimens, but it is desirable, I think, to quote at least a part of the balcony scene from *Romeo and Juliet*, that the reader may see how heavily, in his best passages, he leans on Foersom:

Den leer ad Skrammer, som blev aldrig saaret.—
[*Julie viser sig i sit Vindve*]
Men tys! Hvad straaler gjennem vindvet hist?
O, der er Öst, og Julie er Solen!
Staa op, du favre Sol, og dræb kun Maanen,
den avindsyge; hun er bleg af Harme
fordi hun seer, at Tjenerinden er[52]
langt skjönnere end hun. O, hvorfor vil
du tjene hende? hun er fuld af Nid.
Se, hendes Vestalindedragt er gusten
og bleg, kun skabt for Daarer; kast den bort!
Det er mit Hjertes Dronning, o, det er
min Elskede!—O, vidste hun, hun var det!—
Hun taler;—dog hun siger Intet;—Intet?
Jo, hendes Öie taler;—jeg vil svare;—
jeg er for dristig; ei til mig hun taler.—
To af de skjönneste blandt Himlens Stjerner
fik andet Ærend og bad hendes Öine
at skinne for dem, til de kom tilbage.
Hvis hendes Öine nu var der og de
i hendes Ansigt!—o de vilde skjæmmes
af hendes Kinders Glands som Lampens Skin
af Dagens Lys; men hendes Öine vilde
paa Himlen straale med saa klar en Glands

[49] These plays have not been done into Danish.

[50] *William Shakespeares Dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af Edvard Lembcke. Anden gjennemsete Udgave. 1-18 Bind. Kjöbenhavn. 1877-79.

[51] *William Shakespeares dramatiske Værker.* Oversatte af Edvard Lembcke. Tredje gjennemsete Udgave. 1-9 Bind. Kjöbenhavn. 1897-1900. Reprinted in five volumes as a popular subscription edition, 1910-11.

[52] The first edition has:

fordi du, hendes Tjenerinde, er etc.

at Fuglen sang og troede det var Morgen.
Se, hvor hun stötter Kinden paa sin Haand:
o, var jeg Handsken nu paa hendes Haand
og rörte denne Kind!
JULIE: Ak!
ROMEO: Tys, hun taler!—
Tal atter, Lysets Engel! thi saa herlig
du straaler her i Natten over mig
som en af Herrens vingede Keruber
for Dödeliges himmelvendte Öine
der stirre med tilbageböjet Hoved,
imens imag han rider Skyens Ganger
og sejler sagtelig paa Luftens Barm.
JULIE: O, Romeo, hvorfor er du Romeo?
Fornægt din Fader, og forkast dit Navn!
vil du ej det, da sværg at du er min!
og jeg er ikke mer en Capulet.[53]

On the whole, Lembcke's translation deserves its commanding position. It is sound and readable, even if it is not usually inspired. Errors of translation, a few serious, many venial, may be found in any play one chooses to examine. This rather ungracious operation has been performed with great skill, and not without a certain zest, by Dr. Edvard Brandes. Writing in *Politiken* newspaper of Copenhagen on the occasion of a performance of *Romeo and Juliet*,[54] he charges Lembcke with carelessness or incompetence, or both. Very little philological acumen has gone into the work of translation, he declares. "Many good variant readings are not used at all, and occasionally there are mistakes for which no text offers an excuse. In one instance a speech which belongs to Lady Montague is given to Montague, and there are other instances of the same sort. And the curious thing is that these errors go through edition after edition." . . . "The only revision, indeed, seems to have been the proofreading. *Romeo and Juliet* is a weak dilution of Foersom. Lembcke modernized all the archaic expressions, but retained quite properly Foersom's fine imitations of the original verses, and the vigor and grand style of the prose. Hence there is in the *Romeo and Juliet* which Danes now read a good deal which could not be improved—some of the speeches of the lovers, the death of Mercutio, magnificently done, Capulet's wrath, and a few bits in the speeches of the servants. On the other hand, the translation suffers from a number of high crimes against Shakespeare's poetry, the English language, and common sense." It is difficult to explain Lembcke's frequent carelessness. He had before him a great drama, a good Danish translation, and the whole body of Shakespearean criticism, and yet he allowed

[53] *Romeo og Julie*, II, 2. The quotation is from the third edition (1897-1900). The second edition (1878) is identical with this; the first differs only as indicated in preceding note.

[54] *Politiken* January 7, 1900.

the most astonishing things to get into print. In support of this severe arraignment, Dr. Brandes offers a formidable mass of evidence:

1. Lady Capulet speaks to Juliet of Paris as "this precious book of love, etc." Lembcke translates:

> Saa kostelig en Elskovsbog vil kræve
> Et kostbart Bind, der kan dens Skjönhed hæve,
> som Fisken leger i den blanke Bölge,
> saa vil sig Skjönhed bedst i Skjönhed dölge. (I, 3)

What Shakespeare says is: "Denne kostelige Elskovsbog, denne ubundne (uinbundne) Elsker, savner et Baand (Bind). Fisken lever endnu ufangen i Söen, etc."[55]

2. It is easy to find mistakes in isolated words. Lembcke translates *frank* by *freidigt* in Juliet's speech (II, 2): Kun for at give dig det *freidigt* atter.[56]

3. Juliet says to Friar Laurence (IV, 1):

> Snart denne Kniv gjör blodigt Skel imellem
> mig og min Jammer; den skal klare Sagen,
> som Vægten af din Alder og din Kunst
> ej kunde bringe hæderligt til Ende.[57]

"The style is awful! *Klare Sagen, Vægten af din Alder!* And what is meant by the monk's *Kunst?* The original has *Art*, which means *Kundskab, Erfaring.*"

4. Again, Lembcke has frequently omitted puns. It may be that these are not an essential; yet if one is making an artistic translation, they ought, at least, to be attempted. A conspicuous example of Lembcke's failure is found in Act III, 1. Mercutio says to Benvolio:

[55] This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him only needs a cover:
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide.

Foersom, too, has misunderstood the passage, or what is more likely, in view of his method, simply dodged the pun. He translates as follows:

hiin uindbundne Elskovsbog kun savner
et Bind som kierligen den rige Skat omfavner:
Fisk gaaer useet i Hav, og dobbelt skiöndt det er,
at indre Skiöndt ei sees for ydre saa som her.

[56] But to be frank, and give it thee again.

Foersom has:

Kun for at være fri, og dig den give.

[57] 'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.

Foersom's translation is not accurate, but it is much superior to Lembcke's:

flux denne Kniv som blodig Voldgiftsmand
imellem mig og min navnlöse Jammer:
den skal afgiöre det, din Kraft, din Alder,
din Kunst ei hæderligt fuldbringe kunde.

Dit Hoved er saa fuldt af Kiv og Strid som et Æg af Blommer, og dog er dit Hoved mangen god Gang blevet slaaet til Röræg for din Kivagtighed.

"Og dog—but there is no antithesis. If his head is full as an egg, it may very properly be scrambled in quarreling. Shakespeare actually has not *Röræg* but *Vindæg*. The antithesis is between a full and an empty egg."[58]

5. "A little later—as an instance of the omitted puns which are replaced by the most senseless interpolation—we find the following dialogue in Lembcke:[59]

Benvolio: Var jeg saa grisk paa Klammeri som Du, saa laa jeg i sorten Muld inden Aften. Men ved mit kivagtige Hoved—Kommer ikke der Capuletterne?

[*Tybalt og flere træde ind*]

Mercutio: Ved det jeg træder paa—jeg ænser dem ikke.

"The first absurdity here is that Benvolio swears by his quarrelsome head; whereas he is not quarrelsome at all . . . And, second, why does Mercutio swear by what he treads upon? The original says . . . I make an attempt at the pun:

Benvolio: Var jeg saa tilböjelig til Klammeri som Du, saa vilde jeg sælge mit Liv som liggendefæ inden fem Kvarter.

Mercutio: O, Du liggende Fæ.

Benvolio: Ved mit Hoved—der har vi Capuletterne.

Mercutio: Ved min Hæl—jeg er lige glad."[60]

To beg the question in this fashion, continues Dr. Brandes, would not be so bad if we were always sure of getting Shakespeare's meaning. But we are not. Consider the following (Act IV, 1):

Paris: Hvor glædelig jeg traf min Hustru her!

Julie: Kanske, naar först Jeg Eders Hustru er.

Paris: Det kan ske, skal ske, Torsdag kommer snart.

Julie's speech is stark nonsense. The original is quite different. Dr. Brandes suggests the following rendering:

Paris: Vel mödt, min Hustru—og min Söster.

Julie: Vel mödt,—maaske naar först jeg Hustru er.[61]

[58] Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarreling.

[59] Act III, 1.

[60] *Benvolio:* An I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mercutio: The fee simple! O simple!

Benvolio: By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mercutio: By my heel, I care not.

Lembcke has taken the passage, with non-essential changes, from Foersom.

Dr. Brandes would hardly contend that "inden fem Kvarter" is an exact rendering of "for an hour and a quarter." Literally, Benvolio says: "Var jeg saa tilböielig til Klammeri som Du, saa vilde jeg sælge mit Liv som Liggendefæ for fem Kvarter." That is to say, he would count on having about an hour and a quarter to live.

[61] That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.

Foersom is even farther off:

Brud er jeg först, naar Kirkens Baand er bundet.

For of course Juliet does not intend to say that she *may* be Paris' wife.

After one or two further instances of this sort, the critic turns to the passage in the balcony scene where Romeo calls Juliet the sun, and continues, according to Lembcke:

> Maanen
> . . . . . er bleg af Harme,
> fordi Du, hendes Tjenerinde, er
> langt skjönnere end hun.

This figure, he thinks, is altogether too involved for ordinary mortals. The whole thing is not, perhaps, easy for those not versed in mythology, but it is better in Foersom:

> Staae op, o favre Soel! og dræb Diana;
> at du, skiöndt hendes Tempelvogterinde,
> er skiönnere end hun, det harmer hende.

"Before I close, I may remind the reader that Romeo's monologue ends: 'Aa, var jeg Handsken nu paa hendes Haand og rörte hendes Kind.' From this one would be forced to conclude that Juliet wore gloves in her bedchamber at night. As a matter of fact, the original has: 'Aa, var jeg nu *en* Handske paa hendes Haand.'[62]

> (O! were I a glove upon that hand,
> That I might touch that cheek.)

So that Shakespeare has not thought of Juliet as a young lady who, to protect her hands, slept with her gloves on."[63]

If Dr. Brandes wished to show merely that Lembcke's translation was imperfect, he proved his case; if his purpose was to demonstrate that it is altogether inadequate and unworthy, he failed. It would be possible to demolish Foersom and Schlegel and Hagberg in the same fashion. I am convinced from a rather careful study of the standard Danish translation that its excellences far outweigh its defects; that, indeed, the difficulties over which it stumbles are inherent in the very process of translation.

At the same time, one wishes that Foersom had lived to do all the plays.

5

Besides this main current of Shakespearean translation, there are a number of tributary streams, some of them important, most of them of interest only to the historian of literature.

[62] Act II, 2. Lembcke's translation is from Foersom.

[63] In *Politiken* for December 27, 1889, Dr. Brandes had already called attention to similar errors in the translation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. One of them is so grotesque as to deserve recording. In Act III, 4, Slender says: "Pray you, uncle, tell Mistress Anne the jest, how my father stole two geese out of a pen, good uncle." This seemingly simple passage Lembcke renders: ". . . .den Historie da (!) min Fader stjal to Gæs ud af en Pennefjær!"

First in point of time are the translations by Dr. Simon Meisling, already mentioned as the generous critic of Foersom. In Rahbek's *Minerva*, from November, 1807 to June, 1808, he published a translation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*,[64] and two years later, under the title *W. Shakespeares' Lystspil*,[65] a little volume containing *The Merchant of Venice* and *The Tempest*. In the preface to this volume, Meisling pledges himself to scrupulous fidelity to Shakespeare's meaning and Shakespeare's poetry. He failed in both. There is not the faintest echo of Shakespeare's poetry anywhere. It is all prosy, flat, and feeble; inaccurate very often, but most of all, spiritless, for the chief single fault is that pale abstract words take the place of vivid concrete words. Thus in Shylock's invective against the Christian, for

> Shylock, we would have moneys:

Meisling has:

> Shylock! skaf os en Sum.

Again, in the same speech,

> You that did vent your rheum upon my beard,

is weakened to

> I, som Jert Spyt henkastede paa mit Skiæg.

At the opening of Act V, in the lovely dialogue between Lorenzo and Jessica, Meisling translates:

> . . . . . I slig en Nat
> Stod Dido med en Vidie i sin Haand
> Ved vilden Söe, og viftede sin Elsker
> *Tilbage til sit Land.*

for Shakespeare's concrete

> To come again to Carthage.

Molbech wrote of Meisling's translations that they are "stiff and precise." They are not always precise, and they are always stiff.

Even more completely devoid of spirit and spontaneity is the translation by one Etatsraad Hedegaard of the first act of *2 Henry IV* in *Minerva*.[66] Here in the space of a few lines are banalities like

> Det Forbigangne, og hvad komme skal
> Er godt, men det som er, kan ikke due;

utter inaccuracies like

[64] *Skuespil af Shakespeare.* Oversat af Candidat Meisling. 4:141-90 and 277-300. 1807. Continued in *Ny Minerva* 1:128-50. 1808.

[65] *William Shakespeare: Lystspil.* Oversatte ved Simon Meisling. Förste Deel. Kiöbenhavn. 1810.

[66] *Scener fra Shakespeares Henrik IV. Anden Deel. Dansk Minerva.* 2 (January to June, 1816). The translation appeared in the February, March, and April numbers, and covers the first act.

. . . . . med hvor stort et Bifald
Velsignede Du ikke Bolingbroke
I Himlen ind, langt för han blev hvad nu
Han vilde forme til;

and monstrous meter like that of

Forelskede nu ere i hans Grav
. . . . . .
Han vandrede bag efter Bolingbroke.

Oehlenschlæger's translation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*[67] is of another world, as we should expect of the greatest of Danish poets, then at the height of his powers. Oehlenschlæger's knowledge of English was not great, but he was helped over difficult places by the excellent German translation of Tieck and Schlegel, so that the result, even from the point of view of accuracy, is acceptable. More than that, it is a great Danish poem, an "Efterdigtning," rather than a translation, of Shakespeare. The sonorous blank verse of the first scene is superb:

THESEUS: Vor Bryllupstime, min Hippolita
Nu nærmer sig, og fire glade Dage
Nymaanen bringer. Altfor slöv kun dvæler
Den gamle Maane, sinker mine Længsler,
Lig en Stedmoder eller skranten Enke,
Som tærer paa den unge Arvings Renter.
HIPPOLITA: Snart dukke fire Dage sig i Natten,
Snart drömmer Tiden fire Nætter bort;
Og klar skal Maanen, lig en Sölverbue
Nyspændt paa Himmelen beskue Natten
Da for vor Höitid.
THESEUS: Skynd dig, Philostrat!
Og kald Athenerne til Festens Fryd:
Gaa, væk den flinke lette Glædesaand!
Viis Sorgen bort til sine Jordefærd;
Den blege Giæst ei passer for vor Lyst.
[*Philostrat gaaer*]
Hippolita, jeg tog dig ved mit Sværd,
Og vandt din Kiærlighed ved Overlast;
Nu aabner jeg din Hu med bedre Nögle:
Med Pragt, med Optog og med Giæstebud.

Better, even brilliant, is the players' scene of Act I:

QUINCE: Er hele Compagniet samlet?
BOTTOM: Det var nok bedst at raabe dem op i Almindelighed, Mand for Mand, efter Listen.

[67] *En Skiærsommernats Dröm.* Lystspil af Shakespeare. Oversat af Adam Oehlenschlæger. Trykt hos Brunnich paa Forfatterens Forlag. Kiöbenhavn. 1816. Reprinted in *Udmærkede Digterværker, oversatte af Oehlenschlæger.* Kjöbenhavn. 1848.

QUINCE: Her er Listen paa hver Mands Navn, som i hele Athen er befunden dygtig, til at agere i vort Mellemspil, for Hertugen og Hertuginden, paa deres Brylupsdag i Nat.

BOTTOM: Först, gode Peter Quince, sig os hvad Stykket handler om. Raab saa Actörernes Navne, og kom saa til Sagen.

QUINCE: Mare—vort Stykke er den allerbegrædeligste Comödie, og den allergrusommeligste Död om Pyramus og Thisbe.

BOTTOM: Et suffisant Stykke Arbeide, det kan jeg forsikkre Eder; og lystigt. Nu, gode Peter Quince, raab nu Actörerne op efter Listen. Mestere, stiller Jer i Rad.

QUINCE: Svarer mig nu, naar jeg kalder. Nick Bottom, Væveren!

BOTTOM: Her! Siig mig hvad jeg har at bestille, og gaae saa videre.

QUINCE: I, Nick Bottom, er ansat som Pyramus.

BOTTOM: Hvad er Pyramus? En Elsker eller en Tyran?

QUINCE: En Elsker, som paa den galanteste Maade dræber sig selv af Kiærlighed.

BOTTOM: Det vil koste adskillige Taarer, naar det bliver veritabel agert. Naar jeg giör det, saa lad Tilhörerne have et Öie med deres Öine. Jeg vil giöre Blæst. Jeg vil hyle paa en Maade!—Nu til de Övrige. Egentlig har jeg dog meest Anlag til en Tyran. Jeg kunde prægtig spille en Herkylus, eller en Rolle hvor man vender op og ned paa alting og slaaer i Stykker:

"Snart Klippens Kant,
Som Diamant,
En Aabning fandt
I Fængslets Muur.
Og Phöbus Karm
Giör kold og varm
Med Sjiæbnens Harm
Al vor Natur."

Det var höit! Kald nu de andre Actörer. Det var nu Herkylusses Natur, en Tyrans Natur. En Elsker er meer forbarmelig.

QUINCE: Frands Flute, Bælgeflikkeren!

FLUTE: Her, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: I maae tage Thisbe paa Jer!

FLUTE: Hvad er Thisbe? Er det en vandrende Ridder?

QUINCE: Det er den Fröken, som Pyramus skal elske.

FLUTE: Nei Hilledöd, lad mig ikke spille Fruentimmer. Jeg begynder alt at faae Skiæg.

QUINCE: Det siger ingenting. I skal spille med Maske, og I kan snakke saa fiint som I vil.

BOTTOM: Naar jeg maa skiule mit Ansigt, saa lad mig ogsaa spille Thisbe. Jeg skal snakke med en monströslille Stemme: "Thisbe, Thisbe! Ak Pyramus min Beiler kiær! Din Thisbe kiær, og Jomfru skiær!"

QUINCE: Nei vist ikke nei! I maa spille Pyramus; og Flute, I maae vare Thisbe.

BOTTOM: Godt. Videre!

QUINCE: Robin Starveling, Skrædderen.

STARVELING: Her, Peter Quince!

QUINCE: Robin Starveling! I maae spille Thisbes Moder. Snout, Kiædelflikker!

SNOUT: Her, Peter Quince.

QUINCE: I, Pyramussens Fader; jeg selv Thisbes Fader. Snug Snedker, I har Lövens Rolle. Og saaledes, tænker jeg er Comödien besat.

SNUG: Har I skrevet Lövens Rolle op, saa maae jeg bede om den; for jeg har et daarligt Hoved til at lære udenad.

QUINCE: I kan extemporere; I har ikke andet at giöre, end at bröle.

BOTTOM: Lad mig ogsaa spille Lövens Rolle! Jeg skal bröle, saa det skal gaae alle Mennesker til Marv og Been. Jeg vil bröle, saa Hertugen skal sige: Lad ham bröle om igien! Lad ham bröle om igien!

QUINCE: Dersom I giorde det altfor gyseligt, saa blev Hertuginden og Damerne bange. Og det ver nok, for at vi alle kunde blive hængte.

ALLE: Ja saa bleve vi hængte, hver Kiæft.

BOTTOM: Ja, det tilstaaer jeg, mine Venner! Naar I giorde Damerne saa bange, at de mistede deres Forstand, saa kunde de være ufornuftige nok, til at hænge os op allesammen. Men jeg skal forstærke min Stemme; jeg skal bröle Jer saa södt, som en kurrende Due. Jeg skal bröle, saa I troer at höre en Nattergal.

Oehlenschlæger has been extremely happy in his handling of the songs. His translations would hardly serve as a school-boy "crib," but they reproduce felicitously the spirit and tune of the original:

Den Tiure med sin sorte Strut,
Og Næb som Appelsin;
Den uselige Giærdesmut,
Samt liden Drossel fiin;
. . . . . .
Græshoppe, Spurv og bitte Lærke,
Dertil den Giög saa graa,
Der siunge hvad mangen Mand bör mærke,
Men ikke svare paa.

In 1865, when Björnson gave his memorable performance of the play at Christiania Theatre, it was to Oehlenschlæger's translation that he turned; and in 1878, H. P. Holst used it as the basis of his stage version for the Royal Theatre at Copenhagen.

Knud Lyhne Rahbek is a barometer of the cultivated taste of Copenhagen in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first third of the nineteenth century. He shared its every enthusiasm, not critically, but intensely, and with unmistakable sincerity. He was attracted to Shakespeare very early, and seems to have given up a project for a complete translation only when Foersom submitted to him specimens of the work on which he had already begun. Rahbek did not cease, however, to occupy himself with Shakespeare. He wrote critical and historical articles, one, at least of great importance, and he collaborated with A. E. Boye in a translation and stage cutting of *The Merchant of Venice*.[68] Strangely enough, he allowed the printed text to go out under his own name, and no one suspected that it was not by him till Professor Nicolaj Bögh pointed out[69] that only the first few pages are his; the rest is by Boye. The translation is very creditable, one can hardly say more, with a certain heaviness akin to that of Lassen's in Norwegian.[70]

[68] *Kiöbmanden i Venedig.* Lystspil i 5 Akter. Fordansket til Skuepladsens Brug ved K. L. Rahbek, Ridder af Dannebrog. Kiöbenhavn. 1827.

[69] *Dansk Biografisk Leksikon* 2:561 ff.

[70] Cf. *Shakespeare in Norway* pp. 108 ff.

For the sake of completeness we must take account of H. C. Wosemose's *Selected Tragedies by William Shakespeare.*[71] The plays included in this collection are *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, and *King Lear*. The translation is emphatically pedestrian. Despite Wosemose's assurance that he has allowed himself many metrical irregularities in order that he might convey the spirit of the original, the reader will search in vain for any hint of spirit. The listlessness of the performance, indeed, is most pronounced in the scenes of stirring action or tense emotion—the opening of *Hamlet* and the quarrel scene in *Julius Caesar*. If we may trust an announcement in *Allernyeste Skilderier* af Kjöbenhavn,[72] Wosemose planned a complete translation of Shakespeare. The undertaking, however, ended with the first volume.

The *Selected Tragedies* of Wosemose was the last free lance translation of Shakespeare for a generation. The standard Foersom-Lembcke held sway undisputed. But in 1887-88, Valdemar Österberg published in the popular series, *Dansk Folkebibliotek*, three remarkable translations of *Hamlet*,[73] *Romeo and Juliet*,[74] and *King Lear*.[75] Twelve years later appeared his *Selected Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare*, in two volumes, with concise and informing introductions to the separate plays by Georg Brandes.[76] This collection includes *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *1 Henry IV*, *Twelfth Night*, *Othello*, *The Tempest*, and thorough-going revisions of the three translations published earlier. Finally, in 1908, he prepared for the Committee for the Promotion of Popular Instruction a new translation, with introduction and notes, of *Macbeth*.[77] The introduction is of the type so familiar to us from American school editions: I, The Evolution of the Drama; II, The Theatre in the Age of Shakespeare; III, Shakespeare's Youth; IV, Shakespeare's Later Life; V, Macbeth; VI, Shakespeare's Place in Literature. It reveals the power, not unusual among Danes, and rather more common among Englishmen and Frenchmen than among us, of presenting the fruits of scholarship in an interesting way, without sacrificing anything of accuracy or solidity.

The translation is excellent. Österberg is a better scholar than Foersom, and he had the advantage of working a century later. Even so,

[71] *Udvalgte Sörgespil af William Shakespeare.* Oversat af H. C. Wosemose. Kjöbenhavn. Preface dated November, 1833.

[72] 2, no. 78. 1834.

[73] William Shakespeare: Hamlet, Prinds af Danmark. Kjöbenhavn. 1887. *Dansk Folkebibliotek* no. 7.

[74] Same as above. *Dansk Folkebibliotek* no. 74.

[75] Same as above. *Dansk Folkebibliotek* no. 43.

[76] Köbenhavn. 1900. This collection includes:
Volume I: *En Skærsommernatsdröm, Romeo og Julie, Kong Henrik IV, Förste Del, Helligtrekongersaften.*
Volume II: *Hamlet, Othello, Kong Lear, Stormen.*

[77] *William Shakespeare: Macbeth* i Oversættelse og med en Indledning af V. Österberg. Med tolv Billeder. Ved Udvalget for Folkeoplysningens Fremme. Köbenhavn. 1908.

scholarship is not all. It may serve an editor, but not a translator. Tact, imaginative insight, the intuitive power to discover in the treasures of his own language the one word, the one phrase, which shall arouse the image of the original, these and a high technical skill are even more important. Foersom had them in a miraculous degree, and they atone for much inaccuracy. Österberg, too, has caught something of the inspiration. If it has a fault, it is that to one accustomed to Shakespeare in the racy Elizabethan English, this new Danish translation is too modern. We have been attuned to the archaisms, the obsolete constructions, the strange, often half-understood, turns of phrase. For us these are a part of Shakespeare, just as truly as they are a part of Chaucer or the King James Bible. Now, to modern ears, at least, Foersom preserves a good deal of this. Österberg, for better or for worse, does not. Let the reader compare with the older translation, this admirable modern rendering of the balcony scene:

ROMEO: Den ler ad Ar som aldrig fik et Saar.
[*Julie kommer til Syne oppe i sit Vindue*]
Men stille! se det Væld af Lys fra Vindvet!
O det er Östen selv, og Julie Solen.
Rind op, min Sol, og dræb den nidske Maane,
som alt er mat og bleg af Nag, fordi
du overstraaler hende, hvem du tjener.
Hör op at tjene den Misundelige
og hendes blege, gustne Nonnedragt,
den bæres kun af Daarer, læg den bort!
Hun er min Skat, ja hende har jeg kaaret!
O gid hun vidste det!
Hun taler, nej hun tier. Tier? nej,
thi hendes Öje taler,—jeg vil svare.
Indbildske! Talen gælder ikke dig.
To af de skjönneste blandt Himlens Stjerner
fik Forfald, nu skal hendes Öjne tindre
i deres Sfære, til de kommer hjem.
Og om de byttet Plads med hendes Öjne?
Ja, da fordunkled hendes Ansigt dem,
som Daglys Lampen; men fra Luften vælded
saa klart et Lys af hendes Öines Kilder
saa Fuglene ved Nat slog Morgentriller.
Se, hvor hun stötter Hinden i sin Haand!
O var jeg nu en Handske paa din Haand
og rörte ved din Kind!
JULIE: Ak ja!
ROMEO: Hun taler.
O tal igen, Lysengel, du som straaler
deroppe imod Nattens mörke Grund
ret som et vinget Himlens Sendebud
for Menneskenes vidt opspilte Öjne,
naar de med Undren böjer sig tilbage
og ser ham ride paa de træge Skyer

og sejle glidende i Luftens Skjöd.
JULIE: Ak, Romeo, Romeo! hvorfor er du Romeo?
Fornægt din Fa'r og sig dig Navnet fra.
Hvis ikke, sværg saa blot at du er min,
og jeg er ikke mer en Capulet.

This is finely done. But does it give the inarticulate sense of "old, forgotten, far-off things," as Shakespeare gives it, and Foersom?

The same criticism—a modernity which dissipates the atmosphere of Shakespeare's English—may be brought also against the translations of Niels Möller in his "Shakespeare for the People."[78] Möller is a competent Shakespearean scholar and critic, and his translation is, as we should expect, accurate and clear. There is a sturdy and ready virility about it, too, which admirably adapts it for popular reading. It may be questioned, however, whether the easy swing, the transparent modern Danish of Hamlet's soliloquy reproduces even remotely the solemn tones and overtones of Shakespeare:

Det gælder, være eller ikke være;
Om det er mere Sjælestort at taale
den onde Lykkes Slyngekast og Pile
eller at ta Vaaben mod en Sö af Sorger
og ende den ved Trods. At dö; at sove—
ej mer; og sæt vi i en Sövn kan ende
den Hjærte-Ve, de tusind Sting, Naturen
lod Kjödet arve; det er en Forlösning,
vi fromt tör önske os. At dö; at sove,
at sove, kanske drömme! Det er Knuden;
thi hvad der vel i Dödens Sövn kan drömmes,
naar vi har skuffet af os Jordens Virvar,
gör, vi maa stanse: dette Hensyn er det,
som volder, Kummer faar saa langt et Liv.
For hvem gad taale Tidens Haan og Svöbe;
Voldsherrens Tvang, de stolte Mænds Foragt
og vraget Elskovs Pine, Rettens Ophold,
og Embedshovmod, Puf og Spark, der gives
taalmodigt Værd af dem, der intet duer,
naar selv han kunde skrive sin Kvittering
med blottet Daggert? Hvem gad slæbe Byrder,
stönne og svede under Livets Möje,
hvis ikke Angst for Noget efter Döden,
det uforfarne Land hvis grænse ingen
Rejsende vender hjem fra, lammer Viljen,
og gör, vi heller bær, hvad ondt vi har,
end flyer til andet, som vi ikke kender.
Bevidsthed gör os saadan alle fejge,
og Djærvheds ægte Farve oversygnes
paa saadan Vis af Tankens blege Strög;

[78] *William Shakespeare: Kong Henrik IV, Köbmanden i Venedig, Hamlet.* Köbenhavn-Kristiania. 1901.

og Formaal af den störste Vægt og Höjde
herover drejer deres Strömme vrangt
og mister Navn af Virke.

Consciously to revive the language of a past age is not itself a merit. Very often it results in a pseudo-archaism as ridiculous as the papier-mâché Gothic of Strawberry Hill. But in a translation of an old classic one welcomes an illusion of the speech of other days. It need be only a suggestion, as in Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey*, or a sustained *tour de force*, as in Morris' translations of the sagas; in any event, it must be artistically true. Because they lack it so completely the English or American reader of Österberg's and Möller's translations has a vague sense of something missing.

The sense of something missing is still more pronounced in Th. Ewald's translation of *The Merchant of Venice*.[79] Here Shakespeare has been done into easy, almost colloquial, Danish, sparkling and smart, but not Shakespearean. The best thing is the capital rendering of Launcelot Gobbo's speeches, particularly his delicious argument as to whether or not he shall leave the Jew, his master.

6

This is an impressive body of translation; on the whole, of high quality; and to it must be added certain translations of *Venus and Adonis* and the sonnets.

In 1819 Oehlenschlæger published in Rahbek's *Tilskueren* a translation of seventy-nine stanzas of *Venus and Adonis*, from the beginning to stanza 82, omitting 40, "Within this limit is relief enough," and 67, "Who sees his true love in her naked bed."[80] There is, as Vilhelm Andersen has pointed out,[81] a good deal of the Dionysian in Oehlenschlæger, a bacchic sensuousness, which, restrained by the chilly propriety of the Denmark of Frederick VI, found expression in all manner of indirections. No doubt the pagan luxuriousness of Shakespeare's poem attracted him more than he would have dared to confess except through this oblique tribute of a translation. It has many merits—limpid rhythm, facile rhymes, and frequent felicities of diction and imagery. On the whole, however, it lacks the ease and cloying sweetness of Shakespeare, for, taken all in all, Oehlenschlæger was a son of Hellas rather than of the Renaissance: the light about his *Venus and Adonis* is too steady and white. Consider, for instance, the four opening stanzas:

[79] *William Shakespeare: Köbmanden i Venedig*, ved Th. Ewald. Illustreret af Gudmund Hentze. Köbenhavn. 1910.

[80] *Venus og Adonis* af Shakespeare. Fordansket ved Hr. Professor Oehlenschlæger. *Tilskueren* 1:nos. 23, 24, and 31. 1819. The translation is reprinted in F. L. Liebenberg, *Bidrag til den oehlenschlagerske Literaturs Historie* 2:56-71. Kjöbenhavn. 1868.

[81] Cf. *Bacchustoget i Norden* pp. 169 ff.

Just medens Solen i sin Purpurpragt
Med vakte Morgen Afsked havde taget,
Rödmusset gik Adonis ud paa Jagt;
Han elsked Jagt, men Elskov han forsaged.
Syghierted Venus vil ham ei forfeile,
Skiön fölger hun hans Fied, for selv at beile.

Hun quad: Med dig jeg ikke lignes kan;
Saa huld en Blomst som du, ei Marken skuer.
Du Nymphers Skygge, skiön som ingen Mand,
Mer röd og hvid end Roser og end Duer!
Natur dig skabte med sig selv i Kiv,
Den vidste, Verden endes med dit Liv.

Vel, Underværk! Saa stands din Ganger nu,
Dens stolte Hoved du til Sadlen spænde.
Foragt kun ei min Godhed, saa skal Du
Snart tusind skiulte Honingglæder kiende.
Her hvisler ingen Snog bag Stenes Dysse,—
Sid hos, at jeg kan quæle dig med Kysse.

O luk nu ei din Mund og vrag med Mathed,
Men lad den hungrig min imöde flyve!
Den blusse, blegne lad med samme Lethed,
Ti Kys saa kort som eet, eet langt som Tyve!
En Sommerdag vil faae en Times Vinge,
Naar vi med saadant Morskab den tilbringe.

Oehlenschlæger's is but a fragment; a complete translation however, we do have from the hand of Nikolaj Nielsen.[82] The introduction by Georg Brandes, though very short, contains all that a Danish reader would wish to know—the place of *Venus and Adonis* in Shakespeare's work; its significance in his own day; its undiluted paganism; its suggestions of the Italian Renaissance; the honey-sweetness of the style, marred for us by many tactless "conceits" which seem the height of bad taste, but which were then on the crest of fashion, and the marvelous plastic images. The poem is like a succession of fine poses caught by a great painter. Brandes calls attention, rather cautiously, to the higher ethical note at the close, and to the genuine joy in nature which shines through all its artificiality. "So immense is the range of style in this little poem of Shakespeare's youth, from Ovid to the Old Testament, from expressions of an art refined to the point of artistry, to simple and splendid expressions of Nature."

Nielsen, like Oehlenschlæger, employs the original rhyme-scheme and metre; but obviously he felt himself bound to greater literalness. This, however, he has secured without sacrificing the deeper poetic truth, without which a translation becomes a mere "pony." Compare with Oehlenschlæger the first four stanzas, in which what Rossetti called

[82] *Venus og Adonis.* Af William Shakespeare. Oversat af Nikolaj Nielsen. Med et Forord af Georg Brandes. Kjöbenhavn. 1894.

"literality" is preserved without the least injury to the tone and spirit of the original:

Hist Solen med sit Purpur-Ansigt tager
Afsked med graadfuldt Gry, og ud paa Jagt
den rosenkindede Adonis jager;
hans Lyst var Jagt, men Elskov hans foragt;
hen til ham iler Venus syg i Hu
og taler som en dristig Beiler nu.

Hun siger: "Söde Blomst og bedste Mand!
skön er jeg, trefold mer man dig dog skuer,
saa Nymfer maa sig græmme; dig, for Sand
mer röd end Roser, hvidere end Duer,
Naturen danned' med sig selv i Kiv;
hun sagde, Verden endtes med dit Liv.

Du Under, hör mig, stig af Hesten ned,
ved Sadelbuen bind dens Hoved fast,
og tusind honningsöde Ting jeg ved,
din Gunst med dem belönner jeg i Hast.
Kom, sæt dig ned, her hvisler ingen Slange,
og jeg vil kvæle dig med Kys saa lange.

Lad dog ei Læben mattet föle Lede
men stadig hungrig min imöde flyve,
snart röd, snart hvid, kun om Forandring bede,
ti Kys som eet, og eet saa langt som tyve!
At Sommerdagen som en Time gaar,
vor hulde Leg saa vel jo det formaar."

Or take the following fine rendering of the oft-quoted description of the stallion—almost the genius of Shakespeare is there:

Rund Hov og korte Led og Hovdusk lang,
bredt Bryst, klart Öje, Næsebor saa vide,
kort Öre, lidet Hoved, herlig Gang,
tynd Manke, Hale tyk, blöd Hud, stærk Side;—
alt, hvad en Hest bör have, havde den,
kun ei en Rytter paa sin brede Lænd.

Altogether, one is ready to accept this translation as definitive.

There exists only one complete translation of Shakespeare's sonnets in Danish, Adolph Hansen's of 1885.[83] It had been anticipated, however, by two slight fragments. Thirty years before there appeared in *Ydun* translations of Sonnets XXVII and XXX,[84] and in 1869 Fröken Caspara Preetzman ["Caralis"] included in her volumes *Digte og Sange* translations of Sonnets LIV, XXII, CXLV, XXIX, and LXXI. The translations in *Ydun* are mediocre and scarcely call for more than mention. Yet they were the first, and for that reason, if for no other, the better

[83] *Shakespeares Sonetter.* Oversatte af Adolf Hansen. Med Indledning og Anmærkninger. Kjöbenhavn. 1885. Six of these sonnets, XXV-XXX, were published the year before in *Tilskueren.*

[84] *To Sonetter efter Shakespeare. Ydun* (1855), p. 17.

of the two should be disinterred from the old periodical in which it now lies buried.

Naar op til mine Tankers tause Möder
Jeg maner det Forgangnes söde Minde,
Ved mangt et ustilt Savn da Hiertet blöder,
Med gammel Qval ny Klage Timer rinde,
Da kan uvante Taarer Öiet væde
For Venner som den fule Grav omklamrer,
Og Elskovs visne Qval tillive græde,
Mens for saamangen svunden Dröm jeg jamrer.
Da kan ved Fortids Lidelser jeg lide
Og, mörk i Hu, fra Sorg til Sorg forfölge
De triste Smerters Rækker; hen de stride
Saa evig friske som den bittre Bölge.
Men, naar til dig, min Ven, min Hu jeg vender,
Hvert Tab erstattes flux, hver Kummer ender.
(Sonnet XXX)

Caspara Preetzman, to whom we owe the sonnet translations of 1867, was a second-rate painter and sculptor of her day, with a genuine, though exceedingly weak, flavor of genius. She was a catholic lover of English literature, and published, in 1866, a century of translation of English poems; none, however, from Shakespeare. Her translations of the sonnets are exceedingly free, and only rarely of special excellence. Perhaps the best is LXXI.

Sörg ikke længer, naar mig Döden rammer,
End mens Du hörer Klokken dump og dyb
Forkynde höit, at jeg fra Verdens Jammer
Gik bort at bo blandt alleruslest Kryb.
Nei! hvis Du læser dette, lad forgjettes
Den Haand som skrev det! Du er mig saa kjær,
At för jeg av din Tanke vil udslettes,
End at mit Minde skulde gaae Dig nær.
Ja, hvis dit Blik paa disse Vers sig fæster
Naar jeg maaskee er smuldret hen til Leer,
Begrav din Kjærlighed med mine Rester,
Lad selv mit stakkels Navn ei nævnes meer:
Den kloge Verden, hvis din Taare flöd,
Dig gjekked med mig end, naar jeg er död.

"The life-blood of rhythmical translation," says Rossetti in his preface to the *Early Italian Poets*, "is the commandment,—that a good poem shall not be turned into a bad one. The only true motive for putting poetry into a fresh language, must be to endow a fresh nation, as far as possible, with one more possession of beauty." Adolph Hansen's danishings of English poems are countless, and they range from *Beowulf* to Swinburne's *Hertha*, but without exception they obey this first commandment, and they do endow a fresh nation with new possessions of beauty. They

are marked by scrupulous fidelity to the original, dignity, and a subtle response to every shift of rhythm and feeling. This translation of the sonnets is now a national possession, and so easily accessible that it is superfluous to quote. Not, therefore, as a sample of his wares, but as an illustration of his genius, I give Hansen's rendering of Sonnet XXIX:

> Naar Mennesker og Lykken bort sig vender,
> naar jeg forladt med Graad i Öjet staar
> og Raab imod den döve Himmel sender,
> og naar jeg dybt forbander mine Kaar
>
> Og en Mands Haab som Maal for Öjet nævner,
> en andens Træk, en tredjes Vennekreds
> og fordrer hines Stræben, disses Evner,
> med hvad der mest mig glæder mindst tilfreds,
>
> Foragtende mig selv,—da stundom svæver
> min Tanke hen mod dig, og mine Kaar
> —som Lærken, der ved Gry fra Jord sig hæver,—
> ved Himlens Porte Jubeltriller slaar:
>
> Din Kærlighed slig Rigdom skænker mig,
> at da med Kongers Kaar jeg bytter ej.

Prefaced to the translation is an introduction in which Hansen gives the objective facts about the sonnets, the various theories of their interpretation, the history of the sonnet form in England, and, finally, their autobiographical significance. The last section is the most important. Hansen recognizes fully that Shakespeare's sonnets are in respect of their form and much of their contents entirely conventional. But that they are totally without biographic value, he can not bring himself to believe. There are several indications that point in another direction. In the first place, most of them are addressed to a man. Such a departure from convention is not without significance. Second, there are in these poems allusions to such definite matters—souvenir volumes, a rival poet, the duration of their friendship, that it is difficult to conceive of them as mere literary exercises. But the strongest reason for believing that the sonnets are essentially autobiographical is furnished by the spirit and genuine passion that animate them. They have too genuine a ring to be mere poetic fantasies on assigned subjects. And the notion that he could sit down to thrum forth lyrical "kling-klang" is not one that will square with what we know of Shakespeare, the very tissue of whose poetry is life and experience.

From the fact that two of the sonnets, CXXVIII and CXLIV, appear in a slightly divergent form in *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), Hansen would assign the composition of the sonnets to the years 1599-1602, about the poet's fortieth year. "There is at this time a crisis in Shakespeare's life, a moment at which all the experiences, disappointments, bitterness, sorrow, and self-reproaches collect in his now mature spirit, sink to the

bottom, and form the foundation for the masterpieces of the succeeding period, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*. In some of the sonnets it is as though one heard the indistinct overtures to these plays. It is as though one were sailing amid breakers and heard afar the dull thunders of the storm-tossed sea one is approaching. The sixty-sixth sonnet, as in a synthesis, gathers that mass of bitter experiences which had collected in the deeps of Shakespeare's soul."

Here, of course, is a very early expression of that ingenious theory of a period of gloom, which Brandes was to popularize a decade or so later. It is not surprising, therefore, to find in Brandes' review of Hansen, the same anticipation of the theory.[85]

[85] Georg Brandes, *Fremmede Personligheder*. Kjöbenhavn. 1889. The original place of publication I have not been able to discover. The publishers (Gyldendal) believe that the essay was first published in *Politiken* newspaper in 1885.

CHAPTER II

SHAKESPEAREAN CRITICISM IN DENMARK

1

In approaching the study of Shakespearean criticism in Denmark, we are confronted with a certain difficulty in fixing a point of departure, for the first criticism of Shakespeare in the Danish monarchy was written by Germans in German. The first documents are Gerstenberg's introduction to his translation of Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Maid's Tragedy* and his *Versuch über Shakespeares Werke und Genie*.[1] In a grewsome melodrama, *Ugolino*,[2] Gerstenberg sought, as he asserted, to copy the tragedy of Shakespeare and the Elizabethans. All this, of course, belongs properly to the literary history of Germany. That the German Shakespeare propaganda had an immediate effect in Denmark is shown conclusively by a classic passage from Ewald's *Memoirs*.

> Shortly after this time [about 1766], something occurred which completely altered my tastes. Wieland's translation of Shakespeare and the prose translation of Macpherson's Ossian fell into my hands, and, imperfect as these are, they awakened in me, I will not say a desire, rather a passion, to learn English. I learned it, and what bottomless deeps of poetry opened before me![3]

We may not assume, however, that Shakespeare was totally unknown before German criticism and German translations made his name familiar. Danish students and scholars, among them Holberg, visited England in great numbers throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. That these men, intelligent and alert, never heard Shakespeare's name, never read even one of his plays is, of course preposterous. Yet it must be confessed that they were strangely reticent of what they knew. In 1816, however, Rahbek unearthed proof that one of Holberg's contemporaries knew of Shakespeare and had some appreciation of his importance.[4] In a poem which Holberg certainly had read, *Skyldigst Taksigelse til Justitsraad og Geheimeraad Dr. Frederik Rostgaard til Krogerup da han lod Mag. Anders Bording's Vers i Trykken udgaae* (March, 1703), Töger Reenberg, in enumerating the great poets of Europe, writes:

> Med Cowley, Shakespeare, Engelland,
> Med Catz kan Holland beile;
> Og Frankrik roser Saint Amant,

[1] *Die Braut*. Kopenhagen. 1765. Gerstenberg's *Versuch* appeared in the famous *Briefe über Merkwürdigkeiten der Literatur* nos. 14-18. Schleswig. 1770.

[2] Hamburg. 1768.

[3] *Johannes Ewalds Levnet og Meninger*. Udgivne af Louis Bobé. p. 166. Kjöbenhavn. 1911. Cf. Rönning, *Rationalismens Tidsalder* 2:77-84. 1890.

[4] Shakespeareana i Danmark. *Dansk Minerva* 3:151 ff. 1816.

Boileau, Marot, Corneille:
De Tydskes Priis, Opitz og Rist;
Italiens, Guariner,
Tass, Ariost . . .[5]

Reenberg had been in England in the course of his tour abroad (1680-1682); like Holberg, he studied for some time at Oxford, and he had acquired a thorough command of English. That he had *read* Shakespeare is not proved; but these facts, it seems to me, render it exceedingly probable.

If we cannot be sure how well Reenberg knew his Shakespeare, we have no difficulty in appraising the ignorance of the first Danish translator of the *Spectator*, Peder Kraft. In a note to No. 57, where *Othello* is mentioned, he writes, "A wretched tragedy, wherein the hero weeps for a stolen handkerchief." Even better is the translation of the words "the ghost of Banquo," in No. 45, as "Aanden i Banquo!"[6]

The second mention of Shakespeare's name occurs in 1763—two years before Gerstenberg's famous introduction—in a review of a German translation of Home's *Elements of Criticism* (*Grundzüge der Critik*): "Home's work may fairly be considered as the best of its kind. He combines Esthetics with Ethics, good taste with virtue, and posits the truth that honest and diligent study of the fine arts gives to the heart a clearer illumination and a greater firmness. The theory is supported by many examples from the best writers, among which Shakespeare is often mentioned."[7]

These are the only references to Shakespeare before the essays of Gerstenberg and Cramer, and their German literary coterie at the court of Copenhagen. Obviously they signify little, and afford no basis for elaborate theories of an earlier knowledge of Shakespeare. But in 1769, only a year after *Ugolino*, and before the new criticism could have had much effect, Reenberg's poems were published in a sumptuous edition, with notes by the celebrated Latinist, Bolle Willum Luxdorph. The note to the first lines of the stanza already quoted,

Med Cowley, Shakespeare, Engelland

is, perhaps, not without significance:[8]

William Shakespeare, born in Warwickshire in 1564, lived till 1616, and was, according to his epitaph, a Nestor, a Socrates, and a Virgil all in one. But that was the formula for epitaphs in those days. In England it is not permitted to draw his greatness in question.

. . . . . .

At all events, every impartial foreigner will admit that here is a problem not easily solved. It is true that very few have surpassed him in adapting his thoughts to his

[5] Quoted by Rahbek, *loc. cit.* Published in *Töger Reenbergs Poetiske Skrifter* 1:204. Kiöbenhavn. 1769.

[6] Rahbek, *loc. cit.* Kraft's translation, in two volumes, appeared in 1742.

[7] *Nye Tidender om Lærde og Curieuse Sager* p. 378. 1763.

[8] *Töger Reenbergs Poetiske Skrifter* pp. 208 ff., note.

materials, whether lofty or mean, or in putting into the mouths of his characters speeches suitable to their intelligence and conditions. Profound and deep when he is serious, gay and witty when he jests. But, on the other hand, many objections may be urged against him.

Then follows a quotation from Voltaire's *Essai sur la Poésie Épique*, and Luxdorph continues:

That such a curious mingling of good and bad can afford pleasure, and that the latter does not destroy the former is due, I believe, to the following circumstance. Sorrow is an enforced state of mind from which everyone wishes to be freed. If, then, a poet has plunged his readers into gloom, and then suddenly in some agreeable fashion makes them laugh, he may rest assured of their sympathy. When Ophelia has drowned herself, and is so securely dead that nothing remains for the parterre but to witness her funeral, no one is offended when the poet has one of the gravediggers say, "It is damnable that great folk should show greater serenity in hanging or drowning themselves than other Christians." Furthermore, Shakespeare wrote at a time when such plays were readily accepted. If some of his plays had been written today, we should hesitate to applaud them; whereas now we hesitate not to applaud them, since they have been approved for two hundred years and more. But to return to Voltaire. He seems to have changed his mind and not to be so sympathetic toward Shakespeare as before. It has seemed to him intolerable (and the reason may easily be surmised) that Shakespeare should be given precedence over the great Corneille . . . . Accordingly, in the ninth series of his *Pièces Fugitives* he has given a synopsis of *Hamlet* which does not fail to bring out every fault in the play. And it is certain that if Danes were to learn in their theatre that Denmark was a Christian country in King Harald's day; that we already had Rosencrantzes and Guildensterns among us; that King Frotho, or Fortinbras, returned from Poland, which he had conquered, to ascend the Danish throne, and found the King and Queen, Privy Councillor Polonius with his son and daughter, all come to a violent end—they would hardly be able to conceive of anything more grotesque, unless it were Theobald's excuse in this instance. . . . "This was not through ignorance—but through the too powerful blaze of his Imagination, which, when once roused, made all acquired knowledge vanish and disappear before it!"

A study of this interesting comment reveals three things: first, that this is no echo of Gerstenberg's panegyrics; second, that Luxdorph, as early as 1768, and probably much earlier, had read Shakespeare in Theobald's edition; third, that the critic who most decisively shaped Luxdorph's thoughts was Voltaire. Here, at last, is evidence of a study of Shakespeare at first hand, and independent of German influence.

Only three years later, in 1772, I find further evidence of the surprising maturity of Shakespearean scholarship in Denmark at a time when it had scarcely progressed beyond its infancy in Germany. The venerable *Lærde Efterretninger*[9] gives the following well informed notice of a Clarendon Press reprint of Hanmer's edition (1771):

We have received this year (1771) a new edition of Shakespeare from the Clarendon Press in six large quartos or, rather, folios. The magnificence of the new edition may fairly be called lavish. Preceding each play is a copper engraving by Gravelot.

[9] December 24, 1772.

For the rest, the new edition is precisely like that edited by Thomas Hanmer of 1744, except that at the end of each volume are given the variant readings of Theobald's and Capell's editions. Recognition of Capell reveals a good deal of impartiality, since Mr. Capell, in the preface to his edition, was rather severe on Mr. Hanmer. Samuel Johnson's edition is not mentioned. Apparently it was not felt at Oxford that he had made any noteworthy improvements in the text. The appended glossary has been greatly expanded. Some time ago the English began to study with great care the language of their older poets. One asks involuntarily, when will the Germans do as much?

Certainly there is no dependence on German criticism here. More revelatory still of a criticism which, whatever else may be said of it, does not proceed from Germany, is the comment on Shakespeare, written about this time, by the first Danish dramatic critic *ex professo*, Peder Rosenstand-Goiske:

> In tragedy Greece, in my opinion, bore off the palm from Rome, . . . for the latter had but one tragic poet, and one who cannot bear comparison with Aeschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. France, I came to know, occupies the highest place in this field, and among the poets of that country, Corneille and Voltaire stand first. England, I found, must yield to France in tragedy. For, however great a genius Shakespeare may be; however strict the unity of his plots; however original the conception, plan, and delineation of his characters; and however great the interest of his situations and plots, he is, none the less, irregular. His excellent, often incomparable, dialogue is cloaked in so many conceits, vulgarities, and puns, that he can never be compared with Corneille or Voltaire, nor his plays reckoned as true masterpieces, except, perhaps, by the nation for which he wrote. The same is true of the other English writers of tragedy, although in less degree, with the sole exception of Addison in his *Cato*. There are two grounds for this opinion. The English, and Shakespeare especially, employ too elaborate a design and too elaborate a main action. It has a certain unity, of course, but it has too many episodes in its train, for which reason it is sometimes difficult to distinguish the main plot. Not even *Othello* and *Romeo and Juliet* are free from this fault. Again, they show forth what need not be shown, nature in the rough, without selecting the beautiful, a matter in which the French exhibit great skill. They know how to arouse terror and pity, as Aristotle says, without regaling the spectators with the butcheries of the English stage.[10]

I would not, of course, deny, or even minimize, the immense impetus to Shakespearean studies in Denmark from the poets and critics of the German movement. I would simply point out that we can assume a knowledge of Shakespeare before the influence was felt in earnest, and that, from the very start, Danish critics went to France, or straight to England, quite as often as to the kindred people south of Kongeaaen. When in 1777, Boye's *Hamlet* appeared there was a body of well informed critics to deal with it.

From 1777 the appreciation of Shakespeare grew steadily until it became something like a literary fashion, against which, as I have pointed

[10] *Kritiske Efterretninger om den kongelige danske Skueplads, etc. 1778-1780.* Udgivet med Fortale og Anmærkninger af C. Molbech. Kjöbenhavn. 1839.

out, one of the reviewers of Boye felt it necessary to protest. The dominant enthusiasm finds a characteristic expression in Baggesen, more than most men responsive to the influences about him. In 1789 he made a tour through Germany to Switzerland and France, the first part of which he has recorded in the two volumes of *Labyrinthen*. At the very threshold of his "grand tour," at Hamburg, he happened to see the famous actor, Schröder, in *Lear*. Baggesen's impressionable soul took fire, and he pours forth his enthusiasm over the player and the play. After an almost ecstatic rhapsody on Schröder's entrance, and an analysis of the threefold source of his pleasure in the performance, he continues:[11]

> I had read and re-read, felt, thought through, treasured, admired, and worshipped the divine Shakespeare; I had acknowledged in his majestic genius the king of poets, the sovereign of imagination, but never till this occasion had I known his full worth.
>
> This was the masterpiece of dramaturgy presented with supreme histrionic art, the human soul to its innermost fibres revealed for the delight of our intellect and our appreciation of art's ideal. A human action with cause and effect stood revealed . . . living before the very eyes of the spectator, and his heart entranced marvelled at the Providence visible in its least detail.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> *King Lear* is in my opinion Shakespeare's, that is to say, the world's greatest tragedy. The poet seems in this wondrous beautiful play to have exhausted all Melpomene's heart-searching, terrifying, moving magic. In no other play known to me is mingled as here everything that awakens curiosity, arouses suspense, holds the attention, and in constantly increasing interest hurries the spirit from one passion to another. The chief character is, perhaps, the most interesting of which one can conceive as the center about which everything turns, at which every detail, however subordinate, meets to make of the whole an heroic-tragic drama. He is an unhappy king, at war with himself, his ungrateful family, and the raging elements. His tragic character is surrounded in nearly every possible tragic situation by purely tragic circumstances. In this one person alone are portrayed all the most pitiable sufferings of a prince, a father, and a man. Like a second Laocoön he is entangled more and more at every movement in the serpentine coils of his sufferings; and alas, his children do not share, but cause, his agony. All the other characters and conditions in the play, even the most episodic, manifold and distinct as are the contrasts between them, serve but to throw his into sharper relief. They are as indispensable as the children [in the Laocoön group]. To set forth the numberless beauties of detail, the new and significant thoughts, the phrases newer and more vivid still, the sparkling wit, and penetrating observations, would require a separate work thrice the volume of this. The whole is, from beginning to end, nature in tumult. The spirit sees it not, hears it not, but lives with it, a prey to fear, hatred, pity, rage, hope, and despair.

2

This, of course, is not criticism, but rhapsody, more valuable as a revelation of Baggesen than as an interpretation of Shakespeare or of *King Lear*. Of quite another character is Professor Levin C. Sander's *Lectures*

[11] *Jens Baggesens Danske Værker*. Udgivne af Forfatterens Söner og E. J. Boye. 8:170 ff. Kjöbenhavn. 1839.

on Shakespeare and His Tragedy Macbeth.[12] These lectures were delivered at the Pedagogical Seminary in the winter of 1801-1802, and they represent the first attempt at a comprehensive and systematic analysis in Danish of the work of Shakespeare. Sander's plan at the outset was even more ambitious. "This first series of lectures had for its purpose to characterize Shakespeare the man, to assemble literary criticism of the plays, to analyze his tragedy *Macbeth*, and, as a subordinate but closely related purpose, after a comparison with *Balder's Death*, *Wallenstein*, and *Oedipus*, to study fatalism as a principle of tragedy. The first lecture outlines this part of my plan, and the book itself, which, nevertheless, is a complete whole, will show how much of it I have been able to accomplish."

Only a fragment, indeed, of this huge design was ever carried out. The study of the remaining plays, the comparison of *Macbeth* with the other great tragedies of fate, and the analysis of fate itself as a tragic principle—this larger part of the work he had outlined remained a pious wish. The lectures as we have them deal with the life of Shakespeare, his genius, the history, plan, and characters of *Macbeth*. And even in this we need not, after the author's own frank confession, look for anything of originality. It is a painstaking, immensely circumstantial compilation from Herder, Gerstenberg, Rowe, Richardson, and Malone. Of anything approaching style there is as little as there is of originality or critical independence. The sole merit of the work, and, perhaps, considering the time and place, no mean one, is that it brings together without illumination, but systematically and skillfully, the best that had been said by English and German scholars of Shakespeare and *Macbeth*.[13]

3

Sander's failure to carry out his program was in some measure made good by his friend and collaborator Rahbek. In October, 1802, he published in *Minerva*[14] a long, rather rambling article on *Macbeth*. It is concerned almost entirely with the supernatural element and the soliloquies. Rahbek justifies the witch scenes by pointing out that Macbeth is a weak man with impulses for good, who can be driven into crime only by some external, even supernatural, powers. In this he is a contrast to Richard III who is intrinsically and inherently wicked. Rahbek then takes up the soliloquies. Instead of laying bare the inner conflicts of the tragic characters by means of the Greek chorus, Shakespeare causes them to reveal

[12] *Forelæsninger over Shakespeare og hans Sörgespil Macbeth.* Heri findes tillige det af Sander og Rahbek oversatte Sörgespil *Macbeth*, som ogsaa faaes særskildt. Kiöbenhavn. 1804.

[13] The twentieth lecture was published also in Rahbek's *Minerva* for May, 1802. The first, introductory lecture, was published in Tode's *Iris og Hebe* 1:71 ff. 1802. The whole work is reviewed in *Lærde Efterretninger* nos. 14, 17, and 18. 1804.

[14] 4:57 ff. 1802.

themselves in their secret self-communings. He quotes Wolsey's soliloquy to show the dramatic effectiveness of this method. In *Macbeth*, where the monologues are used with remarkable effect, they make us see the character of the hero in all its slightest nuances of good and bad. "It is of course true that characters must not announce to themselves who or what they are; they must not narrate or declaim in the closet, as in Greek or Latin drama; but the monologue is here employed as imitation of the most difficult kind; namely that which depicts the inner life of the soul in moments of reflection."

In two extremely verbose articles in *Minerva* of the following year,[15] Rahbek compares the witch scenes of *Macbeth* with the Valkyrie scenes of Ewald's *Balder's Death*. Rahbek thinks it certain that Ewald had Shakespeare's play in mind. There is, however, a distinct difference between the two plays in the use of the supernatural. Shakespeare uses the witch scenes to give the atmosphere at the beginning; Ewald, the Valkyrie scenes to bring about the tragic catastrophe at the end.

The second article is a refutation of the criticism that Shakespeare has made the witches too repulsive. Rahbek contends that the horrible should not be excluded from a work of art simply because it is horrible, but only because it is improbable. Are the witch scenes improbable? Rahbek thinks that they are not. For even if we do not believe literally in the witches, as the folk of Shakespeare's day did, can we not surrender ourselves to the illusion? When, as a matter of fact, does such a fabulous imagining pass its appropriate limit? To this he answers, "When it forces upon us not an idea or a feeling, but a physical fact, as when the wolf in Little Red Riding Hood devours the grandmother, dons her cap, and waits to devour the child."

The most valuable of Rahbek's articles I have already freely drawn upon, his *Shakespeare in Denmark* (1816).[16] The first part of the article amounts to a discussion of the still unsettled question, Did Holberg know Shakespeare? Rahbek admits that there is no evidence that he did, but, as I have already indicated, shows that Töger Reenberg, one of Holberg's best known contemporaries, expressly mentions Shakespeare as one of the great poets of the world. That Holberg knew Reenberg's poem is, according to Rahbek, intrinsically so probable as to amount to a certainty. There is still another indication that Holberg must have known Shakespeare. The translation of the *Spectator* by P. Kraft received its "Imprimatur" from Holberg's friend and deputy, Professor Anchersen. Kraft himself later became personally known to Holberg when he was appointed inspector at the academy which Holberg had founded at Sorö. These circumstances prove merely that Holberg could hardly have failed to know

[15] 3:65-93, 209-20. 1803.

[16] Cf. pp. 45-46.

something of Shakespeare. They do not prove that he had read the plays. Nor is the argument strengthened by Scheibe's contention in the preface to his German translation of *Peder Paars*, that since Holberg in the introduction to *Mindre Poetiske Skrifter* shows that he knew Ben Jonson, he must also have known Shakespeare. Rahbek rightly remarks that if Scheibe, who knew Holberg personally, can adduce no better evidence, then the case is weak indeed. Finally Holberg's Epistle 241, in which he discusses a number of English comedies, does not give the slightest hint of any acquaintance with Shakespeare.

Rahbek returned to the question in *Om Ludvig Holberg som Lystspildigter*. His words here are so often misinterpreted, that it seems desirable to give them in full:

> I would on this occasion mention the curious idea which flashed upon me at the name "Trinculo"—that many of the Spanish names which Don Ranundo rattles off in the third act [of *Don Ranundo*], Antonio, Prospero, Alphonso, Gonsalvo, Sebastiano, Trinculo, as well as Ariel—one of the names of the Prince of Morland—, seem to be taken straight from Shakespeare's *Tempest*, which, *at either first or second hand*, possibly in Dryden's adaptation, Holberg seems to have known.

It will be noted that Rahbek expressly emphasizes the fact that Holberg may have got these names at second hand, from Dryden's opera. It is curious, therefore, that H. H. Nyegaard in his article, *Har Holberg Kjendt Shakespeare*,[17] in which he covers almost precisely the same ground as Rahbek and arrives, naturally, at the same conclusion, should so completely have misunderstood Rahbek's allusion to *The Tempest*. After citing Scheibe's argument, which he at once dismisses, he writes: "By a similar process of loose reasoning Rahbek comes to the same conclusion [that Holberg knew Shakespeare]. He concludes from the Spanish names which Don Ranundo enumerates that Holberg knew *The Tempest*." Of course Rahbek concludes no such thing. "Moreover," continues Nyegaard, "from the striking similarity between the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew* and *Jeppe on the Hill*, one might infer such an acquaintance, if Holberg had not expressly mentioned his source."

The question is perpetually turning up. Skavlan treated it briefly and concisely in his *Holberg som Komedieforfatter*,[18] and very lately Dr. Oscar James Campbell has taken it up in his valuable book *The Comedies of Holberg*.[19] Skavlan pointed out, indeed, that Shakespeare was so often played, adapted, and commented between 1685 and 1709, that Holberg must have heard about him and even read about him; but it is doubtful if he read anything of him, and certain that he borrowed nothing. Dr.

[17] *For Romantik og Historie* 10:671-79. 1873. Cf. Rahbek: *Om Ludvig Holberg som Lystspildigter* 3:432. Kjöbenhavn. 1817.

[18] Kristiania. 1872.

[19] *Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature*. 3. Cambridge. 1914. Cf. J. G. Robertson in *Modern Language Review* 11:1 ff.

Campbell ventures to believe, on the basis of three slight details, that *Jeppe on the Hill* is influenced by the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*. The argument is rather frail, and until further evidence is forthcoming, most of us will prefer to leave the problem where Skavlan left it in 1872.

But to return to Rahbek. In 1828, less than two years before he died, he translated for A. P. Liunge's review, *Hertha*, a chapter of Boaden's *Life of Kemble*.[20] He accompanied it with a little preface, half criticism, half an old man's retrospection. He is talking about the different Hamlets which he has seen, or of which he has read. We can not, he says, lay down dogmatic rules for the interpretation of characters on the stage, a conviction in which he has been strengthened by reading Boaden's classic biographies of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. "Two most instructive works, which no student of dramatic art should fail, I will not say to read, but thoroughly to study." He wishes to give specimens of this work, especially since it has called up memories of the Hamlets he has seen and dreamed, Opiz, Klingmann, Foersom, and Foersom's successor. How different they were from each other and from the Hamlet he had thought of for Rosing, for whom, forty years earlier, he planned to translate the play. And how different from all of these his own Hamlet would have been, if his highest aspiration through all the years, a talent for the stage, had been granted him! Then follows the translation,—about forty pages.

One feels the pathos of Rahbek's *Vale*. He had planned as early as 1788 to translate *Hamlet;* it was never done: he had longed with boyish ardor to be an actor; he could never become one. And now he looks back over his failures, a little regretful, but with his appreciation of others as generous as ever, and his old enthusiasm in nowise abated.

4

For the Christmas season of 1802, Oehlenschlæger sent out the little volume of *Digte* which, like the *Lyrical Ballads* in England, but even more decisively, marks a turning point in Danish literature. With it began the Golden Age, to last almost an even half century.

But the old age did not pass without a protest. The Norwegian, Claus Pavels, later Bishop of Bergen, who lives because, like Pepys, he kept a diary, wrote a typical review of the familiar sort in *Lærde Efterretninger*.[21] After a curiously uncomprehending analysis of the poems, he proceeds:

> In regard to the models which Hr. Oehlenschlæger clearly follows, instead of keeping to *exemplaria graeca*, like Schiller, Herder, and the unjustly despised Voss: it cannot be denied that Shakespeare and Goethe are great poets, but the former should never be taken as a model, since his lack of culture and good taste is as obvious

[20] 1:269 ff. 1828.

[21] Nos. 21 and 22. 1803.

as his genius is high and incomparable,—and this one had better not try to imitate unless Nature has endowed one with the power to do so.

Oehlenschlæger answered in a long poem of no very great merit, but of a certain interest, since he ironically apologizes for the "barbarous" Shakespeare:

> At Shakespeare, skiöndt han havde Hierne,
> Var uden Smag, det tror jeg gierne;
> Han skrev vist ei slig Recension;
> Han vilde studse ved at smage
> Paa Smagen nu i vore Dage,
> Den ubehövlede Patron.[22]

In the autumn of 1807 appeared Oehlenschlæger's *Nordiske Digte*.[23] They have lost much of the romantic exuberance of *Sanct Hansaften-Spil* and the first fine careless rapture of *Aladdin*. He had come under the influence of Goethe; he had studied the tragedies of Schiller, and he had drunk in the riches of the art galleries of Dresden. There is a surer touch now, and a firmer restraint. All this, revealed clearly enough in the poems, *Thors Reise*, an epic; *Bladur hin Gode*, a Greek tragedy; and *Hakon Jarl hin Rige*, a tragedy profoundly influenced by Schiller, is plainly avowed in the preface, and implicit in the comment on Shakespeare:

> Since Aristotle's day, three unities have been held essential in drama—the unity of time, the unity of place, and the unity of action. Far from objecting to these rules in themselves, I would merely interpret them in a somewhat broader sense than is usual. If by unity of time is meant the age; by unity of place, the region; and by unity of action, the completely rounded out event [Bedrift], then these canons will hold for anything which can by any possibility be called a play. In this broader sense, they become not merely rules for the art of any given period, still less the formulations of its prejudices, but the eternal and essential conditions of the two fundamental qualities of every work of art, harmony and independence.

Having then briefly discussed Greek and French dramatic poetry, he comes to Shakespeare:

> As a model for the new dramatic poetry stands the immortal William Shakespeare like a Colossus in the background. Through his lofty genius he was able to raise the Gothic world to the plane of Art, as the Greeks had raised the ancient world. His power did not lie in a gift of Nature which chooses the wrong course ten times for every time that it chooses aright. In every genius, there is as great desire to gain culture and knowledge as there is aptness and dexterity in acquiring them. The tree, excellent by nature, stands suddenly loaded with flowers, and the flowers grow rapidly into fruit. That was Shakespeare's history, and whoever cannot discover in him knowledge and ripe judgment, "sehn wir, worans ihm gebricht, und heissen ihn die Zeitung lesen," as the editor of Ewald once remarked.
>
> But just as certain as genius is a sudden gift from heaven, independent of time and circumstances, unpredictable and unanalyzable, there is, nevertheless, in the

[22] The poem, twenty stanzas in all, was published in *Dagen* newspaper. It is quoted here from the reprint in Liebenberg, *Bidrag etc.* pp. 5-9.

[23] Kiöbenhavn. 1807.

esthetic as in the moral world, a certain perfectibility, developed by industry, learning, and example, which is the highest glory of mankind.— . . .

One finds here the unmistakable note of an *apologia pro vita sua*, but Oehlenschlæger applies it to Shakespeare:

Heaven alone knows if there will be again such another genius as Shakespeare; but it is certain that we moderns with all our love and respect for this our ancestor can find faults and imperfections in him. It cannot be denied that many of Shakespeare's plays lose themselves in spaciousness and aimlessness; and although the great dramatist never permits this expansiveness to evaporate, in turn, into air, although he never ceases to be dramatic, we do find the rule we have posited as essential, unity of action, violated more than once. This is a fault which must be forgiven Shakespeare, in whom one must rather wonder at the marvels which he, the pioneer . . . was able to accomplish; but in us, his successors, who stand on his broad shoulders, it cannot be forgiven.

Oehlenschlæger then points out that in respect to the unities of time and place, we are bound by the mechanical conditions of the modern stage as Shakespeare was not. Hence the frequent shifts of the Elizabethan drama are neither possible nor desirable.

As he continued to read Shakespeare, and no doubt, in the course of his work on the translation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Oehlenschlæger discovered that what seemed inharmonious and inorganic was in very truth pervaded by an inner unity which often escaped critics trained in classic and neo-classic poetics. His long, illuminating preface to that translation is, like that to *Nordiske Digte*, a confession of spiritual growth.[24] But he has travelled farther since then, and he has seen more:

Ought it really be necessary to defend one of Shakespeare's finest comedies against . . . wrong-headed criticism? Yet this play judged by French rules would be condemned as barbarous; it possesses, indeed, certain beauties of detail, but is without harmony or coherence. . . . Who is the hero? What is the main action?

He points out some of the grotesque juxtapositions, the complete lack of anything like historical verisimilitude, the riotous confusion of men, events, and chronology. But he reminds the reader that it is always to be borne in mind that the play is a dream "in which one age and one picture alternate with and fuse with another. Unless we deny that a poet can dream cunningly and beautifully, we will not deny ourselves the joy of sharing the vision."

This is not to say that the play has not unity and coherence. These are immutable principles, and no work of art can be without them. But there is an outward unity of form, and there is a more important inward unity of tone and spirit. This is the unity of Shakespeare's comedy.

The poet purposes . . . to show the erotic-heroic, the comic-burlesque, and the supernatural poetic worlds in sharp contrast, that thereby he may reveal the distinctive character of each. These three worlds (the two opposite poles of mankind,

[24] Cf. p. 54.

high and low, between which an invisible Genius hovers and works) are beautifully bodied forth in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. In no more effective way could high rank and love, power and grace, be set off against clownishness, stupidity and incompetence. When in certain scenes, eloquence, and enthusiasm, and grace have found utterance through characters of high station; when this enthusiasm and grace have risen, in the fairy scenes to the loveliest lyric poetry, comes the comic contrast of the tradesmen, incarnating the very opposite of what we have just looked upon, and so heightening the impression. . . . Could the snow white chin and rosy lips of a Venetian girl be more strikingly set off by her black mask, than is Titania's as she strokes Bottom's ass' head with her alabaster hands? Here, as, indeed elsewhere, Shakespeare has employed with high genius the art of gaining effects, of illuminating the picture and emphasizing the impression, by contrasts. Not gods only, heroes, and honest citizens intermingle here, but Ages. On the wings of fancy we float lightly from classic Greece to the fairy-world of Asia, and thence to the tradeguilds of London. And from all this we gain a distinct feeling and clear picture of classes, ages, virtues, faults. . . .

Finally, Oehlenschlæger points out that the play is not so devoid of formal coherence as the superficial reader thinks.

An unimportant quarrel among the fairies brings about the confusion of the lovers. It is their wedding which the tradesmen would honor with their interlude. There is, accordingly, a kind of external unity in the plot, if it be not considered too strictly. Indeed, as a curiosity in Shakespeare, it may be mentioned that we have here unity of time and very nearly unity of place.

The play constantly parodies itself within itself, and the parody does not weaken it, but shows the beautiful yet more beautiful. The sublime is not ridiculed; the ridiculous becomes sublime in this poetic-philosophic contrast. The interlude in the fifth act is capital comedy. I do not believe that any poetic reader will scorn it, like Hippolyta, but rather say, with Theseus: "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them." To which one should add . . . , not our imagination, but the poet's.

Possibly the play has become in Oehlenschlæger's analysis too much a philosophical document and too little a dream; yet it is certainly something more than an exquisite tissue of gossamer and moonbeams.

Oehlenschlæger's remaining contributions to Shakespearean criticism are rather slight and unimportant. They consist of three articles in *Prometheus*, a literary and critical magazine which he edited in 1833.[25]

The first is a long article on the witch scenes and the porter scene in *Macbeth*.[26] The witches of Shakespeare, Oehlenschlæger writes, are ugly and disgusting creatures, fitting embodiments of the Christian idea of sin and retribution. Schiller, under the influence of Greek tragedy, has transformed them into beautiful and dignified goddesses of fate. Shakespeare's is a moral and Christian conception; Schiller's ethical and Hellenic. He then quotes in full Schiller's porter scene, and asks, "But is not the ironical humor of the original much more dramatic and poetic? Up to the moment when the crime

[25] *Prometheus. Maanedsskrift for Poesie, Aesthetik og Kritik.* Udgivet af Oehlenschlæger.

[26] *Ibid.* 3:42-84.

is discovered, everything in the castle must follow its normal course. And has not the porter been drinking and carousing with the rest? This certainly is more rational than the idealized scene in Schiller. It is a jest, but a grewsome jest with hell." Shakespeare never made a mistake in mingling tragedy and low comedy. Could anything be truer dramatically than the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*, the fool in *Lear*, or the nurse in *Romeo and Juliet?* In a closing paragraph, Oehlenschlæger remarks that it is impossible to read the witch scenes of *Macbeth* without thinking of the Valkyrie scenes of Ewald's *Balder's Death*. Ewald is certainly influenced by Shakespeare, but in borrowing he is only claiming back what Shakespeare took from Scandinavian mythology, for the conception of the function and being of the witches is thoroughly Norse. Ewald makes his Valkyries purely tragic, with no suggestion of the grotesque. Nor does he mix Greek and Germanic mythology as Shakespeare does in introducing Hecate in a company of Scotch witches—a confusion by no means happy.

In the second[27] article Oehlenschlæger compares Shakespeare's Joan of Arc with Schiller's. He is unable to agree with Schlegel that Shakespeare's character is more convincing and more true to history than Schiller's. Surely, if Shakespeare had had any conception of the real Jeanne d'Arc, he would not have made her out a liar and a cheat. Oehlenschlæger thinks that the mistake was due not, as Schlegel holds, to patriotic prejudice, but to ignorance. Shakespeare was misled by wretched (slette) English chronicles. It thus remained for a great German, with all the capacities of the German tongue for heroic themes at his command, to rescue the Maid of Orleans.

The third article[28] is simply a reprint of the Amleth saga from Saxo, in Vedel's noble translation. "Much has been written about Shakespeare's *Hamlet*," says Oehlenschlæger, "but I desire to add a word, since it is taken from the history of our fatherland." The story, however, is left to tell its own tale without comment.

5

Foersom was not in any real sense a literary critic; his genius was creative and poetic rather than analytical. But on occasion he could speak up manfully in defense of Shakespeare, as in his stinging reply to Thaarup, and his fine enthusiasm and sound knowledge made him a glorious missionary. In 1811, when he lived in high hopes of soon producing *Hamlet* at the Royal Theatre, he wrote an article, obviously a kind of glorified press notice, on *"Hamlet" on the London Stage*.[29] He gives an accurate account

[27] *Ibid.* 4:34-63.

[28] *Ibid.* 4:350-59.

[29] *Læsning for Dyrkere og Yndere af Skuespilkunsten.* 1811-1812. Udgiven af Peter Thun Foersom. Kiöbenhavn.

of the cuttings and alterations made for stage purposes, discriminating criticism, of course at second hand, of the great actors who had played in the title-rôle, and other information which might prepare the Danish public for the great venture that so completely absorbed his own interests and energies. He sharply criticises the English managers for their cutting of the grave-diggers scene and for the uniformly wretched versions in which they permit *Hamlet* to be played. The closing paragraph, with its strictures on the English and American star system, has a certain point even today:

> Shakespeare's best days are doubtless over in England. He cannot be studied, not to say sacred, in a country which calls Kotzebue Germany's Shakespeare! Like several of his plays, *Hamlet* is not performed as it came from his hand, but in cuttings, adaptations, and so-called "improvements."

Such stage adaptations may possibly be necessary, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that *Hamlet* is rarely well played in London. Only the important rôles are placed in good hands.

> Whether or not this has been true for a long time, I do not know, but so far as *Hamlet* is concerned, it seems to me strange that both Lichtenberg and Davis mention only the important rôles, Hamlet, Polonius, Ophelia, the Ghost, and entirely pass over rôles equally important, at least in their place—the king, Fortinbras, Horatio, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, the queen, the grave-diggers, and others, a proof, it seems to me, that there was nothing to say about the actors who played these parts, and therefore it was best to remain silent.

The dramatic tradition which Foersom knew demanded that Osric be as well done as Hamlet, that the part of the queen be entrusted to as competent hands as that of Ophelia. Fortunately that is still the tradition on the Danish stage.

6

The example of Germany, the propaganda of Foersom, the criticism of Rahbek, Oehlenschlæger, Abrahamson, Meisling, and many others, had not quite destroyed the old conception of Shakespeare as an inspired barbarian, even in 1816. Pavels and Thaarup had probably not altered their opinions. But it is a bit odd, in the same year as Oehlenschlæger's preface to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to come upon the following antiquated criticism in *Nyeste Skilderier af Kjöbenhavn*.[30] The writer, who is anonymous, tells us that his purpose is to strike a balance between the extravagant praise of those to whom Shakespeare is in all respects admirable, and the iconoclasm of those, who, like Voltaire, take a delight in finding fault. The writer is ready to make allowances for the fact that Shakespeare wrote for a stage different from our own; he is willing to

[30] 25:1479 ff.

admit that much of the criticism of his anachronisms, his lack of learning, and his blunders in history, is beside the point, but he still insists that Shakespeare has serious and radical weaknesses. The real point of the essay, which, despite its lack of insight, is excellently written, is summed up in a single paragraph.

> Great, indeed, [Shakespeare] must be called, since the range and force of his native genius, both in tragedy and in comedy, are unexcelled. But it is a wild and stormy genius, which offends good taste and is unsustained by knowledge of art. He has long been worshipped by the English people; much has been said and written about him; oceans of criticism have been expended in explaining his words and his "conceits," and yet there remain even now serious doubts whether his faults or his merits are the greater. Admirable scenes and passages without number are to be found in his plays—passages which surpass anything to be found in any other dramatist; but hardly one of the plays can be read with unbroken pleasure from beginning to end. Besides excessive irregularity of plot, there are often strained ideas and coarse expressions, a certain turgid bombast, and bits of word-play which he takes a strange delight in following up. And these things interrupt us precisely when we least wish it. For these faults, however, Shakespeare atones by two of the greatest excellences a dramatic poet can possess—his power of lively and varied characterization, and his strong and vivid delineation of human passion. These are cardinal virtues.

Of course this sort of criticism was already obsolete. Shakespeare had become, in Foersom's translations, a possession of the Danish people, not to be disturbed by echoes of Voltaire. Popular periodicals contain from now on numerous little articles on Shakespeare—his life, his family history, his birthplace, and retellings, in more or less lively fashion, of the familiar apocryphal anecdotes which so long embellished his biography. They are absolutely without value; but the fact that they were published in journals addressed to the lower stratum of readers makes it clear that by the year of Foersom's death, Shakespeare was as firmly intrenched in Denmark as he had long been in Germany. The old tradition, however, died hard. Thus, more than a decade later, in 1828, we find no less a person than Professor Odin Wolff writing in *Journal for Psychologi, Historie, Literatur og Kunst*,[31] "Ben Jonson says that Shakespeare did not know how to blot. In other words, a charge that he lacked a critical sense. A serious defect; due in part, no doubt, to his not having studied the ancients."

More pretentious than these fugitive pieces and of distinct merit, is an article on Hamlet by the historian Ludwig Helwig in *For Literatur og Kritik*.[32] The conception of Hamlet as a dual nature destroyed by the conflict between duty and pale reflection, is not new, but Holweg presents it with skill and eloquence and with no little insight into the most elusive of tragic characters.

[31] 2:283. 1828.

[32] Udgivet af Fyns Stifts Literære Forening. Redigeret af L. Helweg. pp. 317-54. 1847.

7

Literary criticism is of the greatest service to us when it seeks to penetrate in the glow of imagination to the life-giving principle of a work of art, to interpret this truthfully, and to show forth its presence at every point and in each detail. A play, for instance, reveals from the angle of the dramatist's choosing a segment of life. What is the angle? What is the conception at the heart of it all? How has the artist builded that the dominant conception may be communicated unimpaired to him who reads? These questions the critic will feel, and the value of his criticism depends upon the truth and illumination of his answers.

Carsten Hauch has become a classic in Danish literature, and he has gone the way of every classic, much talked about and seldom read. I suppose that this is true even more of his critical writings than of his plays and historical romances. But that criticism is as fresh today as the day it was written, for it is the record of the efforts of a sympathetic imagination to see, to understand, and to interpret honestly. His critical method, abstracted from the essays, seems, like Arnold's, a little cold. It is sound and right, however, beyond all cavil. To Hauch the first duty of the critic was to discover the basic idea (Grundide), and then to show how consistently the basic idea was felt from first to last in the work before him. This is his method in his essays on the plays of Shakespeare; and even if it be true that his personal idiosyncrasies and his passion for symmetry sometimes lead to violent interpretations, the reader for the moment is carried away and ready to yield. Consistent methodology, a firm technique, sympathy, and persuasive style make his criticism of Shakespeare altogether the best in Danish before Brandes. To Hauch, Shakespeare was a great conscious artist who knew precisely what he wanted to do and precisely how to do it. No one had discovered it in Denmark, and no one anywhere had demonstrated it so symmetrically, so consistently, so minutely in single plays.

The first of these essays, on *Macbeth*, appeared in *Nordisk Universitets-Tidsskrift*, in 1854.[33] In the opening paragraph Hauch remarks that just as each of Shakespeare's plays uncovers new deeps in the human soul, so each one is distinguished by a new diction and style. In *Macbeth*, the style, in the speeches of the two chief characters, has a twofold quality. "When Macbeth and Lady Macbeth are in the company of others, their speech is, as a rule, disguised, flattering, affected, so that they seem to be putting into practice the maxim of the French statesman that language is given not to reveal but to conceal thought. . . . When Macbeth is alone, however, or with his wife, or when he is overwhelmed by some

[33] Nogle Kritiske Undersögelser med Hensyn til Tragedien *Macbeth*. Af Etatsraad Professor Hauch. *Nordisk Universitetstidsskrift* 1:21 ff. Kjöbenhavn-Lund-Christiania-Upsala. 1854-55. Reprinted in *Aesthetiske Afhandlinger og Recensioner* pp. 163 ff. Kjöbenhavn. 1861.

secret power within him, the style changes completely: at times it is like the sighs and lamentations of a lost soul, or like defiance and gnashing of teeth in the depths; at times, of a truth, it is as though a volcano opened, and flame from the nether world burst up into light to bring fear and despair to the souls of men." Now this duality in the character of the speeches corresponds to the significance of the play: *Macbeth* is a tragedy of demoniacal powers in human life. They remain hidden in guarded moments, but at times in secret, or when they are evoked by outside forces, or when, in course of time, they gain the mastery, they burst forth to wreak ruin on themselves and the world. Macbeth himself bodies forth a demon, one who, like Lucifer, has fallen from heaven, but who still bears about him gleams of his original lustre. "This drama, so far as it is at all possible within the limitations of human work, reproduces for us the Primeval Tragedy when the demons rebelled against the Most High. Macbeth resembles the Prince of Demons at least in this, that although at the outset he shines with a light brighter than the light of thousands, he is not contented, but is seized by that spirit of contradictions which shows him his greatness in his ruin. When he stretches out impious hands after the highest things, and turns against the gracious ruler who has showered him with benefits, he is plunged down into a bottomless abyss. And still there shines a light out of the abyss, and sighs rise out of it, as though he were seeking once more the world from which his crimes have cast him out." This thesis of *Macbeth* as the microcosm of sin and all our woe, Hauch then tries to establish by a minute examination of the play. For each detail subserves the great design. "As the mature plant is hidden in the seed, so that nothing can come forth which is not latent in the seed, so, too, with a work of art; for this also is an organism, in which the end must be potentially present from the beginning."

In *Afhandlinger og Aesthetiske Betragtninger* is an essay on *King Lear*,[34] written in 1851, but apparently not published till 1885. Hauch conceives of *Lear* as the tragedy of unbridled passions, and this conception, as in the case of *Macbeth*, he supports by a microscopic examination. In Lear, in Goneril and Regan, in Gloster and Edmund, these passions are nursed by flattery and self-indulgence, and at the critical moment they sweep away all bounds and hurry them to their destruction. In the old king, however, and in Gloster, are elements of nobility, which, when sin begotten of passion has done its worst, assert themselves, and make possible final peace and reconciliation and the entrance to a new life. The analysis of Cordelia's character and Edgar's is admirable, and familiar as is the demonstration of the interaction of the two plots, Hauch carries it out to such minute detail that the reader is made to see, as perhaps he has never seen

[34] Kritiske Bemærkninger med Hensyn til *Kong Lear*. In *Afhandlinger og Aesthetiske Betragtninger*. Af C. Hauch. Kjöbenhavn. 1855.

before, how cunning and conscious a craftsman Shakespeare was. There is a fine differentiation, too, between the real madness of Lear and the feigned madness of Edgar.

It seems, at least at the outset, that Edgar's madness, although assumed, has a greater verisimilitude than Lear's; for at first the latter does not talk so wildly, and there is greater consecutiveness in his ideas. To this it may be replied that the king is still [in the scene on the heath] at a turning point, and not yet completely under the spell of madness. Edgar, on the other hand, has learned his rôle by heart; he has come from town to town rattling off his jargon, and he carries off his part with perfect naturalness. The king, moreover, has a fixed obsession; Edgar merely pretends that he is possessed by certain devils whose names he has learned . . . . Edgar, in a conscious and reasoned way, has gained a virtuosity in his art. . . .

In Lear's madness there is no art; it is tragically real.

A third essay, *Shakespeare's Skjærsommernatsdröm*, in *Aesthetiske Afhandlinger og Recensioner*,[35] interprets this play more simply than Oehlenschlæger's preface of 1816. Hauch considers *A Midsummer Night's Dream* a flawless example of romantic drama. Not only that; it is one of the great fountainheads of modern romanticism. "The essential thing in any romantic work is, I doubt not, the idea of a greater and more glorious world behind the present, which, whether made visible in a poetic embodiment, or merely felt in dim moods, or perceived through marvelous coincidences. . . throws its light on the life of man, and gives to it its significance." If we examine *A Midsummer Night's Dream* from this point of view, we shall find that it is the very essence of romance. But what problem of life does it illuminate? What, indeed, but youthful and unreflective love? The mazes of the love story weave themselves against a background of well ordered society (Theseus and his Athens) on the one hand, and, on the other, the twilight and starlight and dawn of fairyland.

Hauch shows how dexterously the three worlds of the Athenians, the fairies, and the tradesmen are interwoven. Theseus represents the established order with which the unpremeditated love of the young men and maidens collides; the fairy world not only incarnates the lyric poetry of love, but directs the fortunes of the lovers; and the tradesmen, besides being drawn skilfully into the main plot, serve admirably the purpose of contrast. And again Hauch insists that this seemingly chaotic comedy is an organic work of art, not one detail of which can be taken away.

Clever and interesting is a review which Hauch imagines a critic might write if *A Midsummer Night's Dream* were to be performed today as a new work. Such a reviewer, of course, would roundly denounce the anachronisms, the disregard of history and objective truth. To all of which Hauch answers that if a work of art, once you grant the premises, is poetically true and is consistent throughout, literality is of no consequence.

[35] Pp. 232-301. Kjöbenhavn. 1861. Originally published in *Nordisk Universitetstidsskrift*. 2:36 ff. 1856.

And in his essay his aim has been to show the poetic truth and the internal consistency.

A third volume of Hauch's essays, *Afhandlinger og Aesthetiske Betragtninger. Ny Række*,[36] contains two further essays on Shakespeare, *Romeo og Julie* and *Nogle Bemærkninger om en Charaktergruppe i Shakespeares "Hamlet."* In the study of *Romeo and Juliet*, Hauch first briefly accounts for the sources, and then goes on to demonstrate the remarkable parallelism between the main plot and the old story of Pyramus and Thisbe, a parallelism which he had already pointed out in his essay on *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. The resemblance was mentioned, but not developed, by Carl Simrock, in 1831.[37] It is not clear, however, that Hauch knew *Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*. If he had, he would certainly have credited Simrock with the suggestion. The tone, moreover, of Hauch's demonstration, leaves little doubt that he believed the observation to be original.

> We see in Pyramus and Thisbe two lovers who are kept apart by the enmity of their parents. At last they appoint a tryst at the grave of an ancient king. Thisbe comes first, but, pursued by a lioness, drops her veil, which the lioness tears to pieces. Now comes the lover, who, when he sees the veil bloody and torn, naturally believes that his beloved has been slain, and kills himself. Thisbe, in the meantime, has sought refuge in a cave. When she returns, she sees the body of her lover, and follows him in death. In *Romeo and Juliet*, too, the lovers are separated by a feud between the parents; here, too, the lovers are to meet at a grave (or, rather, in the vault itself); here, too, the maiden comes first to the trysting place; here, too, the lover is deceived by appearances into believing that his sweetheart is dead, and, in his despair, kills himself; and when Juliet sees the body of Romeo, she, too, like Thisbe, kills herself. In this way, the one story, step by step, parallels the other.

There are differences, of course, which the critic is careful to indicate. The progress of the Pyramus and Thisbe story depends largely upon external conditions in nature. Thisbe, pursued by a lioness, seeks refuge in a cave. In *Romeo and Juliet* the human will asserts itself. Juliet goes deliberately into the vault that she may keep faith with her lover.

From this point, then, Hauch proceeds to his analysis of the play, and toward the close discusses the question of whether or not *Romeo and Juliet* is to be considered a tragedy in the true sense, or a romantic play with an unhappy ending, since the two lovers are not the victims of their own guilt. His answer sums up also his interpretation of the play.

> If it can be shown that *Romeo and Juliet*, as Lessing has said, is a play on which love itself has wrought; wherein, in other words, one of the mightiest of human passions is exemplified in the characters, in all its depth and felicity and fullness, in all the fresh spring beauty that accompanies it, and in all its devastating agony,—then we must be grateful to the poet for it, whether it fits into our schemes of classification or not.

[36] Kjöbenhavn. 1869. *Romeo og Julie* pp. 201 ff. *Hamlet* pp. 271 ff.

[37] See New Variorum Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet* p. 400 note.

Now and again in this study the reader will find some of that fine-spun theorizing which is the bane of other critics besides Hauch. Thus his passion to find everywhere the perfect symmetry of the pattern leads him into such aberrations as the following:

> The fifth act opens in Mantua. Romeo enters, his heart lighter, for he has had a happy dream. It seemed to him that he was dead, but that his beloved called him back to life with a kiss, and that he then became an emperor. This premonition of good fortune on the eve of misfortune is extremely beautiful. Perhaps a deeper thought is concealed here, namely that in death he is really to be united with his beloved, and raised to a higher, hitherto unknown, glory.

The second essay in the volume concerns itself only with one group of characters in *Hamlet*, Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia. The substance will be found in two paragraphs:

> I shall try to show, what in my opinion is indisputable, that there is one fundamental idea in which the explanation of their fate is to be sought. We shall find once more that Shakespeare never introduces characters merely for their own sake, but in accordance with a basic principle, without which no tragic whole is possible.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Polonius' whole strength and energy are concentrated on the object of raising the fortunes of his family; and precisely because they are so concentrated, he plunges himself and his family into disaster. This is the basic idea which the poet in masterful fashion and with rigid consistency presents to us in concrete images.

The reader will not always agree with Hauch; he will sometimes think him fanciful and over-methodical, but he will not fail to respect his method, his intelligence, and his sturdy honesty.

Some years after Hauch's study of *Macbeth* in *Nordisk Universitets-tidsskrift*, Clemens Pedersen published in the same magazine a characteristic essay on *King Lear*.[38] He finds the theme of *Lear* in the Old Testament doom, "I will visit the sins of the fathers on the children, even unto the fourth generation." This is a solemn and terrifying judgment, and it is not strange that commentators have, in one way or another, sought to evade it. But it can not be evaded. In it is expressed the continuity of law and the iron sequence of cause and effect. If the principle itself has been misunderstood, it is not strange that *Lear*, in which the same moral law is embodied, should be misinterpreted. Tate, for example, has not understood the play, and for *King Lear* he has substituted a romance, with love and marriage, and poetic justice. Röscher's interpretation of Lear's weakness, "Er hat das Wort an die Stelle der That, die Rede an die Stellung der Gesinnung gesetzt," is too vague to mean anything, and Ulrici's, that the tragedy depends on Lear's demand for the love of his daughters, "nicht als Vater, sondern als Liebender," is blasphemy or nonsense. Equally mistaken is the view that it is a tragedy of unnatural daughters, for in that case Goneril and Regan would

[38] III (1857). pp. 59 ff. Reprinted in *Dramaturgisk Kritik* pp. 150-96. Kjöbenhavn. 1860.

be mere personifications of evil, and then we should have no play at all. No; the crux of the tragedy of *Lear* lies simply in this: he is a creature of fantasy, self-will, and vanity. Undoubtedly these qualities had governed his training of his children. It had bred in the elder sisters contempt and hate, and in Cordelia, a dislike for Goneril and Regan, and a determination not to be as they. The sins of the father are visited on him and on his children.

8

Since a Danish actor in his time plays many parts, and is identified in the popular mind with many rôles, though these as a rule are of one type, he can not become so intimately associated with one character as do some English and American actors. The life and work of Frederick Höedt, however, is bound up with the plays of Shakespeare as intimately as that of Sothern, and his one great triumph was the title-rôle in *Hamlet*. Höedt was decidedly more than a professional actor; he was, if not a distinguished philosopher, at least a serious thinker. He had come to the stage comparatively late in life, after years of hesitation and reflection; he had distinct theories of his art, and he meant, as a conscientious artist, to carry these out. Very soon, however, he found that they did not square with those of the director, Johan Ludvig Heiberg, and in the end he was forced to leave the stage long before his time. The history of all this had best be left to another chapter, but it is necessary at this point to look for a moment at the little book in which he laid down his esthetic creed—*Om det Skjönne. Udkast til en Christelig Æsthetik.*[39]

The essay is an attempt to define the basis of our appreciation of the beautiful, to differentiate the forms of art, and to define art itself. It is dogmatically theological, and aims frankly at the formulation of a system of Protestant esthetics. Protestantism and Luther, according to Höedt, first made secular art possible by accentuating the reality and legitimacy of the physical world; whereas Catholicism had made art ascetic and transcendental. The post-Raphaelites he explains by saying that they were merely nominal Catholics. The distinctly dogmatic theological premise is found in the assumption that man can not attain the ideal nor embody it in art because of original sin.

Höedt begins with two postulates: first, that Faith is the root of all the branches of spiritual activity; the soul of all spiritual life. Second, that Christianity is, if not the true, although he believes it is the true, at least that form of religion which is nearest the true form—a reservation, however, which, as he says, he makes only that his postulate may be unassailable.

[39] Kjöbenhavn. 1856. A second edition in 1857.

He then goes on to define art by comparison with the other forms of presenting truth:

> Faith is the personal expression of the Ideal, particularly in the form of the Good; Science, the rational expression of the Ideal, particularly in the form of the True; and Art the imaginative [billedlige] expression of the Ideal, particularly in the form of the Beautiful. From this it is self-evident that the man of science, as well as the artist, must be a man of faith.

The purpose of all art, then, is the expression of the ideal, but not of an ideal which has no real existence. It must be the Ideal in the Real, the Real in the Ideal. "He [the artist] must show us the truth in reality, so that every work of art must be at the same time real and true, or, as it may also be phrased, concrete and ideal." To the possible objection that Truth, to find expression in a work of art, must in itself be beautiful, Höedt answers with the Keatsian maxim that truth is always beautiful. The artist "reveals the world by the aid of the ideal, and the world thus illuminated reflects the light and discovers the Ideal, which is Christ."

As an example of the illumination of life through the Ideal, and of the Ideal through life thus illuminated, Höedt selects Shakespeare's Richard III:

> The problem here, as always, was to show us the Ideal [Christ], and the means is Richard, one of the greatest scoundrels who ever lived. One cannot deny that the problem was interesting. And what does Shakespeare do? He glorifies, idealizes him. But how? Does he make Richard better or more beautiful? Does he make of him, for instance, a sentimental scoundrel, like Bertram in *Robert le Diable?* By no means. He portrays him precisely as he was. It is impossible to conceive of a more bitter dose and a more disagreeable mouthful for all false idealists, all sugary estheticians, and all worshippers of traditional art than the palsied, lame, hunchbacked criminal who in this play is the tragic hero. So far from apologizing for him, Shakespeare has made him even more hideous than he really was, a fact which Bulwer has commented on in *The Last of the Barons*—although Bulwer has misunderstood Shakespeare. In reality Shakespeare has not magnified Richard's physical deformity—only poor actors do that—he has merely strongly accentuated it, partly through the mouths of others, as an expression of their repugnance, and partly through Richard's own, to motivate his hate of God and man. . . . Shakespeare has done Reality full justice; how does he show us Truth, the Ideal? First of all, through Richard's hypocrisy. Richard cloaks himself, as he confesses, with rags of scripture, acknowledging thereby the validity of the very law [Fordring] to which he does not conform. In the second place, through Richard's fear. A sound frightens him. An old bard has prophesied that Richmond shall be king, and Richard is so terrified that he shudders at hearing a name—Rougemont—which resembles Richmond. Finally, the theme is borne out through Richard's despair. When panic-stricken to the very soul at the curses of those he has murdered, he rushes out of his feverish sleep the night before the battle, and exclaims:
>
> I shall despair,—There is no creature loves me—
>
> who does not feel the force of that love, so necessary to everyone, which Richard has cast aside, and for which he now longs? He is even driven to call upon God:

Have mercy, Jesu!—

He checks himself promptly:

Soft! I did but dream.

But the very correction testifies doubly of the power of Christ, for it shows that Richard has invoked Him against his will. And when, later, he tells Catesby of the awful dreams he has had, he exclaims involuntarily:

By the apostle Paul, shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers.

This is extraordinarily beautiful. Christ is so irresistible that he is proclaimed through the mouth of Richard, that He compels this colossal demon, against his will, to become His apostle. And when Richard, after his horse is shot from under him, and after he has fought like a lion and slain five Richmonds, exhausted and pale, totters on to the stage with the ever misunderstood words,

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

—that is, Am I to lose, then, for a miserable horse, this crown which I have bought with my soul's salvation? Is the greatest of human power so helpless against the slightest touch of the Almighty's finger?—who does not then see the Eternal Judge in a glory of majesty that causes one to forget the criminal? Never has a great artist presented a more splendid figure of Christ through a greater sinner. And *Richard III* is therefore Shakespeare's, that is to say the world's, greatest tragedy.[40]

The remainder of the essay does not concern us. Höedt goes on to discuss Genius—the ability to see the Ideal, and Talent, the power of giving visible outward expression to the vision; and he closes with an analysis of Sacred Art—the direct embodiment [Fremstilling] of the Divine, to which no human power attains.

In a long footnote, Höedt advances his original interpretation[41] of the words,

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

He quotes IV, 4, and continues:

The interpretation of these words up to the present has been that Richard would exchange his crown for a horse; and I do not think that I err when I say that those, and they are many, who know and quote this speech, in ignorance of its context, believe also that it is Richard's intention to flee, that he has lost his crown, and now seeks to escape, so that he may at least save his life. But the most casual glance at the context will show that this interpretation is wrong. When Catesby, who so well understands him, tries to get him away, he exclaims:

Slave! I have set my life upon a cast
And I will stand the hazard of the die.

[40] Pp. 32-38.

[41] I note, however, that a writer in *Notes and Queries* (February 11, 1893) has advanced the same theory. See New Variorum *Richard III* p. 422, note.

That is to say, he will not flee. But what would he? Back to the battle? That is possible. If, however, that be Richard's purpose, if he has not yet given up the fight, if he does not yet consider the crown lost, how can it ever enter his head to give it away for something that he seeks in order to save it? . . . Richard might have said, "Half my kingdom for a horse," for if he won, he could keep the rest; but he would never dream of saying, "My kingdom for a horse!" that is, "Since I desire above all things to preserve my crown, I will give it away for a horse, by which I might possibly save it." Richard, this worshipper of the crown, would be the last man to whom such an idea could occur. And if he would, for whatever reason, return to the battle, why does he not accept Catesby's offer? If that were his meaning, he would of course have answered, "You misunderstand me. I do not want to flee. On the contrary, I will keep on fighting. Bring me the horse you talk about." Instead of saying this he falls into self-communing:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field, etc.

And once more, without motivation, he exclaims,

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

Another explanation of these words is that Richard is mad and does not know what he is saying. But this is no explanation. If, on the contrary, we clearly realize the situation and the fundamental idea of the play, the correct interpretation, it seems to me, will come of itself. Richard has by means of bloody crimes usurped the crown; the Eternal Justice, through the shades of those whom he has murdered, has threatened him with vengeance; and the first words he utters when he wakes from his dream are:

Give me another horse!—Bind up my wounds!

He has dreamed that his horse would be shot from under him. That is the vengeance which the spirits threaten; trivial as it seems, probably the worst that could come to him, since he is lame, and possibly cannot fight on foot. The scene is now changed to the battlefield. Catesby rushes in and calls for help, tells us that the horse is shot, that Richard in spite of it is fighting with supernatural strength, but the battle is lost if he does not receive reinforcements. This is the second time the horse is mentioned. It is plain that Shakespeare has given it special emphasis. And now when Richard at last comes himself, and his first words are

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse!

does it not flash at once upon the mind that it is the same horse which has been referred to all the way through, that the words are a bit of reflection, and that the meaning is, "A horse, a miserable horse, is to lose me my crown?" Catesby, who, like the commentators, misunderstands him, answers:

Withdraw, my lords; I'll help you to a horse.

Richard scorns him, and is lost once more in meditation:

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain today instead of him—

a reflection which is closely related to the preceding, for Richard plainly means that it is the Spirits who have slain his horse and deceived his eyes,—and closes, still more softly and introspectively, with an involuntary, echo-like repetition of the idea of which he cannot rid himself:

A horse! A horse! My kingdom for a horse.

Höedt closes by saying that he does not doubt that everyone who really knows Shakespeare will accept his interpretation. He shows by an example from *Hamlet:*

> But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two,
> So excellent a king that was, to this,
> Hyperion to a satyr.

to show that Shakespeare frequently gave reflection the form of an exclamation. "It is difficult enough to understand how the true interpretation has been lost. But even this is comprehensible if we remember that Shakespeare was forgotten for over a century and a half. It was Garrick who once more made England and Europe familiar with the creator and master of the Protestant drama. Some player, doubtless to gain effect, started the misunderstanding; and it would be only just if another actor should remove it."

Now whatever one may think of the soundness of this explanation, there is no doubt that the man who advanced it had thought deeply and independently on matters of dramatic interpretation, and that he was capable of contributing to the stage something of distinction. That contribution Höedt never made, partly because of a combination of untoward circumstances, partly because of faults inherent in himself—lack of energy and self-discipline, and a challenging pride of opinion.

9

Annotated school editions of the English text of Shakespeare are as rare in Denmark as in Norway. Indeed, only *Macbeth* has been so edited; once in 1855, by A. Stewart MacGregor and Mrs. S. Kinney;[42] later, in 1903, by N. Bögholm and Otto Madsen.[43]

In the first of these the editing is confined to glosses on words unusual or unknown in modern English, and notes on difficult passages. The second is quite a different affair, fully up to the standard of the best school editions in this country. There is an adequate essay on the pre-Elizabethan and Elizabethan drama, and an exhaustive and really illuminating body of notes. Certainly the book accomplishes what the editors intended that it should accomplish—the removal of every serious obstacle in the way of a Danish reader of *Macbeth* in English.

Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* have likewise been twice rendered into Danish; first, anonymously, in 1866,[44] then by L. Bagger in 1884.[45]

[42] *Macbeth.* Edited with Glossary and Notes by A. Stewart MacGregor and Mrs. S. Kinney. Kjöbenhavn. 1885.

[43] *The Tragedy of Macbeth.* Med Indledning og Kommentar. N. Bögholm og Otto Madsen. Kjöbenhavn. 1903.

[44] Charles Lamb, *Shakespeareske Fortællinger.* Efter *Tales from Shakespeare.* Kjöbenhavn. 1866.

[45] Charles Lamb, *Shakespeareske Fortællinger.* Oversatte af L. Bagger. Bibliothek for Ungdommen III. Kjöbenhavn. 1884.

Both translations are extremely free; large parts of the first, indeed, are rather a retelling than a translation.

Finally, in this short list of editions and paraphrases, should be mentioned George Stephens' *The Shakespeare Story Teller.*[46] Stephens was for many years professor of English at the University of Copenhagen. He gave unsparingly of his time and energy and liberal private fortune toward the promotion of English and Scandinavian studies. His monumental work on the runic inscriptions is still, for many purposes, invaluable. That this doughty old scholar should give precious time to prepare a Shakespeare primer for the Danish youth will surprise those who know only the fruits of his serious research, not those who know the fidelity with which he gave himself to the routine of his university teaching. The plays analyzed are *The Tempest, Two Gentlemen of Verona, The Merry Wives of Windsor, Twelfth Night, Measure for Measure,* and *Much Ado about Nothing.* Each play is preceded by a list of characters together with a short characterization of each. Then follows a running sketch of the action, pieced together and amplified by liberal quotations from the play.

10

In recent years there has appeared a number of popular treatments of the life and work of Shakespeare. By far the best of these are the short articles by Niels Möller in *Frem,* a sort of Danish Sunday magazine.[47] The first is a charming little essay on the time, the character, and the work of the great dramatist. Entirely unpretentious, it betrays, none the less, the competent scholar and investigator. The same quality shows even more strikingly in the second article, on the busts and portraits of Shakespeare, and in the last, an account of the structure and stagecraft of the English theatre in Shakespeare's time. Altogether a series of popular articles of the best sort.

Ludvig Schröder, one of the leaders of the important "Folkehöjskole" movement, addresses himself to the Danish yeomanry. His article (originally a lecture) in *Den danske Höjskole*[48] is well informed and readable. One is struck, of course, by the deep religious tone, and the honest effort to read into Shakespeare's lines a religious meaning which the writer takes to be the immediate expression of the poet's own feeling. The same quality is found in his book, *Shakespeare og Prøver af hans Digtning.*[49] The over-sophisticated reader will probably smile at the naïveté of it all;

[46] *The Shakespeare Story Teller.* Introductory leaves or outline sketches, with choice extracts in the words of the poet himself. By George Stephens, Professor of Old English and of the English Language and Literature at the University of Copenhagen. Copenhagen. 1855.

[47] *Frem.* Et Ugeskrift. Udkommer hver Söndag. En Række Populære Artikler om Shakespeare af Niels Möller. 1900. 1, no. 29; 2, no. 31; 3, no. 35.

[48] 1 (1900-1901):16 ff. Kolding. 1903.

[49] Trykt som Manuskript (published for private circulation). Kolding. 1903.

but a thoughtful student of Danish life will remember the tremendous influence of the movement which Schröder represents, and be grateful to him for bringing a poet of the English renaissance so tactfully before the farmers and cottagers of Denmark. Naturally he emphasizes Shakespeare's "Folkelighed" (Volkstümlichkeit), his lack of learning, and his intimate contact with the people of the English countryside. He suggests that Shakespeare's prodigious vocabulary is due in some measure to this familiarity with the life of the plain people. He was not hampered, as Milton was, by book-learning.

> It is possible that the great differences in the conditions under which these poets grew up had some influence on their vocabularies. Milton, who had received a Latin school and university education was poorer in impressions of nature and life than Shakespeare, who knew "little Latin and less Greek," but the more of his mother-tongue as it was spoken by farmers, and in the market towns by townspeople and yeomen from other districts, by well-to-do citizens, and by poorer folk.

Bögholm has shown, in a study to which I shall refer later, that, as compared with Bacon, Shakespeare is decidedly popular in diction and syntax, so that Schröder's *ex parte* guess proves to have the sanction of philological scholarship.

Of still another character are the manuals for home study published by *Universitetsudvalget*, a body corresponding to the older extension divisions of our universities before they became correspondence study departments. Of these manuals there are two, one edited by J. Borup in 1901;[50] another, somewhat more schematic, by P. A. Rosenberg, in 1908.[51] Both are models of their kind, neither too scanty, nor so complex as to defeat the end for which they were prepared.

11

There is no occasion to enter into an examination of the Shakespearean studies of Georg Brandes, so well are the most important of them, embodying his ripest thought, known to the English-speaking world. Many, however, are still untranslated, and it seems desirable to treat briefly those which have a claim to remembrance.

In 1870 Brandes published *Kritiker og Portrætter*,[52] in which he brought together some thirty-eight reviews of plays, published originally in *Illustreret Tidende*, and six analytic essays on Hans Christian Andersen, Rubens, Meyer Goldschmidt, Sainte-Beuve, Kamma Rahbek, and Mérimée. The reviews have been stripped of all allusions to the performances on the

[50] *William Shakespeare.* Ved J. Borup. Grundrids ved folkelig Universitetsundervisning, no. 43. Udgivet af Universitetsudvalget. Kjöbenhavn. 1901. 22 pp.

[51] *William Shakespeare.* Ved. P. A. Rosenberg. Udgivet af Universitetsudvalget. Kjöbenhavn. 1908. 14 pp.

[52] Kjöbenhavn. Gyldendalske Boghandel.

occasion of which they were written, so that they constitute, as they now stand, a notable body of dramatic criticism. Among these essays are six on Shakespeare, *A Winter's Tale*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Viola* (Sille Beyer's stage version of *Twelfth Night*), *The Merchant of Venice*, *A. Munch: Lord William Russell*, and *Henry IV—Hotspur*. The last two in particular command attention, for in them Brandes holds up the contemporary Danish drama before the mirror of Shakespeare's art.

Munch is an epigonus of Oehlenschlæger, and his play a feeble imitation in which the manner of the master has become mechanical and lifeless, as, indeed, all Danish tragedy since Oehlenschlæger. "In the works of the later members of the Danish dramatic school, everything has been regularized. The iambic pentameter has become our Alexandrine which loses through the meshes of its net the infinite trifles that make up life. The little delicate traits we merely feel, the concrete in its distinctiveness, the natural, the anonymous, have disappeared, and the five-act drama has become our regular tragedy form, which strives in vain to encompass the infinitely important, the cause, the origin, the symbol of life."

In the last of the dramatic essays in the volume, which bears as a subtitle the words just quoted, "The Infinite Trifle and the Infinitely Important," Brandes has further worked out with immense skill this duality of every great work of art. He shows with what genius Shakespeare has created a character of abiding vitality by combining in his characterization the seemingly trivial details with the heroic and the sublime. The essay was, of course, primarily a protest against the declamation and unrelieved grand style of the epigoni of Oehlenschlæger, but it remains a discerning analysis of genuine realism in art, and as such it is known to have had an enormous influence on two such various men of genius as J. P. Jacobsen and Strindberg. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that no more revealing criticism has come from Brandes in all his immense output since the remarkable little essay was written.

By no means so successful was the article which he wrote in 1884 for *Stockholms Aftonblad*[53] on the relation between *Hamlet* and the essays of Montaigne. Brandes holds that not only did Shakespeare know Montaigne, which no one disputes, but that *Hamlet* shows numerous direct borrowings, borrowings so flagrant that they brought upon Shakespeare a charge of plagiarism from his own contemporaries.

It was almost too easy for Henrik Schück to riddle Dr. Brandes' argument.[54] Not only does Schück show the flimsiness of the case, but he convicts the great Danish critic of flagrant ignorance of the facts, and,

[53] Two articles. December 27 and 29, 1884.

[54] Dr. Brandes Uppsats om Hamlet och Montaigne. *Finskt Tidskrift för Vitterhet, Konst, och Politik.* Förra halfaaret. 1885.

once at least, of what seems very like disingenuous misquotation. He closes with the following pretty sharp rebuke:

> Dr. Brandes is an authority on the history of literature. Few have surpassed him in discernment. And even though his exposition has almost the beauty of a work of art, this excellence has never, so far as I have discovered, been gained at the expense of thoroughness. Dr. Brandes ought therefore to consider himself above throwing dust into the eyes of ignorant readers, and he has so much of real genius that he does not have to shine in the *faux brilliants* of the literary charlatan.

As far back as 1885 Brandes outlined the theory of the sonnets as the expression of a period of gloom in Shakespeare's life, a theory which, if he did not invent, he elaborated and popularized. It is first found in his review of Hansen's translation of the sonnets,[55] and again, ten years later in two articles in the Norwegian magazine *Samtiden*.[56]

The following year (1895-96) appeared the now famous book, *William Shakespeare*.[57] The judgment of scholars on this work is pretty well fixed. It is a great achievement simply as a compilation of material. But it is vastly more. It is full of brilliant pictures of the times, of subtle and penetrating character studies, of acute observations. As a study of Shakespeare's life, however, it has rather too much the flavor of an historical novel. Nevertheless it amply deserves its popularity, for nothing so compelling about Shakespeare has been written in any language.

Characteristic of the attitude of competent critics is Niels Möller's review in *Nordisk Tidskrift*.[58] It is a painstaking examination of the work, and a just and temperate appraisal of its merits. He points out of course, that Brandes' reconstruction of the life of Shakespeare is utterly untrustworthy, but he praises in the highest terms the acumen and insight of the critic. "Brandes has made Shakespeare real where before he was only a name. He teaches men to read. The readers may then correct their teacher." Theodor Bierfreund, in *Dansk Tidsskrift*,[59] devoted himself mainly to an onslaught on the elaborate theory which Brandes has woven about the sonnets. Bierfreund accepts Sidney Lee's view that they are in the main conventional literary exercises, brilliant exercises, to be sure, but no more. They were probably addressed to Southampton for the very obvious purpose of getting protection and patronage. When they had secured him these, Shakespeare had no further interest in them. "In his youth Shakespeare amused himself by writing sonnets. He had even defiled himself with them. But when they had gained for

[55] See p. 44.

[56] 6:1 ff. and 49 ff. 1901.

[57] 1-3 Bind. København. 1895-96.

[58] *Nordisk Tidskrift för Vetenskap, Konst och Industri* pp. 591-19. 1896.

[59] Pp. 108 ff. 1899.

him what they could gain, he threw them aside. And the fine soul of the poet remained a shining silver shield."

It is altogether appropriate that this sketch of Danish Shakespearean criticism should close with Professor Valdemar Vedel's glowing article in *Tilskueren*,[69] *Shakespeare og Renæssancen*. Professor Vedel would give us a sense of the richness, the music, and the color of Shakespeare's plays, especially, of course, of the comedies and the romances. "I would give the impression of the romance and the romantic part of Shakespeare's poetic world as a piece of music. I should like to analyze it into its themes and motifs, and show how these—from Terence and the Greek tales, by way of French court epics and the Florentine *novella*, Ariosto, and the Spanish pastoral novel—have combined to produce the magical art of *Cymbeline*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*." With deftness and learning, and in Danish prose as exquisite as his subject, Professor Vedel then sketches rapidly what classical antiquity, the Greek romances, oriental tales, the epics of chivalry, indirectly, and directly, the courtly literature of Italy and Spain, France and England, have contributed to the romantic world of these plays.

Others, indeed, have drawn upon these same sources, used the same materials, but they have never used them in the interpretation of life. It is this that Shakespeare has added. "We feel that even the airiest of the comedies contain an evaluation of life and lessons for life, an appeal to and a strengthening of our sense of good and evil, which is found neither in Ariosto nor in the pastoral romance. It is this weight of reality which removes Jaques, Shylock, Caliban, out of the realms of fairyland, and plants them for all time on the soil of earth as the most living creatures art has brought forth. And it is the vigorous moral sense, not always able to dissolve serious matters into gracious harmonies, which has made of romantic fairy and novella motifs in *Othello*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *King Lear*, the great tragedy which Italy had not the seriousness and resolution to attain to."

12

The contributions of Danish scholars to Shakespearean scholarship are, in view of the size of the country, fairly numerous, and some of them of decided importance. Of course it is not always possible to distinguish the critical essay from the monograph, but usually it is fairly easy to say whether a writer aims to give an interpretation of his subject or new information about it. In the following section, then, I wish to take up books and essays which embody the fruits of scientific investigation.

It was certainly to give new facts that Rahbek, in 1816, wrote his valuable article, *Shakespeareana i Danmark*, which, accordingly, ushers

[69] 10:489 ff. 1910.

in Danish Shakespearean scholarship. But Rahbek was rather a litterateur and an esthetician, and his ventures into pure research were usually unfortunate. Quite a different man was Torkel Baden, a classical scholar of the old school before Madvig. Baden's scholarship is now discredited, and most of his attempts in criticism are worthless, but his efforts to show that Shakespeare consciously imitated Seneca have a certain interest, inasmuch as they foreshadow the results of later investigation. In 1819 he published an edition of the ten tragedies attributed to Seneca,[61] with copious quotations of parallel passages from other writers, ancient and modern. One or two of them are from Shakespeare. His thesis, however, was not clearly expressed till 1825, when he wrote in Öst's *Archiv for Psychologi, Historie, Literatur og Kunst*, a pretentious article on *Shakespeare og Seneca*,[62] in the course of which he says:

> Shakespeare knew the Ancients minutely. Every page in his works bears evidence of this. But Seneca was his favorite. The highly metaphorical and ornate style of this Spanish poet appealed to him most. He characterizes him with a single stroke when he puts into the mouth of Polonius these words in praise of the players: "Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light." In my edition of Seneca's tragedies I have now and then referred to Shakespeare. This I would not have done had Shakespeare been an unlearned man. He was, on the contrary, a learned poet, and imitated Seneca in a thousand ways.

Unfortunately Baden spoiled what might have been an interesting anticipation of Mr. Cunliffe's work by confining his attention to tricky parallels in ideas and phraseology. Of the more significant indebtedness of Shakespeare to the Senecan tradition he was quite oblivious. I give below a few specimens of his method:

1. In the note to l. 992 of *Phaedra*,

> O sors acerba et dura famulatus gravis,
> Cur me ad nefandum nuntium casus vocat?

Baden says:

> Quibus consonat Shakespeare in
>
> Fellow, begone, I cannot brook thy sight;
> This news hath made thee a most ugly man.

2 Henry IV, I, 1:

> Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
> Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
> Sounds ever after as a solemn bell,
> Remembered knolling a departed friend.

Many more instances are given in the later essay, of which I quote four or five:

[61] *Lucii Annaei Senecae Tragoediae.* Recensuit Torkillus Baden. Havniae. 1819.

[62] 4:321 ff.

1. *Antony and Cleopatra* II, 5 is borrowed from *Phaedra* II, 1 where the nurse describes the restlessness of Phaedra,

> Semper impatiens sui mutatur habitus.

2. Lear (II, 4) says,

> I will do such things,—
> What they are, yet I know not, but they shall be
> The terrors of the earth.

in imitation of Atreus in *Thyestes* (269),

> Haud quid sit, scio; sed grande quidam est.

3. Macbeth (II, 1):

> Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
> The death of each day's life,—

Warburton changes *death* to *birth*, overlooking the fact that this apostrophe to sleep is derived from *Hercules Furens* (1065):

> O domitor, somne, laborum, requies animi,
> pars humanae melior vitae.

4. *Hamlet* I, 4. The ghost appears to Hamlet in the same shape as Hector to Andromache, *Troades*, 683. Steevens wastes time trying to discover the reasons for the ghost's appearing all armed. The reason is that Shakespeare is imitating Seneca.

5. Macbeth's exclamation,

> Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
> Clean from my hand?

is derived from *Hercules Furens*, 1323,

> Quis Tanais, aut Nilus—etc. abluere
> dextram poterit.

Baden's cloistered academic learning could put him on the right track: it could not, unfortunately, give him the light to follow it up.

Ever since Cohn's epoch-making book *Shakespeare in Germany* (1865)[63] students of the English drama have known that English "instrumentalists" visited Denmark as early as 1585. That these "instrumentalists" were actors is fully established. The first scholar to call attention to the presence of English players at the Danish court was, however, not Cohn, but the Danish historian P. V. Jacobsen, and that as early as 1844. In (Dansk) *Historisk Tidsskrift* for that year,[64] he published the following entry in the records of the city chamberlain of Helsingör: "giifvet for att lade ferdige thett Planckewerck imellem Lauritz Schriffvers og Raadhus Gordenn, som Folck red neder thend Tid the Engelske lechte i Raadhus Gordenn 4 Sk."[65] Jacobsen assumes that these players actually performed

[63] London. 1865.

[64] 5:524-28.

[65] "For the repair of the fence between Lauritz Skriver's and the town hall, which the people rode down [i.e., caused to collapse by climbing upon it] while the English were giving their performance in the courtyard of the town hall, 4 Sh."

their play in English, and from the fact that the crowd demolished a fence in their eagerness, concludes that they must have been very popular.

Jacobsen did not investigate the matter further. In 1870, however, V. C. Ravn, the distinguished historian of Danish chamber music, published an admirable little article, *English Instrumentalists at the Danish Court in the Time of Shakespeare*.[66] This article, based in the main on the account books of the royal exchequer, proves that as early as 1579 King Frederick II maintained English "instrumentalists" at court, that these "instrumentalists" were actors rather than musicians, and that they received somewhat higher pay than the German "instrumentalists," who probably were musicians. Not all of these actors were Englishmen; one, and the best paid of the troupe, Mathias Zoega, was an Italian "dancer"; one, Johann Kraft, may have been a German; but Johann Person (Pearson), Johann Kerch (Kirk), and certainly the unfortunate Thomas Bull, of whom more later, were English. The explanation of the curious fact that they are included under the appellation "English" is simply, according to Ravn, that "instrumentalists" is a generic term applied to minstrels and actors alike; whereas an "English instrumentalist," whatever his nationality, was an actor *par excellence*.[67] The most significant part of Ravn's essay, that which makes it of enduring worth, is that in which, on the basis of materials in the Danish archives, he follows the fortunes of a group of Lord Leicester's players who came to the court at Helsingör from England with a Danish embassy in June, 1586. Included in this band of wandering players were actors no less distinguished than Thomas Pope, George Bryan, and William Kemp. Kemp, indeed, was not a regular member of the troupe,—which, besides Pope and Bryan, was made up of Thomas Stevens, Thomas King, and Robert Percy—but he seems to have been associated with them during June, July, and August, 1586. Cohn,[68] several years before Ravn, had discovered evidence of the presence of the English player troupe in Denmark, but he relied wholly on German records, which the entries in the Danish account books complement in a most interesting way, and Ravn was the first to discover that the famous clown, William Kemp, had at one time appeared at Elsinore. For further information concerning this interesting chapter in the history of the Elizabethan stage, the reader must be referred to Ravn's essay, now accessible in an English translation,[69] and to Mantzius' *The English Stage in the Time of Shakespeare*.[70]

Ravn relates in the course of his article that one of the aforementioned "instrumentalists," Thomas Bull, was executed at Helsingör "for his

[66] *For Ide og Virkeligheds* 1:75-92. 1870.

[67] This company, according to Ravn, remained in the king's service till the autumn of 1586.

[68] *Op. cit.* xxiii.

[69] In *Sammelbände der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft* 7:550 ff. Leipzig. 1906.

[70] London, 1904.

evil deeds' sake" on August 19, 1586. What the evil deeds were he does not say, but full light has been thrown on the matter by Adolph Hansen in a beautifully worked out article in *Tilskueren* for July, 1900, *En Notits om engelske Instrumentister ved Frederik den andens Hof.*[71] From the court records now in the provincial archives of Sjælland, Hansen has pieced together the tragic story. Thomas Bull lodged, during his stay at Helsingör, at the house of an Englishwoman, Gertruid Cletten (Gertrude Clayton?) with whose daughter Elizabeth he fell madly in love. Elizabeth, however, preferred his rival, Thomas Boltum (Bolton), and they were ultimately engaged. Bull's anger and jealousy were aroused, and from anger to hot words and murder, the step was easy for the wandering actor of Shakespeare's time. The two men met one day at Mistress Clayton's house, and after a violent altercation, Thomas Bull ran his sword through his rival's body. For this crime he was tried and executed before Kronborg some time after August 26, 1586. The date mentioned by Ravn, Hansen shows to be an error, since the murder was not committed till August 24. The documents in the case give a particularly revealing glimpse of middle-class life in Helsingör at the close of the sixteenth century, particularly of the considerable English colony settled there. And the quarrel between the two recalls the turbulent Bohemia in which Marlowe met his death.

All this suggests, too, the question of whether or not Shakespeare ever was in Denmark. There is not, as Hansen points out, a scintilla of evidence that he ever was. But he had in the players who had visited Denmark sources of information which he did not fail to use. They could tell him of courtiers with names like Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, which offended so many eighteenth century commentators; they could tell him, too, of Danish students who sought the fount of Lutheran orthodoxy at Wittenberg; of the carousals at the new castle at Elsinore, with its bastions and ramparts rising sheer from the Sound.

Julius Martensen contributed, besides his essay on the adaptation of Shakespeare's plays, two notes on *Cymbeline* to the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft.* In the earlier of these[72] he points out, first, that the stage direction at the close of Iachimo's monologue (II, 2) is, for purposes of a modern production, misplaced, since it is clear that Iachimo is actually in the chest during the monologue; it should, accordingly, be moved four lines further up. On the Elizabethan stage the chest was not used. Martensen imagines that the whole scene was played on the inner stage. "The curtains separating this from the larger (outer) stage were drawn back; the princess was discovered lying in the bed; behind one half of the curtain stood the imaginary chest. When Iachimo

[71] Pp. 549 ff.

[72] 4:381. 1869.

had uttered his 'Time, Time,' the curtains were again drawn. The later stage direction, 'Scene closes,' also points to such an arrangement." Second, Martensen offers a new gloss of the difficult lines:

> . . . that dawning
> May bare the raven's eye.

According to Martensen "by the *raven* is meant the chest with its inky darkness." In the second note, contributed to the *Jahrbuch* of 1875,[73] he withdrew his own explanation and substituted another. He now believes that the expression means what it says, the *raven's eye*. This figure was strange to English critics of the eighteenth century, who thought that Shakespeare should have spoken of the lark's eye. But the lark awakens the morn, not the morn, the lark. This conception is found often in Shakespeare. The real explanation is indicated by two lines from *Troilus and Cressida* (IV, 2):

> O, Cressida, but that the busy day,
> Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows.

"The lark awakes the day, and the day awakes the birds, first of all the crow. With the crow awakens, of course, the ravens, and in the metre of Iachimo's line, the disyllabic *raven* fitted better than the monosyllabic crow."

Before passing to Theodor Bierfreund's noteworthy studies, two masters' dissertations of the University of Copenhagen should at least be mentioned. Both were written at the suggestion and under the direction of Professor George Stephens, professor of English at the university. Lundbeck, in *Det engelske Drama för Shakespeare*,[74] treats, as the title indicates, of the English drama before Shakespeare. The book is divided into two parts: I The Development of the Drama to *ca.* 1580; II Shakespeare's Predecessors 1580-1593. Part I treats in separate chapters of the mystery or miracle play, the moralities, and the secular drama to 1580. Part II then gives a chapter to each of Shakespeare's notable predecessors, Lyly, Marlowe, Greene, Peele; and a chapter to a group of minor dramatists, Kyd, Lodge, Chettle, Munday, and Thomas Wilson. In the two closing chapters the author sketches for us the Elizabethan stage and the chief characteristics of the time. Lundbeck's dissertation is a well ordered compilation without original value, but no doubt for its day a useful handbook. Of the same quality is Kalisch's *Shakespeare's Younger Contemporaries and Successors*,[75] the only difference between this book and Lundbeck's being that it is rather better written.

These are slight things, however; of real importance are two monographs by Theodor Bierfreund, *Palemon og Arcite—En Literatur-historisk*

[73] 10:382. 1875.
[74] Kjöbenhavn. 1890.
[75] Kjöbenhavn. 1890.

Undersögelse som Bidrag til Shakespeare Kritiken,[76] and *Shakespeare og hans Kunst.*[77]

Palemon og Arcite is a dissertation submitted to the University of Copenhagen in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. The first part is taken up with a very learned study of the Palemon and Arcite story as it is found in literature in various times and places: Boccaccio, *La Teseide;* Chaucer, *The Knightes Tale;* and James I, *The King's Quair.* Then follows a transition chapter in which the author first briefly sketches the presence of the motif in the Elizabethan drama and in Shakespeare, and proceeds to a discussion of the attitude of scholars in regard to the only extant play in which the motif is used, *The Two Noble Kinsmen.* With few exceptions critics agree in attributing the play to Shakespeare and Fletcher. The methods by which this agreement has been reached are, in the author's opinion, not at all convincing. The real question is, Could Shakespeare have written *The Two Noble Kinsmen?* Bierfreund answers in Shelley's words, "I do not believe that Shakespeare wrote a word of it." To establish this contention is the aim of the second part of the dissertation. Briefly, Bierfreund holds that Shakespeare could have written nothing so bad, that the plot, psychology, and, in particular, the female characters, are typical of Fletcher, and, finally that the play conflicts with a generally accepted postulate, that Shakespeare never imitated himself; for it abounds in feeble pseudo-Shakespearean passages and incidents.

The argument is ingenious and half convincing. Bierfreund shows differences between Shakespeare and Fletcher in technique, psychology, and attitude toward women so fundamental as to serve as useful tests of authorship. His case is weak, however, simply because an argument based purely on internal evidence can never be anything else.

The basic ideas of the dissertation are systematised and elaborated in the large monograph, *Shakespeare og hans Kunst.* Shakespeare's ultimate aim was complete artistic success in tragedy; his immediate aim, material success by giving the people what they wanted. Through long and rigid schooling in Senecan tragedy, chronicle plays, comedies, and the later histories, he attained his goal in the great tragedies. He developed, in other words, a definite artistic sense and a pretty definite technique. He learned to prepare and motivate action, to give to his plays ordered and proportioned structure to the last detail, to present character in all its shadings, and to create a type of womanhood, which, in all its variations, exhibits certain unvarying qualities. Shakespeare's women are better and nobler than the men; they are characterized by an unyielding fidelity to the man of their choice and by a normal and sound sex-life, equally remote from sensuality and asceticism. These are the

[76] Kjöbenhavn. 1891.

[77] Kjöbenhavn. 1898.

fundamentals of Shakespeare's art, and they afford the only adequate basis for the judgment of the genuineness of anonymous plays attributed to him.

The most interesting chapters are the last two, *Kong Henrik VIII, Shakespeare's Kvinder* and *Mismod*. The first is an admirable study of Queen Katharine and Anne Bullen. Bierfreund points out how flawlessly Katharine is presented and how perfectly she exemplifies Shakespeare's ideal of woman. However false and vacillating men may be, she is ever constant to one. She is held by an inner necessity, governed by inexorable laws of her being; for she is no mere doll. She is the master of her own body, never handed about, without will of her own, from one to another. This is Shakespeare's conception of woman, and he shares it with none other. Compare with Katharine the aimless, colorless, spineless Anne Bullen, who seems to go through the play like a marionette figure. Katharine springs from the genius of Shakespeare; Anne, from Fletcher's. Bierfreund then repeats the argument from his dissertation to show that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is certainly not Shakespeare's, the chief reason for believing which is that Emilia belongs not to Shakespeare's gallery of women, but to Fletcher's. The chapter closes with the following revealing summary:

> In the foregoing study I have avoided all speculations about Shakespeare's personal opinions; Shakespeare's works are like the Bible, anything may be proved from them. I have confined myself to his art, wherein, at least, one has a firm basis, and I have examined on definite lines a number of his plays; I have shown that he had tangible artistic and ethical principles, which he invariably followed. . . . In the main I have confined myself to the best known plays, but anyone may examine the others to satisfy himself that I have not laid them on a Procrustes' bed, or arrived at my conclusion by picking out extracts which by chance suited my purpose.

In the last chapter, *Mismod*, Bierfreund turns again on the "period of gloom" theory, so persuasively presented by Brandes "with a supreme artistry that fairly takes one's breath away." The theory lacks every basis. The sonnets can not be used as evidence, for the reason that they are impersonal, like the plays. "They are written partly to compete with other poets, partly to please the young nobility, and partly as a means of training for the dialogue of the dramas." Nor can *Troilus and Cressida, Timon of Athens, Pericles*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* be used to support the theory. Bierfreund argues at great length that these plays are not, even in part, by Shakespeare. A poet who had proved himself the master of dramatic technique, who had slowly and painfully achieved a conscious art, could simply not have written these plays or have had any hand in them. "Shakespeare, mener jeg, satte kun ægte Penge i Omlöb"; i.e., Shakespeare did not deal in counterfeit coin.

Bierfreund, it will be seen, deals wholly with matters of taste and judgment, on which agreement can never be hoped for. But his taste seems sure, his judgment sound, and there is a scientific coolheadedness in the

marshalling of the evidence which raises his criticism to a plane incomparably higher than mere individualistic impressionism. Added to it all is a crisp, acid style, which fairly bites into one's mind. Even Dr. Brandes' more celebrated book is not more compelling.

I need only refer to two other Danish contributions to Shakespearean investigation, Mantzius' *The English Theatre in the Time of Shakespeare*[78] and Goll's *Criminal Types in Shakespeare*,[79] since both are accessible in English translations. These studies derive a certain interest and, no doubt, a certain value, from the fact that they are written not by academic scholars, but by men of affairs whose daily work has brought them into contact with many of the problems they discuss. Mantzius was for many years the most distinguished of Danish actors, and Goll, an efficient police official. Goll's *Types of Criminals* was translated into German by Oswald Gerloff, in 1908, with an introduction by Franz von Lisst. Dr. von Lisst, without attempting a detailed comparison with Kohler's *Verbrechertypen in Shakespeares Dramen*, does indicate the basic difference between the two works in one sentence:

> Es läge ausserordentlich nahe, die Ergebnisse mit einander zu vergleichen, zu denen die beiden Schriftsteller gelangen; und der Vergleich würde um so interessanter sein, als sie beide von ganz verschiedenen Standpunkten ausgehen, und mit verschiedenen Methoden arbeiten; dort der hegelisierende Vertreter der Willensfreiheit, hier der streng wissenschaftliche Determinist; dort der deutsche Professor der Rechtswissenschaft; hier der dänische Polizeibeamte.

A totally different line of investigation, and one, I think, with immense possibilities, was opened by Professor Otto Jespersen in his lecture before the Royal Danish Scientific Society on the language of Shakespeare, December 4, 1903. The substance of the lecture may now be found in Chapter IX, *Shakespeare and the Language of Poetry*, of his *Growth and Structure of the English Language*. A footnote to this chapter[80] summarizes an article in *Politiken* newspaper,[81] in which Professor Jespersen had, some months before, pointed out a few distinct differences between Shakespeare's and Bacon's use of specific words—synonyms or parallel forms, like too—also, might—mought, among—amongst.

Acting on these suggestions, Dr. Bögholm investigated the whole subject. His study, *Bacon og Shakespeare: En Sproglig Sammenligning*,[82] reveals, as Jespersen says, "an astonishing number of discrepancies between the two authors." Dr. Bögholm, by a detailed examination of Bacon's and Shakespeare's language, shows that the differences are so great and

[78] Köbenhavn. 1901. English translation, London, 1904.

[79] Köbenhavn og Kristiania. 1907. English translation, London, 1909.

[80] P. 217.

[81] January 21, 1902.

[82] Köbenhavn. 1906. A dissertation submitted to the faculty of Arts and Letters of the University of Copenhagen in candidacy for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

so consistent that one would have deemed them impossible in contemporaries writing the same language. In our day, with the schoolmaster abroad in the land, they would be impossible. The results are convincing precisely because the monograph is not a study of style or isolated words, but of language, diction, grammatical forms, and inflections, and the differences noted are decisive because they are found in inconspicuous words and forms, which the writer, be he never so meticulous, uses instinctively and without reflection. The general conclusion, which, however, is not the thing that gives the book its value, is that "Bacon is the more conservative, strictly grammatical writer, whereas Shakespeare is popular and unconstrained." The real value lies in the almost mathematical demonstration of the fact that Bacon could not have written Shakespeare's English if he had tried; he would have betrayed himself a dozen times on every page.

Bögholm is not interested in the Baconian theory. For him this has been disposed of long ago. He is interested purely in a scientific comparison of the language of the two men. And never was the result of a linguistic investigation more decisive or more illuminating. Professor Manly[83] has suggested that what we need in determining mooted questions of authorship in the Elizabethan drama is a body of facts about the language of each author. If we know the facts about Fletcher's language, we shall know whether he *could* have written *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. In such a way, too, we may be able to break up the Beaumont and Fletcher plays into parts that *must* have been written by Beaumont and parts that *must* have been written by Fletcher. Differences in style are more or less subjective, and hence matters of opinion; there can be no two opinions about consistent differences in usage and grammar. The possibilities of Bögholm's method are, it seems to me, very great.

[83] In *The Book of Homage to Shakespeare*. Edited by Israel Gollancz. Oxford University Press. 1916.

CHAPTER III

SHAKESPEARE ON THE DANISH STAGE

As early as 1788 Knud Lyne Rahbek cherished some vague plans of incorporating *Hamlet* into the repertoire of the Royal Theatre;[1] but apparently this was merely one of those multitudinous projects of his which ever remained a nebulous wish. At all events, it came to nothing.

Some half-dozen years later, Rahbek's good friend Hans Wilhelm Riber, actually did translate Tate's stage version of *Lear*,[2] but for some reason it was never played, and almost at once forgotten. Rahbek, indeed, who knew Riber well, and who was pretty well informed as to what was going on at the theatre, declared in 1816,[3] that until the question of putting on Foersom's translation of *Lear* came up many years afterward, he had never even heard of Riber's. It must be confessed that neither Shakespeare nor the Royal Theatre suffered from the swift oblivion that overtook Riber's adaptation of Tate. Rahbek ventures to believe that Shakespeare's good genius had a hand in causing it to be forgotten.

It was, appropriately enough, not Riber, but Foersom who was to bring Shakespeare on the Danish stage. In 1803 he sent his translation of *Julius Caesar*, in which he hoped to play Antony, to the administration of the theatre. Rahbek seconded his efforts earnestly, but without avail. One director, Kierulf, firmly declined to have anything to do with the project. He solemnly declared that if they began with Shakespeare, they would end with Tieck's *Genoveva*, that even if the murder of Caesar and the glorification of revolution were not of themselves sufficient to exclude the play from a royal theatre, he would oppose its acceptance on the grounds that the production would cost a good deal of money, and obviously never could find favor with a public accustomed to plays in which there was at least a coherent plot. The directors, accordingly, declined the translation "with regrets," since, "although they acknowledge its excellence, they do not deem it appropriate for presentation at the Royal Theatre." Foersom, however, was given fifty rigsdaler for his pains.[4]

He was too brave a soul to give up so easily as that. Rahbek gained a certain degree of publicity for the translation by publishing parts of it in *Minerva*. But in the meantime another and more powerful influence had come to his aid. Oehlenschlæger in those years was writing his most

[1] Cf. p. 53.

[2] *Kong Lear*. Et Sörgespil i 5 Optog. Oversat af Hans Wilhelm Riber efter Nahum Tates Omarbeidelse som spilles paa de kongelige Skuepladse i London. Kiöbenhavn. 1794.

[3] *Shakespeareana i Danmark*. *Loc. cit.*

[4] Nikolaj Bögh, *Museum* 2:301. 1895.

Overskou, *Den danske Skueplads*. Fjerde Deel: 276 ff. Overskou's work is an amazingly rich storehouse of information, and I shall draw upon it freely, often without giving specific credit.

enduring work. He felt strongly that the chief reason his tragedies were not adequately performed or intelligently received was that they stood isolated in the repertoire, and he pleaded with the directors that if the theatre and he were to derive honor and profit from his plays, a little select repertoire of tragedies must be built up "in which the actors would find opportunity for the unfolding of their powers, and the public a means of training in the right appreciation of great tragedy." As the foundation of this repertoire he preferred Shakespeare to Schiller, "who, however excellent he may be, might easily, if he were well translated, captivate the public by his lyric and declamatory, occasionally epigrammatic, style, and thereby destroy their receptivity to the conceits, the daring, the colossal in the delineation of human character, in which Shakespeare is unsurpassed."[5] As a result of Oehlenschlæger's insistence, the directors were prevailed upon to try one of Shakespeare's tragedies. But which should it be? Oehlenschlæger and Foersom agreed that *Romeo and Juliet* would be the most suitable, but the plot had been used so recently in a ballet that it seemed out of the question. Holstein, a member of the directorate, shared Kierulf's objection to *Julius Caesar*, which ruled that out; no adequate cast for *King Lear* could be found. There remained, accordingly, only *Hamlet*. Strange to say, Rahbek objected even to that. He feared that the melancholy Dane was much too subtle and introspective for the common run of playgoers, that the experiment might therefore fail, and prejudice the public against other tragedies of Shakespeare. Nevertheless, *Hamlet* was decided upon. The decision was perhaps due in part to a feeling that since the story was remotely from Saxo, and the scene, Denmark, the play might make some sort of patriotic appeal; but a better reason was the instinctive confidence in Foersom's ability to interpret the title rôle, on which, as everyone realized, the outcome depended.

After a good many vexatious delays, *Hamlet* was at last performed, for the first time, on May 12, 1813. Foersom scored the great triumph of his life. Everyone knows Pram's enthusiastic outburst at the end of the third act: "Det er dog en magelös Fornöielse at see den herlige Foersom i Aften. Alt hvad der er dygtigt i Karlen, baade Ondt og Godt, er ligesom forklaret ved at have faaet shakespearesk Udtryk. Men han brænder ogsaa ud af lutter Geist! Spiller han Hamlet fem Gange i een Vinter, er han Pinedöd Aske inden han seer Vaar."[6]

The part, indeed, might have been written for Foersom, with his delicate and sensitive temper, his reflectiveness and deep spirituality. But he could not single-handed carry a tragedy so complex as *Hamlet*, and the support seems to have been rather uncomprehending. The first experiment with Shakespeare was, on the whole, a failure. *Hamlet* was

[5] Overskou, *op. cit.* 4:277.

[6] Bögh, *loc. cit.* p. 259.

given only once again that season, May 22; and during the short remainder of Foersom's life, only six times. Ten years afterwards, on September 1, 1826, it was revived with M. P. Nielsen as Hamlet, and kept its place intermittently on the playbills through the next three seasons, with a total of eight performances. It was then abandoned for twenty-two years, until Frederick Höedt brought it out again at his memorable début on the evening of November 1, 1851.[7] And that is another story.

Hoedt had theories of his own about the stage and about dramatic art. More than that he had a program—to drive from the theatre all the false theatricalness and hollow declamation which still held sway on Kongens Nytorv. He did not go on the stage to make a living—his private means were very comfortable—but to promulgate definite theories of dramatic art, and to make those theories prevail.

He had given several interpretive readings from *Hamlet*, and they had created a good deal of interest; he was a university man in a country in which an academic degree carried with it social distinction; he was a lion of society, and a poet and philosopher as well. Small wonder, therefore, that the news of his début at the theatre aroused a mild sensation. In the early summer of 1851, soon after the close of the season, Höedt applied to the director, J. L. Heiberg, for an engagement, announcing at the same time that he wished to make his first appearance in *Hamlet*. Heiberg, if we may believe his wife, was greatly interested, and at once consented. Shortly thereafter Höedt submitted his cutting, although Heiberg himself had taken the trouble to make one. It is not safe to follow Fru Heiberg blindly here; but according to her story, Höedt proposed cutting the opening scene on the ramparts and beginning the play with the scene at court. He would also cut the great scene in Act III in which the king is discovered at his prayers. Both changes Heiberg very properly rejected.[8]

At all events, Höedt made his début. Never in the history of the theatre had there been such a demand for seats. The house was crowded to the roof, everyone in tense expectancy awaiting the entrance of the new, widely-heralded Hamlet. And their high expectations were not disappointed. Höedt's performance was a consummate work of art. Contemporary evidence leaves no doubt on that score. Overskou, who hated him, calls it "et virkeligt Kunstverk," and Fru Heiberg, who shared his feelings, and whose Ophelia, moreover, had been completely overshadowed, is forced to agree. Reviews in the public press confirm this estimate. *Fædrelandet*[9] writes that it would be difficult to imagine anything finer

[7] A record of the performances of Shakespeare's plays in Denmark will be found in the appendix.

[8] Johanne Louise Heiberg, *Et Liv gjenoplevet i Erindringer*. Ved. A. D. Jörgenson. 3:69 ff. Kjöbenhavn. 1891.

[9] November 20, 1851.

than Höedt's rendering of the soliloquies. *Berlingske Tidende*[10] is fairly lyric. This was one of the occasions when the player was of greater interest than the play; people came to see Höedt rather than *Hamlet*. He proved equal to the opportunity. He possesses, says the reviewer, neither an impressive stage presence nor a good voice, but he does have a marvelous power of visualizing the character for the spectator. His acting in the play scene was so nearly perfect that criticism is impossible. *Morgenbladet*[11] writes that there is no occasion to unsay any of the fine things that have been said about Höedt's Hamlet, but, with a naïveté startling at so late a day goes on to declare, "the play leaves much to be desired." Hamlet speaks of theatres and caviar, both unknown in Denmark in his time, and all the personages are so well up in Christian doctrine, that they could pass a "seminarist" (elementary school teacher's) examination in it at any time. In fact, the play is so bad that the only way to improve it is to write a new one, using the same materials, as Oehlenschlæger has done in *Amleth*, where he has given with simple fidelity a truthful picture of the age. *Hamlet* can not please an audience not totally ignorant of history. Criticism like this savors of 1751, rather than 1851. Fortunately, it is quite isolated.

In the chorus of praise which greeted Höedt at his first appearance, there is one discordant voice—that of Meyer Goldschmidt in *Nord og Syd*.[12] After sharply criticising certain details of Höedt's performance, he proceeds:

> Hr. Höedt has many excellent qualities . . . , but he has not proved himself in *Hamlet*, a great tragedian. If he had, as Heiberg once said modestly of himself, as much genius as taste, he would be a great artist. Possibly he will prove to be better in less important rôles; possibly, too, he would be better in major parts if he had not been heralded abroad as a consummate artist whose development is already complete. But unquestionably he will always be correct, polished, restrained, respectable.

Goldschmidt's judgment is certainly not fair. Höedt's contemporaries testify that he was vastly more than "correct, polished, restrained, respectable," and those who knew him in after years, when he had left the stage, bear witness to the wonderful beauty of his interpretive readings.[13] It may well be, however, that he lacked depth and passion. Björnson thought him superficial and insincere.[14]

Höedt's success, however, was quite sufficient to assure his appointment as "kongelig Skuespiller" at a comparatively high salary, and all seemed serene, alike for him and for the theatre. But the Royal Theatre

[10] November 15, 1851.

[11] November 15, 1851.

[12] 7:324. October-December, 1851.

[13] Edvard Brandes, *Dansk Skuespilkunst* p. 56. Kjöbenhavn. 1880.

[14] Cf. *Gro. Tid*, 1:4-5; 220.

was too small a world for two such men as Frederik Höedt and Johan Ludvig Heiberg, particularly since both were blessed with theories and determined to give them effect. The collision was not long in coming. In the summer of 1852, Höedt proposed to the director that *Richard III* be placed in the repertory for the following season, with Höedt, of course, as Richard. Heiberg peremptorily refused in a letter which as Dr. Edvard Brandes says,[15] does him little honor, but which does throw a good deal of light on his attitude toward Shakespeare:

> The gloomy atmosphere of the play is distinctly foreign to the temperament and character of the Danish people, who, even in tragedy, demand a lighter tone. Precisely in proportion as the national theatre is regarded as an institution for the esthetic education of the people is it important that in this, as in all education, the point of departure be the native gifts and talents of the people, and that no attempt be made to graft upon it anything foreign which is incompatible with their natural sympathies. If, therefore, *Richard III* were to be produced, I fear that, after the first curiosity had been satisfied, I should be charged with a failure to recognize the national mission of the theatre, and, what is more, I should feel conscious in that case, that I could not meet or disprove the charge. That this tragedy is played in England, where it is probably in harmony with the hypochondriac character of the English people, is no argument for us; quite as little the fact that it is given in Germany, since Germany, having no genuine dramatic literature of its own, but determined to have a stage, is forced to found one on loans from foreign literatures. In Denmark, however, where there is and can be a national theatre, since there exists this prerequisite national dramatic literature, a good deal may be lost by an unfortunate selection of foreign plays. Here in Denmark the tragedy of Oehlenschlæger, despite all its faults, has struck the national chord and appealed to national feelings, and I doubt very much if we should ever accustom ourselves to seeing Melpomene's dagger transformed into a butcher knife.[16]

A second, and undeniably much sounder, reason for declining *Richard III* Heiberg finds in the fact that since it is only a fragment of a very long cycle of chronicle plays dealing with a remote period of English history, the Danish public can hardly be supposed to have the historical knowledge necessary to understand and appreciate it.

Nor was this all. Heiberg refused Höedt permission to appear as Marinelli in *Emilia Galotti* and as Figaro in Beaumarchais' comedy. He insisted, in short, that Höedt's business was to play what he was told to play, that the player existed for the theatre, and not the other way around. Of course Höedt resigned; and he did so in a caustic letter in which he did not hesitate to say what he thought of Heiberg's judgment on Shakespeare:

> Such a play no director has the right to judge, for the world has already judged, without awaiting a reëxamination. . . . Just as Luther is not merely a German

[15] *Op. cit.* p. 49.

[16] First published by Heiberg himself in *Berlingske Tidende* for December 2, 1852. Reprinted in Heiberg's *Prosaiske Skrifter* 8:394-99; H. Christensen, *Det kongelige Theater 1852-1859* pp. 61 ff.; Fru Heiberg's *Erindringer* 3:124 ff.

theologian, but the fountainhead of protestant theology, Mozart not merely a German or Italian composer, but an Ideal in music, so Shakespeare is not merely an English poet, but the teacher and master of the modern protestant drama.[17]

We recognize here, of course, the theory so elaborately set forth in *On the Beautiful*.

An explosion was averted for the moment through the intervention, it is said, of certain persons in very high station, and Höedt remained. *Hamlet* was placed on the repertory again for the season of 1853, but very great changes had to be made in the cast. Nielsen, who had played the Ghost so successfully in 1851, had left the theatre in anger; his wife, next to Fru Heiberg herself, the leading actress on the stage, was ill. Heiberg gave Nielsen's rôle to an inconspicuous actor named Ferslev, entirely incompetent, according to Edvard Brandes, with a poor voice and no ability in reading Shakespeare's blank verse. Fru Nielsen's part as the queen was assigned to a rather mediocre young actress, Fröken Möller. With such a cast Höedt refused to play. He asked Heiberg to postpone the performance until Fru Nielsen's return. Heiberg refused, and appointed the rehearsals. Then, as Overskou solemnly says, "the impossible happened"—Höedt cut the rehearsal. The director made another appointment for the following day; Höedt again stayed away. His friend Michael Wiehe, to whom the situation was becoming just a bit ludicrous, began cutting up, and Overskou, who was in charge, horror-stricken at this profanation of the sacred precincts of the Royal Theatre, cut short the rehearsal and reported to Heiberg. The latter, of course, could brook no such breach of discipline, and by exerting every ounce of his authority, almost forced the Minister of Education and Public Worship, under whose jurisdiction the theatre comes, to dismiss Höedt incontinently. Three years later Heiberg resigned his office, and the new administration prevailed upon Höedt to return. But his stay was short. The public, which, on the whole, had taken his part in the controversy, had become obsessed with the idea that he was responsible for the retirement of their idol, Fru Heiberg. It was utterly false, but it did the work. The audiences were at first cool, then openly hostile, and one night they hissed him off the stage. Höedt's career as an actor was over. For a time he served as stage manager, then as instructor at the dramatic school, maintaining in this way a loose connection with the theatre. But more and more he withdrew from public notice, being heard from now and then when he assisted in staging a new play at the Royal Theatre or at the unpretentious Folketheatret, situated directly across the street from his house. We shall follow him no further—an actor of vision and serious purpose, even if no genius of the first order—whose career interests us of the English-speaking world because it is bound

[17] Christensen, *loc. cit.* p. 73. Originally published by Dr. Edvard Brandes in *Det Nittende Aarhundrede* for April, 1875.

up so intimately with the production of Shakespeare's plays. Perhaps, too, even more than Foersom, he suggests Hamlet, appointed to a mission he had not the strength and energy to accomplish.[18]

Since Höedt's day, Hamlet has been played, among others, by Nicolai Neiiendam and Emil Poulsen, and Ophelia by Fru Hennings. During the century following its premier, the play has been given at the Royal Theatre eighty times. In addition it has been played nineteen times at Dagmar Theatret, the most important of the private theatres in Copenhagen.

Three years after Foersom's début in *Hamlet*, the theatre opened the season with *King Lear* (September 2, 1816). Dr. Ryge played the king, and Foersom himself, Edgar. It was a flat failure. Overskou attributes the lack of success to the inability of the audience to grasp the meaning of the play;[19] accustomed to the rhetoric of Oehlenschlæger and Kotzebue, it seemed to them nothing more than one horror piled on another. The failure of the public to understand was not due altogether to perverted taste, but to inadequate interpretation on the part of the cast. Ryge was superb in the first scene, but he failed utterly to bring out the pathos of the king's fate after his daughters have turned him away; and Foersom was physically so weak that he merely suggested the character of Edgar. Ryge's state of mind is well illustrated by a remark which Overskou reports: "The part is good enough; I realize, too, that if they mean to give the piece, I must play it; but it goes against my grain to play mad kings who do not turn on their enemies."

When *Lear* was revived in 1851, with Nielsen as Lear and Michael Wiehe as Edgar, it had an altogether different effect. The great artists carried it through twenty performances from January 29, 1851, to November 8, 1860. *Fædrelandet*[20] hailed the performance with enthusiasm. "The theatre is entitled to our gratitude for putting on this great tragedy, and Hr. Nielsen for the painstaking study he has obviously devoted to his part." *Berlingske Tidende*[21] points out that *Lear* is a tragedy which so severely taxes the resources of a theatre that it is rarely played in Germany, and almost never in England. It is not astonishing therefore that the performance here was not in every respect ideal. But Nielsen's Lear was a revelation, by all odds the best thing he has done. His playing in the scene on the heath and in the last scene, where he appears bearing Cordelia's body, were bits of acting worthy of any theatre in the world. Wiehe as Edgar and Mad. Holst as Cordelia were excellent, and Holst as Kent and Phister as the Fool were almost as good.

[18] For accounts, from all angles, of the Heiberg-Höedt controversy, consult: Overskou, *Den danske Skueplads*, 6:12 ff; Overskou, *Oplysninger om Theaterforhold i 1849-1858*, Kjöbenhavn, 1858; Christensen, *op. cit.*; Johanne Louise Heiberg, *op. cit.* 3:68 ff., 123 ff., 164 ff.; Edvard Brandes, *op. cit.* pp. 35-60.

[19] Cf. *Nyeste Skilderier af Kjöbenhavn.* 25:1203 ff. 1816.

[20] January 30, 1851.

[21] January 31, 1851.

After 1860, *Lear* was not played again for more than a generation. At length, on November 22, 1901, Dr. Mantzius brought it out once more on a specially designed Shakespearean stage. "It was not quite Shakespeare's elemental tragedy of storm and passion," says Vilhelm Andersen in *Tilskueren*, "but it was a fine piece of work," with Dr. Mantzius as the unifying force. "At spille en saadan Elementar-Tragedie lykkedes naturligvis ikke helt. Men hvor det bristede var det öiensynlig paa Evne, ikke paa Arbeide. Stemningen var rigtignok fra Kjöbenhavn, men Blikket var virkelig fra Shakespeare."[22]

Macbeth, in Foersom's adaptation of Schiller's version,[23] was played for the first time on November 15, 1817, at a benefit performance for Foersom's widow. It was not successful. Dr. Ryge, as usual rendered the kingly and regal in Macbeth, and his terror and rage, superbly, but the subtle passions of the first part, in which the thought of the murder takes shape in his mind, lacked discernment and convincingness.

I have deemed it worth while in this connection to compare Foersom's adaptation with Schiller's and with the original. It follows Schiller closely. The stage arrangement, the business, and the sequence of scenes are Schiller's. In the fourth act, for instance, where, to secure greater continuity of action, Schiller manipulated scenes with sovereign freedom, Foersom follows him in every detail. So also in Act V, where the changes are even more radical. Schiller's famous porter scene and his denatured witch scenes have been variously treated. The first witch scene in Schiller, Foersom has stricken out, and substituted Shakespeare's. Only one line:

ANDEN HEX: Samles efter Sværdstorms Stunden

is from the German. Foersom has eliminated also Schiller's second witch scene, up to the point at which Macbeth and Banquo enter, after which both follow Shakespeare with unimportant changes. The third witch scene—the Hecate episode, which Schiller takes over from the original, Foersom omits. The fourth, that in which Macbeth comes to inquire into the future, is in both Danish and German essentially Shakespeare's, except that Hecate does not appear. Foersom again eliminates her entirely, and in Schiller she has become an invisible presence. Foersom, then, had the tact and judgment to reject Schiller's transformation of the witches, but he fell a victim to the exquisite lyric verse of his porter scene, for this he has taken over bodily, adding, however, five lines in which something of Shakespeare's conception shines through:

Saa, siig mig nu engang, vaager ikke
en Konges Öie for hans Folk; nu tror jeg

[22] *Theater Revy for 1901.* 1902.

[23] *William Shakespeare: Macbeth.* Tragedie i 5 Acter efter Shakespeare og Schiller bearbeidet til Opförelse paa den danske Skueplads ved Peter Thun Foersom. Kiöbenhavn. 1816.

at Kongen vel end ei er rigtig livlig
men gnider sig vel lidt i Öinene
saa efter Gaarsdagsviren.

Foersom's *Macbeth*, accordingly, is a free translation from Schiller, influenced at certain points by the original. I may mention in passing one curious instance of the confusion to which this double source occasionally leads. In the porter scene (F. II, 5) Foersom has, "Enter Macduff and Ross" [as in Schiller]. The scene now follows Schiller to the point where Macduff goes to call the king. At this juncture, however, Foersom has looked over on his copy of Shakespeare, for in the ensuing dialogue, the speeches that should go to Ross are assigned, as in Shakespeare, to Lenox—who does not appear at all!

Macbeth continued to be played in the Schiller-Foersom adaptation down to 1860. And it was decidedly popular, being given no less than thirty-eight times. On the occasion of two performances in 1827, Johan Ludvig Heiberg wrote in his *Flyvende Post* a review which, better than anything else, shows what cultivated playgoers of the time thought of it.[24] He condemns Schiller for having altered the witches into goddesses of fate, like the Erinys of Greek tragedy, instead of leaving them as they are, personifications of those elemental forces from which no man ever quite emancipates himself. "But in their vulgar realism, as they appear in Shakespeare, with all their coarse and repulsive stories, . . . they would certainly be ridiculous and mar the effect of the play. Foersom, therefore, [who, it will be remembered, cuts the second witch scene] is to be praised for giving them a vague, indefinite character, of which one can make what he will." Further on he praises Foersom's judicious cuttings, suggesting, however, that he might well have cut more, notably the ridiculous dialogue between Malcolm and Macduff (IV, 5), "a veritable marionet scene, one that could not possibly have taken place between real, living characters."

This criticism, and one which Heiberg passed, not unjustly, on much of Foersom's metre, was answered with greater zeal than knowledge by a writer in *Kjöbenhavnsposten* over the signature *Inhumanus*.[25] Heiberg, in his reply, of course had no difficulty in burying his adversary under a storm of raillery,[26] particularly as he singles out Foersom's lame lines: but he has no need thereafter to assure us, as he did in a review of *Hamlet*, that he is no blind admirer of Shakespeare.[27] His obliquity of vision and the fatal limitations of his sympathy are never more glaring than when he deals with a play of Shakespeare's.

[24] Three articles. January 19, 22, and 26, 1827. Reprinted in *Prosaiske Skrifter* 7:3 ff.

[25] February 13, 17, 1827.

[26] *Kjöbenhavns Flyvende Post*, February 23 and 26, 1827. Reprinted in *Prosaiske Skrifter* 7:18 ff.

[27] *Kjöbenhavns Flyvende Post*, March 30, April 2, 1827. Reprinted in *Prosaiske Skrifter* 7:24 ff.

After the season of 1859-60, *Macbeth* disappeared from the playbills for more than thirty years. On January 21, 1893, it made its reappearance on the stage in a new cutting based on Lembcke, with Emil Poulsen as an unforgetable Macbeth.

A full decade after the premier of *Macbeth*, the theatre ventured upon its fourth Shakespearean production, *The Merchant of Venice*, in a new translation by A. E. Boye (and K. L. Rahbek).[28] With an excellent cast centered about Dr. Ryge as Shylock the play was at least adequately done. Overskou reports, too, that it was well received. The fact that it was given only four times and then dropped for thirty-eight years, together with the tone of such reviews as have come to my notice, might point to a different conclusion.

Nyeste Skilderier af Kjöbenhavn[29] says frankly that whatever success Shakespeare's plays have had in Denmark is due rather to his fame than to any pleasure in the performance. He regrets, therefore, that *The Merchant of Venice* should be one of the first offered to the Danish public. The play is indeed borne by Shakespeare's mighty spirit, but the trial is cannibalistic and Shylock a monster. But, he adds, "the blind idolatry of Shakespeare covers every sin." J. L. Heiberg in the *Flyvende Post*[30] concealed his impatience under a cloak of light mockery of the "critical playgoer." *The Merchant of Venice* is a piece to tickle the mob, but to your discriminating spectator, it must be a strange thing. For it is neither comedy nor tragedy but an impossible neither-one-nor-the-other. That, to begin with, is disconcerting. But there is further the fact that the play is strangely impersonal, bearing upon it no sign of the poet's zeal and passion, that it is loaded down with an inconsequential subplot and a totally superfluous fifth act. The critical playgoer gives it up. Heiberg then wittily outlines a scheme for recasting the puzzling play into a domestic melodrama of which such a spectator would whole-heartedly approve. All this is light mockery, but one has an uneasy suspicion that Heiberg sympathizes with the object of his satire, and this suspicion becomes a certainty before the close of the essay: "Although in the preceding I have allowed myself a little innocent raillery at the expense of the public, I fully recognize the hidden good sense in even the most self-contradictory demands. For the reason that great masterpieces do not please,—although, since they are known to be great masterpieces, they are greeted with dutiful applause,—does not lie in a perverted love of poor

[28] The title page, however, reads: *Kjöbmanden i Venedig.* Lystspil i 5 Acter. Fordandsket til Skuepladsens Brug ved K. L. Rahbek (og Ad. E. Boye). Kjöbenhavn. 1827. As to Rahbek's and Boye's shares, see Nik. Bögh, art. *Ad. E. Boye*, in *Dansk Biografisk Leksikon.*

[29] May 1, 10, 1828.

[30] May 28, 1828. Reprinted in *Prosaiske Skrifter* 7:157 ff.

work, but in a feeling that good work should find new forms, whereby it may become flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone."[31]

Heiberg is himself this "cultivated playgoer" of whom he speaks with sympathetic irony. His system of esthetics, a basic principle of which is that dramatic forms should be kept distinct, made him incapable of sympathizing with Shakespeare or of really understanding him. Fru Heiberg says, indeed, that he called *Hamlet* the greatest of tragedies; if he did, we may be certain that in his heart he made a good many qualifications. When he reviewed a production of *Hamlet* in 1827, he confined himself almost altogether to the character, and said little about the play.

Upon *The Merchant of Venice* followed, at short intervals, *Romeo and Juliet* (September 2, 1828) and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (March 9, 1829). *Romeo and Juliet* was played in a discreet cutting of Foersom, made by A. E. Boye.[32] If the premier were interesting for no other reason, it would be notable in the history of the Danish stage for the début of Jomfru Johanne Louise Pätges (Fru Heiberg), most famous of all Danish actresses, as Juliet. She was then only sixteen, a mere slip of a girl, but she revealed unmistakably her marvelous powers. Juliet's youth and innocence and simplicity were perfectly done. One may well believe Fru Heiberg, however, when, years later, she writes in her *Memoirs* that in 1828 she played Juliet as a child would, with no comprehension of the subtleties of the rôle, without reflection, and almost without design.[33] She could not possibly have been a perfect Juliet, as Overskou and certain reviewers would have us believe. But her success was undoubted; she established herself as the most promising of the younger actresses, and began that long series of triumphs which makes her as unique a figure in the history of the Danish stage as Mrs. Siddons in that of Britain or Charlotte Cushman in that of America.

Twenty years later, on January 23, 1847, Fru Heiberg played Juliet once more. She was conscious of a surer art, of finer discernment, of incomparably greater truth in her interpretation. In after years she liked to think of her Juliet of 1847, and in particular of the exquisite essays of Sören Kirkegaard, *Krisen og en Krise i en Skuespillerindes Liv*, to which it gave rise.[34] Kirkegaard points out the folly of criticising on artistic grounds an actress who is scarcely more than a girl. She is spiritually as well as physically immature. The great actress emerges only through the development and experience of the years. But this growth of power

[31] Quoted from *Prosaiske Skrifter*. See preceding note. A much more favorable review will be found in A. P. Liunge's *Theaterblad* January 25, 1828.

[32] *Romeo og Julie. Sörgespil i 5 Acter.* Indrettet for den danske Skueplads (af Peter Thun Foersom og Ad. E. Boye). Kjöbenhavn. 1828. *Det kongelige Theaters Repertoire* no. 6.

[33] *Et Liv gjenoplevet i Erindringer* 1:96-98.

[34] *Fædrelandet* July 24, 25, 26, 27, 1848. Reprinted in *Sören Kirkegaard's Bladartikler.* Udgivne af Rasmus Nielsen. Kjöbenhavn. 1857. pp. 173 ff.

means a crisis, for the uncritical public worships at the shrine of the youngest goddess.

Romeo and Juliet was played for the last time at the Royal Theatre on April 22, 1874. It was given at Dagmartheatret during the seasons of 1899-1900 (fourteen times) and 1907-8 (twelve times). In 1899-1900 the title-rôles were played by Martinius Nielsen and Fru Augusta Wiehe. The reviewers were mildly favorable.[35] The reviews of the performances of 1907-8 are merely tolerant, but Adam Poulsen as Romeo and Fru Anna Larsen as Juliet receive recognition for careful, well planned, and well worked out interpretation.[36]

The Merry Wives of Windsor[37] was a failure. The drastic humor rather took the breath away from polite Copenhagen,[38] and Overskou's opinion that the play ought not to have been attempted at that time, since it demands of the spectator a better knowledge of English life than a Danish audience in 1830 could be expected to have, probably is well founded. It has never since been given at the Royal Theatre, but in December, 1899, Folketheatret, one of the popular houses in Copenhagen, presented it in a new cutting by P. A. Rosenberg. The critics call the performance noisy and crude;[39] but it was a great success none the less, and ran for two weeks (December 26 to January 9) to the huge delight of the public.

Whether or not, as Arthur Aumont suggests,[40] the failure of *The Merry Wives* discouraged the theatre from attempting another Shakespearean production, certain it is that none was essayed for eighteen years. Curious enough, it was Heiberg himself who revived Shakespeare on the stage, but in a form so garbled that, save for the names of the characters and the general fable, there is little of the original left. On September 20, 1847, accordingly, *Viola*[41] (*Twelfth Night*), the first of Sille Beyer's egregious adaptations of Shakespeare, was produced. Overskou, naturally, in his ponderous "Kanzleisprache" calls it,—"en med megen Smag og god Sans for theatralsk Virkning af Sille Beyer udfört Bearbeidelse af Shakespeare's *What You Will*."[42] That the cutting was theatrically effective, may be conceded; that it was done with good taste is more dubious. The

[35] *Politiken* January 7, 1900.
Berlingske Tidende January 8, 1900.

[36] See particularly an admirable review by Oskar V. Andersen, *Vaarden* 5:486. 1907.

[37] *De Muntre Koner i Windsor.* Et Lystspil i 5 Acter. Oversat af Ad. E. Boye. Med Anmærkninger. Kjöbenhavn. 1829. *Det kongelige Theaters Repertoire* no. 24. Boye also prepared a translation of *Twelfth Night* (*Hellig Tre Kongers Aften. Det kongelige Theaters Repertoire* no. 22. Kjöbenhavn. 1822). It was, apparently, never used.

[38] *Kjöbenhavnsposten* March 10, 13, 1830.

[39] *Berlingske Tidende* December 27, 1899.
Politiken same date. The review is by Edvard Brandes.

[40] William Shakespeare paa den danske Skueplads. *Politiken* May 11, 1913.

[41] *Viola. Lystspil i 3 Acter.* En Bearbeidelse af W. Shakespeares *Twelfth Night eller What You Will*, ved Sille Beyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1850.

[42] *Op. cit.* 5:779-80.

adaptor has condensed the five acts into three. This necessitated, of course, merciless cuts, the rearrangement of scenes to obviate unnecessary shifts, and the addition of new links to hold the composite together. The main plot is preserved, but the Malvolio plot is eliminated altogether, save that certain of Maria's activities are transferred to the Sir Toby–Sir Andrew–Fabian intrigue, and she now takes the lead in gulling Sir Andrew. It is characteristic of Sille Beyer's method that she thinks it necessary to inform us expressly (I, 1) that a package of Sebastian's clothes has providentially drifted ashore, and later (II, 2), better to motivate the love story, that Viola has already been at court "several weeks." The fable has a faint flavor of Shakespeare, indeed; it is even fainter in the style. To begin with, Fröken Beyer has paraphrased Shakespeare's blank verse into sugary Danish pentameters, and the lovely songs, as a rule, she has done into watery lyrics of her own, either based on Shakespeare, or entirely original.

This parody on one of the greatest of romantic comedies was, as Overskou truly says, an extremely successful theatre-piece. Sustained by Fru Heiberg's wonderful Viola, it held its own in the repertory down to 1869, with a total of no less than fifty-two performances. In 1892 *Twelfth Night* was taken up again, but in a sane cutting based on Lembcke's translation. The new version has been even more successful than the first, thanks mainly to Olaf Poulsen's now historic Sir Toby. Edvard Brandes in his review of the premier complained that the lyric beauty of the play had been sacrificed.[43] And Vilhelm Möller in *Tilskueren* agrees with him, but he can not refrain from unqualified admiration for this glorious Sir Toby: "Nej, saadan en sej og but Drukkenskab, saadan en stædig Drilskhed, saadan en aa-gaa-Fanden-i voldsk Ligegladhed der kom frem i hele hans Legeme naar han dansede. Det er at skabe en historisk Skikkelse paa Scenen."[44] No wonder that *Hellig Tre Kongers Aften* has been performed sixty-five times, a total for the two versions of one hundred seventeen. Only *A Midsummer Night's Dream* surpasses this record.

A whole series of Sille Beyer's "Bearbeidelser" followed in the train of *Viola*. They differ only in the respect that some are worse than others. The worst of all is *Livet i Skoven*,[45] an adaptation of *As You Like It*, which opened the season of 1849-50. That Heiberg, who objected to Höedt's comparatively innocent cutting of *Hamlet*, should have allowed it, passes comprehension. For all that is left of Shakespeare's play when Sille Beyer is through with it, is the general outline of the action, some of the names, and the setting. That the exiled duke is called Robert, and the usurper, Philip, that Le Beau is omitted and his speeches given to Touchstone,—

[43] *Politiken* November 26, 1892.

[44] 10:94. 1893.

[45] *Livet i Skoven.* Romantisk Lystspil i 4 Acter. En Bearbeidelse af W. Shakespeares *As You Like It*, ved Sille Beyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1850.

these are not significant changes. But the adaptor has not been content with such trifles. As in *Viola*, she is obsessed with the notion that everything must be expressly motivated. Orlando is in love with Rosalind before the play opens; Duke Frederik (Philip) goes out into the Forest of Arden to hunt down the exiles, falls asleep, is attacked by a wild boar, miraculously saved by Orlando, and, of course, experiences a change of heart and surrenders his usurped crown. Some changes can not be accounted for at all. Thus the Oliver of *As You Like It* is eliminated in *Livet i Skoven;* his name, office, and speeches are given—*mirabile dictu*—to Jaques! Oliver's rôle as villain goes to the servant Dennis. Most startling of all is the effort to equalize the rôles of Rosalind and Celia. This is done by giving the initiative and most of the witty speeches to Celia, and making Touchstone the *deus ex machina* who arranges the dénouement in the last act. For this shift of emphasis, however, there was a very practical reason. Rosalind is tall and fair; Celia is "low and browner than her brother." Now Fru Heiberg was low and dark, and must accordingly, play Celia. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to exalt Celia at the expense of Rosalind. It may be that the trickery was unconscious, for even Fru Heiberg seems not to have known that the slightest violence had been done to the play.[46]

Nor were the critics of 1849 much more acute. *Berlingske Tidende*[47] praises *Livet i Skoven* as a thoroughly successful theatre-piece, arranged with fine knowledge of stage effects. Something of the beauty of the original may, indeed, be gone, but this is compensated for by the gain in simplicity, clearer motivation, and, as a result, the greater intelligibility. Even Meyer Goldschmidt praised it as a skilful adaptation, though he was too keen not to see that a great deal had been lost in the process of amputation and arrangement.[48]

In 1874, however, when the Sille Beyer version was revived, the tone of the press reviews was greatly changed. *Fædrelandet*[49] says that although a reader of *As You Like It* is confused by the glowing colors, the many episodes, and the interwoven sub-plots, two characters stand out—Rosalind, the half-girlish lover, and the melancholy Jaques. In a stage version, cuttings and shifts are to be expected, but we have a right to ask that characters remain clear and distinct. If an adaptor is so blind that he will change Jaques into a sentimental lover in the middle of the play, and assign to the rather cold and commonplace Celia many of the speeches that most finely reveal the character of Rosalind, then one can compare him only to a woodsman who levels the forest, leaving only clumps of

[46] *Op. cit.* 3:22.

[47] September 3, 1849.

[48] *Nord og Syd* 1:81. 1849.

[49] January 26, 1874.

underbrush, where, to be sure, one detects the odor of flowers, but misses the great trees that once stood there. The best that can be said of *Livet i Skoven* is that it *reminds* us of Shakespeare. *Dagbladet*[50] is even more severe. The reviewer calculates ironically how many characters Sille Beyer has saved. "First of all, the wicked Oliver, Orlando's brother, is converted into an admirable fellow, whose sins are poured on the devoted head of Duke Philip, and who is merged with the melancholy Jaques. Second, such of Le Beau's speeches as are needed are given to Touchstone, while Sir Oliver Martext, Sylvius, William, and certain other minor characters are eliminated. Of the servants, Dennis becomes steward to Orlando, a back-biter and traitor—a character not found in Shakespeare at all." The rest, too, are painfully transformed—Rosalind, from a witty, lively, romantic girl in love to a highly proper young lady; Corin from an amiable and interesting fool to an elephant in love, etc. The attempt to motivate the usurping duke's change of heart, the writer calls "crude and mechanical." *Berlingske Tidende*[51] remarks that the result of the revamping is a thinness and uncertainty of characterization which makes it impossible to follow the characters at all. They are one thing at one moment, quite another the next.

Yet this odd caricature reached the comparatively high total of forty performances between the premier in 1847 and the collapse in 1874, after which the national theatre abandoned it. In May, 1913, Dagmartheatret brought out Wildenvey's adaptation of *As You Like It*,[52] with Johanne Dybwad herself as Rosalind. It scored in Copenhagen quite as decided a hit as it had already scored in Christiania. From May 8 to May 31—the end of the season—it was played twenty-two times to crowded houses.

Livet i Skoven was followed in due course by *Kongens Læge*, an adaptation after the usual Sille Beyer pattern of *All's Well That Ends Well*.[53] This metamorphosis is not quite so complete as that of *As You Like It*, but it is exceedingly characteristic. Fröken Beyer's chief aim seems to have been to preserve Helena's maiden modesty. She is changed from a rather robust Elizabethan to a sentimental love-lorn lass in the first three acts, and to a fascinating country girl who wins Bertram by her own charms, in the last two. Every precaution has been taken to protect the virgin reserve of the heroine. Thus it is Parolles, not Helena, who suggests following Bertram to the court, and it is the king who, quite as a stroke of genius, fixes her reward for curing him of his illness. This,

[50] Same date.

[51] Same date.

[52] See *Shakespeare in Norway*. Publications of the Society for the Advancement of Scandinavian Study 4:136 ff.

[53] *Kongens Læge*. Romantisk Lystspil i 5 Acter. Efter W. Shakespeares *All's Well That Ends Well*. Bearbeidet af S. Beyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1850.

of course, is not Shakespeare's Helena, but a young lady of the upper middle class of Sille Beyer's Copenhagen.

Morgenposten[54] reviewed the production favorably, but *Fædrelandet*,[55] the organ of what Overskou and Fru Heiberg called the "Anti-Heiberg clique," handled it severely. The reviewer remarks, very justly, that this is not Shakespeare, but a new play, in which the heroine has been converted into a love-sick girl who is one thing in the first half of the play, and quite another in the second. *Literairt Maanedsskrift*[56] thinks that *Kongens Læge* is pretty dilute stuff—a mild whiskey sling with generous portions of sugar and water. Overskou, of course, attributes the unfavorable criticism to Heiberg's enemies, and records as a matter of fact that the adaptation was received with great applause. The statement is confirmed in a measure by the press, and quite decisively by the theatre records, for it was performed fourteen times in its first season—an unusual record in those days—and remained popular for more than a decade. Up to May 21, 1863, when it was played for the last time, it had been given forty-five times.

Lovbud og Lovbrud,[57] an adaptation, as fatuous as the others from Sille Beyer's hand, of *Love's Labour's Lost*, was put on the boards early in the season of 1853-54 (September 13), but met with a cool reception. Even Overskou can not claim more than that it escaped positive failure, in spite of Fru Heiberg's admirable interpretation of the princess, Michael Wiehe's of the king, and Rosenkilde's delicious Don Armado.[58]

Berlingske Tidende,[59] nevertheless, says that the "Bearbeidelse" has been made with skill and tact, and results in an admirable play. It is not so well satisfied with Fröken Beyer's poetic style, which sinks frequently to banal triviality. *Literairt Maanedsskrift*,[60] on the other hand, criticised the play as an egregious display of bad taste. "A few fine bits of characterization—the only suggestions of Shakespeare's *esprit*—and a few piquant situations, sustain a body puffed up with unhealthy corpulence. The dialogue is horrible throughout—saturated with a lyricism which can only be described as in wretched taste." That this kind of stuff has been praised in some portion of the public press, the reviewer explains by saying that the public may be so overwhelmed by spurious beauties that in the end they make an impression through sheer force of numbers.

[54] September 26, 1850.

[55] September 27, 1850.

[56] 1 (October 1850-April, 1851).

[57] *Lovbud og Lovbrud.* Lystspil i 4 Acter. En Bearbeidelse af W. Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost* ved Sille Beyer. Kjöbenhavn. 1853.

[58] *Op. cit.* 6:178.

[59] September 17, 1853.

[60] October, 1853.

To this attack "E. S." replied in *Kjöbenhavnsposten*.[61] He blames Adolph Hertz for making charges without sustaining them. And then he misses the point by assuming that Hertz had attacked *Love's Labour's Lost*. "But this play is one of the most difficult of Shakespeare's to transplant, since so much is necessarily lost in the process. The adaptation, therefore, must be judged in the light of this difficulty, and its fitness to be performed by the opportunities it gives to the actors." Hertz answered "Criticus E. S.," as he called him, in *Literairt Maanedsskrift* for November of the same year.[62] He dismisses "E. S.'s" defense of *Love's Labour's Lost* with the curt remark that he is concerned with Sille Beyer's play, not with Shakespeare's. He admits that an adaptor must have liberty to make necessary changes, but to alter as Sille Beyer has done, by eliminating the page, the curate, and the schoolmaster, is to make a new play. As evidence of his statement that the play is "gjennemsivet af en yderlig smaglös Lyrik," he might offer much, but contents himself with the following pearl of price:

> I hver en Taare præget er et Billed—
> Thi uafbrudt belyst af Elskov's Lue,
> Har Phantasiens Pensel frem det stillet—
> Dog for dit Savn [Savnet af dig] min Glæde skal fordunkle!
> Drag Ringen om din Arm dens hvide Bue,
> Da ser jeg Lykken's Maal i Haabet funkle.

Now, he asks, what does this mean? The plea that the fitness of a play must be judged by the opportunities it affords to the staff of the theatre, is, of course, not sound, for either one is an artist or one is not, and presumably a true artist can do as well in a good play as in a bad one.

Lovbud og Lovbrud was withdrawn after six only moderately well attended performances.

One might suppose that the Royal Theatre would by this time have been surfeited with Frōken Sille Beyer's adaptations. But not quite. When, on September 1, 1859, *Much Ado about Nothing* was played, it was in a version of the familiar sort under the title *Kjærlighed paa Vildspor*.[63] *Fædrelandet*[64] insists that it would have been the part of wisdom to write an entirely new play on one of the plots of *Much Ado*, rather than murder both and call the result Shakespeare. *Morgenposten*[65] says that the first performance was successful, but complains of the undue prominence which the cutting gives to the Dogberry-Verges episodes. Overskou[66] records that this last effort of Sille Beyer's was an unquali-

[61] October 27, 1853.

[62] P. 45.

[63] *Kjærlighed paa Vildspor* has never been published.

[64] September 5, 1859.

[65] September 5, 1859.

[66] *Op. cit.* Review of season 1859-60.

fied success, borne largely by Nielsen's Leonato, Wiehe's Benedict, and Phister's Dogberry. It achieved the distinctly creditable total of nine performances in the season of 1859-60. In the following season (1860-61) it was played only twice, but six times in the season 1861-62. It was then withdrawn permanently. In 1880, however, *Much Ado* was revived in a new stage version by H. P. Holst.

The final word on Fröken Beyer and her crimes against Shakespeare was written by Georg Brandes in 1868 on the occasion of a performance of *Viola*.[67]

"Most people," says one of Tieck's characters apropos of Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, "are too feeble to know the faith and humility necessary to an understanding of a piece of genuine literature." "You are right in using the word *feeble*," answers his interlocutor, "for genuine humility depends upon strength." We need not seek far for an application of these words. If a foreigner, an Englishman or a German, were to learn that we play Shakespeare's comedies on our stage in a series of wretched and garbled manglings, he might be disposed to believe that we Danes owed these adaptations to some coarse fellow who, in his brutality, without fear and without shame, had laid hands on the anointed of the muses; and he would doubtless be startled to learn that a modest little old lady had ventured on such a deed. But Tieck is right; imbecility has even less confidence in great souls than has arrogance and coarseness. The good old lady went about her work with the best of intentions. First of all, she divided Shakespeare's play into two parts, of which she rejected one, then tinkered a little with the characters of the other. "By the azure of my stockings," she declared, "I'll adapt these personages to modern dramatic requirements." And then she brought out a whole sack of fig leaves, and wherever Shakespeare had left the nude, she laid a fig leaf. She dressed up his nude figures; she made a few slight changes and alterations in them, and in her innocence she never suspected that the trifle she had taken away was the tip of their noses. Her old-maid nerves could not endure frank burlesque, and her dilute mentality could not comprehend what Malvolio had to do with the duke and Viola. The preface to her adaptation is commended to all lovers of the naïve. "Of the double plot," she writes, " . . . I have been attracted more by the erotic-romantic, with its appurtenant comic characters, than by the Malvolio intrigue, however much I admire its force and its telling satire. It may easily be omitted, since it is without essential connection with the love story, and it may provide the material for another comedy, if anyone should care to use it." How generous! The old lady portions out Shakespeare's effects. She did not know what she was about. She had it on Heiberg's authority that what she did was very good. We know, of course, that Shakespeare lay beyond Heiberg's pale. He was too exclusively an admirer of Goethe to be able to share Goethe's boundless admiration for the English poet. He was too *romance* [romansk] in his sympathies and training, too moderate in his passions, ever to feel the divine shudder which the French call "le frisson de Shakespeare." Assured by Heiberg, Fröken Beyer applied a foreign standard to the romantic works of English genius, and the apparent duality of the action seemed to her a violation of the rules. But even from her own point of view it is difficult to defend what she has done. When anything is so colorful, so amusing, so perfect as that which she has omitted, who would not like to see it within the time demanded by *En Söndag*

[67] *Illustreret Tidende* 9:no. 45. Reprinted in *Kritiker og Portraiter* pp. 70 ff.

paa Amager, and who would miss it for the sake of a rule? If the scenes are superfluous, then how essential, as the proverb has it, is the superfluous! And if their presence in the play does violate the rules—what of it? Would any people sacrifice a victory because it had been won in defiance of the rules of war, or a hero because he was born out of wedlock?

Sille Beyer passed, but there was still H. P. Holst. As early as 1864 the theatre had planned to bring out his adaptation of *A Winter's Tale* in the German acting version by Dingelstedt.[68] For one reason or another, however, the production was postponed till the opening of the season 1868-69. One is glad to say that it met with a chilly reception. Overskou says that Dingelstedt and Holst, seconded by Flotow's music, destroyed the idyllic atmosphere of the original, and attempted in vain to substitute for it the pomp and circumstance of the masque. This criticism is thoroughly right, and in different ways it is repeated by the press—*Fædrelandet*,[69] *Berlingske Tidende*,[70] and *Dagbladet*.[71]

In general it may be said that Holst's version is simply a translation into Danish of Dingelstedt's. It follows the German with only trifling variations. Mechanically the two are identical—four acts with ten scene-shifts. Holst has even followed Dingelstedt's scene division, and has omitted only one scene (D. IV, 7)—that in which the shepherd and his son lord it over Autolycus. The *dramatis personae* are identical in the two versions: the shepherd and his son are given names—Tityrus and Mopsus respectively; the two shepherdesses are merged in one, Mopsa; and the lords who have speaking parts are eliminated, their speeches, so far as they are retained, being assigned to Cleomenes and Dion. This latter arrangement is made possible by sending not Cleomenes and Dion, but a high priest of Apollo, to Delphi.

Three principles lie at the bottom of the Holst-Dingelstedt version.

First, Dingelstedt has aimed to reduce the number of scene-shifts to secure continuity of action. Thus I, 1; III, 1; and III, 3 are cut out, and the last replaced by a new scene in which Antigonus, who has been ordered simply to carry off Perdita to a desert place, appears in a wild of Sicily, not Bohemia, and then suddenly declares that he will take her to Arcadia, which, in Dingelstedt replaces the Bohemia of Shakespeare. A long time afterwards we learn incidentally that Antigonus has been killed by a bear. By this maneuvering we are spared an excursion to the coast of Bohemia (Arcadia).

Second, Dingelstedt has undoubtedly sought to make the chain of causation more obvious and specific. In Shakespeare we are surprised

[68] *Et Vintereventyr*. Romantisk Skuespil i 4 Acter. Bearbeidet after Shakespeares *The Winter's Tale* og Dingelstedt's *Ein Wintermärchen* af H. P. Holst. Kjöbenhavn. 1868.

[69] September 5, 1868.

[70] September 4, 1868.

[71] September 4, 1868.

at the senseless jealousy of Leontes. In the German version we are prepared for it, mainly by stage directions, but also by some slight alterations in the text. The purpose is evident from the first piece of business in the play:

> LEONTES [*indem er, seiner Unruhe nicht mehr Herr . . .*]

and further, after Hermione's speech,

> Ihr fasst ihn auch zu kalt.
> [*Leontes zuckt zusammen*]

When Leontes and Polyxenes talk about their children, Leontes remarks maliciously to Polyxenes and Hermione:

> Dasselbe Amt hat dieser Schalk bei mir,
> Deswegen bleibe ich mit ihm. Ihr habt
> Wohl bessere Unterhaltung.

In like manner, Polyxenes suspects at once that his son is in love with Perdita. In the pastoral scene, where, in disguise, he talks with her of the grafted flowers, a stage direction reads,

> POLYXENES: Doch die Natur entartet, wenn sie nicht
> Gezuchtet und veredelt wird durch Kunst.
> [*Sie (i.e., Perdita) forschend anblickend*]

Finally, to explain the activity of Autolycus in the dénouement, Dingelstedt makes him the runaway Fool of Florizel.

In the third place, as I have already indicated, the adaptors make a show piece of it—a sort of gorgeous masque at court. The play opens in the banqueting hall of the palace. The stage direction reads:

> [*Schauplatz—Festhalle zu Königspalaste in Syrakus. Im Hintergrunde, zwischen Säulen und erhöht, das Banket. Im Vordergrunde Musiker und Tänzer, beim Aufgehen des Vorhangs mit Aufführung eines Waffentanzes, unter Begleitung von Blasinstrumenten und Saitenspielen, beschäftigt.*]

The trial is converted into an elaborate ceremonial. The First Officer of the Court (in Shakespeare) becomes the Senior Judge of a bench of six. Dion and Cleomenes as messengers to Delphi are replaced by a priest of Apollo with a numerous train of priests, acolytes, and virgins. The stage direction for their entrance will give some notion of the ceremony:

> [*Hinter der Scene links, mächtige seltsame Töne. Der Zug der Priester naht sehr langsam. Voraus: einige Tempeldiener mit Tuba oder Horn. Dann Knaben, Weihrauchgefässe schwingend. Vier Priester Apollos bekränzt. Zwei Jungfrauen, nach der Art Pythia gekleidet, verhüllt, mit aufgelöstem Haar, tragen zwischen sich in den Händen eine Urne, mit vier grossen Siegeln verschlossen. Hinter ihnen der Oberpriester. Vier Priester. Knaben. Bei seinem Eintritt stehen alle ehrfurchtsvoll auf, auch Leontes und Hermione. Das Volk wirft sich zum Teil nieder.*]

This ambitious piece, which savors a good deal of some English and American show productions of Shakespeare, survived only five performances. Of it, Georg Brandes said in *Illustreret Tidende*:[72]

[72] 9 (1867-1868), September. Reprinted in *Kritiker og Portraiter* pp. 3 ff.

To waste any words on the acting version would be futile. What boots it to complain of the lack of respect we are in the habit of showing Shakespeare, when one has not the power to stop that thinning out and germanizing of the great Englishman, which apparently are deemed essential on our stage when a cutting is to be made. The character who has suffered most is Perdita. When a character is delineated in such few strokes, every speech is a treasure. But in the present version, the atmosphere that hovered about her words is dissipated and fled. Her speeches are cut, shortened, fled away, and the word or two which in such masterly fashion reveals her feelings at the death of the queen, are gone. Only one who takes a positive delight in cutting up a living body can so mutilate a beautiful thing.

For the rest, this version is constructed on the same principle as the others. Take away the spirit of the time; replace it by that of a vapid no-time. To this may be added that the interpolated processions convert the drama into a ballet in some places, while in others the deafening music turns it into melodrama. When one sees this hodge-podge of all the arts, one realizes for the first time with what ample justification and with what barren results J. L. Heiberg strove his whole life long to keep the forms of art distinct.

Early in the season of 1893-94, *The Winter's Tale* was revived in a less pretentious version based on Lembcke's translation. The comedy scenes were well done, but the reviewers agree that the performance, in the words of *Politiken*, lacked *Festivatas*—light, color, and the pulse of youth. It was too much like a "command" performance at court.[73]

To H. P. Holst the Danish stage owes also acting versions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Much Ado about Nothing*. The former[74] was played for the first time on March 30, 1879. It is in a very tolerable and skilful cutting, preserving much more accurately than either of the others not the action merely, but the tone of the original. The translation undoubtedly follows Oehlenschlæger, but not more closely than Oehlenschlæger follows Tieck-Schlegel, or Lembcke, Foersom. It is certainly not, therefore, as a writer in *Dagbladet* implies,[75] a disingenuous plagiarism. At all events, Holst had the satisfaction, after the disappointing failure of *The Winter's Tale*, of scoring an unqualified success. The performance was an artistic delight, says *Berlingske Tidende;*[76] music, acting, stage-setting—all combining to produce a thoroughly unified and organic whole. *Dagbladet*[77] speaks of the beauty and fitness of Mendelssohn's music, and warmly congratulates the theatre on an admirable and satisfying piece of work. It rather objects to Holst's translation, remarking that there is no excuse for using it when Lembcke is available.

A Midsummer Night's Dream maintained its popularity. With one hundred and eighteen performances it heads the list of Shakespeare plays.

[73] September 20, 21, 1893. Cf. *Berlingske Tidende* September 21, 1893.

[74] W. Shakespeare: *En Skjærsommernatsdröm.* Romantisk Skuespil bearbeidet til Mendelssohn-Bartholdy's Musik og Indrettet til Brug for det kongelige Theater af H. P. Holst. Kjöbenhavn. 1879.

[75] *Dagbladet* April 22, 1880.

[76] March 31, 1879.

[77] April 1, 1879.

Twelfth Night, however, with one hundred and seventeen, is a close second. Undoubtedly this popularity was due in great measure to the genius of Olaf Poulsen, of whose superb Bottom the town never tired. In 1903, moreover, its popularity secured further impetus through the appearance of Johanne Dybwad, from the National Theatre at Christiania, as Puck. Fru Dybwad instantly gained for herself that unique place in the hearts of the playgoers of Copenhagen which she had long since won in Norway, and which she has never lost. *Berlingske Tidende*[78] wrote in its review of the performance of September 23, at which Fru Dybwad made her début before a Danish audience: "It may be said without exaggeration that we really understood Puck for the first time last night—understood that he is the central figure of the play. It were too much to say that we had ever suspected it before. We really saw the fantastic Puck who plays tricks all about him, and who literally snaps and sparkles out of pure joy in his deviltry." And *Politiken*,[79] usually a little supercilious and hypercritical, was equally enthusiastic: "Fru Dybwad so completely dominated the performance . . . that even in the scenes in which Puck does not appear, the memory of her sparkling presence lingered. Thus a play we have often merely endured was given a shimmer of romantic lunacy and deep human wisdom fused in one . . . and all because a little woman played about on the boards with gestures we had never seen before . . . There was the jubilation at the theatre which one sees only on one of its great nights. Fru Dybwad's genius won Copenhagen definitively and decisively." In *Tilskueren*,[80] Professor Vilhelm Andersen wrote a delightful and penetrating study of Fru Dybwad's art. "It was not art, or, rather, it was more than art, it was a bit of mythology. One saw a creature of nature; the player before the play, with all the possibilities of his art latent within him. Song and dance and acting in one and the same person—a creature without sex, a heartless thing, whose delight it was to toy with hearts . . . in short, art itself in its beginnings."

Finally, in 1910, the exquisite comedy was played by actors from the Royal Theatre in Copenhagen's wonderful open-air theatre in Dyrehaven. Here under the old beeches, in the mingled moonlight and twilight of a northern night—one can not conceive of a setting lovelier or more appropriate. Dr. Maurice F. Egan, who reviewed it for *Theatret*,[81] said truly: "Such a performance as this is conceivable only in a country in which there is a high civilization combined with a love of nature and an intimate sense of its shifting moods."

[78] September 24, 1903.

[79] September 24, 1903.

[80] Pp. 480 ff. 1909.

[81] 9 (1909-1910):137. Mr. Egan was American minister to Denmark from 1907 to 1918.

In April, 1880, the theatre brought out Holst's version of *Much Ado, Stor Staahei for Ingenting,*[82] to replace Sille Beyer's impossible *Kjærlighed paa Vildspor.* This is based frankly on Oechelhäuser's German adaptation, *Viel Lärmen um Nichts.* The departures are trifling. The translation, however, is a brisk colloquial rendering of the English original which goes admirably in the repartee between Benedict and Beatrice, and in the low comedy scenes, but which distinctly jars when one meets it in the arraignment of Hero. The new cutting met with but mediocre success. Certainly there is no enthusiasm about the press reviews, although the actors receive credit for good work, and the theatre for an adequate staging. *Dagbladet*[83] again takes occasion to remind the authorities that there is a standard Danish translation of Shakespeare, and insists that stage versions should be based upon it. *Stor Staahei for Ingenting* was given six times in April and May, 1880, and five times in September and October of the same year. It was then permanently withdrawn.

In the meantime, while these adaptations of H. P. Holst held the boards, the Royal Theatre had added two other of Shakespeare's plays to the repertoire—*Cymbeline*[84] in a translation and "Bearbeidelse" by Julius Martensen, and *Henry IV* in a version practically identical with that performed in Christiania in Björnson's time.[85]

Martensen's *Cymbeline* is important inasmuch as it is the first of the many and varied adaptations to be made with a clear knowledge of the Elizabethan stage and the limitations which it imposed upon the playwright. Most stage versions, as Martensen points out in the essay appended to his own,[86] have been made quite arbitrarily, and are as a result, inartistic and unsatisfactory. It is as though one were to translate a foreign classic without knowing the language in which it is written! If, therefore, one knows the stage conditions which a play of Shakespeare's had to satisfy, it is possible that one can remove from it the purely accidental and ephemeral features without injury to substance or atmosphere, and so adapt it intelligently to the technical demands of our own theatre.

The stage of Shakespeare, as he reminds us, was quite unlike the modern picture stage with its proscenium arch, its curtain, and its imitative scenery. In consequence, there were no scene shifts and no regular pauses. The performance was to all intents and purposes continuous.

[82] *William Shakespeare. Stor Staahei for Ingenting.* Romantisk Lystspil i 5 Acter. Oversat af H. P. Holst og Indrettet til Theaterbrug efter Wilh. Oechelhäuser's *Viel Lärmen um Nichts* (1878). Kjöbenhavn. 1880.

[83] April 22, 1880.
Cf. also *Berlingske Tidende* April 21, 1880.

[84] *Cymbeline.* Eventyrligt Skuespil af Shakespeare, bearbeidet for den danske Scene. Med et Tillæg om de shakespearske Skuespil og det moderne Theater. Kjöbenhavn. 1871.

[85] Cf. *Shakespeare in Norway* p. 189.

[86] *Om de shakespeareske Skuespil,* etc. See note 84.

This is the fundamental peculiarity to bear in mind. An Elizabethan play is made up, from the modern point of view, of one act with many scenes. How is such a play to be performed on a present day stage? Martensen has small patience with the "romantic" protest against tampering with the text of the plays. He has as little patience with the alternative—to give them upon a specially designed Elizabethan stage. The stage of Elizabeth is dead; we have to meet the demands of the nineteenth century theatre. And this we must do not by reckless and arbitrary cutting, but by a discreet removal of features which modern stagecraft renders superfluous. He then proceeds to a critical examination of his adaptation of *Cymbeline* with a view to showing what elements are obsolete and unnecessary, and how they have been removed. The explanation is so long that I can give only its basic features. A few scenes widely separated in the original have been brought together to avoid unnecessary scene-shifts; long explanatory speeches have been cut. For instance, Act I, 1 is omitted, and the material facts communicated incidentally in later scenes. And finally, what Martensen calls "intermezzo scenes," i.e., scenes which do not advance the action, the sole purpose of which is to give notice of shifts in time or place, or both, have been deleted, necessary information which they contain being given indirectly in other ways. Such "intermezzo scenes" are II, 1; III, 1 (which is fused with III, 5); III, 7; IV, 1. The discovery of these scenes seems to me of real importance, and deserving of more attention than has apparently been given to it.

At the close of the essay Martensen reinforces his argument by certain suggestions for stage versions of *Macbeth* and *The Merchant of Venice*. He would end Act I of *Macbeth* with scene 6; scene 7 may be fused with scene 5. Act II should close with the flight of the princes; scene 2 is a pure intermezzo scene to allow sufficient time to elapse between Macbeth's election and his coronation. On the Elizabethan stage, where the action went on *uno tenore*, such a filler was necessary; on our own it may well be omitted, since all that we need to know we learn from Banquo's soliloquy at the opening of Act III.

As to *The Merchant of Venice*, he holds that the common criticism of Act V as inorganic, could have no validity at the time the play was written. The unbroken progress of the action would effectually conceal any break between what we call Act IV and Act V. The same effect of continuity can be secured on the modern stage by a division into three acts. The third act would then begin in the court and end in Portia's garden. Indeed, some such arrangement has been used with great success at the Burgtheater in Vienna. "This play is one of those which require a thorough-going adaptation [Bearbeidelse], and which can not

be performed in a mere cutting [forkortet Literaturoversættelse], without reminding us of the old maxim, "summum jus, summa injuria."

Cymbeline was played for the first time at the Royal Theatre on October 4, 1871, with decided success, being given no less than nineteen times the first season. The press, however, is hardly more than mildly approving. *Fædrelandet*[87] remarks that *Cymbeline* presents unusual difficulties to theatregoers of our day. It is frankly a romantic play, with none of that brilliant dialogue and those revealing glimpses of life which one so often finds in Shakespeare. Save for the closing scene, there is hardly a dramatic episode in it, and even here the supra-natural is dominant. The result to a casual reader and spectator is stark confusion. Beneath this romantic waywardness, however, lies penetrating characterization—of the loyal and lovely Imogen, of Posthumus, Iachimo, and of Cloten, sordid and earthly in all his desires and appetites. The reviewer finds Martensen's adaptation on the whole excellent. The acting was uniformly good; the staging magnificent. *Berlingske Tidende*[88] thinks that the conventions of a Shakespearean romance are an effective barrier to real enjoyment by a modern audience—the sudden and violent shifts in time and place, the improbable wager between Posthumus and Iachimo, and Iachimo's trick. The play is one which necessitates the laying aside of our critical prepossessions and giving ourselves up to a fairy tale. And we are not accustomed to do this. Hence the tempered approval with which it was received. The reviewer feels that the cutting was too severe, and robbed the play of much of its Shakespearean quality. But the acting was good, and the setting extraordinarily beautiful.

No sooner had the Royal Theatre brought *Cymbeline* on the boards, than Lembcke sued it for improper use of his translation. Martensen, of course, was cited as co-defendant. Lembcke charged that Martensen had taken over bodily more than five hundred lines, that he had changed others only slightly, that his translation was ill-concealed plagiarism.[89] To this Martensen replied,[90] first, that of the five hundred lines in question, many are radically different from Lembcke's; second, a considerable number of the verses can be translated in only one way if the translator is to be reasonably faithful to the original; third, still other verses must be translated in only one way by everyone who has the slightest feeling for Danish. Martensen also makes much in his reply of the correspondences between Lembcke's translation and Hagberg's Swedish.

[87] No. 233. 1871.

[88] October 5, 1871. No. 237.

[89] *Til nærmere Oplysning om Theateroversættelsen af Cymbeline.* Af Edvard Lembcke. Kjöbenhavn. 1872.

[90] *Hr. Lembcke og hans Eiendomsret. I Anledning af Processen om Cymbeline.* Af Julius Martensen. Kjöbenhavn. 1872.

There can, of course, be no doubt that Martensen has been markedly influenced by Lembcke. There can be even less doubt, however, that the resemblances do not constitute plagiarism. If they do, then Lembcke certainly plagiarized Foersom, Wulff, and Hagberg. It is obvious that when an earlier translation of a foreign original exists, later translations are certain to be influenced by it, so that resemblances between the two will be found. The number of these correspondences and their closeness will be greatly increased when the two translators are contemporaries. This was substantially the opinion of the court in its decision acquitting the director of the theatre, Conferentsraad Linde, and dismissing the charges.[91]

Cymbeline was played forty-three times, from October 4, 1871 to June 6, 1888.

As in Norway, so in Denmark, the history of *Henry IV* is the history of the Falstaff scenes. The rest hardly mattered. Some of those from Part I were given by Lindgren at a private benefit performance on April 6, 1816, but the real credit of bringing Falstaff on the Danish stage belongs to Kristian Mantzius. In 1872 he brought out at the Casino *Prinds Henrik og Falstaff*, a more or less coherent arrangement of the appropriate scenes from Parts I and II, and scored, as the critics say, a conspicuous personal success as Falstaff.[92]

Six years later (September 23, 1877) he carried his Falstaff to the Royal Theatre in a new, more ambitious adaptation, *Kong Henrik den Fjerde*. The new cutting resembles somewhat Björnson's of 1865: the first two acts of Part I are retained, though much shortened; of Act III, the first long scene is omitted; Acts IV and V are combined to make the new Act IV by tacking Act V directly on to IV, 2; the fifth act is made up of the tavern scene (II, 3) and the death scene (IV, 4) from Part II. Both *Fædrelandet*[93] and *Dagbladet*[94] call attention to the violence done to Shakespeare by this cutting, and the latter suggests that the play might be appropriately called *Prinds Henrik*. Nevertheless this condensed *Henry IV* was a huge success. Mantzius was a brilliant Falstaff, as he had proved six years before at the Casino, and this time he had the support of Emil Poulsen's Prince Hal. To see one such scene as that at the Boar's Head Tavern where the prince draws the fat knight from one outrageous lie to another was, says *Dagbladet*, "worth volumes of comment." This version was played eleven times in the season of 1877-78, and six times in that of 1880-81. In the meantime, September, 1878, Mantzius gave the Falstaff scenes of Part I, Act II once more at the Casino. He had had to sacrifice the

[91] Decision of the court in *Ugeskrift for Retsvæsen*, pp. 525 ff. 1873. The decision was handed down January 27, 1873, not, as Overskou has it, January 21.

[92] See *Berlingske Tidende* May 24, 1872; *Fædrelandet* same date; and *Dagbladet* May 25.

[93] September 25, 1877.

[94] September 25, 1877. And *Berlingske Tidende* same date.

magnificent support which had been his at the larger theatre, particularly was the absence of Emil Poulsen conspicuous, so that his Falstaff was not quite the superb character of the year before. None the less it was a fine achievement. Another version of the two parts was played successfully at *Dagmarthcatret* in January, 1913, giving to this private theatre the unique distinction of two Shakespearean plays in one season.

In 1852, as we have seen, Hõedt had tried in vain to prevail upon Heiberg to put on *Richard III*. The only result of his efforts was the notorious piece of criticism about Melpomene's dagger and the butcher knife.[95] Not till half a century had gone did the theatre, at the instance of Dr. Karl Mantzius, venture to add it to the repertoire. But if the delay had been long, the manner of production offered some compensations, for Mantzius brought it out on an elaborately contrived "Shakespeare stage." The experiment, however, was only a doubtful success. Vilhelm Österberg in *Berlingske Tidende*[96] warmly approved of it. He hoped that it would make it possible to put on an Elizabethan play without cutting it to ribbons. *Politiken's*[97] reviewer took the opposite position. He writes that so far as he could see the only effect of the "Shakespeare stage" was to remind the spectators that they were in a theatre, for the illusion was constantly being broken by the manipulation of the back curtains in full view of the audience.

Richard III was given seventeen times during the season. The performance as a whole was not distinguished, and the new staging soon lost its novelty, but Dr. Mantzius gave a finished interpretation of Richard, of his person and bitterness and tragic destiny. Novelty and finish, however, can not keep a play on the boards; and *Richard III* passed unregretted, Shakespeare stage and all. The two remaining Shakespearean productions, *Othello* and *Julius Caesar*, were staged in the conventional way.

Othello came to the national theatre by way of the minor theatres of Copenhagen. In May, 1885 and again a year later, the Italian actor Rossi produced it at Folketheatret, and despite unattractive surroundings, inadequate staging, and a foreign language, scored one of the triumphs of Danish stage history.[98] In 1890 Riis-Knudson produced it in a superb setting at Dagmartheatret. The critics commended his energy and enterprise and Martinius Nielsen's excellent Othello, but for the rest their praise is extremely reserved. *Berlingske Tidende*[99] compares the production unfavorably with Rossi's, and *Politiken*[100] comments dryly:

[95] See p. 88.

[96] November 10, 1900.

[97] November 10, 1900.

[98] *Politiken* May 29, 1885.
Berlingske Tidende May 28, 29, 1885.

[99] April 8, 1890.

[100] April 9, 1890.

"Der skal Kugle til en Trönder, og der skal stor Kunst til en klassisk Tragedie." Nevertheless *Othello* was given twenty-seven times in the next two seasons, a very fair record for a play which could not possibly be a popular favorite.

Not till January, 1904 did *Othello* find a place in the repertoire of the Royal Theatre. Its history there is undistinguished. *Politiken*[101] says of the premier that it was no better than the production at Dagmartheatret, and hardly to be compared with Rossi's twenty years earlier. Zangenberg's Othello was fair; Mantzius' Iago, elegant and disappointing. In his review of the season 1903-4 in *Tilskueren*,[102] Vilhelm Andersen calls *Othello* a failure. The truth of the matter is, he says, that the annual return of Shakespeare to the Royal Theatre has become a kind of state occasion, at which actors and audience feel about equally foolish. Before Shakespeare can really count, there must be a radical change of heart.

It is a curious coincidence that *Julius Caesar*, the first of Shakespeare's plays to be offered to the theatre—if we except Riber's *Lear*—should be the last to be performed. Submitted by Foersom in 1803, it was finally produced by Mantzius in 1911 with all the splendor characteristic of any production with which he had to do. Mantzius himself was a good Antony, particularly in the great scene in the Forum, and Emil Poulsen, a satisfying Caesar. The rest is silence.

Oehlenschlæger's *Amleth* does not figure in this history, since it is based directly on Saxo, nor *Shakespeare som Elsker*, a translation by N. T. Bruun of Duval's *Shakespeare amoureux, ou la pièce a l'étude*. But there are in Danish dramatic literature, three plays which draw upon Shakespearean material, Werner Abrahamson's *De Lystige Koner i Hilleröd*,[103] Nicolai Sötoft's *Hamlet i England*,[104] and E. J. Boye's *William Shakespeare*.[105]

Abrahamson's play, as its title indicates, is a free adaptation of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* to Danish characters and a Danish setting. The translation, indeed, is often very close, and the plot is but little changed. Only the setting, Hilleröd, the names of the characters (except Falstaff), and here and there an allusion to history and folk-lore, are Danish. It is not a little curious to follow the adventures of Sir John in the north of Sjælland with retired Danish notables and their wives, gulled by elves and hobgoblins and the creatures of northern fairy tales. It is amusing, but it is neither Danish nor Shakespearean.[106]

[101] January 11, 1904. Cf. *Berlingske Tidende* same date.

[102] P. 497. 1904.

[103] *De Lystige Koner i Hilleröd.* En Omarbeidelse og Efterligning af Shakespeares *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Skuespil i 5 Acter af Verner Abrahamson. Kiöbenhavn. 1815.

[104] *Hesperus* 7:289 ff. 1822.

[105] *William Shakespeare.* Romantisk Skuespil af A. E. Boye. Kjöbenhavn, 1826.

[106] Abrahamson's play was never performed.

Sötoft's *Hamlet i England* is a slight one-act fragment in Rahbek's *Hesperus* (1822). The fact of Hamlet's stay in England, and some of the details of this, the author took from Saxo, but for the rest, his plot derives from Shakespeare's play. Hamlet arrives in England, where he is received by Horatio and representatives of the king. To Horatio he tells the story of all that has happened in Denmark—the death of his father, his mother's marriage, his slaying of the king and Polonius, and the death of Ophelia. He has come to England to win the hand of the Princess Elma. At this moment the spirit of Ophelia rises from the river Thames in the background, and with her a mermaid, to whom Ophelia then confides her story—the manner of her death and her undying love for Hamlet. When they have again disappeared, King Edmund and his daughter enter, and Hamlet presses his suit. He conceals nothing, tells of his love for Ophelia and of the murders he has committed. He is none the less enthusiastically accepted. In the meantime, Ophelia has once more risen to the surface and has overheard her lover's plea. As Hamlet turns to go, he catches sight of her black robe, and is sorely troubled. He feels that he is pursued, and that he will come to some evil end. Presumably Elma's rejected lover, Ireland, was to have something to do with the catastrophe, but at this point the fragment ends.

Sötoft made some attempt to reproduce Shakespeare's characters, but without much success. Ophelia is still the frail, devoted maiden; Horatio, the steady friend, and Hamlet philosophizes in soliloquies which are forcible-feeble imitations of Shakespeare. The fragment is utterly undramatic, and too sentimental to be even readable.

One evening in March, 1826, Boye's romantic play on the early life of Shakespeare was performed for the first time. Thanks to Nielsen's admirable rendition of the title-rôle and Kühlau's music, it scored an immediate success, and was performed fairly regularly (thirty performances) for a number of years thereafter. *William Shakespeare* contains some highly rhetorical speeches, a few lyrics in imitation of Shakespeare's, which, tricked out with graceful music, were doubtless attractive, and a number of pretty fairy tableaux more or less reminiscent of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. One can well imagine that it was a creditable theatre-piece, not altogether undeserving of the popularity it won and held so long. But intrinsically it is utterly without merit—a commonplace plot glossed over with ornate rhetoric and sugary lyricism.

The fable is insufferably tiresome. Shakespeare is represented as working rather ineffectively at his father's loom, and torn in spirit between his love for Anne Hathaway and his devotion to the muses. We see him bent over Holinshed, composing the great scenes of *King Lear*, or declaiming speeches from *Richard II*, which, it seems, was written in Stratford. Burbage and Greene appear; Burbage is enthusiastic over Shakespeare's

play, promises to produce it, and unites with Greene in urging the young dramatist to try his luck in London. But Shakespeare refuses. His loyalty to Anne Hathaway compels him to finish his test pieces for admission to the guild of journeyman-weavers, that he may settle down to marry his betrothed and assist his impoverished father. The scene in which the rustic weavers are bribed by wine to pass young Shakespeare's journeyman piece contains some good comedy in imitation of the Shallow-Slender scenes of *Henry IV*. After many difficulties, in the complication of which the whole apocryphal story of Shakespeare's youth is dragged in, he finally goes into the forest to wait for Anne Hathaway. Oberon and Titania appear, and plot together. They decide to sing him to sleep and in his slumbers let him see the famous characters of his future plays. Shakespeare sleeps, and then in elaborate tableaux, the great scenes of *Macbeth* pass before him. Just as Anne comes to the rendezvous, he awakes, and exclaims in the usual bombastic fashion:

> Jeg har seet et Syn. Du skal ei følge mig
> Til Nöd og Kummer.—Paa sin Throne sad
> Elizabeth, den höie Vestalinde
> I Herskerkaaben, og med Demant om
> Sin Lok; og Taarer klarere end Perlen
> I Smykket, lönned William Shakespeare's Digt.

And embracing each other, they set off for London. In a supplementary note to the printed text of the play, the author acknowledges that these tableaux proved impracticable on the stage, so that another device had to be substituted for them. While Shakespeare sleeps, Thalia, Apollo, and Melpomene meet, and in long descriptive speeches pass in review the heroes of the tragedies, e.g.:

> Saa kommer Macbeth, staalklædt, stærk af Mod,
> Med Kongekaaben, röd af Kongeblod,
> Saa Romeo med Julia i Arm, etc., etc.

One can imagine that Nielsen with his noble stage presence and superb declamation might do something to dignify the Shakespeare of the play; but it must have been hard work. I should not like to think that the poet in those early days in Stratford was the mooning imbecile of Boye's play. At that he has some individuality; Anne Hathaway, Gilbert Shakespeare, Sir Thomas Lucy, and the rest, are animate sticks.

APPENDIX

REGISTER OF SHAKESPEAREAN PERFORMANCES IN DENMARK

I. The Royal Theatre

This record has been compiled from the following sources:

Edvard Agerholm, Det Kongelige Theaters Dagbog. Köbenhavn. Aargang 1910-11, Aargang 1911-12.

Arthur Aumont, Dansk Theater Aarbog fra og med Sæsonen 1889-1890 til og med Sæsonen 1896-1897. Köbenhavn.

Arthur Aumont og Edgar Collin, Det Danske National Theater. En Statistisk Fremstilling af det Kongelige Theaters Historie fra Skuepladsens Aabning paa Kongens Nytorv 18 Dec. 1748 til Udgangen af Sæsonen 1888-1889. I 5 Afsnit. 3 vols. Köbenhavn. 1896-97.

Arthur Aumont, in *Politiken*, Sunday, May 11, 1913, and Monday, May 12, 1913. Det kongelige Theaters Aarsberetninger fra og med Sæsonen 1897-1898 til og med Sæsonen 1912-1913.

Th. Overskou, Den Danske Skueplads, 1722-1849. 5 vols. Köbenhavn. 1854-64. Den Danske Skueplads, 1849-1874. 2 vols. Köbenhavn. 1876.

1. *Cymbeline.* Translated by Julius Martensen. October 4, 1871 to January 10, 1888. Acts I-III, June 6, 1888. Performed forty-three times.
2. *Hamlet.* In Foersom's translation, May 12, 1813 to March 27, 1888, fifty-five times. In Lembcke's translation, April 3, 1910 to February 6, 1911, twenty-five times. Total number of performances, eighty.
3. *Kongens Læge* (*All's Well That Ends Well*). Adapted for the Danish stage by Sille Beyer. September 22, 1850 to May 21, 1863. Total number of performances, forty-five.
4. *Kong Henrik den Fjerde* Some of the Falstaff scenes in Foersom's translation given by Lindgren at a dramatic recital, April 6, 1816. Performed in Lembcke's translation, September 22, 1877 to January 15, 1881. Total number of performances, seventeen.
5. *Kong Lear.* In Foersom's translation, September 2, 1816 to November 8, 1859, twenty-three times. In Lembcke's translation, November 22, 1901 to April 11, 1902, the last performance on the "Shakespeare stage," thirteen times. Total number of performances, thirty-six.
6. *Kjærlighed Paa Vildspor* (*Much Ado about Nothing*). Adapted for the Danish stage by Sille Beyer. September 1, 1859 to March 3, 1863, seventeen times. In H. P. Holst's adaptation, *Stor Staahei for Ingenting*, based on Oechelhäuser's *Viel Lärmen um Nichts*, from April 20, 1880 to October 8, 1880, eleven times. Total number of performances, twenty-eight.
7. *Kjöbmanden i Venedig.* In Rahbek and A. E. Boye's translation, January 18, 1828 to February 11, 1828, four times. In Lembcke's translation, April 10, 1867 to December 9, 1913, seventy-three times. On November 4, 1899, Act IV was played at the farewell performance for Emil Poulsen. Total number of performances, seventy-eight.
8. *Livet i Skoven* (*As You Like It*). Adapted for the Danish stage by Sille Beyer. September 1, 1849 to February 25, 1875, forty times.
9. *Lovbud og Lovbrud* (*Love's Labour's Lost*). Adapted for the Danish stage by

Sille Beyer. September 18, 1853 to November 17, 1853, six times.

10. *Macbeth.* Translated by Foersom from Schiller's stage version. November 15, 1817 to February 11, 1860, thirty-three times. In Lembcke's translation, January 21, 1894 to October 4, 1908, fourteen times. Total number of performances, forty-seven.
11. *De Muntre Koner i Windsor* (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*). Translated by A. E. Boye. March 9, 12, and 20, 1830, three times.
12. *Romeo og Julie.* In A. E. Boye's adaptation of Foersom's translation, September 2, 1828 to April 16, 1852, twenty-two times. In Lembcke's translation, April 8, 1874 to April 22, 1874, six times. Total number of performances, twenty-eight.
13. *En Skjærsommernatsdröm* (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*). In Holst's adaptation, March 30, 1879 to March 22, 1883, fifty-six times. In Lembcke's translation, February 26, 1899 to October 5, 1904, sixty-two times. Total number of performances, one hundred and eighteen.
14. *Et Vintereventyr* (*The Winter's Tale*). In Holst's translation of Dingelstedt's stage version, *Ein Wintermärchen*, September 2, 1868 to September 25, 1868, five times. In Lembcke's translation, September 20, 1893 to November 9, 1903, twenty-four times. Total number of performances, twenty-nine.
15. *Viola* (*Twelfth Night*). Adapted for the Danish stage by Sille Beyer. September 20, 1847 to December 28, 1868, fifty-two times. Under the title *Hellig Tre Kongers Aften eller Hvad Man Vil*, in Lembcke's translation, November 25, 1892 to March 29, 1911, sixty-five times. Total number of performances, one hundred and seventeen.
16. *Richard III.* November 9, 1900 to April 20 1901, eighteen times.
17. *Othello.* January 10, 1904 to February 9, 1904, four times.
18. *Julius Caesar.* November 30, 1911 to April 24, 1912, sixteen times.

Summary.—In the period under review (1811-1913) there have been played at the Royal Theatre eighteen of Shakespeare's plays with a total of seven hundred and forty performances.

II. The Private Theatre of Copenhagen

The following record is based on Lauritz Svendsen, *De Köbenhavnske Privatteatres Repertoire* (*1847–1906*), Köbenhavn, 1907, and the placards of the several theatres.

1. *En Arrig Kvinde* (*The Taming of the Shrew*). Translation and stage version by Anton Smith and Erik Bögh. Casino, October 5, 1856 to January 16, 1860, twenty-one times.
2. *En Arrig Trold* (*The Taming of the Shrew*). In Lembcke's translation. After the fifteenth performance in a new version called *Trold kan Tæmmes.* Dagmartheatret, September 1, 1891 to May 31, 1904, sixty-five times. At Casino, February 11 to March 20, 1904, fifteen times.
3. *Hun Skal Tæmmes* (*The Taming of the Shrew*). Translation and stage version by Anton Smith and H. P. Holst. Casino, November 3, 1862 to May 27, 1863, seven times.
4. *Prince Henrik og Falstaff* (Based on *1* and *2 Henry IV*). Casino, May 28 to August 1, 1872, eight times.
5. *Falstaffske Scener* (Falstaff scenes from *1* and *2 Henry IV*). Casino, September 18 to 21, 1878, three times.
6. *De Lystige Koner i Windsor* (*The Merry Wives of Windsor*). In Lembcke's translation. Cutting by P. A. Rosenberg. Folketheatret, December 26, 1899 to January 9, 1900, fourteen times.

7. *Othello.* Folketheatret, May, 1885 and May, 1886 by the Italian actor, Rossi, four times. Dagmartheatret, January 6, 1900 to December 3, 1907, twenty-seven times. Total number of performances, 31.
8. *Romeo and Juliet.* Dagmartheatret, January 6, 1900 to December 3, 1907, twenty-six times.
9. *Kong Lear.* Folketheatret, May 25, 1886.
10. *Hamlet.* Dagmartheatret, October 28, 1902 to January 6, 1903, nineteen time
11. *Kong Henrik den Fjerde.* Dagmartheatret, January 7 to January 27, 191: fourteen times.
12. *Livet i Skoven* (*As You Like It*). Originally translated and adapted for National-theatret, Christiania, by Herman Wildenvey. Dagmartheatret, May 8, 1913 to May 31, 1913, twenty-two times.

Summary.—The private theatres of Copenhagen have produced eight plays of Shakespeare, in thirteen separate versions, with a total of two hundred forty-seven performances.

STUDIES IN ENGINEERING

1. George Alfred Maney, Secondary Stresses and Other Problems in Rigid Frames: A New Method of Solution. 1915. $0.25.

2. Charles Franklin Shoop, An Investigation of the Concrete Road-Making Properties of Minnesota Stone and Gravel. 1915. $0.25.

3. Franklin R. McMillan, Shrinkage and Time Effects in Reinforced Concrete. 1915. $0.25.

STUDIES IN THE BIOLOGICAL SCIENCES

1. Herbert G. Lampson, A Study on the Spread of Tuberculosis in Families. 1913. $0.50.

2. Julius V. Hofmann, The Importance of Seed Characteristics in the Natural Reproduction of Coniferous Forests. 1918. $0.25.

3. William Moore and A. D. Hirschfelder, An Investigation of the Louse Problem. 1919. $0.50.

STUDIES IN LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

1. Esther L. Swenson, An Inquiry into the Composition and Structure of *Ludus Coventriae:* Hardin Craig, Note on the Home of *Ludus Coventriae.* 1914. $0.50.

2. Elmer Edgar Stoll, *Othello:* An Historical and Comparative Study. 1915. $0.50.

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