

Evenings with Great Authors

VOL. I

How and what to read;
Shakespeare: Lincoln

Sherwin Cody


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Evenings with Great Authors

VOLUME I

HOW AND WHAT TO READ—
SHAKESPEARE—LINCOLN



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Evenings with Great Authors

BY
SHERWIN CODY

VOLUME I
*How and What to Read;
Shakespeare; Lincoln*



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GENERAL INTRODUCTION

LEARNING TO LIKE GREAT AUTHORS

WHEN I first saw Charles Dudley Warner's monumental library of literature I felt that few people would really read those large volumes, in which each author was represented by examples or specimens of his work. Young people, especially, do not care for "specimens," but want interesting human material that is alive today. Each author, it seemed to me, should be represented with that which would make the most interesting evening's reading from his works, something with the element of completeness, in which the human interest dominated over the literary. After all, it is human interest that holds us all.

The present series has therefore been prepared with a view to introducing the reader to a number of our greatest authors as personal and helpful friends. I have known these authors, and they have meant a great deal in my life. I have myself enjoyed reading the stories and poems here presented, and I have separated that which I enjoyed most from some things I enjoyed less; and I now offer this series of studies as presenting what I consider the most stimulating reading from these great authors.

Great authors became popular in their day be-

cause what they had to say in their books was closely related to the lives of the people who bought their books. The books were not bought because they were great literature. People bought them because they gave an insight into life, because they rested the heart and lightened the burden of daily living.

As time has gone on and these great authors have become more or less out of date, parts of their writing have ceased to have a living human interest. A novel of 300,000 words, that takes a full week, ten hours a day, to read, is too long for many young people at any rate, and there are plenty of older readers who never have time to wade through it. The possessor of the complete works of a poet who really reads that poet has certain poems marked which are read and read again, while scores or hundreds of others are passed over as having ceased to carry a living interest. Few people have the time to separate the living from the dead, and so do not read the author at all.

First I have tried to present the author as a human being and a friend. I have told every fact of his life that was important, but giving the facts of the life has been subordinate to the sympathetic appreciation of the friend.

Then follows the work which best represents the personality of the author, or which I myself believe the reader will like best to read. Every author is better known by his own writings than by the facts of his life, and we can know an author only in what he has written. That is his real self, as opposed to the exterior husks of biographical facts.

For example, every known fact of the life of

Shakespeare has been stated in the short outline of his life. For the inferences and guesses and studies of his times, readers will naturally go to other works. Then his three most popular plays are presented, the *Merchant of Venice*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Hamlet*, with the omission of the scenes we care least for in these days. In this way stage versions of the plays are cut down in order to make them acceptable to our modern theaters. The complete *Hamlet* requires four hours to read through; this version can be read in three-quarters of an hour; yet a certain person who had read the original play six times, could not recall a single passage or quotation which he did not find in my version. The play based on *Vanity Fair* is called *Becky Sharp*, and the chapters of the book which deal with the character and life of Becky, separated from those which present all the other characters of the story, are given in my version (see Vol. II, *Evenings with Great Authors*) practically complete as they are in the original. To us *Vanity Fair* means Becky Sharp, and we care little for anything but her. *Becky Sharp* we can get in an evening, either on the stage or in this book.

The person who has read all these books already, will no doubt enjoy rereading them as a judicious reader would skip, picking his favorite passages and turning lightly over those he cares for less.

The young person (or older person either) who has not yet learned to like these great authors will here get enough of a taste of each author's writing to be in a fair way to like him, and be led to go to the library and get his complete works. The best

“come-on” in literature is a good taste of something that tastes good, a complete, luscious berry ready covered with sugar and cream to make it appetizing.

I believe that if anything will make people go to the library and read the works of any author, it is pleasant, human introductions like these.

For school purposes, these selections ought to help many children to get started in the liking for good books. If they enjoy these short versions, they are very much more likely to want to read the complete works.

SHERWIN CODY.

CONTENTS

PART I

HOW AND WHAT TO READ

CHAPTER	PAGE
I What Constitutes a Good Poem? . . .	I
II What Constitutes a Good Essay? . . .	10
III What Constitutes a Good Novel? . . .	16
IV Landmarks in Modern Literature . . .	27
V The Best Poetry and How to Read It . . .	37
VI How to Study Shakespeare	50
VII The Best English Essays	59
VIII Old Novels that are Good	66
IX The Romantic Novelists — Scott, Hugo, Dumas	73
X The Realistic Novelists — Dickens, Thack- eray, Balzac	86
XI The Short Story — Poe, Hawthorne, Maupassant	101
XII Classic Stories for Young People . . .	106
Index of Recommended Books	108

PART II

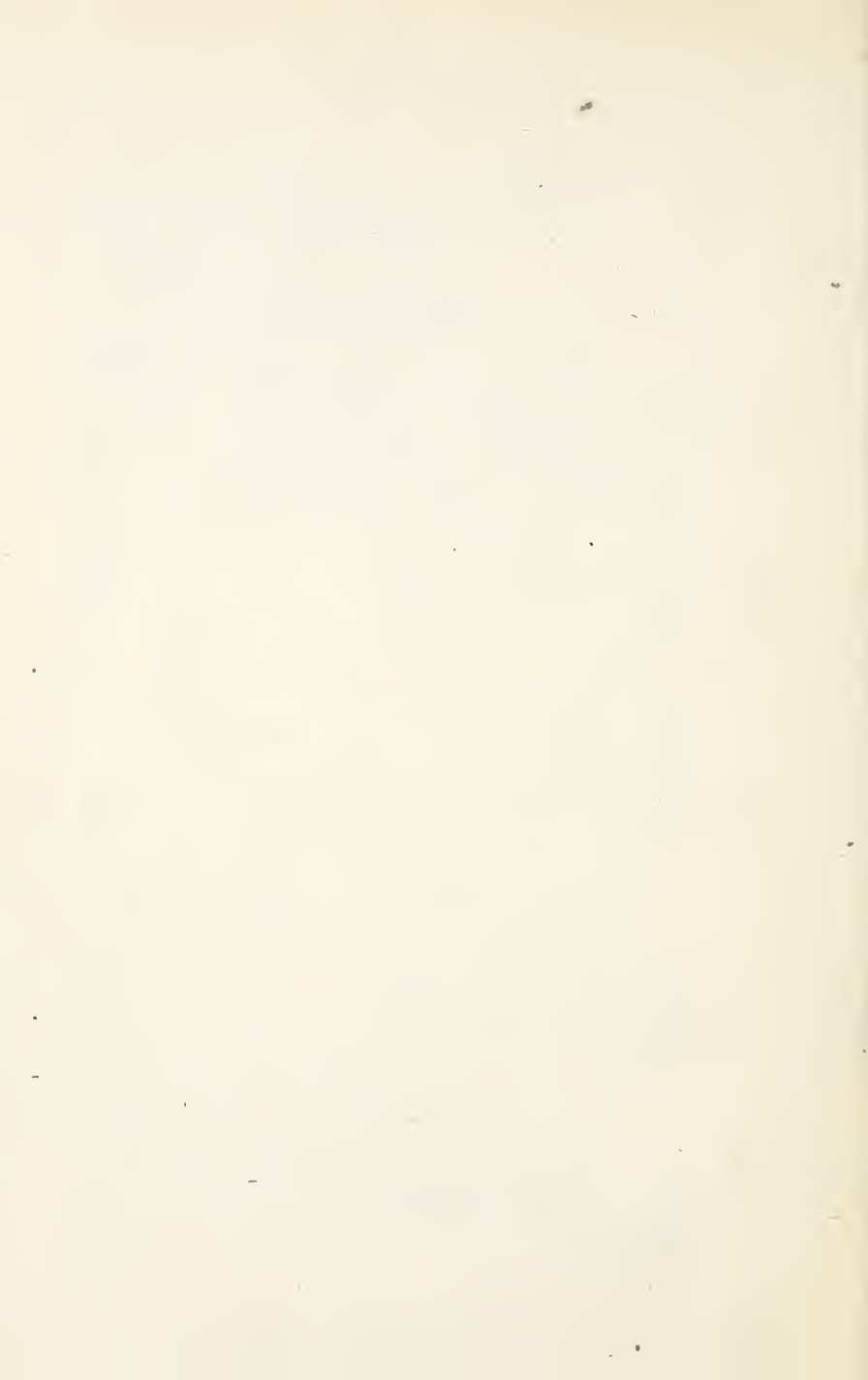
AN EVENING WITH SHAKESPEARE

His Life and Works	115
<i>The Merchant of Venice</i>	133
<i>Romeo and Juliet</i>	167
<i>Hamlet</i>	205

PART III

AN EVENING WITH LINCOLN

His Life and Character	265
Letters and Recollections	301
Speeches	321
Anecdotes	349



PART I
HOW AND WHAT TO READ

How and What to Read

CHAPTER I

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD POEM?

WE MAY consider literature under three heads — Pure Poetry, the Prose Essay, and Fiction.

Poetry is unquestionably the oldest form of literature. Matthew Arnold once queried whether a people ought not to be barbarous to be really poetic. Perhaps it originated in the chant of the priests as they offered sacrifices to their gods; but the chanted tale recounting the deeds of glorious war must have come very soon after.

Mechanically, poetry consists in words arranged in measured feet and lines, corresponding almost exactly to the time element in music. Rhyme is a modern invention and in no way essential to poetry. Originally anything that could be chanted or sung was regarded as poetry. Now the song element has largely disappeared, but the requirement of measured feet and lines remains, and we may almost say that no poetry can be fully appreciated till it is read aloud.

Poetry was invented to express lofty sentiments, sentiments of religion, and the noble sentiments of

patriotism and brave deeds, and finally the sentiments of passionate love. It is still the loftiest form of literature, and if we would seize at a grasp all the length and breadth of the highest literary art, we should begin with the study of poetry.

True literature should express equally Truth, Nobility, and Beauty, the intellectual, the ethical, and the esthetic. Of course one poem will be pre-eminent for its beauty, another for its nobility, a third for its truth. Let us examine various types, that we may see with our own eyes and feel with our own hearts what these words mean.

Read aloud this lullaby from Tennyson's *Princess*:

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
 Wind of the western sea,
 Low, low, breathe and blow,
 Wind of the western sea!
 Over the rolling waters go,
 Come from the dying moon, and blow,
 Blow him again to me;
 While my little one, while my pretty one,
 sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
 Father will come to thee soon;
 Father will come to his babe in the nest,
 Silver sails all out of the west
 Under the silver moon;
 Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one,
 sleep.

The first thing we notice here, besides the pleasing rhythm, is the musical quality of the words. There can be no melody, as melody is known in music, but in the repetition of sounds and their enchant-

ing variations we find something that very strongly suggests musical melody.

Then we are attracted by the beauty of the images. The words come tripping like fairy forms, and we feel a picture growing out of the *camera obscura* of our minds.

The appeal is almost wholly to our feelings; for if we stop to analyze the words and interpret their strict sense, we seem to see nothing but nonsense. The poem exists for the soothing, enchanting, dreamy beauty that seems rather to breathe in the words than to be expressed by them as words express thoughts in prose.

If there is any truth or any nobility in this poem of Tennyson's, it would be hard to say just what they are. There is nothing ignoble; there is nothing untrue. But it seems as if we had a perfect type of beauty pure and simple.

Now let us read this little thing from Shelley:

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle; —
Why not I with thine?
See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Once more we observe the rhythm and the music, though not so perfect or real as in Tennyson's song; and we see the beauty of images, almost as beautiful as the images in *Sweet and Low*; but we observe that there is a new element: a thought is expressed. Beauty has come to the aid of truth; and while we are uncertain whether we care most for the beauty or for the truth, we cannot but perceive how they aid each other.

But we have not yet found the moral or ethical element. Neither Tennyson nor Shelley in the lines quoted inspires in us nobler sentiments, or gives us courage to do and dare loftier deeds.

For the purely ethical type we might turn to the *Psalms of David*, or that noble poem *Job*. But we find the same element in a simple and modern form in a poem of Longfellow's.

A PSALM OF LIFE

What the Heart of the Young Man Said to the Psalmist

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,

Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present,
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Once more we observe how the musical flow of the language charms our ear, and how the poem makes us *feel* that which it would teach. We miss the vibrating melody of words which we found in Tennyson and even in Shelley; and the rarely beautiful images of both the preceding poems are almost entirely absent. There is another element, however, which we could not perceive at all in those verses, and that is the element of nobility, of moral inspiration. The poem does not teach us any moral truth with which we were before unfamiliar, as a treatise on philosophy might; but it makes us *feel*, as

6 Evenings with Great Authors

nothing else ever has, the reality of that which we know already. It actually breathes courage into us, —not the courage for heroic deeds in battle, but the heroism of living nobly the common life that is ours.

It is not fair to condemn this almost perfect poem, as some critics do, because it is lacking in the Beauty and fresh Truth that make the poems of other poets immortal; for in the whole range of poetic literature it will be difficult to find a more perfect example of nobility and heroic courage.

It will be interesting now to turn to Browning's *Rabbi Ben Ezra* and find the philosophy, the Truth that corresponds to this Nobility.

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joy three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge
the throe!

VII

For thence,— a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me:
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i'
the scale.

.

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
Called "work," must sentence pass,
Things done that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,

The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a
 trice:

XXIV

But all the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account:
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount:

XXV

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher
 shaped.

The subject is almost precisely that of Longfellow's *Psalm of Life*, but the object is not so much to give us courage as to confirm our courage by philosophy. The appeal is intellectual, not ethical:

Yet this is very different from a treatise by Kant or Hegel. Browning the poet makes us *feel* the truth. It is emotion that his philosophy, his Truth, arouses in us — an intellectual emotion, but none the less an emotion. We find the measured rhythm of poetry, but it is as far as possible from the song-like music of Tennyson's lullaby. The mechanical limits and restrictions seem an excuse for unusual and almost strained images, but images that nevertheless carry conviction to our minds. There is, too, a beauty in the conception. This poetry is philosophy, but impassioned and inspired philosophy.

Let us now read a poem still more lofty, a poem

8 Evenings with Great Authors

in which rare beauty, nobility, and profound philosophy are mingled in almost equal proportions. I refer to Wordsworth's *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*:

These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye;
But oft in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
And passing even into my purer mind,
With tranquil restoration. . . .

. . . that serene and blessed mood,
In which the affections gently lead us on—
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things. . . .

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

The sweet melody of Tennyson's lullaby has here given away to a deep, organ-like harmony that swells and reverberates, while the words seem to be making the simplest and most direct of statements. Image and plain statement so mingle that we cannot distinguish them, Truth suddenly seems

radiant with a rare and angelic Beauty, and the very atmosphere breathes the loftiness of Noble Purity. Unexpectedly almost we find ourselves in the presence of Divinity itself, and the humblest meets the loftiest on common ground.

CHAPTER II

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD ESSAY?

PROSE has a bad name. We think of it and speak of it as including everything in language that is *not* poetry. In former times art in literature meant poetry — or, at a stretch, it included in addition only oratory.

The beginning of art in the use of *unmeasured* language (if we may use that term to designate language that does not have the metrical form) was undoubtedly oratory — the impassioned appeal of a speaker to his fellowmen. The language was rhythmical, but not measured, that is, not susceptible of division into lines, corresponding to bars of music; and the element of beauty was distinctly subordinate to the elements of nobility and truth. In modern times poetry has come to be more and more the mere aggregation of images of beauty, without much reference to the intellectual, and still less to the ethical; and prose has been the recognized medium for the intellectual and the moral.

Of course, modern times have not given us any oratory superior to that of Demosthenes and Cicero; nor any plain statement of historical fact superior to that of Herodotus, Thucydides, or Tacitus. But art in conversational prose, reduced to writing and made literature, may fairly be said to date from the essayists of Queen Anne's time — Addison, Swift, Goldsmith, and their fellows; and it was

brought to perfection by Lamb, De Quincey, Macaulay, Thackeray, Irving, and others of their day.

In most of this prose we find a new element—humor. The original, characteristic, typical essay is whimsical, sympathetic, kindly, amusing, suggestive, and close to reality. The impassioned appeal of oratory has been adapted to the requirements of reading prose by such writers as De Quincey and Macaulay; but the humorous essay has been by far the more popular.

And what is humor? It would be hard to say that it is either beauty, nobility, or truth. The fact is, poetry, with its lofty atmosphere, rarefied, artificial, and emotional, is in danger of becoming morbid, unhealthy, and impractical. Humor is the sanitary sea salt that purifies and saves. No one with a sense of humor can get very far away from elemental and obvious facts. Humor is the corrective, the freshener, the health-giver. Its danger is the trivial, the commonplace, and the inconsequent.

The primary object of prose is to represent the truth, but in so far as prose is true literature, it must make its appeal to the emotions. The humorous essay must make us feel healthier and more sprightly, the impassioned oratorical picture must fire us with desires and inspire us with courage of a practical and specific kind. Mere logical demonstration, or argumentative appeal, are not in themselves literature because their appeal is not emotional, and so not a part of the vibrating electric fluid of humanity; and beauty plays the subordinate part of furnishing suggestive and illustrative images for the illumination of what is called "the style."

Gradually prose has absorbed all the powers and useful qualities of poetry not inconsistent with its practical and unartificial character. So the characteristics of a good prose style are in many respects not unlike the characteristics of a good poetic style.

First, good prose should be rhythmical and musical, though never measured. As prose is never to be sung, the artificial characteristics of music should never be present in any degree; but as poetry in its more highly developed forms has lost its qualities of simple melody and attained characteristics of a more beautiful harmony, so prose, starting with mere absence of roughness and harshness of sound, gradually has attained to something very near akin to the musical harmony of the more refined poetry. Almost the only difference lies in the presence or absence of measure; but this forms a clear dividing line between poetry (reaching down from above) and prose (rising up from below).

Second, the more suggestive prose is, the better it is. It is true that images should not be used merely for their own sake, as they may be in poetry; but their possibilities in the way of illustration and illumination are infinite, and it is this office that they perform in the highest forms of poetry. To paraphrase Browning, it enables the genius to express "thoughts hardly to be packed into a narrow" word. And so that whole side of life that cannot possibly be expressed in the definite formulæ of science finds its body and incarnation in literature.

Third, good prose will never be very far from easily perceived facts and realities of life. The saving salt of humor will prevent wandering very far; and this same humor will make reading easier, and

will induce that relaxation of labor-strained faculties which alone permits the exercise and enjoyment of our higher powers. We shall never get into heaven if we are forever working, and humor causes us to cease work and lie free and open for the inspiration from above.

It would be hard to find either nobility, truth, or beauty as distinguishing characteristics in the following letter of Charles Lamb's; but it is certain that it is admirable prose. If it does not give us that which we seek, it most certainly puts us into the mood in which we are most likely to find it in other and loftier writers:

“March 9, 1822.

“DEAR COLERIDGE—It gives me great satisfaction to hear that the pig turned out so well: they are interesting creatures at a certain age. What a pity that such buds should blow out into the maturity of rank bacon! You had all some of the crackling and brain sauce. Did you remember to rub it with butter, and gently dredge it a little, just before the crisis? Did the eyes come away kindly, with no *Ædipean* avulsion? Was the crackling the color of ripe pomegranate? Had you no complement of boiled neck of mutton before it, to blunt the edge of delicate desire? Did you flesh maiden teeth in it?

“Not that I sent the pig, or can form the remotest guess what part Owen could play in the business. I never knew him give anything away in his life. He would not begin with strangers. I suspect the pig after all was meant for me; but at the unlucky juncture of time being absent, the present somehow went round to Highgate. To confess an

honest truth, a pig is one of those things I could never think of sending away. Teal, widgeons, snipes, barn-door fowls, ducks, geese—your tame villatic things—Welsh mutton, collars of brawn, sturgeon, fresh or pickled; your potted char, Swiss cheeses, French pies, early grapes, muscadines, I impart as freely unto my friends as to myself. They are but self-extended; but pardon me if I stop somewhere. Where the fine feeling of benevolence giveth a higher smack than the sensual rarity, there my friends (or any good man) may command me; but pigs are pigs, and I myself therein am nearest to myself. Nay, I should think it an affront, an undervaluing done to Nature who bestowed such a boon upon me, if in a churlish mood I parted with the precious gift. One of the bitterest pangs of remorse I ever felt was when a child—when my kind old aunt had strained her pocket-strings to bestow a sixpenny whole plum-cake upon me. In my way home through the Borough I met a venerable old man, not a mendicant, but thereabouts; a look-beggar, not a verbal petitioner; and in the coxcombrity of taught charity, I gave away the cake to him. I walked on a little in all the pride of an Evangelical peacock, when of a sudden my old aunt's kindness crossed me; the sum it was to her; the pleasure that she had a right to expect that I—not the old impostor—should take in eating her cake—the ingratitude by which, under the color of a Christian virtue, I had frustrated her cherished purpose. I sobbed, wept, and took it to heart so grievously, that I think I never suffered the like; and I was right. It was a piece of unfeeling hypocrisy, and it proved a lesson to me ever after. The

cake has long been masticated, consigned to the dunghill with the ashes of that unseasonable pauper.

“But when Providence, who is better to us all than our aunts, gives me a pig, remembering my temptation and my fall, I shall endeavor to act towards it more in the spirit of the donor’s purpose.

“Yours (short of pig) to command in everything,
C. L.”

When we have finished reading this, we wonder if we have not mistaken our standards of life; if the senses are not as truly divine as our dreams, and certainly far more within the reach of our realization. We think, we feel happy, we are certainly no worse. Whatever strange thing this humor may have done to us, we are more truly *men* for having experienced it.

And it is this that prose can do that poetry, even of the best, can never accomplish.

CHAPTER III

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GOOD NOVEL?

FROM the beginning of literature the most interesting thing which a writer can write has been the life history of a MAN. We are like boats borne on the swift current of the rushing river of Time. Whether our boat sink or swim, or turn to the right or to the left, is a matter of intensest interest—indeed, our interest in this subject is usually so intense that we can think of nothing else with any zest. And as we study our own problem of navigation on the waters of life, we watch all our neighbors to see how they succeed or fail, and why. Their problem is our problem and ours is theirs. Hence it is that stories of human life have formed the substance of the world's greatest literature since the days of Homer.

Before outlining the history of the literary form which the universal human story has taken, let us explain the meaning of "the dramatic." Drama deals with the crises in individual lives. While our boats on the current of Time sail smoothly and straight on their way, there is no drama, nothing that can be called dramatic, and so no material for an interesting story; but the moment that any obstacle or force of any kind, exterior or interior, causes the steady onward course of the life to cease or turn aside, however little, that moment we have the dramatic. So for the elements of a drama we

must have a *collision* of life forces, one of which forces is the onward movement of some individual human life. The other force may be circumstances, or "Fate," as we call it; or it may be another human life. When but two forces meet, we have the simplest form of the drama, such as we may see in any short story or a one-act play. In a novel or a drama in acts we shall find a collision of several and various forces, usually different human lives meeting and influencing each other.

While the human story has been the same, and the principles of dramatic construction have been but little changed in several thousand years, the artistic form has changed with changing conditions, and the history of its development is intensely interesting.

The first form in which the story of life was told was the epic poem, as for example Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. The *Iliad* was the tale of the "wrath of Achilles, Peleus' son." That force, coming straight athwart the current of the warlike lives of all the Greek and Trojan heroes, could not but be dramatic, for there was not one of them whose onward movement was not changed in some way, and of course the changes were interesting in proportion to the importance of the lives of the subjects—the greater the subject the greater the drama (if adequately executed) in the world's literary history.

The next form which the human story took was that of the stage drama. Mechanical necessity required that the collision and life changes should be represented in the speeches of the characters, as in the epic poem they had been narrated in the song of the minstrel. We have our finest examples of

the stage drama in Shakespeare, and we find that the poetic language uttered by the various characters on the stage is not very different from the language uttered by the single minstrel when he was the only performer. Moreover, we find a new element which the minstrel could not very easily represent, and that is humor. In the humorous portions the poetic drama begins to be prose.

The discovery of the printing press, which makes books that every man may read in his closet, has given birth to the third form of the great human story—the novel.

While there can be no doubt that the novel is the form above all others in which the world today chooses to receive the human story, the epic poem no longer being written and the poetic drama but rarely, still we should make a mistake if we suppose that the novel is the direct child and heir of the poetic stage drama even to the same extent that the drama was the direct child and heir of epic poetry.

Both the epic poem and the poetic drama have a dignity and loftiness that much more adequately represent the nobler and loftier characteristics of the human personality than the often trivial and even base and ignoble fictitious tale in the novel. The truth is, the modern novel is directly descended from the tavern tale, the amusing and entertaining narrative of the chance traveler coming unpretentiously and unexpectedly into the quiet country village. Such tavern tales we find in their purest form in the *Arabian Nights* and in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. The stories of *Sindbad the Sailor* and of the lovers of Boccaccio had unquestionably been told

again and again by the wayfarer eager for the applause of his little audience, and had again and again been listened to by common folk whose only glimpse of the life of the outer world came through these same tavern yarns. Boccaccio collected his stories from the taverns of Italy, and wrote them out in the choicest Italian for the entertainment of his king and queen (A. D. 1348). The stories of the *Arabian Nights* were collected in Egypt at about the same time by some person or persons unknown, and reached the European world through the French version of Galland at the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the *Arabian Nights* we may find the origin of the modern romance, and in the *Decameron* the beginning of the modern love-story or novel.

The bond of union between the tavern tale and the story of modern fiction is not difficult to detect. The tavern tale is the confidential narrative of the unpretentious traveler to his handful of uncritical common people whose instincts are primitive and whose primary desire is for amusement: the story of modern fiction is the confidential narrative of the author to a single ordinary or average reader, who sits down in the privacy of his closet to be amused and instructed—chiefly amused. The style required in both cases is personal, familiar, and conversational. Formality is thrown aside, and, unrestrained by any critical audience or the presence of a judge of mature mind and high appreciation, both tale-teller and story-writer speak freely of the privacy of life, and of its most sacred secrets as well as its most hidden vices. Such a medium is very far from the lofty dignity of poetry; yet it is

perhaps the only truly democratic form of literary art.

As we have seen, the modern novel was at first nothing more than an almost verbatim report of the tavern tale-teller's narrative. Then, in Richardson and Fielding, we find the same kind of gossip invented by the author and set forth with a trifle more fancy and imagination, as it is done in letters. The powers of the prose essay invented by Addison and his fellows were soon added to the style of the novel, an early illustration of which we may find in Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. Scott gave the novel the dignity and romantic interest of history—history made human and therefore turned into true literature. Dickens added the sentimental, poetic style of the ballad, and Thackeray the teaching of the family homily.¹ In the stories of Hawthorne we see what the ancient fable and allegory contributed to the modern fictitious phantasy.

In Balzac for the first time we discover any attempt to make fiction the vehicle for the broad national drama which Homer gave us in his epic poems. In Poe we find the beginnings of an application of dramatic principles to the construction of the short story, and in this very small field Maupassant brought the art of dramatic construction well nigh to perfection. We may imagine that a novel ought to be as complete and perfectly constructed a drama as one of Shakespeare's plays; but the fact that we find no such novels suggests that fiction as an art is yet incomplete and not fully matured.

¹ We should not overlook the important part the pulpit has had in the development of English literature.

The origin of fiction was very low; but it was an origin very near to the common people, and so to the simple and natural instincts of all of us. With this broad foundation the possibilities of development are enormous, and we may reasonably hope that some day the novel will take a place in literary art that is much above that of the epic poem or even the poetic drama. It is not hampered by the mechanical limitations of either of these, and the variety and literary opportunity which characterize it are the possession of fiction alone.

And now let us ask, What are the characteristics of a good novel? And, How may we judge a novel?

We may think of the novel in two ways — as the tavern tale and as poetry — as prose, with its characteristic humor and conversational style, and the imaginative and lofty dream of the human soul, otherwise expressible only in verse.

As a tavern tale we may test a novel by fancying that the author is with us in person as we sit in our dressing-gown before the fire. He talks to us and tells us a tale. If he were there in person, what characteristics should he have to make him attractive to us? Why, of course, he should be polite and engaging. Too great familiarity even in the privacy of home spoils friendship, and so does vulgarity. And yet with a certain reserve of manner he may enter upon almost any topic of human thought, and even discuss with us our own secret sins. The good conversationalist will make us think and talk about ourselves, and so will a good novelist. Of course we cannot talk to the author; but we can find in our friends a good substitute for him.

Another quality we shall demand is sincerity. While we may like to listen for a time to the brilliant conversation of a witty talker whom we cannot trust, the sincere friend will hold our affections long after the brilliant talker is forgotten. The brilliant and insincere friend and the brilliant and insincere novelist or writer are alike left deserted in their old age, with not a friend in the world. (What better example of this could we have than Oscar Wilde? When the insincerity of his character was found out, how quickly the world dropped him!)

The novelist above all other writers stands to the reader in the attitude of a personal friend. At first we turn to such a friend merely because he is agreeable as a companion; but the time comes when we wish to consult him as to the solution of our personal difficulties, and ask him to share in our personal joys. In somewhat the same way a novel writer may become the friend and adviser of his reader. In the stories he tells he deals frankly and sincerely with just such problems of life and emotion as those which confront the reader; and through his characters he declares what he thinks the best thing to do. If you would test the greatness of any novelist, ask the question, Would you be willing to follow the advice which he gives his characters?

We have spoken of the author as the friend of the reader. This figure of speech has been chosen for the purpose of making apparent the intimate relations between the substance of the story and the personality of the reader. As a matter of fact, however, it is only the personality of the *reader*

which is in any way alive and consciously perceived: the writer is so entirely impersonal (or should be) that he becomes completely merged in his characters. His spirit is felt in every line of description and every touch of character; but, as we might say, his own form should never be seen. With no suggestion of sacrilege we might even say that he is to the creations in the novel what God is to nature: the eye sees nature in all its beauty, but only the heart can perceive by a hidden vision of its own the presence of the divine. Such is the ideal part which an artist should play in his story.

But, though the artist as a personality is or should be entirely unseen, he is only the more truly present; and the greater his soul and the nobler his life and the broader his imagination and the more poetic his fancy, the more truly does his book become a treasure to the reader.

All dramatic writers, whether epic poets, poetic dramatists, or novelists, are known by the characters they create. It is not important that those characters should ever have really existed in the world: what is demanded is that they be natural and possible and true to the principles of life. The creative writer will of course create characters never seen before. He will never be a mere copyist; or if he is he becomes a biographer, and ceases to be a dramatic artist. Of course, also, these characters must have their collisions with other characters or with the forces of fate. That is necessary to give dramatic interest, the interest of plot. And characters are known by what they do; so unless they really meet adequate dramatic situations they cannot be said to exist at all, even though the author

has described them minutely and told us that they have an endless variety of noble and beautiful qualities: for us only those qualities exist which we see in action. So in brief we may say that a great novelist (or other dramatic writer) is known by the great deeds of his great characters.

From this point of view Shakespeare is our greatest author. His Lear, Othello, Desdemona, Portia, Macbeth, Hamlet, Caesar, Brutus, Cleopatra, and the rest form a noble company of great men and women. Instinctively we compare these fictitious characters with the characters of history. Many of them are taken from history; but by art and imagination they are created anew in shapes that live before our eyes as the characters of history (often quite different personages) really lived before the eyes of their contemporaries, but could not live before our eyes.

No novelist gives us such a company of *great* men and women—very few give us even one great man. In some ways we may compare with Shakespeare's characters those of Balzac. The great French novelist set out to represent typical characters of all classes of the society he knew. He has as varied a company as Shakespeare, and it is typical of society as Shakespeare's is not; but none of Balzac's characters can for a moment be considered as great as Shakespeare's. Even the Country Doctor, perhaps Balzac's noblest creation, has no such depth of interest as Hamlet, for example, though we might possibly compare him with Prospero; and what a creature is the Duchesse de Langeais beside Portia!

But a novelist who gives us no characters which

we can take an interest in even if we do not love them or admire them is not much of a novelist. The name of Thackeray suggests Becky Sharp and Henry Esmond and Colonel Newcome. The fine substance of Thackeray's men and women, both good and bad, their refinement and delicacy and intelligence and sensibility, mark them as personalities far above the ordinary in fiction; and so they give Thackeray a rank that the variety of his characters and the range of his sympathies would not otherwise entitle him to. Dickens is to us but a name for the little dream world in which we make the acquaintance of David Copperfield and Micawber and Peggotty and Agnes and Dora, of the father of the Marshalsea and Little Dorrit and their friends of the prison, of Little Nell and her friends, of Oliver Twist and his thievish but interesting companions. Dickens's characters are not examples for admiration; but they are intensely interesting because so intensely human, coming so near to us ourselves as they often do, even when we are least ready to admit it. And unquestionably their number is great. The number and variety of an author's characters are always to be taken into account in estimating his greatness, or even his value to us individually.

Scott's characters are very different from any of these. They seem made especially to wear picturesque historic costumes, and in their almost limitless multitude they form a pageantry which is splendid and entrancing in the extreme. The thing of value is that the pageantry is alive; and if Scott's characters were created to wear costumes, they were created living, all of them; and (as the

reader of *Sartor Resartus* well knows) the wearing of costumes is, in its figurative sense, one of the most important duties of life, with many people becoming almost a religion. In Scott we may find out to what extent this universal passion is legitimate and what great-souled love there may be in the heart beating beneath the costume.

- Such are some of the principles by which we should test and judge all works of dramatic art, whether plays on the stage or novels. We need not, however, in all cases wholly condemn a book professing to be a novel which falls short by this criterion: it may be good as an essay or a history or a treatise, and its author may have mistaken its character in calling it a novel.

CHAPTER IV

LANDMARKS IN MODERN LITERATURE

MOST people read in such a desultory way that they never know whether they are really familiar with standard literature or not. All the books of one author are read because they are liked; and none of the books of another are known because the reader never managed to get interested, or never happened to have his or her attention called to that author's books. A very simple working system is needed, with landmarks, as it were, set up here and there to guide the choice of books at all times and make it intelligent and just.

Shakespeare — 1600

English literature practically begins with Shakespeare, who did his best work about A. D. 1600, three hundred years ago. Two important poets come before him—Spenser, who was still living when he began to be known as a successful dramatist, and Chaucer, who was a contemporary of Boccaccio and the first noteworthy writer in the then new English tongue, that tongue in which Norman-French had mingled with Anglo-Saxon in the common patois of the people, though pure French and Latin remained the languages of the court and of scholarship.

The language in which Chaucer wrote is now so antiquated that it is not easy for the ordinary person

to read it. His *Canterbury Tales* are pleasant and cheerful, for he was an eminently sane man; but what he wrote has been often rewritten since his time, till we are quite familiar with most of his stories and ideas through other channels.

Spenser, whose best work is the *Faerie Queen*, though he wrote so near the time of Shakespeare seems decidedly more antiquated; yet, as compared with Chaucer, he is easy reading. The *Faerie Queen* is one long series of beautiful and sensuous images, a mingling of fair women, brave knights, and ugly dragons which in his hands attain a dreamy charm. Says Taine, "He was pre-eminently a creator and a dreamer, and that most naturally, instinctively, and unceasingly. We might go on forever describing this inward condition of all great artists. . . . A character appears to them, then an action, then a landscape, then a succession of actions, characters, landscapes, producing, completing, arranging themselves before our eyes. This fount of living and changing forms is inexhaustible in Spenser. He has but to close his eyes and apparitions arise; they abound in him, crowd, overflow; in vain he pours them forth; they continually float up, more copious and more dense." And we may add that the language in which he describes these dreams is as musical as the fancy of his imagery is rich. If one likes that sort of thing one can soon learn to read Spenser with ease and enjoyment, and in the whole range of English literature we shall find nothing so sensuously sweet as his poetry, in his own musical "Spenserian" stanza.

As we have said, for the ordinary reader English literature begins with Shakespeare. He was the

central figure of the brilliant era of Queen Elizabeth; but none of his fellow-dramatists, not even "rare Ben Jonson" or Marlowe, are read today. For us they are dead, and Shakespeare alone remains as the representative of the "Golden Age," though perhaps we must include in it Bacon and Milton, writers who stand somewhat apart.

Robinson Crusoe — 1719

The next principal epoch is just one hundred years later, when the reign of Queen Anne was adorned by the essayists, headed by Addison; by the "classic" poets, foremost among whom are Dryden and Pope; and by the first of the novel-writers, Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Here we find three different kinds of authors equally eminent.

This "age" in English literature continued for seventy-five years — indeed, we may say a hundred, expiring on the appearance of the poets Burns, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. It is called the "Classic Age," because the leading writers, especially the poets (Dryden, Pope, etc.), tried to follow the classic models of Greece and Rome, and so produced work most highly polished and theoretically correct; but of course it was artificial and wanting in the instinctive and spontaneous elements of poetry as we know it in the nineteenth-century poets.

The term "classic," however, is not applicable to the novelists — Richardson, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, and Goldsmith following Defoe and Bunyan. These novel writers were looked on as too low for critical attention; but the prose of Addi-

son, Steele, Swift, Johnson, and Goldsmith¹ was admired as prose had never been admired before, and our later age has accepted this prose as the greatest literary achievement of the eighteenth century.

The modern reader will find his chief interest in the literature of the nineteenth century. And now there are a few dates that we should remember.

Burns — 1786

Burns prepared the way for the new poetry — a poetry simple, spontaneous, tender, and true, as the poetry of Pope was artificial, clever, and “elegant.” The Kilmarnock edition of Burns’s poems appeared in 1786. It was a country print of the immortal work of a rude country poet.

Lyrical Ballads — 1798

The “romantic movement” in poetry, as it was called, was really inaugurated in 1798 — a date always to be remembered — by the little volume of *Lyrical Ballads* published jointly by Wordsworth and Coleridge. This volume contained *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner* (Coleridge’s best poem) and *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey* (the best work of Wordsworth). No one paid much attention to the book, and but a limited number of copies were sold or given away. A few poets, however, read it and felt its spirit.

The first of these to take up the new poetic movement was Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which at once became popular. For ten years

¹ Goldsmith is a sort of link between the essayist and the novelist. He was almost equally eminent as novelist, essayist, and poet.

Scott was the popular poet, but then he was succeeded by Byron, the poet of the dark and cynical. Close on the heels of Byron came Shelley and Keats. Last of all came Tennyson and Browning. Tennyson's reputation was made by his two volumes of poems published in 1842; and Browning published some of his best work in the same year, though his fame did not come to him till many years later.

Lamb — 1825

So much for poetry. The prose essay lay dormant from the time of Goldsmith until Charles Lamb and De Quincey appeared. Lamb's *Essays of Elia* began in the *London Magazine* in 1825; and that is a good date to remember as the beginning of the revival of the essay. At almost the same time we have De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater*, with brilliant, impassioned prose; and during the next twenty-five years came Macaulay, the writer of oratorical prose, the splendid rhetorician and painter of word pictures, and Carlyle, the apostle of work, the philosopher, the lecturer through the printed page, and last of all, Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, both critics — Ruskin by far the more brilliant and varied.

Waverley — 1814

In the novel the first great date to remember in the nineteenth century is 1814 — the year of the publication of Scott's *Waverley*. Between Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield* and *Waverley* no great work of fiction appeared, though Jane Austen was writing her artistic little stories. But when *Waverley* was published every one felt that a new era was

at hand. The book at once became immensely popular. It did for the novel what the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Marmion* had done for poetry—it introduced the romantic era in fiction.

Hugo, Dumas, Balzac — 1830

Scott held the field almost entirely to himself until 1830. In that year Victor Hugo, Alexander Dumas, and Balzac, all three acknowledging the genius and power of Scott, appeared in France. Hugo and Dumas were professed romanticists; but Balzac was a realist, and advocated ideas that were not generally accepted by the critics till years later, though the common people bought his books freely.

It was Dickens who really made the realistic novel popular. The date to remember is 1835, the year in which *Sketches by Boz* appeared and *Pickwick* was begun. *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray's first masterpiece, was published in 1848, and in 1858 appeared George Eliot's *Adam Bede*.

Since 1860 the forward movement in English literature seems to have stopped, and such writers as George Meredith and Thomas Hardy appear rather as belated members of the older group than representatives of any new type. With these we must include Tolstoi, Turgeniev, and Ibsen.

In Stevenson, Kipling, and Barrie we undoubtedly have the beginning of a new literary movement, the importance of which it is impossible yet to estimate.

AMERICAN LITERATURE

We have purposely omitted mention of the American authors, since they do not seem to fit into the

movement of literary ideas in England. They are more simply and obviously artists, giving to the people what they can that they think the people will like, and each in his own way.

Irving — 1820

Our first writer of importance was Irving, whose *Sketch Book* was published in 1820. Irving has been called the "American Addison." He might almost as well be called the American Lamb, though Lamb's essays did not begin to appear till five years later; and he was much more of a story-teller than was Lamb.

James Fenimore Cooper began his literary career as a professed imitator of Scott in 1820; but he soon developed a purely American romantic novel, the novel of the Indian. He is no very great novelist; but his books are still popular.

The first American poet was William Cullen Bryant, whose best poem, *Thanatopsis*, was written when he was eighteen, in 1812.

Between 1830 and 1840 appeared some of the best work of Poe, Longfellow, and Emerson; but they were as utterly distinct in their spirit and purposes as if they had belonged to different ages. Poe was the poetic inventor, the discoverer of the dramatic principles of plot in story-writing, and the original literary critic; Longfellow was the sweet singer of the people, the home poet, unoriginal but beloved by all; Emerson was the philosopher and man of letters combined, the serious essay writer and interpreter to the people of the new discoveries of the great students of philosophy.

Following Longfellow were the poets Lowell,

Whittier, and Holmes, all of whose best work just preceded or just followed the Civil War.

The Scarlet Letter — 1851

The one great American novelist is Hawthorne, whose *Scarlet Letter* appeared in 1851—his first great novel—and whose best work was all completed prior to 1861, the year of his return from his consulship at Liverpool.

Many of our political leaders have been great writers, too. The first was Benjamin Franklin, whose *Poor Richard's Almanac* and *Autobiography* must certainly be included among the great works of American letters. Then Daniel Webster, who stands among the first of great orators in the English language, was the author (between 1830 and 1860) of a series of speeches, many of which have been accepted as an important part of our literature. And among short masterpieces there is none greater than the Gettysburg speech of Abraham Lincoln, though it would not be proper to speak of him as a man of letters.

It will be seen that practically all of our great American literature appeared between the War of 1812 and the Civil War. Since the Civil War there has been a new era; but it is not our present purpose to estimate current writers.

SUMMARY

To summarize the whole field, English and American, we may say that the literature that we call standard began with Spenser and Shakespeare, three hundred years ago. The first work in that period was Spenser's *Faerie Queen*, the second Shakespeare's

plays. Chaucer, who wrote two hundred years earlier, we may look on as the forerunner, who prepared the way for the epoch which opened so brilliantly with Spenser and Shakespeare. Passing over the names of Bacon and Milton, who belong to the seventeenth century, but who stand apart from the literary movement or merely suggested what was to come long after, we find the Queen Anne essayists as the characteristic literary workers at the beginning of the eighteenth century; and on either side of them the poets of the Classic Age, of whom Pope was high priest, and the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, the despised teller of tales who was to be the forerunner of a literary movement greater than any we have yet seen. The Classic Age ended with Goldsmith, and the Romantic movement, first perceived in Burns, really took definite form as a movement in the *Lyrical Ballads* of 1798.

Scott was the popularizer of the Romantic movement in both verse and prose. That movement reached its climax in 1830 in Hugo and Dumas. In that year Balzac inaugurated the realistic movement, whose forerunner was Jane Austen; but it is Dickens who, beginning in 1835, really made it as popular as Scott had made the Romantic movement by the *Waverley* novels. And while the Romantic movement was aristocratic, the Realistic movement, going back to the despised *Robinson Crusoe*, was highly democratic.

In Tennyson we find a poet who made the romantic thought into works of art that the people could appreciate; and in Longfellow we see much the same thing done for the realistic poetry, though

36 Evenings with Great Authors

Walt Whitman, a very imperfect artist, is the high priest of the democratic idea in poetry.

If we can only fix these dates and periods and dominant eras of thought in our minds, we shall have a framework in which we can fit all the varying phases of modern English literature.

CHAPTER V

THE BEST POETRY AND HOW TO READ IT

THE reading and enjoyment of poetry may be said to be a fine art. Certainly no one is likely to have a taste for poetry who does not cultivate it. Yet nothing is so characteristic of the person of culture, and nothing is so likely to produce true culture, as the reading and study of the best poetry.

It is probably a fact that of all the volumes of poetry in the world, not one in a hundred is read. It would be almost impossible to read through from beginning to end the complete works of any well known poet, and nothing could be more foolish than to attempt to do so. Yet the average owner of a volume of poetry cannot think of anything else to do with it except let it alone, and he generally does so.

A poem is not like a story. One reads a story, enjoys it, and lays it aside. Few would care to read even the best novel more than once, or at most two or three times at widely separated intervals. A poem, on the other hand, cannot be understood or truly enjoyed even by the most cultivated until it has been read several times. In fact one reads a poem for quite a different purpose from that which leads one to read a story. A poem is more like a piece of music: one reads it when one wishes to be put into the mood which the poem or the music is

intended to produce. The favorite mood produces pleasure, and when we wish that kind of pleasure we turn to the work of art which is able to produce it in us.

Now evidently it is not every poet whose moods are like our own. It is true that we may wish to cultivate moods not natural to us; but there is a distinct limit even to these. It follows, therefore, that there are not many poets we shall wish to study, or even to read more than once; and there are but few poems, even of the poets we like, which will have that perfect effect on us which will make us wish to repeat it often.

If one were asked to suggest the surest way to acquire a liking for poetry and a knowledge of it, the following would probably be the method proposed:

First, find one good poem that one could really like and read more than once with pleasure. There are few of us who could not name such a poem at once; but many of us go no farther.

Having chosen the first poem, one has thereby made choice of the first poet, a poet whose moods are in accord with one's own and whom one is likely to be able to learn to like. Unless we can start with a liking, and proceed to another liking, we are not likely to go very far.

While one likes a poet rather than poems, when one's taste is fully trained, the most successful readers of poetry know a poet by relatively few poems. One cannot read many poems many times, and as we cannot appreciate any poetry fully that we do not read many times, we must make a selection. Indeed, we shall find that there are but few

poems of any poet that produce in us the desired mood. For us, all the other poems are more or less failures—at least more or less imperfect. So the first principle in the successful reading of poetry is to select most rigidly.

While the special student of poetry may read the entire work of a poet, weigh each poem, and select judiciously those which he will reread and finally make a part of his inner circle of friends, the general reader must depend upon the selection of some one else to some extent, or at least he will read first those recommended to him, afterward dipping casually into others in the hope that he will find one he will wish to study more carefully. Such a selection, and one of the best ever made, is Matthew Arnold's selection from the poems of Wordsworth. But even Matthew Arnold does not tell you what poem of Wordsworth's to begin with.

Another admirable selection of the "best poems" is Palgrave's *Golden Treasury*; yet even in that most lovers of poetry will miss many that have been excluded because they are not lyric, or because they are too long, or for some other reason which is not an essential one with the reader. Other selectors of poems have not been so fortunate, and when one can have a tolerably complete edition of a poet in his library, he will wish to make his own selection with the aid of such adviser as he may choose.

One of the easiest poets to begin with is Longfellow. We have already read the *Psalm of Life*. Let us read it again, and yet again.

Longfellow very aptly describes himself as a poet in that beautiful song of his *The Day Is Done*:

40 Evenings with Great Authors

Come, read to me some poem,
Some simple and heartfelt lay,
That shall soothe this restless feeling,
And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,
Not from the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo
Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,
Their mighty thoughts suggest
Life's endless toil and endeavour;
And to-night I long for rest.

Read from some humbler poet,
Whose songs gushed from his heart,
As showers from the clouds of summer,
Or tears from the eyelids start.

Who, through long days of labour,
And nights devoid of ease,
Still heard in his soul the music
Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

And there is no better way to enjoy poetry than
to read it aloud:

Then read from the treasured volume
The poem of thy choice,
And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Turning over the leaves of your volume of Longfellow, mark these few poems to read first, and if you find one that you like, read it again. Perhaps you will be quite familiar with some, if not most in this list; but if there are some that you do not know, but that attract you on reading once, study those till you have learned to love them; in so doing you will have made a real beginning toward the culture that comes from a systematic study of poetry: *A Psalm of Life*, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, *Footsteps of Angels*, *Flowers*, *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, *The Skeleton in Armour*, *The Village Blacksmith*, *The Rainy Day*, *God's Acre*, *To the River Charles*, *Maidenhood*, *Excelsior*, *The Belfry at Bruges*, *The Arsenal at Springfield*, *The Norman Baron*, *The Bridge*, *Curfew*, *The Building of the Ship*, *The Builders*, *Pegasus in Pound*, *Beware*, *The Day Is Done*, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, *The Arrow and the Song*, *My Lost Youth*, *Paul Revere's Ride* (Tales of a Wayside Inn), *The Birds of Killingworth*, *The Bell of Atri*, *The Children's Hour*, *Hanging of the Crane*, and *Keramos*. These are not all the good poems, and some of these are not even the best; but they are a good list to choose from. Besides these you will perhaps like to read *Hiawatha* first, then *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, and finally *Evangeline*; but these longer poems are tales rather than poems, and one does not care to return to them as to the shorter gems.

Longfellow is a "humbler poet," as he himself has expressed it, but he is none the less a poet; and in all literature you will not find a simpler poet, nor one easier to read and like.

Next to Longfellow, perhaps the most generally liked modern poet is Tennyson. Tennyson was not a great thinker, like Browning; he was rather the interpreter of the thinking poets for the reader who could not read Wordsworth and the rest for himself. Tennyson set out in early life to master poetic technique, and he could write in a greater variety of styles than any other great modern poet. Besides, his poems often have a swing (quite unlike the sweet melody of Longfellow's) which fascinates many. And he was peculiarly and distinctly the poet of moods. *Break, Break, Break*, is little more than a haunting melody in words; and the same may be said of most of the songs in *The Princess*, beautiful as they are.

It will take much more time to learn to like Tennyson than it required for Longfellow, for Tennyson is so various, and we must come at him in so many different ways.

Perhaps we might begin with such mere pretty rhythms as *Airy*, *Fairy Lilian* and *Claribel*; how much better than these shall we find *The Lady of Shallott*, *Break, Break, Break*, and all the songs in *The Princess*. *The Princess* itself is rather a tedious poem, certainly one which we would not care to read twice in succession; but the songs scattered through it are as nearly perfect as that sort of poetry well could be. *The May Queen* is a pretty and fascinating simple story that may touch us more deeply than we would own; and a poem of a different kind which might appeal particularly to our mood is *Locksley Hall*, following it with *Locksley Hall Twenty Years After*, which we may not like so well. Some will like to puzzle over the

philosophy of *The Two Voices*, others will prefer the pretty story of *The Miller's Daughter* or *The Talking Oak*, or the poetic *Ulysses* and *Lotus-Eaters*, while others will wish to pass on to *Maud* with its varied rhythms. In *Maud* there is one often quoted passage which may be all that one will care to reread — the passage beginning, "Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown." Nothing could be more perfectly and exquisitely rhythmical. And yet of all Tennyson's poems, it is probably the shortest that we shall like best, such as *The Flower in the Crannied Wall* and *Crossing the Bar*, or such a stirring war poem as *The Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Nearly all of Tennyson's poems that he has retained in his complete works are well written and worth reading once; but if you ever come to like the higher poets you will find his best thinking expressed there better, and will turn to Tennyson more and more for the swinging music of his shorter songs, with their mood-making rhythms and haunting images.

And now let us turn to one of the great poets — to Browning. Most of us will be entirely unable to read the greater part of his poetry at all, and whether it is good or bad we must leave it to the critics to say. It will be best to buy him in a volume of selections, such as that he made himself from his own poems. We may make our own selection from that, though in other collections we may find other poems we shall like quite as much as any of these.

First of all, let us say that it will probably take many days to learn to like even a few of Browning's

poems; but once we have learned to like them they will be dearer to us than those of all the other poets. We measure his greatness by the intensity of the liking we have for what we do like.

Perhaps we have read *How They Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix* and found nothing very wonderful in it. If we ever come to love Browning, it will be because he was himself a lover, and we shall admire him because he was a fighter against the discouragements and littlenesses of the world.

Let us begin with his love poems—such a simple poem as *A Woman's Last Word*. We shall not understand all of it; but no matter—we shall like it none the less on that account, and we shall like it the better the more we read it. Then let us read *Love Among the Ruins*. We shall not understand all of that, either, but some we shall understand, and there will be new things to discover each time we reread, which should be many times. Possibly we shall never get tired of reading it over. And then we may read at pleasure such poems as *The Last Ride Together*, *Any Wife to Any Husband*, *In a Year*, *Misconceptions*, *Two in the Campagna*, and *Evelyn Hope*. There will be others which in time we shall be drawn to read, such as *In a Gondola* and *The Statue and the Bust*; but the important thing is to learn to love, and to like to read and reread, two or three.

And now let us turn to that other side of Browning, his philosophy as a fighter and a struggler in the world. Begin with *Rabbi Ben Ezra*. In a week, or a month, or a year, we may not have mastered it—indeed probably we shall never master it. So

much the better; then we shall go on reading it and rereading it, and getting help and inspiration from it. There will be certain stanzas that will seem meant for us, and these we will mark, and in the margin we will make notes none will understand but ourselves.

Once master this one poem, and enough is accomplished—or at least the rest will take care of itself. We shall then read *Saul*, and the haunting *Abt Vogler*, *Andrea del Sarto*, *A Toccata of Galuppi's*, *Prospice*, and *A Grammarian's Funeral*.

There are other poems—yes, a good many others; but if you once come to love two or three, so that you like to turn to them, and find comfort in reading them, you will find the others for yourself, and if you do not find them, you will probably get all the more good out of the old ones.

We have perhaps said enough as to the manner of studying poetry, illustrating by the three poets we have considered. The reader will now be able to take up the following for himself, upon the hints given with each.

If you like Longfellow, read some of the best poems of the other New England poets—Whittier's *Barefoot Boy*, *Barbara Frietchie*, *Maud Muller*, *Skipper Ireson's Ride* and *Snow-Bound*; Holmes's *The Chambered Nautilus*, *The One Hoss Shay*, *The Last Leaf*, and *Old Ironsides*; Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*, and *The First Snow-Fall*; and Bryant's *Thanatopsis*, *To a Water Fowl*, and *The Death of the Flowers*.

Some may trace a likeness between the three great poems of Poe, *The Raven*, *Annabel Lee* and *The Bells*, and Tennyson; but Poe will be found

unique in his weird mood and rhythmic use of words.

From the lyric poems of Tennyson, turn to Shelley's *The Skylark* (one of the most beautiful poems in our language), and his *The Cloud* and *Ode to the West Wind*; and after picking up such little gems as *Love's Philosophy*, we may learn to like *Alastor* and *The Sensitive Plant*.

Once Byron was almost worshiped, while today we hardly do him justice. He is the poet of the "dark mood," and we shall probably find this mood in its greatest purity in his dramatic poems *Manfred* and *Cain*, of each of which he is himself the hero. Rather than read entire such long poems as *Childe Harold*, *The Giaour*, *The Corsair*, and *Don Juan*, it will be better to read the striking passages—at least at first. We must judge from our taste for Byron how much we shall read of him.

No one should fail to read Keats's *Ode to a Grecian Urn*. If we would read further, we may perhaps choose first *St. Agnes' Eve*, *Ode to Autumn*, and *Endymion*. It takes a fine poetic taste to appreciate Keats, for he is a poet "all of beauty," rich, fragrant, sensuous beauty, such beauty as we shall find nowhere else; but his thoughts and emotions of love and conquest over life are not very great.

Next to Browning, perhaps the greatest poet of the nineteenth century is Wordsworth. He is the very opposite of Browning, standing to nature as Browning does to humanity. We shall find his creed stated in one of the greatest poems in our language, called simply *Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*; and much the same thought we shall find expressed in more lyric form

in his famous *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*. Unquestionably the best of Wordsworth is to be found in Matthew Arnold's selections in the *Golden Treasury* series, and this is better to possess than the bulky complete works, much of which we shall find exceedingly dull and almost fatal to our liking for any poetry whatever. But there are also many beautiful simple poems by Wordsworth which we should easily learn to like, among them, *We Are Seven*, *Lucy Gray*, *She Was a Phantom of Delight*, *Three Years She Grew*, *I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud* (Daffodils), and many of his sonnets, such as that to *Milton*, *On Westminster Bridge*, *To the River Duddon—Afterthought*, *The World Is Too Much With Us*, etc.

Of the older poets, Burns stands by himself, one of the most popular of all poets who wrote in the English language. Best of all his poems are his simple love songs, such as *My Luve Is Like the Red, Red Rose*, *Jean*, *Highland Mary*, and *To Mary in Heaven*. Who can forget *Bannockburn*, *Ye Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon*, and *John Anderson my Jo? The Man's the Gowd for a' That*, and that beautiful little poem, *To a Mouse*, are unique, because they show us the simple heart of a man in all its struggling simplicity. Some, too, will like to read and reread *The Cotter's Saturday Night*. In the reading of Burns one can hardly go wrong; yet after all there is much even in Burns that we might well spare, and many and many a line of his poetry has no such charm as the poems we have mentioned; yet the reader who has learned to like these will, on reading any other poem, know and discover the difference almost at the first line.

If one wishes to find in poetry comfort for a weary mood, one will not look for it in such poets as Pope and Dryden, with their clever lines. Pope has more quotable lines than almost any other poet except Shakespeare; and his *Essay on Man* is interesting, and perhaps we may even find some charm in *The Rape of the Lock*; but on the whole one will miss little by reading him in a book of quotations.

Milton is different. He is the one noble and lofty poet of the English language. We shall not find any modern philosophy in him; but what is finer in its imagery and rhythm than his *Hymn to the Nativity*! And such lyrical poems as *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* will be found to possess an easy and surprising charm. Of *Paradise Lost* we should never read more than a page or two at a time, for it is too great, too lofty for the common mind to bear it long; but who would miss the pleasure of reading this single page or two once a month or once a year?

There are certain single poems which no student of poetry will fail to read and reread as he does the poems of the great poets whom we study as men as well as the authors of certain poems. One of these is Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*; others are Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner* and his *Christabel*; Hood's *Bridge of Sighs* and the *Song of the Shirt*; Wolfe's *Burial of Sir John Moore*; Cowper's *Alexander Selkirk*; Campbell's *Hohenlinden*; and such bits as Ben Jonson's *Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes*, and Goldsmith's *When Lovely Woman Stoops to Folly*.

There are other poems by less known poets, which only the individual reader will find and make his

own. For myself, I know no poems I like better to read than Matthew Arnold's *Tristram and Iseult*, *Switzerland*, and *Dover Beach*; while many admire poems by Emerson and George Eliot and Dickens in the same way, though we are not accustomed to think of these writers as among the great poets. Though Edward Fitzgerald's *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám* is a translation, it is one of the most popular poems in the English language, and considered also one of the greatest.

The end of the nineteenth century and the opening of the twentieth were marked by a revival of delicate poetic feeling in Ireland led by W. B. Yeats who acknowledged the poetic playwright John Synge as the most talented of the group. In the United States a new kind of poetry called free verse (not unlike Whitman's) has reached its climax in Edgar Lee Masters's *Spoon River Anthology*.

NOTE.—Many of the poems here mentioned may be found in *A Selection from the Great English Poets*, edited by Sherwin Cody.

CHAPTER VI

HOW TO STUDY SHAKESPEARE

THE best way to study Shakespeare is to go to see his plays at the theater, especially when they are presented as Edwin Booth or Henry Irving have played them. What a change from the way in which they were presented in Shakespeare's own time! Then the scenery was so crude that they had to put out a sign on the stage saying, "This is a Forest," etc. And all the women's parts were played by boys or young men. There were no Mrs. Siddonses or Ellen Terrys in those days. It is said that Beethoven himself was not a very good piano player, and probably never heard some of his most beautiful sonatas played as Paderewski plays them today. Shakespeare probably never saw his plays acted so well as they have been acted many times since his day.

The first great actor to make Shakespeare classic was David Garrick, a friend of Sam Johnson. He was graceful, light, airy, and gay, yet made an instant success by the naturalness with which he played Richard III, and then Lear, and then Macbeth. Garrick was not an ideal Hamlet, but he gave good support to the famous Peg Woffington, who made her fame as Ophelia on the same stage with Garrick. The most seductive of Woffington's characters was Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and she

played Portia in the *Merchant of Venice* with scarcely less charm.

The stage mantle of Garrick fell on John Philip Kemble, who brought to Shakespeare's plays accurate and truthful scenery and costumes. Hamlet was his favorite part—and as he was a meditative and scholarly rather than a fiery actor, he made a deep impression with it. Sarah Siddons was his sister. She was called the Queen of Tragedy, and was indeed an ideal Roman matron in her impassioned acting of great parts, coupled with a dignified, almost commonplace everyday private life. In a famous picture Sir Joshua Reynolds painted her as the tragic muse. She played Lady Macbeth as probably no one else has ever played it; indeed it is said when she was studying the part she became so frightened at her own impersonation that she rushed upstairs and jumped into bed with her clothes on. In Queen Katharine (*Henry VIII*), she played the part so realistically that the Surveyor, to whom she had said, "You were the Duke's Surveyor, and lost your office on complaint of the tenants," came off the stage perspiring with emotion and said, "That woman plays as if the thing were in earnest. She looked me so through and through with her black eyes that I would not for the world meet her on the stage again!"

Edmund Kean was a little man, but he played Shylock in the *Merchant of Venice*, and *Richard III* as they had never been played before. Iago, too, was a famous character of his. He was admired by the aged widow of David Garrick, who called him David's successor, and he was praised by Byron.

Each age seems to have had its actor. Garrick was Johnson's friend. Kean belonged to Byron's day, and the actor of Dickens's time was Macready. The great American actor was Edwin Booth, who made us familiar with the whole line of Shakespearean tragic characters during nearly the whole of the last half of the nineteenth century. Who that has seen him slip on to the stage as the hunchback Richard III, or walk in the calm dignity of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, attired all in black velvet, can ever imagine those characters in any other personation!

The great tragedies seem to be the plays in which great actors have become most famous; but no play of Shakespeare's, not even the *Merchant of Venice*, has been more popular than *Romeo and Juliet*. In the time of Garrick a certain Barry Spanger was said to be the ideal Romeo. Charles Kemble, son of Philip, played it with great success. And his daughter, Fanny Kemble, was brought out as Juliet, much against her wish, to save her father's fortunes. She had had no training for the stage; but the play ran for one hundred and twenty nights with the greatest success.

There have been other great actors and actresses, all of whom (if English) have been famous in Shakespearean rôles—Adelaide Neilson, Charlotte Cushman, and the American Edwin Forrest—and even many foreigners have tried Shakespeare. Salvini was the greatest of Othellos, and Adelaide Ristori was famous as Lady Macbeth. Even Bernhardt has taken the part of Hamlet. In our own time Henry Irving and Ellen Terry have been the best known performers of Shakespeare's charac-

ters; but it would seem that all talented actors and actresses sooner or later test their greatness by attempting these rôles.

The true way to study Shakespeare is by becoming fond of his characters; and this can be done most successfully only by seeing them on the stage. But we can learn to picture in our minds the parts they played in the great human drama, fashioning from imagination the scenes and personalities.

Children should be introduced to Shakespeare in the delightful *Tales from Shakespeare* by Charles and Mary Lamb. The first thing is to get the stories and the great characters, and the poetic antique language of Shakespeare himself may make this a little difficult at first.

Then we may read such a book as *Shakespeare's Heroines* by Mrs. Jameson, in which we find the women of Shakespeare's plays described in simple modern language.

Then let us read the plays themselves, without thought of notes or comments, for the mere human interest of the story and the characters.

Probably the best play to begin with is the *Merchant of Venice*. Read it rapidly, passing lightly over the more commonplace portions. First you will come to the scene at Portia's house, when the wooers are opening the caskets in the hope that they may be lucky enough to win the wealthy lady. But Portia really loves Bassanio and wants him to choose aright, as he does, and she is charmingly happy because he is successful.

But the great scene of the play is in the fourth act, when Shylock brings Antonio before the court, demanding his pound of flesh. Portia, disguised as

a lawyer, appears to save his life. How graciously she does it! How much a man, and woman, too, she is! How beautiful her speech—about mercy, dropping “as the gentle rain from heaven”!

Once having read the play through like this, for the story and the characters, lay it aside and at some future time read it again more thoroughly, stopping to enjoy Launcelot Gobbo, the clown, and the talkative Gratiano.

So with each rereading the interest in the play will grow, till you have become very fond, not only of Portia and her friends, but of Shakespeare, too.

Next to the *Merchant of Venice* the most popular of Shakespeare's plays is *Romeo and Juliet*. In this the balcony scene is the most famous, in which Romeo comes to woo Juliet; but among the characters the most interesting will perhaps be Mercutio, Romeo's talkative and jolly friend, and Juliet's queer old nurse.

Of the tragedies, *Hamlet* is undoubtedly the greatest, but it is the hardest to read, and must be read many times to be fully appreciated. We are struck in the very first scene by the personality of the ghost, and of Hamlet's friend, Horatio, that quiet, calm gentleman who looks on sympathetically throughout the play, and lives to tell the story of Hamlet's infirm will. Polonius is a conventional old fool, but full of worldly wisdom, and the father of the brave Laertes and the sweet and pathetic Ophelia. How unhappy a girl she is! She is not very strong, not very brave; but we are sorry indeed for her, and in mere reading really shed tears when she sings her sweetly crazy songs. How strange and interesting, too, is Hamlet's mother, and his

scene with her toward the end of the play! And who can forget the conversation with the grave-diggers! Throughout we feel the atmosphere of philosophy and thought. *Hamlet* is indeed a very great and interesting play, but one requiring much time and leisurely thought. It is impossible to hurry in reading *Hamlet*.

Next in greatness to *Hamlet* is, perhaps, *Lear*. In the very first act we are struck with the beautiful nature of Cordelia, though she utters very few words. She does not appear again until the end; yet the poor interesting Fool is always talking about her to Lear. We detest the two ungrateful daughters, Goneril and Regan, and sympathize with Edgar, the outcast son of Gloucester. How strange it seems that this fool, this insane old man, this homeless son pretending to be crazy, and this absent daughter, should hold our interest so perfectly!

More romantic, more polished, more correct in stage-craft, so that many call it Shakespeare's greatest play, is *Othello*. Yet we have no such love for the beautiful Desdemona as we had for Cordelia, or Juliet, or Portia. Iago is a masterpiece of scheming treachery, and we are somewhat sorry for the handsome and abused Moor Othello; but we can never like him quite as well as some of the others.

Macbeth is another great tragedy, and Lady Macbeth is a marvelous portrayal of a bad woman. We are interested in the witches and their prophecies, and we know how true is Macbeth's ambition, and the greater ambition of his wife who drives him on. But in *Macbeth* there is no one to love, as there is in others of the plays.

In *Julius Caesar* it is the patriotic fervor of Brutus, mistaken though it may be, that interests us most, though we like to declaim the speech of Antony at Caesar's funeral.

Antony and Cleopatra makes an excellent play to read, for Cleopatra is so well known as a character that we already have a point of familiarity to start with. We feel that we are reading history, and these great Roman plays of Shakespeare's are probably the best history we shall ever get. With *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra* we also include *Coriolanus*, to be studied third in the series.

If we do not care for tragedy we shall have passed from *Romeo and Juliet* or the *Merchant of Venice* to *As You Like It*, one of the best of Shakespeare's lighter comedies. It is less deep, but not less charming than the heavier plays. The delightful Rosalind, disguised as a young man in the woods, the melancholy Jaques, and the amusing clown Touchstone, create an atmosphere of refinement which we shall find nowhere else.

I myself like *Much Ado About Nothing* as well as any of the comedies. It tells the story of Benedick and Beatrice, who were never going to marry, they were such wits, both of them! Yet they were tricked into it, and apparently enjoyed it, after all. Where else will you find a woman joker?

The *Taming of the Shrew* is an interesting play if you admire a wilful, stubborn, pretty woman such as Kate was, and would like to know how her husband brought her into charming subjection. It is a very pretty play, and not less interesting for being somewhat out of date among our modern ideas of women.

But of all Shakespeare's comic characters, none is more original or famous than Falstaff. We meet him in *Henry v*, perhaps the best of Shakespeare's historical plays. He is a wit, a coward, and a blow-hard, but Shakespeare never makes him overdo any of these traits, and so we cannot but find him intensely amusing. He reappears in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which Shakespeare is said to have written in order to please Queen Elizabeth.

The most intensely dramatic of the histories, and the first to read is *Richard III*. Richard is a scheming, daring fellow; and our love for the little princes put to death in the tower gives us a point of affection. Besides, this is the drama all the great tragic actors have been especially fond of playing.

Next to *Richard III* is *Henry VIII*, which is said to be only partly Shakespeare's. In it is Henry's great minister Wolsey, whose fall from power we witness as an event more tragic than death.

Last of all let us read the *Tempest*, that romantic play which Shakespeare probably wrote at the end of his career, as a sort of calm retrospect; for we may think of Prospero as Shakespeare himself.

There are other good plays of Shakespeare; but if we have not time to read all, these are the best to begin with.

The two poems, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, are not the best of reading; but the sonnets are the very highest form of lyric poetry. They are entirely different from the plays, and those who like the plays often do not care at all for the sonnets, while many not familiar with the plays read the sonnets with admiration. Many believe they tell Shakespeare's own story of love for a man

58 Evenings with Great Authors

friend, and, in the last division, from No. 126 on, for a dark woman. The sonnets to the man are the better, and if one reads them over a few times and feels the poet's reflections, on change, time, and human love, he will certainly not doubt that here we really do come face to face with Shakespeare in his own proper character. These sonnets help us to a knowledge of the man and a personal liking for him such as we get for his characters when we read his plays.

CHAPTER VII

THE BEST ENGLISH ESSAYS

MANY people fancy that essays are not popular or easy reading; but when Addison published his *Spectator*, this little sheet of essays came out every morning, as a daily paper, and was immensely successful. Today there are not many standard novels that sell better than *Lamb's Essays*. Macaulay was read in his day from one end of the English-speaking world to the other, and so was Carlyle. Ruskin, who was essentially an essayist, though of a peculiar type, received a hundred thousand dollars a year as profits on his books, which he published himself through George Allen, a printer in a small country town. And in our own country Emerson is a sort of bible to many people.

Those who learn to like essays become very fond of them, and it is only to people who never have read them much that they seem dry. The fact is, there are only certain writers and certain of their works that we shall care for.

If you like epigram, one of the best books to read is Bacon's *Essays*. Each essay is very short; the subjects are of everyday interest; and the sentences are short and sharp. One does not care to read much of such a book at a time — only a few pages. But Bacon's *Essays* is a book to own and take up for half an hour now and then through a number

of years. We read these essays much as we do favorite poems.

Bacon belongs to the time of Shakespeare, and his language is a little antiquated. Much less so is that of Addison, who wrote over a hundred years later. There is a certain story-like character in his essays that makes them especially interesting. He tells us about Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley. Sir Roger, of whom he writes in a series of essays, is especially interesting. Then Addison has humorous little papers on *Advice in Love*, the art of flirting the fan, etc., etc.

Swift, who wrote about the same time as Addison, is still more of a story teller. *Gulliver's Travels* is often classed as a novel, though as a matter of fact it was written as a satirical essay on the foibles of England in Swift's day. Next to *Gulliver's Travels* we are likely to be most interested in *A Tale of a Tub*, and *The Battle of the Books*, which are more nearly like regular essays than *Gulliver*.

But the greatest of all the old essayists is Lamb. His most famous essay is that *On Roast Pig*, in which he tells the story of the origin of roast pig as a dish. Only less interesting is *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*, and the essay on *Poor Relations*.

The charm of Lamb is his humor, his good nature, his kindly heart, his quaint way of saying things. We learn to love him. No one has ever equaled him or imitated him. And when we have read his essays, we want to read his life—how he gave up the woman he loved to care for his poor sister who had killed her mother in a fit of insanity and had often to go to the asylum through all her life. Lamb was fond of his glass, and fond of the

city, and fond of his friends. When we know him we must love him, and nothing else matters.

If we have a taste for the curious and lofty in description, we shall like De Quincey, the opium-eater. In the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* we have an account of himself and his opium-eating, which is rather dry; but his wonderful dreams fascinate us. These we find at their best in his masterpieces *Suspiria de Profundis* and *The English Stage Coach*, which are indeed the height of impassioned prose, lofty poetry without meter, splendid dreams and fancies.

De Quincey wrote a great deal, and much that is merely dry and scholarly. But often he has something quaint and curious, such as his *Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts*, and wonderful stories such as the *Flight of the Tartars* and the *Spanish Nun*.

Carlyle wrote in such a jagged, queer, hard style that nowadays few people can get used to a book like *Sartor Resartus*. The philosophy of Sartor will be found in a delightfully simple essay entitled *Characteristics*, in which the point of view is deeply interesting. Another simple and readable essay is that on Burns, and the essay on Goethe is worth reading, and that on Jean Paul Richter. Perhaps when one gets used to him one will wish to read *Heroes and Hero-Worship*, *The French Revolution* (or a part of it), and last of all that queer philosophy of clothes, *Sartor Resartus*.

If one cares for philosophy he should certainly read Emerson's satisfying essays, beginning with those on *Compensation*, *Self-Reliance*, *Love*, *The Over-Soul*, *Friendship*, *Circles*, and *Nature*.

Emerson's essays have no beginning or end, and one might as well begin in the middle as anywhere else. He does simply one thing and that is interpret man in the light of modern transcendental philosophy. He had caught the great philosophic idea that God, man, and nature are but one substance, governed by the same laws, reaching out to infinity, and kin to everything within the bounds of infinity. Every common thing in life he views again from this new point of view; and the revelation is wonderful. Emerson does not discuss this philosophy or tell us anything about it; but he makes us see the whole world in the transforming light of it.

In his two original volumes of essays he does this supremely well; and then in many later volumes he does it over and over. Such volumes, good in their way but less original than the first, are *Representative Men, Society and Solitude*, and *Conduct of Life*.

Macaulay is not read nearly as much nowadays as he was in his own time. His style is oratorical, and highflown oratory, especially in essays, is not popular today. For all that, one cannot well afford to miss reading the famous descriptive essays on the *Trial of Warren Hastings*, *Lord Clive*, *Milton* (in which will be found the famous description of the Puritans), and the essay on *History*. There are two first-rate essays on Samuel Johnson, the best one being a review of Croker's edition of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, beginning at the point at which Macaulay finishes with Croker and takes up Boswell. Another good essay is that on Frances Burney, or Madame D'Arbly. Those who have time will even wish to read Macaulay's *History of Eng-*

land, with its wonderful and gorgeous descriptions, that make the scene live before the eyes.

Of splendid modern prose writers, Ruskin is one of the greatest. It takes a little effort and a little choosing to learn to like him; but those who will take the pains to study him will be richly rewarded.

About the simplest thing he wrote was *Ethics of the Dust*, a series of conversations with some young girls about nature and everyday life. Children of ten are said to have read this book and liked it; yet it is by no means childish, and any one might enjoy it.

Next in general interest and simplicity is *Sesame and Lilies*—a queer title. The first chapter is “Of Kings’ Treasuries”—meaning books; and the second “Of Queens’ Gardens,” meaning the dominion over nature and society which culture gives a woman. This is one of the very best books ever written on How and What to Read, though written in a very symbolic style that will require more than one reading fully to understand it.

Another book of quite a different kind is called in Ruskin’s odd fashion *The Crown of Wild Olive*. It is a series of essays on work and the things in life worth working for.

These three books are short, and perhaps at first many will not like them very much; but liking will grow with time.

There is a book, however, that will well repay getting and reading in part, from time to time, for many years. That is *Modern Painters*. It is in four large volumes, and from the title one might suppose it was a technical history of modern painting. This is not the fact, however. It is a popular study of the noblest element in art, and throughout

the four volumes one will find marvelous pictures of word-painting, such as Ruskin's description of Turner's "Slave Ship," when he is discussing sea-painting. He talks of art and nature, always looking at art from the point of view of nature; and the volumes are so well divided into chapters and sections, each with its title and sub-title, that one can pick out an interesting subject here, and another there. It will be of especial interest and value to any one who cares at all about art. Ruskin wrote the first volume of this work before he was twenty-four, and it is perhaps the most brilliant thing he ever did. It is full of life and color and splendid word-painting.

The reader who believes in culture and wishes to cultivate the esthetic and refined should certainly read Matthew Arnold's book, *Culture and Anarchy*. It requires a close and logical mind to appreciate and understand him, and to read and like him is not easy, but a liking for his chapter on "Sweetness and Light" is an excellent test of one's real success in the cultivation of culture.

It will be seen that there are good essays of many types. There is the epigrammatic discussion of everyday matters, such as we find in Bacon, and in quite a different way in Emerson; and there is the quaint and playful humor of Addison and Lamb; there is the splendid rhetoric of De Quincey and of Macaulay, and the brilliant word-painting of Ruskin; there is the preaching of Carlyle, and the literary lecturing of Matthew Arnold. If we cannot know all, we must choose our bent and follow the lines we like best.

The most popular form of the essay is that of

Addison and Lamb—the quaint, amusing, human badinage on familiar topics, full of love, and full of sense. Along this line there are a few good modern books—Oliver Wendell Holmes's *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, Ik Marvel's *Reveries of a Bachelor*, Charles Dudley Warner's *Backlog Studies*, and Barrie's *My Lady Nicotine* and *When a Man's Single*.¹ Gilbert Chesterton and George Bernard Shaw hold the field in the first years of the twentieth century, with a brilliant paradoxical style quite different from the kindly sentiment of the books just mentioned. They are rather the successors of the even more paradoxically brilliant Oscar Wilde. Wilde and Shaw are chiefly known as playwrights, but their plays are in effect sparkling essays, like discussions put in the mouths of their characters.

The essay can never be read in a hurry, nor by one who feels himself rushed. The great essayists wrote in the most leisurely manner possible, a very little at a time, and only when in precisely the right mood. In the same way must they be read—alone, before an open fire, of a long winter evening. The woman who delights in these things will sit curled up in a great easy-chair, her head tipped against the back, the light well shaded over her shoulder. The man will, if he is a smoker, inevitably want his pipe. No modern cigar will do, and the vulgarity of chewing is utterly inconsistent with a taste for reading essays. It is the refined, imaginative, and dreamy who especially enjoy this form of literature.

NOTE.—Most of the essays mentioned in this chapter will be found in a volume entitled *The Best English Essays*, edited by Sherwin Cody.

¹ Barrie's great novel is *The Little Minister*.

CHAPTER VIII

OLD NOVELS THAT ARE GOOD

AT THE top of the ladder of literature is poetry, to which only a few succeed in climbing. Next is the essay, a large comfortable niche cut in the side of the rock of ages, which is never crowded, and so is all the more grateful to those who frequent it. And down at the bottom is the novel, which we all read.

Novels are read for various reasons, which are not often truthfully set down by the professional critic. Truth, however, is always best, and no one need be ashamed of it.

Most of us read novels for the same reason that we go to the theater—for amusement. We want to get away from the weary commonplace things about us, and get some refreshment by dipping into another world. Perhaps our social world is narrow; but in a good novel we may move in the best society. Possibly we are ambitious, and wish to read of the things we would like to have if we could. Reading about them is next best to having them. Or possibly our world is so unexciting and dreary that we need the excitement of an exciting novel to keep us from dying of decay. Excitement is a good thing, really necessary to life, however bad it may be when carried to extremes. Some people become feverish in their chase for excitement and in their constant reading of exciting novels; but we

must not condemn the healthy for the excesses of the mentally sick.

The excitement afforded by novels is of several different kinds. There is the excitement of love and passion — perhaps the most deeply grained sentiment of the human heart, and apparently the most necessary to health of the heart, especially in these days when our spontaneous emotions are constantly being repressed. Then there is the excitement of travel and adventure. Finally we have the novel of intellectual piquancy, the book full of epigrams and smart sayings such as Oscar Wilde might have written. The novel of love and passion may be the lascivious and dirty book, or may sin equally by being the weakly sentimental Sunday-school story. The abuse of the novel of travel and adventure is the cheap dime novel, or the high-priced dime novel called the historical romance. And the extreme of the epigrammatic story is the snobby smart novel, which tends to make prigs of us. This last novel is largely a modern development.

In any of these lines a novel is good if it gives us real men and women, acting naturally and truly, and is written with sufficient rapidity and lightness. The great sin in a novel is ignorance of human nature; and the next sin is dullness. Either is fatal.

The oldest examples of modern fiction are two great collections of tavern tales — Boccaccio's *Decameron* and the *Arabian Nights*. These stories were told to amuse; because they amused those who listened to them, they have well succeeded in amusing English readers for several hundred years since. The *Decameron* is largely a series of stories of love and passion. They are many of them exceedingly

amusing even to the modern reader; but according to modern standards so many of them are actually indecent that a translation of this book is hardly to be obtained in a respectable bookstore, and should never be allowed in the hands of a person under twenty-five.

For the young the great book of exciting adventure is the *Arabian Nights*. All the indecent stories have been omitted in the modern translations, and the excitement stops short of the point at which it can do any serious harm in over-stimulation. The best story to begin with is that of *Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp*—a story every one ought to be familiar with; and next to that the series of tales of the adventures of *Sindbad the Sailor*. After reading these, turn to Poe's clever *Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherezade*, which closely follows the adventures of Sindbad, but bases every wonder on a scientific fact stated in a note. This modern tale of wonder is much more marvelous than the imaginary wonder stories of the ancients, though its wonders are in reality strict truths. Mr. H. G. Wells, the modern novelist, has followed out the same line successfully in his pseudo-scientific stories. By comparative study of this kind one will find fresh interest in an old book.

The *Decameron* and the *Arabian Nights* are not properly novels, but rather collections of short stories. The oldest readable novel is *Don Quixote*. It is an excellent book to read aloud in a mixed company, and is still as funny as any modern book. Don Quixote is a gentleman of kind heart and a certain innate refinement, in spite of the crack in his brain and his tilting at windmills. Sancho Panza

is the thoroughly practical, faithful clown; and Sancho Panza's mule and Don Quixote's warhorse are characters in themselves. The book was written as a satire on chivalry; but its humanity has made it live long since the death of knight-errantry. *Gulliver*, too, was a satire, but now we read it merely as an amusing story; and Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* was commenced as a satire on Richardson's *Pamela*, but became so interesting as a story that even in its own day readers forgot all about the parody.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* was written in the seventeenth century, by a tinker, in prison; and it is a distinctly religious book. But even the non-religious will admit that it is a good human story. Intended originally as an allegory, we read it now for its own story interest.

Along with the *Arabian Nights* young people should, without exception, read *Robinson Crusoe*. Nearly everyone has read it; but there are parts of it that will bear reading again and again and many times. The introduction may be skipped; but beginning with Crusoe's shipwreck on the island we are deeply fascinated by all he does to care for himself, and find some amusement. He is an intensely practical man, and never gets sentimental, because he is always at work, a good thing for some of us moderns who are inclined to bemoan our lot. For about a hundred pages this account of the life on the island continues, but when Crusoe is rescued the interest grows less, and we may very well omit the last half of the book.

The first modern novel was begun by Richardson somewhat over a hundred and fifty years ago as a

book of instruction on correct letter writing. Richardson was a printer fifty years old. In his youth he had often helped young ladies write love letters. So it was thought he could write a good book of model letters. He put a story into them to make them more lifelike and interesting, and the story turned out to be the beginning of modern fiction as an established form of literature, for the good novels that had gone before had not led the way for others, as Richardson's books did.

All Richardson's novels are written in the form of letters, and to modern readers are decidedly tedious.

Clarissa Harlowe is the best of them; but it is much too long, and often dull. *Clarissa* is beset by Lovelace, spirited away, made to quarrel with her family, and outwardly compromised in every possible fashion; but through it all she maintains her maiden purity, and finally compels the man to marry her. We would like her better if she were a little more human and spontaneous—in short, if she had been a little more of a sinner.

But there is one novel of that day and time which is first-rate reading even today, and that is Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones*. Fielding was a rake and a joker. He started as a novelist by making fun of the good Richardson. But his characters are certainly natural, even if a little spicy. Tom came into the world in an irregular way, and led a very irregular life. He is by no means a model for the young, and Fielding tells of his sins in a way that today would be considered positively indecent. And yet we cannot help liking Tom, and he comes out all right at the end. Sophia Western forgives him for

his faults, and loves and marries him. Old Squire Western is one of the most famous characters in the book, and a mixture of shrewdness, drollery, roughness and good-heartedness he certainly is.

Other books of this period which have been often spoken of are Smollett's *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, and *Humphrey Clinker*, and Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*; but they are a little tedious to the modern reader, and like Richardson's novels must probably be left on the library shelves.

The last of the good novels of this period is Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*. The perfect simplicity of this story is its eternal recommendation. The Vicar is a simple-minded man, and somebody is always "doing him" or his simple son or his vain wife and daughters. We cannot help liking the old man for his unquenchable cheerfulness under all misfortunes, and the women, though old-fashioned, are not yet out of date in their feminine weaknesses. It is the very shortest of old-time novels. Some may not like so very simple a story, but if one has a sense of sly humor, the Vicar will be found good reading.

There is also a French novel of this period which deserves to be read much more than it is. It is hard to tell just why it has somehow fallen into obscurity, unless it is the fact that it is French, and as unlike any other French novel as possible. It is Le Sage's *Gil Blas*, and the scene is Spain. Gil is not unlike Tom Jones, though more of a wanderer, and goes from one adventure to another. Though some of his experiences are *risqué*, not one of them is offensive or even approaches indecency. The most innocent person will not be offended by any-

thing in *Gil Blas*, for evidently Le Sage was a pure-minded man. The adventures are both exciting and amusing; and there is a fine string of them.

There is nothing subtle about the old-time novels. They are excellent, amusing stories, and that is all. Originally no more than tavern yarns, they have lived because they give us real men and women, and tell the truth about human nature. They are not very refined, and there is nothing aristocratic about them. They come from the people, and have something of the vulgarity of the people about them. But time has softened away the objectionable points. While we may be offended by present-day vulgarity, we probably will not even recognize that of a former age.

CHAPTER IX

THE ROMANTIC NOVELISTS — SCOTT, HUGO, DUMAS

AFTER the publication of the *Vicar of Wakefield* in 1766, for nearly fifty years no great novel appeared. True, there is Frances Burney's *Evalina*, but it is dry reading today. It is also true that some of Jane Austen's best novels were written in this period, but they were not published. The long silence was broken by the anonymous publication of *Waverley* in 1814.

Scott had entered the printing business with James Ballantyne, and later the publishing business. His *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *Lady of the Lake* — story poems as they were — were read like novels, and had brought him thousands of pounds. But his popularity was waning, and he needed some book to make good the losses of bad business investments. *Waverley* had been begun several years before, but as Ballantyne did not like what had been written, it was thrown into a drawer and forgotten. Scott now pulled it out and finished it. It was published, and made an instant success. The name of the author was withheld at first, because Scott was somewhat ashamed of being known as a novelist — he who was famous as a poet; and afterwards because he “had a humor for it,” as he said. Perhaps the mystery of the

“Great Unknown” added some commercial value to the publications.

Waverley is not one of Scott's best. The hero is rather a disagreeable fellow, and the scenes are neither great nor memorable. But the book is noteworthy because it is the first of one of the most successful series of novels ever produced.

The best of the *Waverley* novels is usually considered to be *Ivanhoe*, though many like *Kenilworth*, *Old Mortality*, or *Quentin Durward* better.

Ivanhoe is a tale of the time of Richard I, called the Lion-hearted. Richard has been imprisoned on the continent of Europe, whither he had gone to take part in the Crusades. His brother is on the throne in his absence, and now is preparing to make himself king.

The story opens with preparations for a grand tournament. *Ivanhoe*, the son of a Saxon lord, has secretly returned from the Holy Land, where he has served with Richard, and takes part in the tourney, winning the crown on the first day and choosing Rowena, his cousin, the Queen of Love. But he has seen and been fascinated by Rebecca, a beautiful Jewess, whose father had lent him armor. On the second day *Ivanhoe* is overcome, but he is saved by the entrance of a strange black knight, in reality Richard himself returned. The Black Knight wins the crown, but instantly disappears and leaves *Ivanhoe* to be adjudged the victor of the day.

One of the most amusing scenes is that in the woods when the king feasts with Friar Tuck, the confessor of Robin Hood's men, for Robin Hood and his outlaws play an important part in this story.

One of the most dramatic scenes is the burning of the castle in which De Bracy has imprisoned the beautiful Rowena, the Jewess Rebecca, and the wounded Ivanhoe.

Scott's novels are filled with splendid descriptions, his characters are noble gentlemen and ladies, and he tells of historic events worth chronicling. They are sometimes too long; but it is easy to skip the less interesting passages. Scott can never be said to be tiresome.

Kenilworth is a story of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's lover. He has married Amy Robsart; but that there may be no barrier to his marriage with the Queen, he causes Amy to be made away with. In the course of the story Queen Elizabeth visits the castle of Kenilworth, and we have a splendid description of the historic shows and games, as we had of the tournament in *Ivanhoe*. Our sympathies are with Amy Robsart, and the story of her death is intensely dramatic.

Quite different is the story of *Quentin Durward*—a young Englishman in France in the days of Louis XI. Quentin was sent to escort a certain beautiful Isabelle and her aunt to the Bishop of Liège, on an understanding that a certain outlaw was to capture the girl and marry her. Quentin Durward succeeded in defending his charge, and after many adventures and escapes, was given the girl in marriage.

To many, the best of Scott's novels are his Scottish stories. The best of these is *Old Mortality*, a strictly historical tale of the seventeenth century. But to others a more fascinating tale is *The Heart of Midlothian*, with its pathetic story of Effie and

Jeanie Deans. Other good Scotch novels are *The Monastery*, *Redgauntlet*, and *The Antiquary*. *Guy Mannering* is an English historical story. Other popular romances are *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *Rob Roy*, *Woodstock*, *The Abbot*, *The Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, *St. Ronan's Well*, and *The Pirate*. The only poor stories Scott ever wrote are *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous*, both written when he was declining to his death and kept on writing merely in the hope that he might finish paying off his debts before he died.

In all there are thirty-two of these books. No other English novelist has written so many that continue popular. Dumas is said to have written or attached his name to twelve hundred; but only three or four are considered very well worth reading today. Victor Hugo wrote one great novel, *Les Misérables*, but his next greatest, *The Toilers of the Sea*, is far below the first one. Balzac and Dickens alone have lists to compare with Scott's.

Scott's novels are romantic and interesting. They are on the whole excellent history—indeed, their history is as good as that of Shakespeare. Scott was a noble, generous, lovable man, and his books are as pure and great as he is. There is no fine character-drawing, no sentimental studies of women, no philosophy, no moralizing. But we see a splendid and varied company of gentlemen and ladies of historic Britain, dressed in all the picturesqueness of their age, and passing through a series of scenes as romantic and exciting as gentlemen and ladies could ever participate in. There is nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to be wary of in Scott, and there is nothing that suggests vulgarity. No one

can help loving, admiring, and respecting the man, or enjoying his novels.

Scott's own life is almost as romantic in a way as his novels. His father was a lawyer, and he entered that profession, but did little more than hold a number of salaried positions. His first book was a volume of old ballads which he had collected and partly rewritten. Then came the wonderfully successful poem, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, and after that his two other narrative poems. He was only less popular as a narrative poet than Byron. But he became entangled in business investments with the brothers Ballantyne, old school friends of his, and saved himself and them from bankruptcy only by the lucky venture of *Waverley*, which immediately carried him to world-wide and lasting fame, and put him in the way of earning a million dollars by his writings. "Novelist, critic, historian, poet, the favorite of his age, read over the whole of Europe," says Taine, "he was compared and almost equaled to Shakespeare, had more popularity than Voltaire, made dress-makers and duchesses weep, and earned about £200,000." It was his ambition to found a sort of feudal family, and on land which he purchased at Abbotsford he built a castle in imitation of the ancient knights, "with a tall tower at either end . . . sundry zig-zag gables . . . a myriad of indentations and parapets and machiolated eaves; most fantastic waterspouts; labeled windows, not a few of them painted glass . . . stones carved with innumerable heraldries." Here he kept open house. But in 1825 his publisher, Constable, failed, carrying down the printing firm of James Ballantyne & Co.,

and Scott, because of his partnership interest, found himself liable for debts amounting to over half a million dollars. He immediately set about paying these off by his pen. For a *Life of Napoleon* he got \$90,000, and for the novel *Woodstock* he got \$40,000. He exhausted himself in the effort, and died seven years later, owing only \$150,000, which a publisher advanced on all his copyrights.

He did not begin to write novels until he was forty-two, and then he turned them out with incredible speed. *Waverley* was written in three weeks, and another was written in "six weeks at Christmas." He wrote thirty-two novels in sixteen years, besides doing various other work such as his *Life of Napoleon*.

Taine summarizes his style as a novelist thus: "In history as in architecture he was bent on arranging points of view and Gothic halls. He had neither talent nor leisure to reach the depths of his characters." And again, "After all, his characters, to whatever age he transfers them, are his neighbors—cannie farmers, vain lords, gloved gentlemen, young marriageable ladies, all more or less commonplace."

But the romantic novel was carried to its greatest heights of interest and excitement by Alexandre Dumas and Victor Hugo—especially Dumas. These two young Frenchmen had heard of Scott's fame, and had read his novels, and they made up their minds that this was the popular line to follow. So each brought out a romantic play in Paris, which was successful. Thus the romantic movement was started in France; and it was not long before the

novels began to appear, and were so popular that Dumas set up a sort of novel factory, where he had many people working for him writing novels for which he had orders. In all he turned out over twelve hundred.

Next to Scott, Dumas is the great original historic novelist. His books are not such good history as Scott's, but they are much more interesting. Yet there are few of the twelve hundred bearing the name of Dumas that one cares to read today.

Of these the most characteristic is *The Three Musketeers* and its two sequels, *Twenty Years After*, and *The Vicomte de Bragelonne*.

The three novels cover the period in France from 1625 to 1665, and every page is alive with duels, escapes, intrigues, and all sorts of French adventures. A country lad from Gascony named D'Artagnan comes up to Paris in search of adventure. He is riding a raw-boned yellow pony, and has three crowns in his pocket. The first day he gets into three duels, and in each case makes a friend of his antagonist. These three friends, called Athos, Porthos, and Aramis, follow him through all his adventures. All become great and powerful men in France. This is the point in which the great novelists differ from the lesser. They give us great men, while the little ones give us only common men.

Dumas's success with *The Three Musketeers* has led to many modern books of the same sort, the best of which are probably Stanley Weyman's *House of the Wolf*, *Under the Red Robe*, and *Gentleman of France*, and Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*.

But Dumas wrote one modern, semi-historical novel which has not been imitated so successfully, and if anything it is more famous than *The Three Musketeers*. It is *The Count of Monte Cristo*. (It really appeared before *The Three Musketeers*.)

The hero is a mate of a ship, of which he hopes soon to become captain, and lover of a beautiful girl, whom he hopes soon to marry. The story opens in 1815. The hero is accused by his two rivals (one of whom wants the ship and the other the girl), of being engaged in carrying dangerous information to Napoleon, who is in exile on the island of Elba. He is thrown into prison, where he remains for twenty years.

Among the prisoners is a fellow thought to be mad, who tells of a wonderful treasure hidden on the island of Monte Cristo, off the coast of Italy. Our hero escapes from prison, finds the treasure, and appears in the fashionable world as the rich and mysterious Count of Monte Cristo.

His motive in life now is revenge upon those who had put him in prison. One is a rich banker. Another is a distinguished general. A third is an influential magistrate.

The story is exciting and romantic in the extreme, and ends in tragic and dramatic pathos. Some think the gloomy ending spoils it; but if it has any fault it is that of being, like most of Dumas's novels, a little too long.

The stories already mentioned will give most persons reading enough of this kind; but if more is wanted, we might recommend *The Queen's Necklace* and the three connected novels, *Queen Margot* (or *Marguerite of Valois*), *The Lady of*

Monsoreau, and *The Forty-five*. Less interesting is *The Memoirs of a Physician*, for which Dumas made a study of hypnotism. Also Thackeray recommends a simple little story called *The Black Tulip* — which is so innocent any schoolgirl might read it without offense. The truth is, Dumas is seldom immoral, never indecent. To the above add his two accounts of himself, his *Memoirs* and the story of the animals he loved, *My Pets*.

Dumas's father was the son of a marquis, who had gone to Hayti and married a negress. The novelist was therefore a quadroon. The young fellow came to Paris with nothing, made his fortune as a playwright (his income in one year was \$200,000, it is said), became even more successful as a novelist, built a theater and a chateau which he called Monte Cristo, contracted for forty novels in one year, ruined himself by his recklessness and gaieties, was reduced to poverty, and died with less than he began life with. Throughout his novels we find the same reckless gaiety, and this is the element which makes them so popular. At one extreme is Scott, the honest, the honorable, the faithful; at the other is Dumas, the adventurer, reckless, irresponsible, but good at heart and as much a genius as Scott.

Victor Hugo is undoubtedly a far greater figure in French literature than Dumas. In France he is honored as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of French poets. He was an accomplished artist, and a man of strong and admirable character. Victor Hugo is a large figure in the French history of the nineteenth century, and his one great novel is

a colossal monument to his fame that all may understand and read with intense interest.

Born of a noble family in 1802, he went to Paris and at twenty published a volume of poems that laid the foundation of his literary and artistic reputation. In 1830 he, like Dumas, produced a successful play, and found himself established in French literature. The next year—long before Dumas thought of writing a story—he published *Notre Dame de Paris*, his first great novel. It is a many-sided story of Fate, centered about the famous old cathedral of Notre Dame, the “book” of the Middle Ages.

Many years passed before Victor Hugo was again to appear as a novelist. He wrote plays and poems, and took part in politics. As a result of the revolution which brought Napoleon III to the throne, Victor Hugo was forced into exile, and lived for a number of years in the British island of Guernsey. Here he wrote his one great, monumental novel, *Les Misérables*, which is as fascinating and romantic as it is great as a work of literary art and a portrayal of social conditions and a study of universal human nature. When it appeared in 1862 Dumas had made his fame and fortune and had fallen into poverty, Thackeray was dead, and Dickens had but a few years to live. Balzac and Poe were already gone some years, and Hawthorne had but two more years to live. In a way, *Les Misérables* is a summary of all these.

The principal character is Jean Valjean, a criminal who again and again builds up his little social position, only to see it crumble in an hour when his prison record is revealed. He wanders through

Paris, and into the provinces of France, and stops on the battlefield of Waterloo. Everywhere he finds tragedy, human joy and suffering, and incidents that hold the attention breathless. Nothing seems forced or strange or unusual, yet everything is as dramatic as the most fanciful imaginations of Scott or Dumas. And like Dickens, Hugo has given us a long roll of notable characters.

Les Misérables is an immense book, extending into six large volumes, and would require two or three months to read through carefully. It is a sort of library of fiction, to be compared to Balzac's *Comédie Humaine*, or Zola's *Rougon-Macquart* series of novels. Few will read it from preface to finis, but it does not need to be read as a whole, for every book, nearly every chapter, is fairly complete in itself.

Hugo wrote only three other novels, *Toilers of the Sea*, which has some fine descriptions of life at the bottom of the ocean, *Ninety-three*, his last, and *The Man Who Laughs*, an inferior work.

Though Eugene Sue is not reckoned a great novelist, two of his books which appeared when the fame of Dumas was at its height have continued to be read. They are *The Wandering Jew* and *The Mysteries of Paris*. The story of *The Wandering Jew* is based on the legend of the man at whose door the Savior asked to rest His cross only to receive the reply "Go on!" "Thou shalt go on forever!" answered the Savior, and the Jew became an eternal wanderer. One of his descendants turned Catholic to save his fortune, but his secret was discovered and his estate confiscated, all but a hundred and

fifty thousand francs, which was left to accumulate for a hundred and fifty years, when it might be claimed by certain of his heirs. The story is largely concerned with the various ways in which the Jesuits hunt down all the heirs but a young priest who has made over to the society all his fortune. But they are defeated in the end. The book is written from the extreme Protestant point of view, and is a series of episodes and exciting adventures.

In the romantic and historical school of Scott an important writer is the American, James Fenimore Cooper. He first tried an English domestic novel, which he published at his own expense; but Scott, whose novels were then at the height of their popularity (1820), inspired him with different ambitions, and he wrote *The Pilot* to correct the nautical errors of Scott's *Pirate*.

Cooper wrote a large number of novels, but the ones chiefly read today are those which describe American pioneer life. His characters are less real and individual than Scott's even; but his fine pictures of the woods, the Indians, and the adventures of the early pioneers have never been surpassed.

His first readable novel is *The Spy*, in which appears his one good character, Harvey Birch. The others of special interest are in the so-called Leather-stocking series, and are—

The Pioneers, 1823.

The Pilot, 1823.

The Last of the Mohicans, 1826 (called his best).

The Prairie, 1827.

The Pathfinder, 1840.

The Deerslayer, 1841.

Wyandotte, 1843.

The Redskins, 1846 (the least notable).

Bulwer-Lytton was a prolific novelist, but only one of his stories remains to us as indisputably great. That is *The Last Days of Pompeii*, which we read for its history quite as much as for its fascinating story.

Charles Kingsley a little later produced two good novels, *Hypatia* and *Westward Ho!* *Hypatia* is an historical account of Egypt in the days when Alexandria was the flourishing city, and *Hypatia* is truly and learnedly drawn. The narrative is by no means so exciting as most other famous historical novels.

Captain Frederick Marryat was popular in his day, but he seems to be little read in the present age. His most popular novel was *Mr. Midshipman Easy*, and *The Phantom Ship* is said to be the best sea novel ever written. *The Pacha of Many Tales* is a collection of most romantic and exciting short stories, told by one man, and probably the best worth reading of anything Marryat has left.

The last of the great historical novelists was Charles Reade, whose *Cloister and the Hearth* is considered by many one of the greatest novels of this kind ever written. But its fame is shared by his Dickensesque stories *Never Too Late to Mend*, *Hard Cash*, and *Put Yourself in His Place*.

Among modern historical novelists Gen. Lew Wallace with his *Ben Hur, a Tale of the Christ*, and the Polish writer, Henryk Sienkiewicz, with his *Quo Vadis* and other novels, are most likely to become classic.

CHAPTER X

THE REALISTIC NOVELISTS—DICKENS, THACKERAY, BALZAC

THE pendulum of human interest swings quickly from one side to the other. Within five years of the appearance of the last of the Waverley novels there appeared in England a novelist as great as Scott and in every way his direct antithesis. Scott was a splendid story-teller. With a swift brush he painted large scenes and large characters. His brilliant pageantry moved easily and steadily from the beginning to the end of more than thirty novels, most of which were published in three stately volumes. In 1835 came Dickens, with his disconnected sketches of ordinary types of Englishmen. His first great success, *Pickwick*, was written from week to week as it was published. The author never knew three chapters ahead what would happen to his characters; nor did it matter. He had his characters, he had Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller and the rest; what mattered anything else? As the story went on something would happen to them, and that was enough.

And with Dickens we have an entirely different style of writing. The Waverley novels are written with more or less fine language, large words, sweeping phrases; *Pickwick* was a great bubbling mass of sentiment and emotion, pathos, humor, the cold feeling, the hot feeling, the shaky feeling, the melan-

choly feeling, the riotous feeling — one might go on forever. With every turn of his pen this new magician plays upon our heart-strings, possesses us, fills us, makes us laugh or cry at will. The very collocation of his words causes our flesh to quiver and the blood to leap in our veins, and holds our attention spell-bound. What Jane Austen did in her fine way, to the despair of Scott, Dickens did in his big, coarse, splashing way, and with ten times the genius.

Dickens's father was a poor man in the navy-pay office, at first with a yearly salary of £80. Micawber in *David Copperfield* was drawn from him. Even when he got as much as £350 a year he was always in debt, and finally landed in the Marshalsea, which Dickens so vividly describes in *Little Dorrit*.

While still a child, Charles was sent to work in a blacking warehouse, described as the establishment of Murdstone & Grinby in *David Copperfield*. He had a terribly hard life of it. But after a while he was taken away and sent to school for a short time, finally studying shorthand and becoming a newspaper reporter of the debates in Parliament at a time when these were taken down verbatim.

By the time he was twenty-four he was getting about thirty-five dollars a week. He tried a few sketches in a magazine (*Sketches by Boz*) which were successful in their way, and finally was asked by Chapman & Hall to write the text for some sporting pictures by a noted artist of the day. This turned out to be *Pickwick*; it became instantly popular, and Dickens was a famous novelist before he was twenty-five. He wrote about twenty novels, and earned as much money as Scott (a million dol-

lars), though many more copies of his novels have been published. He may be considered the most popular English novelist that ever wrote.

Pickwick, Dickens's first novel, is undoubtedly also his most humorous. It tells of the doings of a farcical club headed by Mr. Pickwick. But Pickwick's servant, Sam Weller, is the most amusing character in it, and as a character probably the most famous in all Dickens's works.

Next to *Pickwick* in popularity, and by many liked much better, is *David Copperfield*. This is nothing less than a pathetic and intensely human autobiography of Dickens himself, with certain fictitious additions. David Copperfield is Charles Dickens (notice the reversed initials), Micawber is Dickens's own father, and Dora was Dickens's first love. Only a passionately sympathetic heart could have conceived this story, and only a man with an overflowing genius for work could have written it in the spontaneous and natural way that Dickens did.

Third in the list of popularity is probably *The Old Curiosity Shop*, in which appears Little Nell, the description of whose pathetic death is found in every school reader. This volume also tells the story of Mr. Quilp the dwarf, the Marchioness, and Dick Swiveller. *Oliver Twist* was written partly as an attack on workhouses in Dickens's day. It tells us the story of a poor waif, and takes us among thieves, introducing us to the famous Fagin, Bill Sikes and Nancy. *Little Dorrit* is the story of the Marshalsea, the great debtors' prison in which Dickens's own father at one time resided. *Dombey & Son* tells the pathetic story of little Paul Dombey,

the boy mate to Little Nell; *Martin Chuzzlewit* introduces us to the inimitable Pecksniff and family. *Barnaby Rudge* is a sort of detective story, telling of a murder and how it was found out. *Bleak House* and *Nicholas Nickleby* are also considered to be among the best of Dickens's novels.

By many his greatest is thought to be *A Tale of Two Cities*, an intensely dramatic historical novel of the French Revolution. It is entirely different from anything else Dickens ever wrote, yet the pathetic and sympathetic character-drawing makes it entirely unlike the historical novels of Scott or Dumas.

His short Christmas stories are also among his best work, especially *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth*. Either may be read in an hour or two. W. E. Henley considers *Barbox Bros.*, a beautiful and simple story of a lame girl, a little child, and a man running away from his birthday, even better; but it is not found in most complete editions and only recently has been published in separate form.

When the name of Dickens is mentioned that of Thackeray is also always on the tongue, yet there are large numbers even of the most refined people who do not find Thackeray as good reading as Dickens. It takes a quiet person, with a sense for the intellectual, the sarcastic, and the ironical as opposed to the sentimental and humorous, a person with gentlemanly or ladylike instincts, to fall quite into sympathy with Thackeray. But those who love him, love him with an intensity surpassing their feeling for any other author. Thackeray penetrates

life with his keen shafts. He is strong because of his reserves, Dickens because of his lack of reserve. Thackeray has polish and elegance of style, he is a master of the best English, and handles it with the ease and grace of inborn, hereditary skill. He could not have made such personal confessions as *David Copperfield* or *Little Dorrit*, he could not have laid the color on with the indiscriminate profusion of *Pickwick* or the scenes describing Little Nell. He was in no sense a great emotional artist, for only now and then does he lose himself. Such passages as the death of Colonel Newcome are few in Thackeray. He is more often ridiculing foibles than gaining our sympathy for admirable sinners. He bites and stings; and unless we have a fine heart to perceive it we never become aware that he is winning too, that under his cynical perception of the truth of things in this world, especially in the aristocratic society which alone he knew and of which alone he wrote, he has a great and loving heart, a heart tender and forgiving, sympathetic even when he ridicules most unmercifully. It is this great loving heart, so hidden that it can be seen only by those who are truly his friends, that makes Thackeray, the belated exponent of a class in itself repulsive to the average democrat of today, in some respects the greatest writer of fiction in the English language. He has grave faults: he is always preaching; he is seldom very hopeful; he had no great belief in himself or his mission in the world. But language in his hands is almost a living and breathing entity, a polished, perfect instrument. And Thackeray teaches the great lessons of restraint, of patience, and thoughtful study of life, of the little,

nameless compensations which after all to most of us alone make life really worth living.

Thackeray was born and brought up as an English gentleman. His parents were married and lived in India, belonging to the great British civil service there. But his father died when he was young, and his mother married again and took him to England. He had his small fortune, and little thought of worrying about money till in middle life he found his substance gone through injudicious speculation, and his pen the principal means by which he could earn a living. He married and had several daughters, but his wife became insane. This was the only cloud on his domestic life.

Thackeray's early books are not remarkable. *Samuel Titmarsh* and even *Barry Lyndon* are not and never have been popular. It was not until 1848, a dozen years after Dickens (a year the younger man) had become famous with *Pickwick*, that Thackeray really took his place among the great English novelists on the publication of *Vanity Fair*. Thackeray's novels never attained the sale that Dickens's did, and never yielded anything like as much money.

The sub-title of *Vanity Fair* was "A Novel Without a Hero." The heroine, Becky Sharp, however, was hero and heroine in one. It is said that Thackeray's women are weak; but no finer portrayal of feminine character is to be found in modern literature than that of Becky Sharp in *Vanity Fair*.

The Newcomes is considered a greater novel by some. It presents much more lovable characters, Colonel Newcome being one of the most lovable in fiction; and Clive Newcome, and Ethel Newcome

whom he loves, are of the same stuff as the well-bred, educated people we see about us and number as our friends and most cherished companions.

Pendennis is in the same vein as *The Newcomes*, and involves some of the same characters, but it is not so strong a novel by any means, though perhaps more sentimental.

Henry Esmond is an historical novel, and may perhaps be considered the highest type of historical novel ever written. It never has had the popularity of Scott's, but its characters are undoubtedly much stronger and more carefully drawn than any of his. Lady Castlewood and Beatrix are as real as if they had lived in the flesh, and yet as interesting as any a romancer ever imagined.

His fifth great novel is *The Virginians*, a sort of sequel to *Esmond*.

Only five novels! but they are of a kind to do for Thackeray what *Les Misérables* did for Victor Hugo as compared with the popular and productive Dumas. Thackeray and Hugo are both most admired, and rank highest in the literary firmament, in spite of the perennial popularity of Dickens and Dumas.

We have now considered the great romantic artists, who cared for point of view, Gothic castles, and the events of history; and likewise the great domestic story tellers, who, like Dickens, have sacrificed plot and scene to character portrayal.

We have reserved until the present a novelist of France who may ultimately be counted the greatest master of modern fiction. He was a contemporary of Victor Hugo and Alexandre Dumas, but he took

no part in the romantic movement. Indeed, the critics of his own day would have nothing to do with him. His works, far more numerous than Scott's and almost as bulky, sold in sufficient numbers to enable him to pay the debts his lack of business experience caused him to contract in various speculations; but even his own fellow citizens of Tours snubbed him so unmercifully that in sorrow he decided not to give to that town his large and valuable library, as he had intended to do. Only recently have his books been adequately translated into English, and now only a portion are accessible. He is the last great classic to come upon the stage; and the thoughtful young writers of today whisper among themselves that the Master is Balzac.

Victor Hugo, Dumas, George Sand, the representatives of the romantic movement, are fascinating story-tellers, but they are not true to human nature. Their works abound in glaring faults in the grammar of human life. They were so wrapped up in the thrills their tales were to excite that they had small time to think seriously about the minuter facts. They have never analyzed the principles of life. What observation chanced to bring them they used in the most effective way; and as we read *Les Misérables* and *Consuelo* we are shocked at every point by the inconsistency of the characters, the false ring of the speeches they make and the acts they perform. The color has been laid on thick and hot, and flames with overpowering brilliancy; but the drawing will not bear close inspection.

In Scott we find no such inaccuracies of characterization, however many faults of grammar there may be. The Englishman is a master at character-

ization, and in no great English novelists do we find the inaccuracies of thought and feeling which characterize the French romancers. But in all Scott's pageantry, with his hundreds of figures, we find but relatively few types, and even they are not very profound or wonderful. They are the common, everyday men Scott knew, dressed up in the clothes of history and romance. And though they are all true enough as far as they go, the same type appears again and again with a different feather in his cap and a fresh name to be hailed by. And Dickens and Thackeray have drawn but a few types, those they themselves had come personally in contact with and known by habit and instinct. These they have immortalized, and repeated often enough for us to understand them in all their phases. The types in their books are drawn unconsciously. They were no deep students of the varieties of human nature, nor of the underlying principles of life. Their time and effort were devoted to the art of representation, in which, each in his own peculiar line, they excelled all other men.

But Balzac essayed to write the whole *Comedy of Humanity* (he called his books the *Comédie Humaine*). He presents his characters one after the other, beginning with Parisian life, and then takes up the life of the provinces, political life, military life, in each presenting a series of characters that accurately represent the historical types of his own age in France. He is a Frenchman, his characters and his ideals are French, and he omits the innocent, lovely rose of English purity: he writes no idylls. But a person with broad mind and catholic tastes cannot help feeling the masterly touch.

His personal history is that of a worker. Before he was thirty he had published a dozen novels to which he did not attach his name. They were for practice. Then he came out with *Les Chouans*, which attracted some attention. In the next few years he wrote and gave to the world some ninety compositions, long and short, mostly full-fledged books.

His friends had told him he had no talent, and his native town never honored him; but by industry alone he overcame all difficulties, and by sheer force of character took his place among the great novelists of his age. Most of the money he earned was devoted to paying off his debts; and when that was accomplished and he had married the lady he loved, he died.

Not all of Balzac's novels will be liked by the English reader, and they differ immensely in subject, character, and interest.

The most popular of his stories, perhaps, because it treats of the rotten though dramatic life of Paris, is *Père Goriot*, the story of a simple old man whose daughters become fashionable, and to whose passions he is made to minister, while his own comforts in life are heartlessly sacrificed.

Rivaling *Père Goriot* as Balzac's masterpiece is *Eugénie Grandet*, a story of country life utterly devoid of the excitement with which the Parisian story abounds. Eugénie is the daughter of a rich miser, who deprives her and her mother almost of the necessities of life. She meets and learns to love her cousin, Charles Grandet. He goes to the West Indies where he begins to build his fortunes with the savings Eugénie has given him. But the girl's

mother dies, and then her father, and she is left a rich heiress. Not knowing this, Charles writes asking her to release him that he may marry an heiress. Eugénie never thinks of her own sacrifice, but gives him his liberty, and even secretly pays his father's debts lest they hamper him in his career. She ends her life in works of philanthropy.

It is a simple story, but told with the hard exactness of fate and truth, and it is this profound truth that makes it appeal to us so powerfully.

Many are very fond of *The Country Doctor*. The first half of the book tells the simple life and good works of this remarkable man; but the intense interest of the story is in the recital of the romantic early life of this strange man—his own story of himself which fills the second half of the book.

Cousin Pons tells the story of a collector of curios, for whose property various relatives are intriguing. *Cousine Bette* teaches us the lengths to which a Parisian middle-class family will go to get the money to maintain their respectability, and the catastrophes which are likely to follow when character is rotten at the bottom. *La Duchesse de Langeais* is one of the shorter and more exciting stories of Parisian love. *César Birroteau* portrays the typical life of a Parisian lawyer, and *The House of Nucingen* that of a Parisian banker, while in *The Illustrious Gaudissart* we have the French drummer or traveling salesman.

In still another series of novels, much less generally read, Balzac goes into philosophy and even the mysticism of Swedenborg. The most philosophic of these novels is *Louis Lambert*, the most mystical and Swedenborgian is *Seraphita*, the story

of an angel, so to speak. *The Magic Skin* is symbolic, and *The Search for the Absolute* gives us most realistically the mystic and self-sacrificing life of an inventor.

Zola has attempted to do for his time what Balzac did for his, and in stories of the *Rougon-Macquart* family tells us the life histories of as varied a series of characters. The thing that made Balzac great, however, is his profound knowledge of human nature and the laws of human life, while Zola is bent on telling the thrilling stories he has found in different classes of society which, as a journalist, he has investigated.

Balzac and Zola handle contemporary life in much the same spirit that the romantic novelists handle the life of a past age; but Balzac is also a realistic student of character, and the interest in his characters predominates over the interest in his subjects and scenes. He is as much a master of description, however, as Scott or Victor Hugo. But much of Balzac's and Zola's realism is distasteful to the English or American reader. To be appreciated they must be read intellectually and not emotionally.

Among the great realists, or novelists of character and domestic life, we must include the women who have written fiction. Of these the greatest is George Eliot, whose novels rank below those of Dickens and Thackeray only because they are lacking in humor and fun. They are very serious, but they give us women as they really are in heart and soul and emotion. The best of George Eliot's novels is *Middlemarch*, the story of an English country

village and especially of an interesting educated young woman, Dorothea Casaubon. But there are other and almost equally interesting quiet English characterizations. More dramatic in its plot is *Adam Bede*, which tells the story of a girl who had an illegitimate child which she destroyed. *The Mill on the Floss* begins by realistically describing the everyday life of two children, a boy and a girl, and many will find the first half of the book very dull and commonplace. The last half is dramatic enough, however, to make up for the dullness of the first part. At one time *Romola*, the stateliest of all George Eliot's novels, was considered her greatest; but its appeal to the reader of today has somewhat faded. *Daniel Deronda* is considered less successful, though *Silas Marner* is a classic.

To many, Jane Austen is greater even than George Eliot. She wrote in the early part of the century, even before the appearance of the Waverley novels; but her stories are read as much today as they ever were. They are fine and exceedingly true portrayals of the uneventful but interesting heart-life of a number of different young women in English country villages. Some consider *Emma* her greatest story; but it is less interesting than *Sense and Sensibility* (a study of two girls, one representing sense and the other sensibility) and *Pride and Prejudice* (the story of the marrying off of five daughters, one of whom is especially interesting and is the heroine). Jane Austen is notable in that she has a lively though quiet sense of humor that runs through all her work.

Another charming, simple, and rather amusing

study of English village life is Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, a book well worth reading if one is interested in the unheroic struggles and devotions of women.

Of modern writers in this style, Mary Wilkins is probably the best, her short stories being superior to her novels.

There are two women's novels entirely different from any that have gone before or that have come after. They are *Jane Eyre* by Charlotte Brontë and *Wuthering Heights* by Emily Brontë.

The lives of these girls were sad and unfortunate. They belonged to a respectable family, and throughout maintained their respectability shut in by conventionality and suffering from poverty. *Jane Eyre* is a girl whose mind and not her face was her fortune. The story is in reality the autobiography of the inner tempestuous life of Charlotte Brontë herself. Jane is governess in the family of an eccentric man named Rochester, who was at one time the hero of half the women of England. He loved Jane and asked her to marry him, but at the altar it is discovered that he has a wife living, whom he had looked on as dead because she was insane. So the lovers are parted to be united only in a tragedy.

Wuthering Heights is a story of love and revenge within the conventionalities of English higher-class life, and extends over two generations. As a study of love and the far-reaching effects of its disappointment, it is a powerful though gloomy story, and by no means so finely artistic as *Jane Eyre*.

Another woman's work in a class by itself is Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, which to this day is found in the list of the half-dozen best

selling books, equaling the sales of the latest current novel. It is a wonderfully humorous, pathetic, and sympathetic picture of Southern life before the war, and probably as exact as most historical fiction, though many Southerners violently resent its claim to truthfulness.

Among writers of the opening of the twentieth century, the most widely read are H. G. Wells, with a long list of novels starting with *The War of the Worlds*; John Galsworthy, with *Fraternity*, and others; Arnold Bennett, whose *Old Wives' Tales* was his first and best, and George Moore, with his *Esther Waters*, *Confessions of a Young Man*, etc. In the United States, Theodore Dreiser, with none of the brilliancy of style of the English writers, commands attention by his sincere determination to picture life as he actually sees it.

CHAPTER XI

THE SHORT STORY — POE, HAWTHORNE, MAUPASSANT

AS WE have seen, the original form of modern fiction was that of the short story — the tavern tale rendered in classic language by Boccaccio in *The Decameron* and by the unknown author of *The Arabian Nights*.

All the great novelists wrote more or less short stories. Irving's *Rip Van Winkle* and *A Legend of Sleepy Hollow* are classics. Balzac was a master of the short story, and in *A Passion in the Desert* and *La Grande Bretèche* we have two of the most powerful stories ever written. Dickens and Thackeray are also short story tellers of rare accomplishments. *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, and *The Cricket on the Hearth* are among Dickens's best work; and scattered through his novels we find such complete narratives as "The Five Sisters of York" in *Nicholas Nickleby*. "The Princess's Tragedy" is a chapter in Thackeray's *Barry Lyndon*.

But Edgar Allan Poe is the father of the modern short story, the short story as a refined work of art rather than merely a simple short narrative.

There is an impression that all of Poe's stories are gruesome, but this is not true. The most famous of his narratives are his three great detective stories, *The Gold-Bug*, *The Murders in the Rue Morgue*, and *The Purloined Letter*. Only the

second has the elements of terror in it. *The Gold-Bug* is the original treasure-finding and cipher-reading story. *The Purloined Letter* and *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* introduce Dupin, the French amateur detective, father of Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes* (who by the way is an excellent son). That Poe was a real and not a sham detective he demonstrated in his analysis of the real case of Marie Roget, in which he used the newspaper reports of a New York mystery and came to conclusions that were afterward verified.

Another kind of story which Poe originated was the tale of imaginary science. His stories of this kind are none of them gruesome, with the single exception of *The Case of M. Valdemar*. The first story he wrote of this kind was *Ms. Found in a Bottle*. This was followed by *Hans Pfaal's Voyage to the Moon*, *A Descent into the Mæhlstrom*, *Mel-lonta Tauta*, and *The Thousand-and-Second Tale of Scheherazade*.

A still different type of story is his prose poems, such as the beautiful *Eleonora*, and his studies in landscape, such as *The Island of the Fay*, *The Domain of Arnheim*, and *Landor's Cottage*.

His terrible and thrilling stories, by which he is best known, have never been surpassed. The best is *William Wilson*, the story of a double; but still more gruesome are *The Black Cat*, *Berenice*, *The Tell-Tale Heart*, and *The Cask of Amontillado*. Less horrible and unnatural, but curious and interesting, are *The Man of the Crowd*, *Hop-Frog*, and *The Pit and the Pendulum*. His *Fall of the House of Usher* is unique.

Poe's life was one of hardship and unhappiness,

and he was terribly libeled by his biographer Griswold, who hated him for the scathing reviews Poe had written of his books. So the great poet and story-writer has been painted in the popular mind much blacker than he really was, according to the latest and most authentic evidence. But he was certainly the most original genius America has produced. When he had made a success in one kind of story he did not care to go on writing more stories of that kind, but originated another type.

Hawthorne is better known as a novelist, the author of *The Scarlet Letter*, *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*, than as a short-story writer; but he alone among Americans has approached Poe as a teller of tales. His reputation was first made by two volumes of short stories called *Twice-Told Tales*, among which are the deeply interesting *Gray Champion*, *The Great Carbuncle*, *David Swan*, *Howe's Masquerade*, *The Ambitious Guest*, and *The Three-fold Destiny*. Many like the *Mosses from an Old Manse* better, or consider *The Birthmark* his masterpiece. *Drowne's Wooden Image* is a remarkable tale, and *Rapaccini's Daughter* (the girl who was brought up on poisons and whose kiss was poison) is most weird. The most popular story for children is *The Snow Image*, and *The Great Stone Face* (which I like best of all) appeals alike to young and old. *Ethan Brand* is another good story in this collection, and children will be fascinated by *Little Daffydowndilly*.

Hawthorne's stories are all more or less fantastic allegories, written in unexceptionably beautiful and perfect English. The author was a recluse, and

his stories are stories of loneliness in one form or another. Those who like solitude will be very fond of him; those who like gaiety, liveliness, and society will find him depressing.

The other great American short story writers include Bret Harte, author of *The Luck of Roaring Camp* and *The Outcasts of Poker Flat*; Edward Everett Hale, author of *The Man Without a Country*; Frank Stockton, author of *The Lady or the Tiger?* and Mary E. Wilkins. As belonging in this class may be included the Englishman Thomas Hardy's *Life's Little Ironies*, which are full of fun.

More perfect in his art than either Poe or Hawthorne is the modern writer Guy de Maupassant. His stories are most of them very short; but not a word is wasted, and they tell as much as stories much longer. His most perfect tales are not accessible in English because they are slightly improper. The two best are said to be *Boule de Suif* (*Butter-Ball*) and *La Maison Tellier* (*Madame Tellier's Girls*, or *The Tellier Establishment*). The thirteen tales in *The Odd Number*, translated by Jonathan Sturgis, are unexceptionable, however, and intensely interesting.

The French have perfected the artistic short story or *conte*, as they call it, and there are many good tales in that language. One of the most famous is the old-fashioned *Paul and Virginia*, a simple rustic love story, and Prosper Mérimée, the contemporary of Balzac, wrote some excellent tales. One might mention also Daudet with his *Pope's Mule*, Gauthier, and Zola's *Attack on the Mill*.

But far stronger stories than those just men-

tioned are the great Russian tales of Tolstoi and Turgeniev. Tolstoi is better known by his great novels, *The Cossacks*, *War and Peace*, and *Anna Karénina*. But *The Long Exile*, *What Men Live By*, and other short tales are unsurpassed for dramatic force. Turgeniev's *First Love* is a rather-long short story, but an intensely interesting one. *A Lear of the Steppes* is regarded as his classic. But there are others equally good. Gorky's *Twenty-Six*, and *One Other* is a more recent story in quite the best Russian style.

Of modern writers of short stories Kipling is doubtless the greatest; but his early books, such as *Plain Tales from the Hills*, *Soldiers Three*, *Phantom Rickshaw*, *Wee Willie Winkie*, etc., are probably better than the later ones, though in the later books a strong story will be found here and there.

No greater short story has been published in modern times than Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, and Gilbert Parker has published some excellent short stories in *Pierre and His People*. Among story writers who have become famous in the early part of the twentieth century, the American O. Henry has perhaps attracted most attention.

NOTE.—Many of the stories here referred to may be found in *A Selection from the World's Greatest Short Stories*, edited by Sherwin Cody.

CHAPTER XII

CLASSIC STORIES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

THE boy or girl who has grown up without reading *Robinson Crusoe*, *The Arabian Nights*, and *Gulliver's Travels* is to be pitied; but it is to be presumed that there are few such. These books are good alike for young and old.

For young children, fairy tales are usually considered the first to become familiar with, and of these the best are Grimm's and Hans Christian Andersen's. There are many volumes variously edited, and all are fairly good. A modern fairy tale that is also a classic is Kingsley's *Water Babies*, and even better are Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland* and Kipling's *Jungle Book*.

There is also *Æsop's Fables*.

But when boys and girls get a little older they want to find what is to them a really good book. I know none better than Louisa M. Alcott's *Little Women*. It is the story of four girls and a boy; but boys will like it almost as well as the girls.

Boys will be especially interested in the lives of great men, and of these none is better than Franklin's *Autobiography*. He tells just how he worked, and what he did, and how he succeeded, and tells it in simple, natural English. And next to this one will like a good life of Washington or Lincoln, of which there are many.

Hawthorne wrote many good stories for young people, and of these the simplest are his *Wonder Book* and *Tanglewood Tales* from the ancient Greek, and his *Biographical Stories of Great Men*. But readers a little older will like even better such stories as *The Snow-Image*, *The Great Stone Face*, etc.

There is a remarkable book not very widely known, entitled *Moby-Dick, or the Great White Whale*, by Herman Melville. It is not all as interesting as the last part, in which the giant whale named Moby-Dick is hunted down and killed, though not until he has sunk the ship and boats of the men who have pursued him and taken his life.

For adventure there are no more classic books than Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, and Stevenson's *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and *David Balfour*. Not quite so literary but equally interesting are *The Boys of Seventy-Six*, *Green Mountain Boys*, *Scottish Chiefs*, *Thaddeus of Warsaw*, Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*, and *The Swiss Family Robinson*.

Last of all we must mention *Tom Brown's School-days*, which, though very English, is very interesting. *John Halifax, Gentleman*, by Miss Mulock, is also a fine English story.

Though not stories precisely, Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare* and Dickens's *Child's History of England* are quite as fascinating as if they were pure fiction.

In these days the Bible seems to be neglected somewhat, and not all children are familiar with the fine stories for young people with which the Old Testament is filled. There are, to be sure,

uninteresting genealogies and other things mixed in with the stories; but there is nothing in Grimm or Andersen to equal the stories of Adam and Eve, of Cain and Abel, of Noah and the Flood, of David and Goliath, of Daniel in the Lion's Den, and of Jonah and the Whale.

INDEX OF RECOMMENDED BOOKS

The following are the books the author would choose for a small public or private library for general reading. Of course this list should be supplemented by a judicious selection of books on history, science, and economics, as well as works of reference, and books by writers of the present day.

Books for young people are marked "juv."

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|--|---|
| ADDISON, JOSEPH (1672-1719). | BACON, FRANCIS (1561-1626). |
| Essays from the <i>Spectator</i> . | <i>Essays</i> . |
| ALCOTT, LOUISA M. (1833-1888). | BALZAC, HONORÉ DE (1799-1850). |
| <i>Little Women</i> (juv.). | <i>The Country Doctor</i> . |
| ANDERSEN, HANS CHRISTIAN (1805-1875). | <i>Eugénie Grandet</i> . |
| <i>Fairy Tales</i> (juv.). | <i>Père Goriot</i> . |
| ÆSOP'S FABLES (75 B. C.) (juv.). | <i>The Duchess de Langeais</i> . |
| ARNOLD, MATTHEW (1822-1888). | <i>The Alkahest</i> . |
| <i>Culture and Anarchy</i> . | <i>César Birotteau</i> . |
| <i>Poems</i> . | <i>Cousin Pons</i> . |
| ARABIAN NIGHTS (1450-1704-'07) (juv.). | BARRIE, J. M. (1860-). |
| AURELIUS, MARCUS (121-180 A. D.). | <i>The Little Minister</i> . |
| <i>Meditations</i> . | <i>A Window in Thrums</i> . |
| AUSTEN, JANE (1775-1817). | <i>Sentimental Tommy</i> . |
| <i>Sense and Sensibility</i> . | <i>Tommy and Grizel</i> . |
| <i>Pride and Prejudice</i> . | BIBLE. |
| <i>Emma</i> . | BLACKMORE, R. D. (1825-1900). |
| | <i>Lorna Doone</i> . |
| | BOSWELL, JAMES (1740-1795). |
| | <i>Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson</i> (1791). |

- BRONTË, CHARLOTTE (1816-1855).
Jane Eyre.
- BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT (1806-1861).
Poems.
- BROWNING, ROBERT (1812-1889).
Poems.
- BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN (1794-1878).
Poems.
- BULWER-LYTTON, EDWARD (1803-1873).
The Last Days of Pompeii.
- BUNYAN, JOHN (1628-1688).
Pilgrim's Progress.
- BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796).
Poems.
- BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824).
Poems.
- CARLYLE, THOMAS (1795-1881).
Essays.
- CERVANTES SAAVEDRA, DE, MIGUEL (1547-1616).
Don Quixote.
- CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. (Mark Twain) (1835-1910).
Innocents Abroad.
Huckleberry Finn (juv.).
Tom Sawyer (juv.).
Joan of Arc (juv.).
- COLERIDGE, S. T. (1772-1834).
Poems.
- COOPER, JAMES FENIMORE (1789-1851).
The Spy (juv.).
The Last of the Mohicans.
The Prairie.
The Pathfinder.
The Deerslayer.
- CRAIK, DINAH MARIA (Miss Mulock) (1826-1887).
John Halifax, Gentleman (juv.).
- DANA, RICHARD HENRY (1815-1882).
Two Years Before the Mast (juv.).
- DEFOE, DANIEL (1661-1731).
Robinson Crusoe (juv.).
- DE QUINCEY, THOMAS (1785-1859).
Confessions of an English Opium Eater.
The English Mail Coach.
- DICKENS, CHARLES (1812-1870).
Pickwick Papers.
Oliver Twist.
The Old Curiosity Shop.
A Christmas Carol.
The Cricket on the Hearth (juv.).
Dombey & Son.
David Copperfield (juv.).
Little Dorrit.
A Tale of Two Cities.
- DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (1804-1881).
Vivian Grey.
- DODGSON, CHARLES LUTWIDGE (Lewis Carroll) (1832-1898).
Alice in Wonderland (juv.).
- DOYLE, SIR A. CONAN (1859-).
Adventures of Sherlock Holmes.
- DUMAS, ALEXANDRE (1803-1870).
The Count of Monte Cristo.
The Three Musketeers.
Twenty Years After.
The Vicomte de Bragelonne.
The Black Tulip.

- ELIOT, GEORGE (pseud.)
(1819-1880).
Adam Bede.
Middlemarch.
Mill on the Floss
Romola.
Silas Marner.
- EMERSON, RALPH WALDO
(1803-1882).
Essays.
- FIELDING, HENRY (1707-
1754).
Tom Jones.
- FITZGERALD, EDWARD (1809-
1883).
*Rubaiyat of Omar Khay-
yan.*
- FRANKLIN, BENJAMIN (1706-
1790).
Autobiography (juv.).
Poor Richard's Almanac.
- GASKELL, MRS. ELIZABETH
CLEGHORN (1810-1865).
Cranford.
- GOLDSMITH, OLIVER (1728-
1774).
Vicar of Wakefield.
The Deserted Village.
She Stoops to Conquer
(play).
- GRIMM BROTHERS (1785-
1863, 1786-1859).
Fairy Tales (juv.).
- HALE, EDWARD EVERETT
(1822-1909).
*The Man Without a
Country* (juv.).
- HARDY, THOMAS (1840-).
*Far from the Madding
Crowd.*
Tess of the D'Urbervilles.
Life's Little Ironies.
- HARTE, BRET (1839-1902).
*The Luck of Roaring
Camp.*
*The Outcasts of Poker
Flat.*
- HAWTHORNE, NATHANIEL
(1804-1864).
Twice-Told Tales.
*House of the Seven
Gables.*
The Scarlet Letter.
Blithedale Romance.
*Mosses from an Old
Manse.*
Wonder Stories (juv.).
Tanglewood Tales (juv.).
- HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL
(1809-1894).
*Autocrat of the Breakfast
Table.*
Poems.
- HUGHES, THOMAS (1823-
1896).
Tom Brown's Schooldays
(juv.).
- HUGO, VICTOR (1802-1885).
Notre Dame.
Les Misérables.
Toilers of the Sea.
- IRVING, WASHINGTON (1783-
1859).
The Sketch Book.
The Alhambra.
*Knickerbocker's History
of New York.*
- KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821).
Poems.
- KIPLING, RUDYARD (1865-).
Soldiers Three, etc.
Jungle Book (juv.).
Kim.
Captains Courageous.
- KINGSLEY, CHARLES (1819-
1875).
Hypatia.
Westward Ho!
Hereward the Wake
(juv.).
Water Babies (juv.).
- LAMB, CHARLES (1775-1834).
Essays.

- Tales from Shakespeare*
(with Mary Lamb)
(juv.).
- LE SAGE, ALAIN RENÉ
(1668-1747).
Gil Blas.
- LEVER, CHARLES (1806-1872).
Charles O'Malley.
- LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH (1807-1882).
Poems (juv.).
Evangeline.
Hiawatha (juv.).
Courtship of Miles Standish.
- LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL
(1819-1891).
Poems.
- MACAULAY, THOMAS BABINGTON (1800-1859).
Essays.
Lays of Ancient Rome.
- MARRYAT, FREDERICK (1792-1848).
Pacha of Many Tales.
The Phantom Ship.
- MAUPASSANT, GUY DE (1850-1893).
The Odd Number.
- MELVILLE, HERMAN (1819-1891).
Moby-Dick.
- MEREDITH, GEORGE (1828-1909).
The Ordeal of Richard Ferval.
Diana of the Crossways.
- MILTON, JOHN (1608-1674).
Poems.
- MITCHELL, DONALD GRANT
(Ik Marvel) (1822-1908).
Reveries of a Bachelor.
- POE, EDGAR ALLAN (1809-1849).
Best Tales.
Best Poems and Essays.
- PORTER, JANE (1776-1850).
Scottish Chiefs.
- POLLARD, ELIZA F.
Green Mountain Boys
(juv.).
- PLUTARCH.
Lives (about 80, A. D.).
- READE, CHARLES (1814-1884).
Cloister and the Hearth.
It's Never Too Late to Mend.
- RUSKIN, JOHN (1819-1900).
Sesame and Lilies.
Crown of Wild Olive.
Modern Painters.
- ST. PIERRE, J. H. BERNARDIN
DE (1737-1814).
Paul and Virginia.
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER (1771-1832).
Guy Mannering.
Old Mortality.
The Antiquary.
Rob Roy.
The Heart of Midlothian.
The Bride of Lammermoor.
Ivanhoe.
The Monastery.
Kenilworth.
Quentin Durward.
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM
(1564-1616).
Plays and Sonnets.
- SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE
(1792-1822).
Poems.
- SIENKIEWICZ, HENRY
(1845-1916).
Quo Vadis.
- STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS
(1850-1894).
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.
Treasure Island (juv.).
Prince Otto (juv.).

112 Evenings with Great Authors

STOCKTON, FRANK (1834-1902).

The Lady or the Tiger?

STOWE, HARRIET BEECHER (1811-1896).

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

SWIFT, JONATHAN (1667-1745).

Gulliver's Travels (juv.).

TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD (1809-1892).

Poems.

THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE (1811-1863).

Vanity Fair.

Pendennis.

Henry Esmond.

The Newcomes.

TOLSTOI, COUNT LEO (1828-1910).

War and Peace.

Anna Karénina.

The Long Exile and Other Stories.

TURGENIEV, IVAN (1818-1883).

Short Stories.

WALLACE, LEW (1827-1905).

Ben Hur.

WHITMAN, WALT (1819-1892).

Poems.

WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF (1807-1892).

Poems.

WILKINS, MARY E. (1862-).

A New England Nun.

A Humble Romance and Other Short Stories.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM (1770-1850).

Poems.

WYSS, J. D. (1743-1818).

The Swiss Family Robinson (juv.).

ZOLA, EMILE (1840-1902).

The Downfall.

Money.

Drink.

PART II
AN EVENING WITH
SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE

MODERN literature begins with Shakespeare. When Homer wrote he embodied in his work the best that had been thought and felt in the world until his time. So Virgil, Dante, and Chaucer were each the sum of the best that had preceded them. This is true of Shakespeare in still greater degree. Shakespeare gives us the best in thought and feeling to be found anywhere in the world before his time. We might almost say that when we have read him we do not need to read Homer or Virgil or Dante, for in our reading of Shakespeare we have already become familiar with their best thoughts.

From another point of view Shakespeare is the beginning of modern literature. He is the oldest writer whose work we can read in the language in which it was written. The English of four hundred years ago is antiquated; yet we can read the English of Shakespeare and understand it without the help of a translator. The work of every writer before Shakespeare is practically buried to us: we must read it through translations, or else by giving years to the study of the language in which it is written. Such language and such literature may appropriately enough be called dead. But Shakespeare is fully alive to any one who will read him with care. In this sense, therefore, he marks the beginning of modern literature.

But even if he were not first in point of time, he would be the starting point from which we would

reckon in all our study of modern literature, or any literature, because he is the greatest. To the student of modern literature, therefore, Shakespeare must always be, like Greenwich, the prime meridian, from which literary longitude is reckoned east and west, the world over.

What We Know of Shakespeare

We naturally wish to know something of the man who thus stands head and shoulders above all the other men of literature in the world's history. Who was he? What was he? What did he do?

All we know of the life of Shakespeare is what has been gathered from church records, town records, account books, and very brief references to him in the works of his contemporaries. Tradition has preserved some few stories about him; but no one thought of writing his life till he had been dead many years.

Birth of Shakespeare

William Shakespeare was born at Stratford, on the river Avon, in Warwickshire, England. The Avon is here crossed by a stone bridge of fourteen arches dating from the Middle Ages. At that time it was a town of 1,400 inhabitants—in short, a country village; but it was located in one of the most picturesque and beautiful regions imaginable, the very heart of England.

The date of his birth we do not know. The church record shows that he was christened or baptized April 26, 1564. There is a tradition that the date of his death was the date of his birth—April



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

23 old style, or May 3 new style. Of his earliest youth we know nothing.

Shakespeare's Parents

John, the father of William Shakespeare, was a well-to-do burgess of Stratford. He was a farmer, and he made and sold gloves. In time he rose to fill the posts of chamberlain, alderman, and high bailiff.

William's mother, Mary Arden, belonged to a family of landed gentry dating back to a time before the Conquest. Her father had died, and she brought her husband considerable property.

William was the eldest of the family, though two baby girls had died before his birth. There were a sister and two brothers younger than himself. One brother, an actor, died in 1607. The older brother and the sister outlived their famous relative.

Schooling

Shakespeare's father could not write his own name; but his son must have had some education. His fellow-playwright, Ben Jonson, describes his learning as "small Latin and less Greek." There was a Free Grammar School at Stratford, in which presumably Latin, Greek, and mathematics were taught, as well as other studies usually required in preparation for the universities. To this school John Shakespeare, now in the height of his prosperity, doubtless sent his eldest son until he was fifteen or sixteen.

Players at Stratford

It appears in the town records that during the period of Shakespeare's boyhood, say from the age

of ten to fifteen, the chamberlain of Stratford paid sums of money to "the Earl of Leicester's players," "my Lord of Warwick's players," and "the Earl of Worcester's players." During this period John Shakespeare had become chief alderman, and no doubt he, like the town of Stratford which he represented, welcomed and patronized the dramatic fraternity. Moreover, in 1575 Queen Elizabeth visited Kenilworth, which was within walking distance of Stratford, and we may well believe that Shakespeare, a boy of eleven, was taken to see the magnificent shows with which Leicester welcomed his royal mistress, whose husband he hoped to be. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Oberon describes some of these shows with such accuracy that we cannot help supposing that the author of the play had witnessed those wonderful exhibitions at Kenilworth, the talk of England many a year afterward.

The Family Fortunes Decline

Until 1578 John Shakespeare seems to have been a prosperous and wealthy man, but now we find him mortgaging his wife's farm; then he is not required to pay the weekly levy for the relief of the poor; his borough taxes for 1579 are entered as "unpaid and unaccounted for." Finally he sells his wife's property; but his case grows only the worse. Six years later, on a writ to seize his goods for debt, return is made that John Shakespeare has nothing on which he is "able to be distrained." He is also deprived of his office as alderman because he "doth not come to the hall, nor hath not done of long time." He was even arrested and had to sue out a writ of *habeas corpus*. Even so late as

1592 the commission appointed to investigate the conformity of the people of Warwickshire to the established religion notes the failure of John Shakespeare to appear monthly at church, and sets it down to the fear of "processe of debt." From this period his fortunes steadily improve until his death in 1601. This change in the tide of his financial affairs we may safely attribute to the success of his son as a dramatist. We may guess from this, also, that 1592 is the date which marks the beginning of Shakespeare's popularity.

Shakespeare's Youth

What the future dramatist did between the time at which he left school, presumably on account of the decline of his father's fortunes, and the date of his marriage, we do not know. There is one tradition that he was apprenticed to a butcher, another that he was a country schoolmaster, a third, from the accuracy of his legal allusions, that he must have spent some time in an attorney's office.

Marriage

All we actually know of this period is that at the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, the daughter of a yeoman, at Shottery, a hamlet near Stratford. License was granted by the bishop of Worcester in November, 1582, for a marriage upon once asking of the bans; and their first child was baptized May 26, 1583. The wife was eight years older than her husband, and the irregularities revealed by the dates suggest something more than a little wildness in the young man's character. In 1585 William Shakespeare became the father of

twins, Hamnet and Judith. The son Hamnet died in 1596; the daughter is mentioned in his will.

Deer Stealing

We have no certain information concerning Shakespeare from the year 1585, when his twin children were born, to 1592, when the dramatist Greene alludes in bitter terms to the rising playwright, who has become his rival. Tradition has it that he was obliged to leave Stratford because of a deer-stealing escapade. According to this story, the young poet made some verses on Sir Thomas Lucy, whose estate of Charlcoote was near Stratford and who had been irritated by the robbing of his deer-close. One verse only of the poem has this tradition preserved, but its reference to "lowsie Lucy" is sufficiently insulting to account for Sir Thomas's ire. Sir Thomas Lucy was a member of Parliament, of the Puritan party, and about this time is known to have introduced into Parliament a bill for the preservation of game. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor* Shakespeare makes Justice Shallow complain that Sir John Falstaff had broken open his lodge and killed his deer; moreover, there are "lucis" in the Shallow coat-of-arms. The Welsh parson misunderstands this word and says, "the dozen white louses do become an old coat well"—a bit of gentle revenge which we may imagine the successful dramatist taking in this play written especially at the request of the Queen.

Goes Up to London

In 1587 the "Queen's Players" were at Stratford, and possibly Shakespeare went back to Lon-

don with the company. There is a tradition that he began life in the great city by holding horses outside the doors of the theaters. The fact is, however, that we have no knowledge at all as to how he got his start in the dramatic world. The first record we have is the allusion made by Robert Greene in his *Greenes Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance*. This was a pamphlet published immediately after Greene's death by his executor, Henry Chettle. The playwright on his deathbed warns certain of his author friends against putting their trust in players: "Yes, trust them not," says he; "for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *tygers heart wrapt in a players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you: and being an absolute Johannes factotum, is in his owne conceit the onely Shakescene in a country." The words "a tygers heart wrapt in a players hide" are a parody on a line from the Third Part of *Henry VI*,

Oh tygers heart wrapt in a woman's hide.

Shakespeare had recast this play from a preceding play entitled *The True Tragedie of Richard, Duke of York*, of which Greene may himself have been the author, and from which, at any rate, Shakespeare has borrowed the line referred to.

A few months later, in December, 1592, a pamphlet entitled *Kind-Harts Dream*, by Henry Chettle appeared. It seems that Shakespeare and Marlowe had taken offense at the references in *Greenes Groatsworth*. Replying to these Chettle says that as for one of them (Marlowe), while he reverences

his learning he has nothing to answer for, and cares not ever to make his acquaintance. Then he goes on: "The other [Shakespeare] whome at that time I did not so much spare as since I wish I had. . . . I am as sory as if the original fault had beene my fault, because my selfe have seene his demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightnesse of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his art." "Qualitie" was used of the actor's profession, and this is a compliment to Shakespeare as an actor. "Facetious" means felicitous, happy.

Shakespeare at the Age of 28

A careful study of these references to Shakespeare does not, I think, warrant us in saying more than that in perhaps five years' time Shakespeare had won for himself a respectable standing as an actor, and that he had rewritten the plays of others. Greene's wrath is far more likely to have arisen from the fact that Shakespeare had remodeled one of his plays, to his loss and discredit, than that the young dramatist was proving a successful rival with original plays.

We also see that Shakespeare is a "good fellow," a gentleman, and an actor and author of parts. He has just come on to the broad stage of public life; and he is bearing himself modestly and well.

First Published Poems

Precisely what success, if any in particular, brought Shakespeare into notice in 1592 we cannot

say. But evidently fortune's tide had turned in his favor in this year, and not only is he able to help his father out of debt, but he begins to think seriously of winning literary reputation. In 1593 *Venus and Adonis*, "the first heire of my invention," as he calls it, was published with a dedication to the Earl of Southampton. This young lord was nine years his junior; but evidently the two were excellent friends, though in the appeal of his dedication Shakespeare is very modest. In his *Lucrece*, published the following year, 1594, he speaks as if he were thoroughly confident of the Earl's friendship, which was no doubt balanced on his side by the rising reputation Shakespeare was winning. These two poems made a distinct literary success. In London the successful author who is also a gentleman by nature has always been given a social position next to the aristocracy. We may conclude, therefore, that Shakespeare had had that ample measure of literary popularity which should make his social position secure. Southampton was a generous and high-spirited young man, perhaps the model for Shakespeare's chivalrous heroes in his earlier comedies. There is a tradition that the noble earl once gave or offered the dramatist £1,000 to carry out some purchase. This is doubtless an exaggeration; but we soon find our author and actor buying land and applying in the name of his father for a coat-of-arms.

Prosperity

At Christmas time, 1593, the Lord Chamberlain's company of players performed before Queen Elizabeth, and Shakespeare's name is in the list of actors.

In 1596 John Shakespeare applied for a grant of coat armor, and in the following year the grant was made by the Garter King-of-Arms. We presume from this that Shakespeare had conceived an ambition to found a family; but he was doomed to disappointment in his respect, for his only son died in the same year his father applied for the coat-of-arms.

In 1597 Shakespeare bought an excellent dwelling at Stratford, known as New Place, for the sum of £60. It is evident that he had retained his interest in his native town and was planning to return there to live at some future time. This interest in Stratford is attested by a letter dated 1598 from Master Abraham Sturley to Richard Quiney (father of Shakespeare's future son-in-law). Mr. Quiney is in London soliciting certain favors for the town of Stratford, and Mr. Sturley suggests that he will succeed through Mr. Shakespeare's social influence. Later in the year we have a letter from Quiney to Shakespeare (the only letter to the poet still in existence) begging a loan of £30. Further evidence of Shakespeare's financial prosperity would hardly be required; but we know from records that in this year he was an owner of corn and malt at Stratford, and paid taxes of £5 13s. 4d. in St. Helèn's parish, Bishopsgate, London.

Success as a Dramatist

We have no specific mention of any of Shakespeare's plays until 1597. In that year *Richard II*, *Richard III*, and *Romeo and Juliet* were printed. The following year Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia, Wit's Treasury*, mentions twelve plays by

Shakespeare, and refers to his "sugred sonnets among his private friends." From this time on pirated and other editions of the plays follow in rapid succession.

It is clear that the five years following 1592 had been crowded with literary work; but in those days a play was usually the property of the company which produced it, and unless it was very remarkable did not bring the author into particular notice. Shakespeare was an actor, and finally became a manager. When his ability as a writer of plays was discovered, it is not unnatural that it should frequently have been called into requisition by the managers of the company to which he belonged. Apparently, however, his plays did not attract particular attention outside the green-room circle until the production of *Romeo and Juliet* in the autumn of 1596. Early in the next year this play was published in quarto "as it hath been often, with great applause plaid publicly by the right Honourable the L of Hunsdon his servants." Now Henry, Lord Hunsdon, who was Lord Chamberlain until his death, died July 22, 1596, and his son George Lord Hunsdon was appointed Chamberlain in April, 1597. At any other time than between these two dates the players would have been spoken of as "the Lord Chamberlain's servants." The natural conclusion to be drawn, therefore, is that *Romeo and Juliet* was produced in the autumn of 1596, and had such a run that some publisher was tempted to print it. Moreover, it was doubtless this burst of popularity which called forth the reference by Meres already spoken of. In 1598 he wrote: "As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for

Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines, so Shakespeare among the English is most excellent in both kinds for the stage: for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Love labours lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Midsummers night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*." We can only conjecture what "*Love labours wonne*" refers to. Perhaps it was *All's Well That Ends Well*.

Period of His Greatest Plays

Romeo and Juliet and *The Merchant of Venice* were probably produced in the same year, and mark the transition from the first period of his production to the second. Such plays as *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *A Comedy of Errors*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* are light and graceful, but present no great or striking characters. They are full of rhymes, puns, and plays upon words. These formed the fashionable wit of the period. To us it is somewhat tame, and we see that fashions lose their flavor. In so far as Shakespeare catered to the times, his plays are things of the past. But like every successful workman, he began by doing better than others what others about him were doing.

In the two plays mentioned above as marking his transition to something better, we find the same puns and rhymes, and *Romeo and Juliet* has traces of bombast; but we find also for the first time strong characters. Shakespeare was beginning to feel his powers, no doubt unconsciously; and the popular success was probably as great a surprise

to himself as to anyone else. But he at once rose to the opportunity which his unexpected success had presented and, throwing off much of the cheap wit and the cheap methods of the stage of that day, he poured himself out in a series of great and striking characters.

Secret of Shakespeare's Greatness

Shakespeare's peculiar greatness is only partially due to an inspired gift of language; for though he is a master of language in his broad grasp and power of expression, he often indulges in bombast and a cheap twittering in which we must confess there is no poetry whatever, even if it did come from the pen of the greatest of poets. Nor is his especial greatness to be found in his literary skill and felicity in plot construction. Shakespeare is great because he has created so many great men and women. Hamlet is a great man; Portia is a great woman; Macbeth, Iago, Lear, Brutus and Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, all impress us with their power. It is easy to create ordinary men and women; only a truly great man can create a great man or woman. In all literature we have no greater characters than those Shakespeare has given us, and that is why we call him the greatest of writers.

Shakespeare as an Actor

Shakespeare, poet and dramatist though he was, clung to his profession through nearly the entire period of his greatest success as an author, and continued to act not only in his own plays, but in those of others. In 1598 we know that he acted in Ben Jonson's first comedy, *Every Man in His*

Humour. Again in 1603 we find him in the list of actors in Jonson's *Sejanus*. *Hamlet*, *Julius Caesar*, and other great and successful plays had already appeared; yet at the zenith of his reputation we see that he is still attending to his regular business.

In 1602 he purchased for £320 one hundred and seven acres in the parish of Old Stratford, and later in the year a smaller property. In 1605 he bought for £440 the unexpired lease of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. And there is evidence that during this entire time he was engaged in a malt business.

Later Years

It is probable that Shakespeare had some interest in the Globe Theater, and perhaps acted as manager, and subsequently derived an income from it. We presume that about 1612 he left London and went to live at Stratford. In 1613 he bought a house near Blackfriars Theater and leased it to a tenant for ten years. In 1614 we find him protesting against the enclosure of common lands near Stratford, declaring that "he was not able to bear the enclosure of Welcombe." March 25, 1616, he executed his will, and in less than a month he had died. The Vicar of Stratford noted fifty years later that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakespeare died of a fever there contracted." Whether this is myth or history it would be hard to say; but scandalous gossip, we may be certain, never grows less in fifty years.

In his will the greater part of his property was left to his eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, and her

husband. To his wife he left only his "second best bed"; a bequest by no means insulting, for she had a widow's dower rights, which must have amply provided for her without any specific bequest in the will.

His daughter Susanna had a daughter, Elizabeth, who married a Mr. Nash and was Shakespeare's last living descendant.

Likenesses of the Poet

Shakespeare was buried in the parish church at Stratford, and a few years later a bust was erected, supposed to have been modeled from a death-mask. It was colored originally—the eyes hazel, the hair and beard auburn. On the flat stone above his grave may be read the following inscription, said to have been written by Shakespeare himself:

Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare,
Bleste be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The first collected edition of Shakespeare's works, published seven years after his death, has a portrait engraved by Droeshout. This engraving and the bust are the only two likenesses of which we can be certain; but there is a painting in the National Portrait Gallery in London which is generally regarded as an authentic likeness. It is the so-called Chandos portrait, and represents the poet with a full pointed beard. It represents a more delicate and sensitive face than either the bust or the engraving, and by popular choice this has been fixed upon as the true face of Shakespeare. It is the one appearing in this volume.

Works

The first collected edition of Shakespeare's works was the "Folio of 1623," set forth by his "friends" and "fellows," John Heminge and Henry Condell. However, some of the separate plays had previously been published in quarto form, as the dates given below will indicate. The copy for many of these quartos was either stolen or obtained by reporters sent to the theater to take down the speeches as they were delivered.

Much time and effort have been devoted by Shakespeare scholars to determining the dates of his plays. Moreover, various plays have been attributed to Shakespeare on which grave doubt has been thrown. Much of this work has doubtless been futile and the results are not to be trusted. Certain dates, however, are fixed by contemporary references, and to the ordinary mind these are quite sufficient.

The first of these dates is 1592. We are safe in supposing that previous to that time Shakespeare devoted his dramatic talents chiefly to remodeling old plays. Of these, internal evidence leads us to suppose that we have examples in *Titus Andronicus*, and *1 Henry VI*, published in 1600; again 1611; perhaps in 1594; retouched by Shakespeare before 1592.

Next we have the comedies and histories mentioned by Meres in 1598, three of which had been published in 1597. We join these together with the later when first published.

<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i>	1598
<i>Comedy of Errors</i>	1623
<i>Two Gentlemen of Verona</i>	1623

<i>A Midsummer Night's Dream</i>	1600
<i>2 & 3 Henry VI</i>	1623
<i>Richard II</i>	1597
<i>Richard III</i>	1597
<i>King John</i>	1623
<i>Merchant of Venice</i>	1600
<i>Romco and Juliet</i> — 1597 (pirated)	1599

The last is a tragedy and marks the transition to the next period. In the following list the dates affixed to the titles are those given by Professor Dowden for the writing of the plays.

HISTORIES

<i>1 & 2 Henry IV</i> — 1597-8 (1st)	
1598; (2nd)	1600
<i>Henry V</i> — 1599 . . . (pirated)	1600

COMEDY

<i>Taming of the Shrew</i> — 1597 ?	1623
<i>Merry Wives of Windsor</i> — 1598 ?	1602
<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> — 1598	1600
<i>As You Like It</i> — 1599	1623
<i>Twelfth Night</i> — 1600-1	1623
<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i> —	
1601-2 ?	1623
<i>Measure for Measure</i> — 1603	1623
<i>Troilus and Cressida</i> — 1603 ?; re-	
vised 1607 ?	1609

TRAGEDIES

<i>Julius Caesar</i> — 1601	1623
<i>Hamlet</i> — 1602; 1603 . (pirated)	1604
<i>Othello</i> — 1604	1622
<i>King Lear</i> — 1605	1608
<i>Macbeth</i> — 1606	1623
<i>Antony and Cleopatra</i> — 1607	1623
<i>Coriolanus</i> — 1608	1623
<i>Timon of Athens</i> — 1607-8	1623

ROMANCES

<i>Pericles</i> — 1608	1609
<i>Cymbeline</i> — 1609	1623
<i>The Tempest</i> — 1610	1623
<i>A Winter's Tale</i> — 1610-11	1623

FRAGMENTS

<i>Two Noble Kinsmen</i> — 1612	1623
<i>Henry VIII</i> — 1612-13	1623

POEMS

<i>Venus and Adonis</i> — 1592 ?	1593
<i>Lucrece</i> — 1593-4	1594
<i>Sonnets</i> — 1595-1605 ?	1609

A careful study of Shakespeare's plays in the order indicated above will reveal the progress of his skill and the development of his nature and character. The first comedies are light and clever, and in form and manner not much out of the range of other comedies of the period. The histories show substantial workmanship, but with the exception of *Richard III* no very remarkable characters.

In *Romeo and Juliet* we have the introduction of tragedy, and with it Shakespeare's greatest characters. His later comedies also show the breadth and range of his thought and feeling and his grasp of every phase of life. This was his period of thought, of passionate feeling, of greatest mental energy.

The romances are his later work. The struggles and sufferings of life passed, and success won, he seems to rise lightly and confidently above all that would drag us down. We have the view of life of a man who looks on it from the height of success. These are by no means Shakespeare's greatest plays. They have not the strength, the energy, and depth

of the tragedies and comedies of the middle period. They are, however, from the artistic point of view, more nearly perfect; and they breathe the confident spirit of the man who has succeeded and has the right to speak from the point of view of success.

Originality

Though we may boldly say that Shakespeare is the one great original English writer, yet he borrowed his plots, and even many of his phrases, from other writers. He freely used the worthless plays of those who had gone before him, and there is scarcely a plot that was not derived from some romance or history accessible to him in English. Yet in none of these do we find the character of Hamlet or Portia or Iago or Lear. In giving us these he gave us what no one else could give.

NOTE.—It is to be hoped that no hasty critic will regard the following selection as a “desecration of the sacred bard,” and recall the well-worn dictum that “anyone not able to read Shakespeare’s plays complete ought to let them alone.” The Editor feels that the real joy this presentation will give to those who read it in the right spirit, even if the play has previously been read many times, will fully justify its existence.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

The Merchant of Venice is Shakespeare’s most popular comedy, and contains two of his best known characters. Portia has been a favorite rôle with the great actresses of two centuries, and Shylock of the great actors from Kean to Booth and Irving. Though called a comedy, the play has more

in it than any other of his comedies, and the outcome was certainly tragic to Shylock.

The plot is a union of two well-known Italian stories, the *Story of the Bond*, or the "pound of flesh," and the *Story of the Caskets*, by means of which Portia's husband was selected.

Ben Jonson, the next greatest Elizabethan dramatist to Shakespeare, also wrote a play like this entitled *The Jew of Malta*, which Shakespeare had seen. Moreover he knew Ben Jonson personally. But Shakespeare made his Jew a greater character than Jonson did his. Says Charles Lamb in an interesting criticism, "Shylock, in the midst of his savage purpose, is a man. His motives, feelings, resentments, have something human in them. Barabas [in Jonson's play] is a mere monster, brought in with a large painted nose to please the rabble. He kills in sport, poisons whole nunneries, invents infernal machines. He is just such an exhibition as, a century or two earlier, might have been played before the Londoners by the Royal Command, when a general pillage and massacre of the Hebrews had been resolved by the Cabinet."

Some have thought the play should have been named "Shylock," since he is the dominating character, and Antonio, the "Merchant," is merely the passive object of the Jew's revenge, and does nothing himself. The fact is, however, he is the logical center about which the whole plot revolves.

Dramatis Personæ

The DUKE OF VENICE.

The PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
The PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } *suitors to Portia.*

ANTONIO, *a merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*

SALANIO,

SALARINO,

GRATIANO,

SALERIO,

} *friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*

LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*

SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*

TUBAL, *a Jew, his friend.*

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *the clown, servant to Shylock.*

OLD GOBBO, *father to Launcelot.*

LEONARDO, *servant to Bassanio.*

BALTHASAR,

STEPHANO,

} *servants to Portia.*

PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

NERISSA, *her waiting-maid.*

JESSICA, *daughter to Shylock.*

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of
Justice, Gaoler, Servants to Portia, and
other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont,
the seat of Portia, on the Continent.*

ACT I

SCENE I. As the curtain rises we see Antonio surrounded by some of his friends. He is sad, he knows not why — perhaps it is a presage of coming events.

Presently his noble friend Bassanio appears, and when some of the others have left Bassanio asks Antonio delicately to lend him some money that he may go and make suit in proper style to the rich and beautiful Portia, who lives at Belmont. Antonio replies—

136 Evenings with Great Authors

Ant. Thou knowst that all my fortunes are at sea ;
Neither have I money, or commodity
To raise a present sum : therefore, go forth ;
Try what my credit can in Venice do :
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. *Belmont. A Room in Portia's House.*
Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearry of this great world.

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

Por. Good sentences and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. If to do were as easy as to know what were
good to do, chapels had been churches and poor
men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good
divine that follows his own instructions : I can
easier teach twenty what were good to be done,
than be one of the twenty to follow mine own
teaching. The brain may devise laws for the
blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree :
such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the
meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this

reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

[By the provisions of the will of Portia's father, three caskets have been provided, one of lead, one of silver, and one of gold, and she is to marry that one of her suitors who chooses the right casket.

Nerissa names over the suitors to see which Portia prefers, but she makes fun of them all until Nerissa asks,—]

Ner. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar, and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think he was so called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

SCENE 3. *A Public Place.*

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? will you pleasure me?
shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats for three months and
Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the con-
trary?

Shy. Oh, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he
is a good man is to have you understand me that
he is sufficient. Yet his means are in suppositi-
on: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, an-
other to the Indies; I understand, moreover,
upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a
fourth for England, and other ventures he hath,
squandered abroad. But ships are but boards,
sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-
rats, water-thieves and land-thieves—I mean
pirates: and then there is the peril of waters,
winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding,
sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I
may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be
assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with
Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation
which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the
Devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you,
talk with you, walk with you, and so following,
but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor
pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—
Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him for he is a Christian;
 But more for that in low simplicity
 He lends out money gratis and brings down
 The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him!

[After some fencing, Antonio asks,—]

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my moneys and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears you need my help:
 Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
 ‘Shylock, we would have moneys:’ you say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard
 And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say
 ‘Hath a dog money? is it possible
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats?’ Or

Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this:

'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?
But lend it rather, to thine enemy,
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,
Supply your present wants and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer.

Bass. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

[Antonio says he'll gladly do it, and adds "There is much kindness in the Jew." Bassanio protests,

and says Antonio shall take no such risk for him. —
But so it is settled.]

ACT II

SCENE 1. The Prince of Morocco, the first of Portia's suitors, appears at Belmont to try his fortune with the caskets.

SCENE 2. Launcelot Gobbo, the jester of the play, who has been servant to the Jew, but is about to become servant to Bassanio, has a merry talk with his father about his fortunes in the world. In this scene the over-talkative Gratiano appears with Bassanio and begs to accompany the latter to Belmont. They arrange for a farewell supper that evening, to include all their friends.

SCENE 3. *A Room in the Jew's House.*

Enter his daughter Jessica and Launcelot.

Jes. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell; and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee:
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

Laun. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! if a Christian did not play the knave, and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu: these foolish drops do something drown my manly spirit: adieu.

Jes. Farewell, good Launcelot. [*Exit Launcelot.*
 Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
 To be ashamed to be my father's child!
 But though I am a daughter to his blood,
 I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
 If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
 Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.
 [Lorenzo is one of the boon companions of Antonio and Bassanio.]

SCENE 4. *A Street.* A letter is brought to Lorenzo, and when the other friends are gone Lorenzo confesses to his friend Gratiano.

Lor. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
 How I shall take her from her father's house;
 What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with;
 What page's suit she hath in readiness.
 If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
 It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:
 And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
 Unless she do it under this excuse,
 That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
 Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:
 Fair Jessica shall be my torch bearer. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 5. Shylock leaves his keys with Jessica, and just then Launcelot calls out to Jessica as he runs away, "Mistress, look out at window, for all this,

There will come a Christian by,
 Will be worth a Jewess's eye."

SCENE 6. Gratiano and other masqueraders come by, and presently Lorenzo appears, and Jessica is

seen in boy's clothes at an upper window. After she has greeted her lover she calls out —

Jes. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,

For I am much ashamed of my exchange:

But love is blind and lovers cannot see

The pretty follies that themselves commit;

For if they could, Cupid himself would blush

To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

Jes. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?

They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.

[But she goes just the same.]

Antonio appears to say that the wind is fair and Bassanio will be off that night for Belmont.]

SCENE 7. We are at Belmont again, and the Prince of Morocco is making his choice of the caskets. On each there is an inscription, which the Prince reads.

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears,
 'Who chooseth me shall gain what many men
 desire;'

The second, silver, which this promise carries,
 'Who chooseth me shall get as much as he de-
 serves;'

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,
 'Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he
 hath.'

How shall I know if I do choose the right?

[After mulling the matter a long time he decides on the golden casket, saying, "If my form lie there, then I am yours."]

He unlocks the golden casket.]

Mor. O hell! what have we here?
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.
 [*Reads*] All that glisters is not gold;
 Often have you heard that told;
 Many a man his life hath sold
 But my outside to behold:
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscroll'd:
 Fare you well; your suit is cold.
 Cold, indeed; and labour lost:
 Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
 Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
 To take a tedious leave; thus losers part.
 [*Exit with his train. Flourish of cornets.*]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
 Let all of his complexion choose me so.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 8. *A Street in Venice.* Salanio is telling Salarino how the Jew behaved when he found that his daughter Jessica had gone and taken his jewels and ducats along.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confused.
 So strange, outrageous, and so variable.
 As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
 'My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter!
 Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my
 daughter!

And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious
stones,

Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!'

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.

SCENE 9. *Belmont* again. The Prince of Arragon comes to make his choice of the caskets for Portia's hand.

Por. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contain'd,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized:
But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage:
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

[He muses a long time, finally choosing the silver casket, and when he opens it finds the portrait of a blinking idiot. He finds a scroll and reads]

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;

Such have but a shadow's bliss:
 There be fools alive, I wis,
 Silver'd o'er; and so was this.
 Take what wife you will to bed,
 I will ever be your head:
 So be gone: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
 By the time I linger here;
 With one fool's head I came to woo,
 But I go away with two.
 Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
 Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
 O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

Ner. The ancient saying is no heresy
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here: what would my lord?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
 A young Venetian, one that comes before
 To signify the approaching of his lord;
 From whom he bringeth sensible regrets,
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath,
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
 So likely an ambassador of love:
 A day in April never came so sweet,
 To show how costly summer was at hand,
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

Por. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly.

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III

SCENE I. *A Street in Venice.* There is news on the Rialto that Antonio has lost ships in storms at sea.

Shylock enters, bitter and sarcastic, talking of his daughter. Then Salarino mentions Antonio, refers to the bond, and asks Shylock what is the use of the pound of flesh, should he take it. Shylock answers in bitter humor,—

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a

Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

[And so he storms, of his daughter and of Antonio.]

SCENE 2. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*
Enter Bassanio, Portia, Gratiano, Nerissa, and Attendants.

Por. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two
 Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,
 I loose your company: therefore forbear awhile.
 There's something tells me, but it is not love,
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality.

Bass. Let me choose;
 For as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:
 If you do love me, you will find me out.
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.
 Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music:
 Go, Hercules!

Live thou, I live: with much much more dismay
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.
Music whilst Bassanio comments on the caskets to himself.

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.

All. Ding, dong, bell.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least themselves:

The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy
gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre
lead,
Which rather threatenest than dost promise
aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;
And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,

As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,

And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy!

O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;

In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess!

I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,

For fear I surfeit!

Bass.

What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god

Hath come so near creation?

Here's the scroll,

The continent and summary of my fortune.

[*Reads*] You that choose not by the view,

Chance as fair, and choose as true!

Since this fortune falls to you,

Be content and seek no new.

If you be well pleased with this,

And hold your fortune for your bliss,

Turn you where your lady is,

And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave;

I come by note, to give and to receive.

Like one of two contending in a prize,

That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,

Hearing applause and universal shout,

Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt

Whether those peals of praise be his or no;

So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so;

As doubtful whether what I see be true,

Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,

Such as I am: though for myself alone
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,
 To wish myself much better; yet, for you
 I would be trebled twenty times myself;
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
 More rich;
 That only to stand high in your account,
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
 Exceed account; but the full sum of me
 Is sum of something, which, to term in gross,
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised;
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old
 But she may learn; happier than this,
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
 Commits itself to yours, to be directed,
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours
 Is now converted: but now I was the lord
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
 Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
 This house, these servants, and this same myself,
 Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
 Let it presage the ruin of your love,
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
 And there is such confusion in my powers,
 As, after some oration fairly spoke
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude;
 Where every something, being blent together,
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,

Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :
 O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !

[Then Nerissa and Gratiano speak, and say they
 have improved the time in making love themselves,
 and crave a blessing on their union.

Lorenzo and Jessica next come on the stage and
 remain at Portia's house during the ensuing scenes.

A moment later Bassanio is handed a letter telling
 him that Antonio's bond is forfeited to the Jew.
 Portia bids her new-wed husband pay the Jew
 treble the amount if need be from her fortune, and
 Bassanio at once leaves with his train for Venice.]

SCENE 3. *A Street in Venice.*

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him ; tell not me of mercy ;
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis :
 Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; speak not against my
 bond ;

I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :
 The Duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
 To come abroad with him at his request.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee speak :
 I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;

I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.

[*Exit.*]

Salar. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.

Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know:
I oft deliver'd from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.

Salar. I am sure the Duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. The Duke can not deny the course of law:
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
Will much impeach the justice of his state;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.
Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt, and then I care not!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4. *At Belmont.* Portia arranges to leave her house in charge of Lorenzo and Jessica, sends a messenger in haste to Bellario, a learned doctor of the law at Padua, and tells Nerissa she will make the better man of the two when they are accoutred like young men.

SCENE 5. Another quiet scene at Belmont, full of amusing talk between Launcelot the fool, Jessica and Lorenzo.

ACT IV

SCENE I. *Venice. A Court of Justice.**Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio, Gratiano, Salerio, and others.**Duke.* What, is Antonio here?*Ant.* Ready, so please your grace.*Duke.* I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.*Ant.* I have heard
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands ob-
durateAnd that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
My patience to his fury, and am arm'd
To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.*Duke.* Go one, and call the Jew into the court.*Saler.* He is ready at the door: he comes, my lord.
*Enter Shylock.**Duke.* Make room, and let him stand before our
face.Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more
strangeThan is thy strange apparent cruelty!
And where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only lose the forfeiture,

But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,
 Forgive a moiety of the principal:
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
 That have of late so huddled on his back,
 Enow to press a royal merchant down
 And pluck commiseration of his state
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
 To offices of tender courtesy.
 We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your grace of what I pur-
 pose;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
 If you deny it, let the danger light
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
 A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that:
 But, say, it is my humour: is it answer'd?
 What if my house be troubled with a rat
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
 To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
 Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
 Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
 And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
 Cannot contain themselves; for affection,
 Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
 Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your
 answer:

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
 Why he, a wauling bag-pipe; but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame
 As to offend, himself being offended;
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not
 More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus

A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd?

Bass. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

Shy. I am not bound to please thee with my answers.

Bass. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

Shy. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

Shy. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew:

You may as well go stand upon the beach
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
 You may as well use question with the wolf
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven;
 You may as well do anything most hard,
 As seek to soften that—than which what's
 harder?—

His Jewish heart; therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
 Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
 I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

Enter Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws.

Duke. Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome; take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference

That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed throughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;

Yet in such rule that the Venetian law

Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.

You stand within his danger, do you not?

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

Por. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven

Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes

The throned monarch better than his crown;

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,

The attribute to awe and majesty,

Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway;

It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,

It is an attribute to God himself;

And earthly power doth then show likest God's

When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
 That, in the course of justice, none of us
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea;
 Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
 there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money?

Bass. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
 you,

Wrest once the law to your authority:
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be; there is no power in Venice
 Can alter a decree established:
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,
 And many an error by the same example
 Will rush into the state; it cannot be.

Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
 O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

Shy. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?

No, not for Venice!

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the
bond.

Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your exposition
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man,
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.

Por. Why, then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!

Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

Shy. 'Tis very true: O wise and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy
looks!

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond; doth it not, noble judge?
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh?

Shy. I have them ready.

160 Evenings with Great Authors

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?

Por. It is not so express'd: but what of that?

'Twere good you do so much for charity.

Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you anything to say?

Ant. But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.

Give me your hand, Bassanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you:

For herein fortune shows herself more kind

Than is her custom: it is still her use

To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,

To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow

An age of poverty; from which lingering penance

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife:

Tell her the process of Antonio's end;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge

Whether Bassanio had not once a love.

Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,

And he repents not that he pays your debt;

For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,

I'll pay it presently with all my heart.

Bass. Antonio, I am married to a wife

Which is as dear to me as life itself;

But life itself, my wife, and all the world,

Are not with me esteem'd above thy life:

I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all

Here to this devil, to deliver you.

Por. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

Gra. I have a wife whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

Ner. 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a daughter;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!

[*Aside.*

We trifle time: I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge!

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

Shy. Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare!

Por. Tarry a little; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;

The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh':

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate

Unto the state of Venice.

Gra. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyself shall see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

Gra. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

Gra. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.

Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more

But just a pound of flesh: if thou cut'st more

Or less than a just pound, be it but so much,

As makes it light or heavy in the substance

Or the division of the twentieth part

Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn

But in the estimation of a hair,

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!

Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

Por. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

Bass. I have it ready for thee; here it is.

Por. He hath refused it in the open court:

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then the Devil give him good of it!
I'll stay no longer question.

Por. Tarry, Jew:
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,
If it be proved against an alien
That by direct or indirect attempts
He seek the life of any citizen,
The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
Shall seize one half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the state;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the Duke only, 'gainst all other voice.
In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;
For it appears, by manifest proceeding,
That indirectly and directly too
Thou hast contrived against the very life
Of the defendant; and thou hast incurr'd
The danger formally by me rehearsed.
Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's
charge.

Duke. That thou shalt see the difference of our
spirits,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:
For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;
The other half comes to the general state,
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house; you take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

Gra. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

Ant. So please my lord the duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods,
I am content; so he will let me have
The other half in use, to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately stole his daughter:
Two things provided more, that for this favour,
He presently become a Christian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in this court, of all he dies possess'd,
Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

Duke. He shall do this, or else I do recant
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

Por. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well: send the deed after me,
And I will sign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two god-
fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten
more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[*Exit* Shylock.]

[After the trial Antonio and Bassanio are profuse of their gratitude to the young doctor, but

she declines to take any pay, except as a remembrance Antonio's gloves, and, if he will, the ring Bassanio wears upon his finger, which Portia gave him, making him swear never to part with it. Nerissa also asks for Gratiano's ring. At first they are refused, but it seems so ungrateful that when Portia and Nerissa leave the rings are sent after them.

SCENE 2 shows us the delivery of the rings by Gratiano.]

ACT V

The final act is one of beautiful sentences and gay jesting. The single scene is laid at Belmont. Lorenzo and Jessica walk in an avenue approaching Portia's house.

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise, in such a night
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself
And ran dismay'd away.

Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æsop.

Lor. In such a night
 Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew
 And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
 As far as Belmont.

[But they are interrupted by a messenger announcing Portia. While they wait Lorenzo muses,—]
 How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. That light we see is burning in my hall.
 How far that little candle throws his beams!
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
 candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
 A substitute shines brightly as a king,
 Until a king be by; and then his state
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
 Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

Ner. It is your music, madam, of the house.

Por. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark,

When neither is attended; and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.

How many things by season season'd are
To their right praise and true perfection!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked. [Music ceases.

[Presently Bassanio and Gratiano arrive, and the women begin to question them about the rings. They swear the rings were given to women, while the men maintain they gave them to the learned doctor and his clerk. At last they find out who the doctor and his clerk have been, and the play ends with Gratiano's exclamation,

Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.]

ROMEO AND JULIET

Romeo and Juliet is probably the most popular and likewise the greatest romantic love tragedy ever produced on the stage. Shakespeare wrote it at almost the same time that he produced the *Merchant of Venice*, or at least he rewrote it then, and its popularity caused it to be pirated and printed. Some think that the play as first written was among the earliest efforts of Shakespeare.

The story originated in Italy as a tale or novel, and had long been popular there when it was translated into English. Shakespeare seems to have used for the most part a poetic version by Arthur Brooke, which was published in 1562. He made a few

changes for dramatic effect, however. The time of the action in the poem is four or five months; in the play it is made as many days. The character of Mercutio was almost entirely developed by Shakespeare, and he made Paris die by the hand of Romeo at the tomb, while in the poem Paris is not again heard of.

Brooke's poem is a commonplace narrative, while Shakespeare's play is a transcendent love lyric. Like a literary alchemist, he borrowed base metal only that he might turn it to gold.

The characters of Romeo and Juliet have been star rôles of most of the great Shakespearean actors and actresses.

The scene is laid in Verona, except once, when Romeo in banishment appears in Mantua. Time, fourteenth century. The lovers meet on Sunday, marry on Monday, part at dawn on Tuesday, and are united in death on Thursday.

Dramatis Personæ

ESCALUS, *prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young nobleman, kinsman to the prince.*

MONTAGUE, } *heads of two houses at variance with*
CAPULET, } *each other.*

An old man, of the Capulet family.

ROMEO, *son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *kinsman to the prince, and friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *nephew to Montague, and friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same order.*

BALTHASAR, *servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, }
GREGORY, } *servants to Capulet.*

PETER, *servant to Juliet's nurse.*

ABRAHAM, *servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Page to Paris; another Page; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; kinsfolk of both houses; Maskers, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: *Verona; Mantua.*

ACT I

SCENE I. Two noble families, the Capulets and the Montagues, have had a long standing feud, and the servants of the two houses fight whenever they meet.

A public street. Enter Sampson and Gregory of the house of Capulet, and presently come in Abraham and Balthasar of the house of Montague. As the latter enter, Sampson bites his thumb at them to annoy them.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. [*Aside to Gre.*] Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

170 Evenings with Great Authors

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir ;
but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir! no, sir.

Sam. But if you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as
good a man as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Gre. [*Aside to Sam.*] Say 'better': here comes one
of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. Gregory, remember
thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*

[Benvolio parts the servants, but just then along
comes Tybalt, of the house of Capulet, and he and
Benvolio fall to fighting. Citizens and peace of-
ficers rush in, old Capulet and Lady Capulet appear,
and then Montague and Lady Montague, all eager
for a fight. But the Prince of Verona gives them a
long lecture and binds them to keep the peace.

The Montagues remain behind and talk of Romeo,
who has been moping of late. Romeo is seen ap-
proaching, and Benvolio is told to find out what the
trouble is.

He is in love—with Rosaline. In a spurious
language of conceited love he tells Benvolio about
her.]

Rom. She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair:
She hath forsworn to love; and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

Rom. O, teach me how I should forget to think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;

Examine other beauties.

Rom.

'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more:

These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve but as a note

Where I may read who pass'd that passing fair?

Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. Old Capulet and Count Paris appear on a street. Paris would like to marry Capulet's daughter Juliet, but the father says she is not fourteen. He is giving a masking party that evening, and invites Paris among the rest. There he may, if he will, make love to Juliet. A servant is sent to invite the guests.

Soon after the exit of Capulet and Paris, enter Romeo and Benvolio, still talking of love. The servant, who cannot read, asks them to help him make out his list. So they find out that there is to be a party at Capulet's. Here is Benvolio's chance.

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's

Supps the fair Rosaline whom thou so lovest,

With all the admired beauties of Verona:

Go thither, and with unattainted eye

Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fres;

And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.

Ben. Tut, you saw her fair, none else being by,
Herself poised with herself in either eye:
But in that crystal scales let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now seems
best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown,
But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 3. *A room in Capulet's house.* Lady Capulet and Juliet's nurse call in Juliet herself to talk about her marrying. The nurse rambles on till both Lady Capulet and Juliet have asked her to stop.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark thee to
his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nursed:
An I might live to see thee married once,
I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that 'marry' is the very theme
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger
than you

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers. By my count,
 I was your mother much upon these years
 That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief;
 The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
 As all the world — why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you? can you love the gentle-
 man?

This night you shall behold him at our feast:
 Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
 And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
 Examine every married lineament,
 And see how one another lends content;
 And what obscured in this fair volume lies
 Find written in the margent of his eyes.
 So shall you share all that he doth possess,
 By having him making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less! nay, bigger: women grow by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move:

But no more deep will I endart mine eye
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a Servingman.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper served
 up, you called, my young lady asked for, the
 nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in
 extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech
 you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. [*Exit Servingman.*]
 Juliet, the county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days.
 [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 4. Romeo, Benvolio, their witty friend Mercutio, and others appear on their way to the masque. At these affairs strangers enter as guests, with all the privileges of hospitality.

Rom. A torch for me: let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut, dun's the mouse, the constable's own
word:

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire
Of this sir-reverence love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things
true.

Mer. O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with
you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies

Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of
love;

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight;

O'er lawyer's fingers, who straight dream on
fees;

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are:

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breeches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathoms deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And being thus frightened swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace.
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

176 Evenings with Great Authors

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early: for my mind misgives
Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels, and expire the term
Of a despised life closed in my breast,
By some vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 5. *A Hall in Capulet's House.* Capulet and maskers enter. Romeo, too, is there, and catches sight of Juliet.

Rom. [*To a Servingman*] What lady's that,
which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

[Tybalt recognizes Romeo's voice and would like to run him through the body with his rapier, but Capulet restrains his passion. In the meantime Romeo has reached the side of Juliet.]

Rom. [To Juliet] If I profane with my unwor-
thiest hand

This holy shrine, the gentle fine in this,
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender
kiss.

Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too
much,

Which mannerly devotion shows in this; -
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do
touch,

And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.

Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?

Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.

Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands
do;

They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.

Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayer's
sake.

Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I
take.

Thus from my lips by thine my sin is purged.

[Kissing her.]

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly
urged!

Give me my sin again.

Jul. You kiss by the book.

Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with
you.

Rom. What is her mother?

Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise and virtuous:

178 Evenings with Great Authors

I nursed her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you, he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks.

Rom. Is she a Capulet?

O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.

Ben. Away, be gone; the sport is at the best.

Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.

Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;

We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.

Is it e'en so? why then, I thank you all;

I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night.

More torches here! Come on, then, let's to bed.

Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late:

I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but Juliet and Nurse.*]

Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within 'Juliet.'*]

Nurse.

Anon, anon!

Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II

SCENE I. *Outside Capulet's garden.* Romeo is preparing to climb in, and Benvolio and Mercutio are looking for him.

SCENE 2. The famous balcony scene in Capulet's garden, at night.

Capulet's orchard. Enter Romeo.

Rom. He jests at scars that never felt a wound.

[*Juliet appears above at a window.*]

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!

Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,

Who is already sick and pale with grief,

That thou her maid art far more fair than she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,

And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.

It is my lady; O, it is my love!

O, that she knew she were!

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

I am too bold, 'tis not to me she speaks:

Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,

Having some business, do intreat her eyes

To twinkle in their spheres till they return.

What if her eyes were there, they in her head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,

As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
 Would through the airy region stream so bright
 That birds would sing and think it were not
 night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand,
 O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
 That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ay me!

Rom. She speaks:

O speak again, bright angel! for thou art
 As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
 As is a winged messenger of heaven
 Unto the white-upturned wondering eyes
 Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
 When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds
 And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo, wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside*] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak
 at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
 What's in a name? that which we call a rose
 By any other name would smell as sweet;
 So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
 Retain that dear perfection which he owes
 Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
 And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
 Take all myself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus bescreen'd in
night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.

Jul. How camest thou hither, tell me, and where-
fore?

The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these
walls.

For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.

Rom. Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but
sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee
here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their
eyes;

And but thou love me, let them find me here :
 My life were better ended by their hate,
 Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire ;
 He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
 I am no pilot ; yet, wert thou as far
 As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest sea,
 I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
 Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
 For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
 night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
 What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !
 Dost thou love me ? I know thou wilt say ' Ay,'
 And I will take thy word : yet, if thou swear'st,
 Thou may'st prove false : at lovers' perjuries,
 They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo,
 If thou didst love, pronounce it faithfully ;
 Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
 I'll frown and be perverse and say thee nay,
 So thou wilt woo ; but else, not for the world.
 In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond ;
 And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour
 light :

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
 Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
 I should have been more strange, I must confess,
 But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
 My true love's passion : therefore pardon me,
 And not impute this yielding to light love,
 Which the dark night hath so discovered.

An Evening with Shakespeare 183

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, th' inconstant
moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;

Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. And if my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say 'It lightens.' Sweet, good
night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
rest,

Come to thy heart as that within my breast!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction can'st thou have to-night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for
mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Would'st thou withdraw it? For what pur-
pose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
 My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
 The more I have, for both are infinite.
 I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!

[*Nurse calls within.*

Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
 Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afeard,
 Being in night, all this is but a dream,
 Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good night indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
 Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
 Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite,
 And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
 And follow thee my lord throughout the world.

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st not well,
 I do beseech thee—

Nurse. [*Within*] Madam!

Jul. By and by, I come:—
 To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
 To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,

An Evening with Shakespeare 185

But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.

[Retiring slowly.

Re-enter Juliet, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a falconer's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine.

With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Romeo!

Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name:
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My dear?

Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?

Rom. At the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone:
And yet no farther than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves.
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good night, good night! parting is such sweet
sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy
breast!
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE 3. *Friar Laurence's cell.* It is early morning. Presently Romeo appears. He has not been in bed, and Friar Laurence asks if he has been with Rosaline.

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.

Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou
been then?

Rom. I'll tell thee ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy;
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies:
I bear no hatred, blessed man, for, lo,
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is
set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:

An Evening with Shakespeare 187

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine

By holy marriage: when, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. L. Holy St. Francis, what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, that thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria, what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline!
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in mine ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet:
If e'er thou wast thyself and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence
then:

Women may fall when there's no strength in
men.

Rom. Thou chid'st me oft for loving Rosaline.

Fri. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. L. Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she whom I love
now

Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.

Fri. L.

O, she knew well

Thy love did read by rote and could not spell.

But come, young waverer, come, go with me,

In one respect I'll thy assistant be ;

For this alliance may so happy prove,

To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O, let us hence ; I stand on sudden haste.

Fri. L. Wisely and slow : they stumble that run
fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 4. *A street.* Benvolio and Mercutio are looking for Romeo. Tybalt has sent Romeo a challenge, they say, which of course Romeo will accept.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead !
stabbed with a white wench's black eye ; shot
through the ear with a love-song ; the very pin
of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-
shaft : and is he a man to encounter Tybalt ?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt ?

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell you.
Romeo enters.

[And so they go on jesting till presently the nurse enters with Peter.]

Enter Nurse and Peter.

Mer. A sail, a sail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face, for her fan's
the fairer of the two.

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

An Evening with Shakespeare 189

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you! what a man are you!

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said; 'for himself to mar,' quoth a'? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

Rom. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him; I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea, is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

Rom. What hast thou found?

Mer. No hare, sir; unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent.

An old hare hoar, [Sings.

And an old hare hoar,

Is very good meat in lent:

But a hare that is hoar,

Is too much for a score,

When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell, [Singing]
'lady, lady, lady.'

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*

190 Evenings with Great Authors

Nurse. Marry, farewell! I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

[After a great deal of talking on the part of the Nurse, Romeo tells her if Juliet will come to Friar Laurence's cell that afternoon they will be married. He also arranges for a rope ladder, by which that night he will secretly climb into Juliet's chamber.]

SCENE 5. Juliet has been impatiently waiting in Capulet's garden for the return of the nurse.

Enter Nurse, with Peter.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [Exit Peter.]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord, why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou shamest the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am a-weary; give me leave awhile.

Fie, how my bones ache! what a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would thou hadst my bones and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse,
speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste? can you not stay a while?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

[Fifteen minutes later the Nurse comes to the point.]

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

An Evening with Shakespeare 191

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence's cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you shall bear the burthen soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune! Honest nurse, farewell.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 6. *Friar Laurence's cell.* The Friar and Romeo are waiting for Juliet, and the Friar remarks:

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume. . . .

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Juliet appears, and she expresses her love as just as violent. The Friar hurries them away to be married.

ACT III

SCENE I. *A street.* Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, and others. They talk of the quarrel between the two houses, which is in the air. Presently enters Tybalt hot for a fight. Romeo soon appears, and Tybalt flies at him. But Romeo refuses to fight. Mercutio, angered at this, draws his own sword, exclaiming:

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile submission!
 'Alla stoccata' carries it away.

Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your
 nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and,
 as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest
 of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of
 his pilcher by the ears? make haste, let mine be
 about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*]

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*]

Rom. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage!

Tybalt, Mercutio, the prince expressly hath

Forbid this bandying in Verona streets;

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio!

[*Tybalt under Romeo's arm stabs Mercutio
 and flies with his followers.*]

Mer. I am hurt;

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped:

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis
 enough.

Where is my page? Go, villain, fetch a sur-
 geon. [*Exit Page.*]

Rom. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as
 a church-door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask
 for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave
 man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world.
 A plague o' both your houses. 'Zounds, a dog,

a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ;
a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the
book of arithmetic ! Why, the devil came you
between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint. A plague o' both your houses !
They have made worms' meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too : your houses !

[*Exeunt Mercutio and Benvolio.*]

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander,—Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman : O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel !

Re-enter Benvolio.

Ben. O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead !
That valiant spirit hath aspired the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days doth
depend ;
This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

Rom. Alive, in triumph. And Mercutio slain !
Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-eyed fury be my conduct now !
Now, Tybalt, take the 'villain' back again
That late thou gavest me ; for Mercutio's soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company :
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight; Tybalt falls.*]

Ben. Romeo, away, be gone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death

If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away!

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool!

Ben. Why dost thou stay?

[*Exit Romeo.*]

[The Prince appears and decrees Romeo's banishment.] .

SCENE 2. *A room in Capulet's house.* Juliet is talking to herself passionately about love and Romeo, when the Nurse comes in with the rope ladder, and brings the news that Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, has been killed by Romeo and Romeo is banished.

When Juliet learns that Romeo has killed her cousin, she fires out at him. But as soon as the Nurse takes up the same strain, saying "Shame come to Romeo," Juliet cries: "Blister'd be thy tongue for such a wish! . . . O, what a beast I was to chide at him. . . . My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; and Tybalt's dead that would have slain my husband."

And so she goes on, till her only thought is to find and comfort Romeo. She sends the Nurse with a ring for him, bidding him come and say farewell before he goes.

SCENE 3. Friar Laurence in his cell tells Romeo of his banishment.

Rom. Ha, banishment! be merciful, say 'death';
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say 'banishment.'

[The Nurse appears, but Romeo continues to rave, and draws his sword to kill himself, but the Friar comforts him with good counsel, and Romeo tells the Nurse he will presently go to Juliet. The Friar promises to keep him informed in Mantua of everything.]

SCENE 4. Capulet, Lady Capulet, and Paris meet at Capulet's house to talk of the marriage with Juliet. The death of Tybalt has upset their plans, but the marriage is arranged for Thursday, this being Monday, for Capulet believes that Juliet will be ruled by his wishes.

SCENE 5. *Juliet's chamber.*

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone; it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark; the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yond light is not day-light, I know it, I:

It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
 To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
 And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
 Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be
 gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
 I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
 I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
 Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
 The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
 I have more care to stay than will to go:
 Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
 How is't, my soul? let's talk: it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is: hie hence, be gone, away!
 It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
 Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
 Some say the lark makes sweet division;
 This doth not so, for she divideth us:
 Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
 O, now I would they had changed voices too!
 Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
 Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
 O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and dark
 our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about.

[*Exit.*

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

An Evening with Shakespeare 197

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [Descends.]

Jul. Art thou gone so? my lord, my love, my friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O, by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo!

Rom. Farewell.

I will omit no opportunity

That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O, think'st thou we shall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul.

Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,

As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:

Either my eyesight fails or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu!

[Exit.]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him

That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,

But send him back.

[Lady Capulet now enters, and later Capulet himself, and they tell Juliet she is to be married to Paris on Thursday. She protests, and Capulet insists roughly. Lady Capulet refuses to interfere. When they are gone Juliet consults with the Nurse, who advises her that as Romeo is gone, she'd perhaps better marry Paris. This angers Juliet, who says she will go to Friar Laurence, and if everything fails she still has "power to die."]

ACT IV

SCENE 1. *Friar Laurence's cell.* Paris is there to ask the Friar to marry him to Juliet on Thursday, and he explains the haste as due to Juliet's excessive grief for Tybalt, which her friends would assuage by her marriage.

Juliet enters, and Paris takes his leave.

The Friar and Juliet talk it all over, and the Friar thinks of a plan which may help Juliet out of her trouble. He will give her a sleeping draught which will make her appear as dead. They will put her in the tomb, but when she wakes Romeo shall be there to take her away.

Love gives her strength, and she takes the potion and hastens away, while the Friar prepares to send word to Romeo.

SCENE 2. *At Capulet's house.* Juliet returns from the Friar's and pretends to consent to the marriage to Paris.

SCENE 3. *Juliet's chamber.* Preparations for the wedding have been made, but Juliet begs the Nurse for one night alone, to spend in prayer. So they leave her.

Jul. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:

I'll call them back again to comfort me.

Nurse!—What should she do here?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.

What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no: this shall forbid it. Lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point.
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes
in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As, in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where for this many hundred years the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies festering in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;
Alack, alack, is it not like that I
So early waking, what with loathsome smells
And shrieks like mandrakes, torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad:
Or, if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
 As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
 O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
 Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
 Upon a rapier's point: stay, Tybalt, stay!
 Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*]

SCENE 4. *Capulet's hall.* Preparations for the marriage are going actively forward.

SCENE 5. *Juliet's chamber.* The Nurse enters and finds Juliet apparently dead. Lady Capulet comes in, and then Capulet, roughly calling her to hurry, but only to learn she is dead. Friar Laurence and Paris enter, but the wedding is changed into a funeral.

ACT V

SCENE 1. *A street in Mantua.* Romeo appears, light of heart after a peculiar dream, in which he thought Juliet came and found him dead.

Balthasar comes from Verona with the news of Juliet's death, but there is no news from Friar Laurence. When Balthasar is gone to order horses, Romeo exclaims:

"Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night."

He remembers an apothecary whose wretched home is near at hand. The poor fellow responds to his knocking.

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;

Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's
souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst
not sell:

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

Come, cordial and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. *The cell of Friar Laurence.* Friar John returns with the message to Romeo. Fear of

some contagious disease has prevented the sending of the letter to Romeo.

SCENE 3. *A churchyard, in front of the Capulet monument.*

First appears Paris and a Page to leave flowers before the tomb of Juliet.

They hear sounds and retire, while Romeo and Balthasar come forward with mattock and wrenching iron to pry open the tomb. Romeo gives Balthasar a letter for his father Montague, and orders him to leave at once that he may be alone.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
And in despite I'll cram thee with more food.

[*Opens the tomb.*]

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague
That murder'd my love's cousin, with which
grief,

It is supposed, the fair creature died,
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.

[*Comes forward.*]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague!
Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me, for thou must die.

Rom. I must indeed, and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Put not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury: O, be gone!

By heaven, I love thee better than myself,
 For I come hither arm'd against myself:
 Stay not, be gone: live, and' hereafter say,
 A madman's mercy bid thee run away.

[But Paris calls him a felon and attempts to apprehend him. They fight, and Paris is slain. As he dies he asks to be laid in the tomb with Juliet, which Romeo promises.]

When the body of Paris has been dragged within, and Romeo has sorrowfully recognized in him the noble kinsman of Mercutio, he turns to the figure of Juliet, which lies shrouded in flowers.]

Rom. O my love! my wife!

Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath
 Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O, what more favour can I do to thee
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain
 To sunder this that was thine enemy?
 Forgive me, cousin! Ah, dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous,
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that, I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again; here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O,
 here

Will I set up my everlasting rest,
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars

From this world-wearied flesh. Eyes, look your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark.
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!

Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.

[*Dies.*]

[As Romeo dies, Friar Laurence enters, come to rescue Juliet when she wakes, since his messenger to Romeo has not brought her lover as he had planned.]

Fri. L.

Romeo! [*Advances.*]

Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale! Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood? Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!

The lady stirs.

[*Juliet wakes.*]

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?

I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am: where is my Romeo?

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. L. I hear some noise. Lady, come from that nest

Of death, contagion and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet; I dare no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.

[*Exit Fri. L.*]

What's here? a cup, closed in my true love's
hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiss thy lips;
Haply some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*Kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm.

First Watch. [*Within.*] Lead, boy: which way?

Jul. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!

[*Snatching Romeo's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath [*Stabs herself*]; there rust and
let me die. [*Falls on Romeo's body, and dies.*]

[Here ends the play as it is usually performed in modern times, but as Shakespeare wrote it the Capulets and Montagues come, and over the dead bodies of their son and daughter bury their family feud forever.]

HAMLET

Introduction

Whether or not *Hamlet* is Shakespeare's greatest play will never be decided, perhaps, but it is unquestionably the one great actors regard as their most

ambitious rôle, and the one play of Shakespeare's that is most studied by the thoughtful and cultured. It has been called "the great modern soul-tragedy."

Shakespeare doubtless developed his play from a previous play entitled *Hamlet's Revenge*. Very little is known of this play. The story probably came from the records of Saxo Grammaticus, a noted Danish writer, whose works were first printed in 1514. He tells the story of *Hamlet*, or *Amleth*, including the principal scenes of the Shakespearean play except the ghost scene and the play scene, which were invented by the Elizabethan dramatists—either Shakespeare or his predecessor.

Hamlet was probably written, or at least perfected, by Shakespeare about 1601 or 1602, five years or so after the *Merchant of Venice* and *Romeo and Juliet*. This was the date of Shakespeare's greatest work, when he wrote *Julius Caesar*, *Macbeth*, and *Othello*.

The play was first printed in 1603 in a curious edition, which is only about half the length, and in many respects very different from the edition published the next year, which gave us the play very much as we have it today. In this first garbled and imperfect edition Polonius is called Corambus. It seems to represent an entirely different acting version of the play, and may be supposed to be Shakespeare's first effort at rewriting the older play. We see that Shakespeare did not attain perfection at a bound, but got his finest effects by long and hard work.

It has been a much disputed question whether Hamlet was really insane, or only pretended he was

insane. One actor has represented him as sane, and another as insane. Opinion seems to tend strongly toward the idea that he was sane, though under a frightful nervous strain and overwrought by the conflict of his emotions.

The motive of the play is Hamlet's lack of will power, which made him fail to do the duty laid on him by the ghost. He had all the virtues of a scholarly, high-minded, deep-seeing Prince, and yet he was not equal to the great emergency.

Dramatis Personæ

CLAUDIUS, *king of Denmark.*

HAMLET, *son to the late, and nephew to the present king.*

POLONIUS, *lord chamberlain.*

HORATIO, *friend to Hamlet.*

LAERTES, *son to Polonius.*

VOLTIMAND,	}	<i>courtiers.</i>
CORNELIUS,		
ROSENCRANTZ,		
GUILDENSTERN,		
OSRIC,		
A Gentleman.		

A Priest.

BERNARDO,	}	<i>officers.</i>
MARCELLUS,		

FRANCISCO, *a soldier.*

REYNALDO, *servant to Polonius.*

Players.

Two Clowns, *grave-diggers.*

FORTINBRAS, *prince of Norway.*

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

208 Evenings with Great Authors

GERTRUDE, *queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.*

OPHELIA, *daughter to Polonius.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

SCENE: *Denmark.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *Platform before the castle of Elsinore.*
Francisco, who is on guard duty, is relieved by Bernardo.

The air is cold and nipping. It has just struck twelve, and Francisco says, "For this relief much thanks; 't is bitter cold, and I am sick at heart."

Horatio and Marcellus enter. Marcellus has twice seen a phantom, and Horatio has come to watch for it. Bernardo is telling what he and Marcellus saw at one o'clock the night before, when the Ghost itself appears.

Enter Ghost.

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

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

Mar. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Question it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark

Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee,
speak!

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See, it stalks away!

Hor. Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee, speak!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?

What think you on't?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

[The Ghost is very like the late king Hamlet, and Horatio and Marcellus think its appearance portends some great public calamity. Fortinbras, whose father lost his lands to the old King Hamlet, is raising a rebellion, and perhaps it refers to this.

They decide to tell the young Prince Hamlet.]

SCENE 2. *A room in the castle.* The King, Queen, Hamlet, and the court are there. The King sends a couple of messengers to old Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras, to ask him to restrain his nephew.

[Laertes, brother of Ophelia, begs leave to return to France, whence he had come for the coronation, and the King grants his request.

Then the King turns to Hamlet.]

King. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

Ham. [*Aside.*] A little more than kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not forever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must
die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shapes of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

[The King urges Hamlet not to grieve too much for the death of his father, and the Queen asks him as a favor to her not to go to Wittenberg. He promises to obey her wishes. The King is satisfied, and Hamlet is left alone.]

Ham. O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on 't! ah fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,

That grows to seed; things rank and gross in
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. - Heaven and earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month—
Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is
woman!—

A little month, or ere those shoes were old
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she,—
O God, a beast that wants discourse of reason
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my
uncle,

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules: within a month;
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing of her galled eyes,
She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good:

But break, my heart, for I must hold my tongue!

[Horatio and Marcellus enter. Hamlet greets his
old friend cordially, then asks him why he has come
to Elsinore.]

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!

My father!—methinks I see my father.

Hor. O where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,

I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw? who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

[Then Horatio tells of the Ghost. When the others are gone Hamlet exclaims:]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul; foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [Exit.]

SCENE 3. *A room in the house of Polonius.*
Laertes is telling Ophelia not to take seriously the love-making of Hamlet.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,

If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

[Ophelia promises to heed his advice, but says:]

But, good my brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,

Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads
And recks not his own rede.

[Polonius enters, and in giving his blessing to his son utters his oft-quoted advice—borrowed by Shakespeare from Euphues:]

And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no
tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel,
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear 't, that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

[When Laertes is gone, Polonius asks Ophelia if Hamlet has been making love to her, saying:
“What is between you? Give me up the truth.”]

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

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

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

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

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more
dearly;

Or — not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus — you'll tender me a fool.

Oph. My lord, he hath importuned me with love
In honourable fashion.

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

Oph. And hath given countenance to his speech,
my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.

[He bids her have nothing more to do with Hamlet,
and she promises to obey.]

SCENE 4. *On the platform before the castle, at night.* Hamlet and Horatio, as well as the guard, are there to watch for the Ghost.

There is a flourish of trumpets and ordnance shot off within. Horatio asks what it means, and Hamlet tells him the King is holding wassail — “a custom more honoured in the breach than in the observance,” adds Hamlet, who says the nations are taking notice of this and begin to call them drunkards.

The Ghost enters. Hamlet addresses it in tones of awe. Cold with fear, yet determined to know, he asks it what it is and whence it comes. At last the Ghost beckons him.

Half afraid, he talks with Horatio and Marcellus, who try to keep him from following. But he insists. "Unhand me, gentlemen," he cries; and to the Ghost, "Go on; I'll follow thee." Horatio and Marcellus, deeply concerned, decide to follow and know the issue.

SCENE 5. *Another part of the platform. The Ghost and Hamlet alone.*

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. -I will.

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word

Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young
blood, —

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part
And each particular hair to stand on end,

Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:

But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!

If thou didst ever thy dear father love —

Ham. O God!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder!

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is,

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as
swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love,

May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;

And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed

That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,

Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,
hear:

'Tis given out that, sleeping in my orchard,

A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark

Is by a forged process of my death

Rankly abused: but know, thou noble youth,

The serpent that did sting thy father's life

Now wears his crown.

Ham. O my prophetic soul!

My Uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,

With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous
gifts,—

O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed
And prey on garbage.

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leprous distilment; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and damned incest.
 But, howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [Exit.

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! what
 else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fie! Hold, hold,
 my heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away trivial fond records,
 All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
 O most pernicious woman!
 O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
 My tables,—meet it is I set it down,

That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark.

[*Writing.*

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is 'Adieu, adieu! remember me.'

[Horatio and Marcellus enter, and eagerly question Hamlet, who speaks somewhat wildly,— says they will reveal it.]

Hor. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

Mar. Nor I, my lord.

Ham. How say you, then; would heart of man
once think it?

But you'll be secret?

Hor. }
Mar. } Ay, by heaven, my lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Den-
mark

But he's an arrant knave.

Hor. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from
the grave

To'tell us this.

Ham. Why, right; you are 'i' the right;
And so, without more circumstance, at all,
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:
You, as your business and desire shall point you;
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is; and for my own poor part,
Look you, I'll go pray.

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

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars and soldiers,
Give me one poor request.

Hor. What is't, my lord? we will.

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to-night.

Hor. } My lord, we will not.

Mar. }
Ham. Nay, but swear 't.

Hor. In faith,

My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my sword.

Mar. We have sworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

Ham. Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, true-penny?

Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my sword.

Ghost. [*Beneath*] Swear.

[A third, a fourth time the Ghost bids them swear.]

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit. [*They swear.*]
So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together ;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint : O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right !

Nay, come, let's go together. [Exeunt.

ACT II

SCENE I. *A room in the house of Polonius.*
Polonius is sending his servant Reynaldo to Paris to spy out Laertes and see that he is up to no mischief, giving lengthy directions as to how this is to be done.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. How, now, Ophelia ! what's the matter ?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted !

Pol. With what, i' the name of God ?

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

Pol. Mad for thy love ?

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

Pol. What said he ?

Oph. He took me by the wrist and held me hard ;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so ;
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
 And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk
 And end his being: that done, he lets me go:
 And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
 He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And to the last bended their light on me.

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

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

Pol. That hath made him mad.
 I am sorry that with better heed and judgement
 I had not quoted him: I fear'd he did but trifle
 And meant to wreck thee; but beshrew my jeal-
 ousy!
 By heaven, it is as proper to our age
 To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
 As it is common for the younger sort
 To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
 This must be known; which, being kept close,
 might move
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.
 Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 2. The King and Queen welcome Rosen-
crantz and Guildenstern, who are bidden to try to
divert Hamlet.

Messengers from Norway report success, and that
Fortinbras has promised never again to take up
arms against Denmark.

And then Polonius tells their majesties that he
has found out all about Hamlet's indisposition. He
then proceeds to tell them what's the matter.

Pol. My liege, and madam, to expostulate
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit
And tediousness the limbs and outward flour-
ishes,

I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:-
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with less art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true 'tis pity,
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

[Polonius says Hamlet is mad for love of his
daughter, and proves it by reading extracts from
Hamlet's letters and verses.

To test the matter he will loose his daughter to
Hamlet, and he and the King will be hidden behind
the arras to see what happens.]

Enter Hamlet, reading.

Pol. O, give me leave: how does my good Lord
Hamlet?

Ham. Well, God-a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were so honest a man.

Pol. Honest, my lord!

Ham. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god kissing carrion—Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' the sun: conception is a blessing; but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to 't.

Pol. [*Aside*] How say you by that? Still harping on my daughter: yet he knew me not at first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far gone: and truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards, that their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams; all of which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself,

sir, shall grow old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave.

Pol. Indeed, that's out of the air. [*Aside*] How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal: except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord. [*E.rit.*

Ham. These tedious old fools!

[Then enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. They are old friends of Hamlet's, and he greets them accordingly. He asks them why fortune sends them hither to prison. Denmark's a prison, he tells them. They think not so, and Hamlet says, "Why, then 't is none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so; to me it is a prison."

At last he asks them bluntly if they were not sent for.]

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why, any thing, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no.

Ros. [*Aside to Guil.*] What say you?

Ham. [*Aside*] Nay then, I have an eye of you.—
If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said 'man delights not me'?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

[Hamlet is delighted to hear of the coming of the players, and talks for a time about them. He asks his friends to look out for the players, and ends,]

Ham. You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a hand-saw.

[Polonius announces the approach of the players, who immediately appear. Hamlet makes them say some speeches. Polonius grows impatient, and at last Hamlet dismisses them, begging Polonius to use them well, "for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live." He says they'll hear a play to-morrow. After Polonius is gone with all except the first player, Hamlet asks this one if he can play the Murder of Gonzago. Alone, he explains his idea as he muses:]

Ham. I have heard
That guilty creatures, sitting at a play,
Have by the very cunning of the scene
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these
players

Play something like the murder of my father
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick: if he but blench,
I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this. The play's the thing
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.
[Exit.

ACT III

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.* Rosencrantz and Guildenstern report to the King and Queen their success with Hamlet. Polonius is ready to loose Ophelia to Hamlet. The Queen goes out, after telling Ophelia that she hopes her virtues will restore Hamlet to reason.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so please you,

We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia.*] Read on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much proved—that with devotion's
visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

King. [*Aside*] O, 'tis too true!

How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them. To die: to sleep;
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may
come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause: there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of
time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-
tumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,
 The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry
 And lose the name of action.— Soft you now!
 The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons
 Be all my sins remember'd.

Oph. Good my lord,
 How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you: well, well, well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
 That I have longed long to re-deliver;
 I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
 I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well you
 did;
 And with them words of so sweet breath com-
 posed
 As made the things more rich: their perfume
 lost,
 Take these again; for to the noble mind
 Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
 There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honest?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordship?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate a beauty into his likeness: this was sometimes a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

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

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowery: be thou as chaste as ice, as

pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. O heavenly powers, restore him!

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

[*Exit.*]

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue,
sword:

The expectancy and rose of this fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music-vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh;
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown
youth

Blasted with ecstasy: O, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

Re-enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a little,

Was not like madness. There 's something in
his soul

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger.

[As a result, the King determines to send Hamlet speedily to England. Polonius suggests that the Queen shall have a talk with Hamlet alone after the play, however.]

SCENE 2. *A hall in the castle.*

Enter Hamlet and Players.

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on your tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ear of the groundlings, who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

First Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature: for anything so overdone is from the

purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

First Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us, sir.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

Enter Polonius, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit Polonius.*]
Will you two help to hasten them?

Ros. }
 Guil. } We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Ham. What ho! Horatio!

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man.

As e'er my conversation coped withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,—

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter;
 For what advancement may I hope from thee,
 That no revenue hast but thy good spirits,
 To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor
 be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
 And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
 Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou
 hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
 And could of men distinguish, her election
 Hath seal'd thee for herself; for thou hast been
 As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
 A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
 Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well com-
 mingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please. Give me that
 man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
 In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
 As I do thee.

Something too much of this.

There is a play to-night before the king;

One scene of it comes near the circumstance
 Which I have told thee of my father's death:
 I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,
 Even with the very comment of thy soul
 Observe my uncle: if his occulted guilt
 Do not itself unkennel in one speech,
 It is a damned ghost that we have seen,
 And my imaginations are as foul
 As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;
 For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,
 And after we will both our judgments join
 In censure of his seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
 If he steal aught whilst this play is playing,
 And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play: I must be idle:
 Get you a place.

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter King, Queen,
 Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,
 and other Lords attendant, with the Guard carry-
 ing torches.*

King. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

Ham. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish:
 I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed
 capons so.

King. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet;
 these words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius.*] My
 lord, you played once i' the university, you say?

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a
 good actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar: I was killed i' the
 Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

[The play is enacted in dumb-show and then in the regular way. The King is a little suspicious; and asks Hamlet what the name of the play is. He is told it is "The Mouse-trap," adding, "Let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung." But when the villain pours the poison in the player king's ear, the King rises excitedly, calls for lights, and the scene is ended. Hamlet and Horatio alone remain, and Hamlet sings,—]

Ham. Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some must sleep:

Thus runs the world away.

[And he says he'll take the Ghost's word for a thousand pounds,—the King's guilt is clearly proved.

Presently come Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, telling Hamlet his mother is much amazed, and otherwise trying to draw him out, while Hamlet stuffs them with all sorts of chaff.

Just then the players re-enter with recorders, and he takes one. Then addressing Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he says,]

Ham. Why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

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

Re-enter Polonius.

God bless you, sir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

Pol. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is backed like a weasel.

Ham. Or like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then I will come to my mother by and by.
They fool me to the top of my bent. I will come
by and by.

Pol. I will say so. *[Exit Polonius.]*

Ham. 'By and by' is easily said. Leave me,
friends.

[Exeunt all but Hamlet.]

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes
out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot
blood,

And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my
mother.

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites:

How in my words soever she be shent,

To give them seals, never, my soul, consent!

[Exit.]

SCENE 3. *A room in the castle.* The king tells
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern he will commission
them to take Hamlet to England, as he is dangerous
and should be out of the way.

Polonius says he will stow himself behind the
arras in the Queen's closet and hear what Hamlet
says to her.

Left alone the King lets his guilty conscience speak:

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder.

He tries to pray, but cannot.

And as he kneels comes Hamlet, who has just the chance he has been lacking to kill the King as he kneels. But his intellect misleads him. He reasons that his father was killed with all his sins full-blown, as flush as May, and to kill the King while at prayer would be giving him an unjust advantage.

So he puts it off for a more convenient time.

SCENE 4. *The Queen's closet.* The Queen hides Polonius behind the arras.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, Hamlet!

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not so:

You are the queen, your husband's brother's
wife;

And—would it were not so!—you are my
mother.

Queen. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, sit you down; you shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?

Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind*] What, ho! help, help, help!

Ham. [*Drawing*] How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

Pol. [*Behind*] O, I am slain! [*Falls and dies.*]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the king?

Queen. O, what a rash and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother, As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king!

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.

[*Lifts up the arras and discovers Polonius.*]

Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!

I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;

Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.

Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,

If it be made of penetrable stuff;

If damned custom have not brass'd it so,

That it be proof and bulwark against sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,

Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage vows
 As false as dicers' oath: O, such a deed
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;
 Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
 With tristful visage, as against the doom,
 Is thought-sick at the act.

Queen. Ay me, what act,
 That roars so loud and thunders in the index?

Ham. Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See what a grace was seated on this brow;
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald Mercury
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal
 To give the world assurance of a man:
 This was your husband. Look you now, what
 follows:
 Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you
 eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment: and what judg-
 ment
 Would step from this to this? Sense sure you
 have,

Else could you not have motion: but sure that
sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'r so thrall'd
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame
When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.

Queen. O Hamlet, speak no more:
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul,
And there I see such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making
love
Over the nasty sty,—

Queen. O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!

Ham. A murderer and a villain;
A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precedent lord; a vice of kings;
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!

Queen. No more!

Ham. A king of shreds and patches—

Enter Ghost,

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards! What would your
gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad!

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
The important acting of your dread command?
O, say!

Ghost. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look, amazement on thy mother sits:
O, step between her and her fighting soul:
Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works:
Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is 't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements,
Stand up and stand an end. O gentle son,
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you
look?

Ham. On him, on him! Look you how pale he
glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to
stones,

Would make them capable. Do not look upon
me,

Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals
away!

My father, in his habit as he lived!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit Ghost.*]

[She thinks he's mad, but he goes pitilessly on in
his arraignment.]

Queen. O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in
twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.

Ham. I must to England; you know that?

Queen. Alack,

I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd: and my two school-
fellows,

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my
way,

And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer

Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,
 And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis most sweet.
 When in one line two crafts directly meet.
 This man shall set me packing:
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.
 Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor
 Is now most still, most secret and most grave,
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.
 Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging
 in Polonius.*]

ACT IV,

SCENE I. *A room in the castle.* The Queen comes from her closet to report to the King her interview with Hamlet, and tell how he killed Polonius. This act makes them both believe he is stark mad. And as the King sends Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to find Hamlet and see what he has done with the body of Polonius, he says to his wife,

O, come away!

My soul is full of discord and dismay.

SCENE 2. *Another room.* Hamlet has just stowed away the body of Polonius, and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern come in and ask him where it is. Hamlet chaffs them. He objects—

Ham. To be demanded of a sponge!
 What replication should be made by the son of
 a king?

Ros. Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ros. I understand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

SCENE 3. *Another room.* The King hears the report of Rosencrantz, and Hamlet is brought in.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of public worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service, two dishes, but to one table: that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm.

King. What dost thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' the other

place yourself. But indeed, if you find him not within this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

[There they find Polonius. And when all are gone, the King soliloquizes to the effect that he has arranged for the present death of Hamlet in England.]

SCENE 4. *A plain in Denmark.* Hamlet is departing for England with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, when they meet Fortinbras, who is off on an expedition merely for glory, to recover some useless land from the Polacks. It is a lesson to Hamlet, who, left alone, muses thus:

How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To fust in us unused. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 At thought which, quarter'd, hath but one part
 wisdom
 And ever three parts coward,—I do not know
 Why yet I live to say 'this thing's to do,'
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and
 means,
 To do 't. Examples gross as earth exhort me:
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince,
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
 Makes mouths at the invisible event,

Exposing what is moral and unsure.
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 Excitements of my reason and my blood,
 And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasy and trick of fame
 Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough and continent
 To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[Exit.]

SCENE 5. *A room in the castle.* The Queen is with Horatio, when she is told Ophelia wishes to see her. The Queen at first refuses to see her, then asks what she wants. Horatio says,

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she
 may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

Queen. Let her come in. [Exit Gentleman.]

[*Aside*] To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:
 So full of artless jealousy is guilt,
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.

Re-enter Gentleman, with Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia!

Oph. [*Sings*] How should I your true love know
From another one?

By his cockle hat and staff
And his sandal shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone.

Oh, oh!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,—

Oph. Pray you, mark.

[*Sings*] White his shroud as the mountain
snow,—

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. [*Sings*] Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

King. How do you, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God 'ild you! They say the owl was a
baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are,
but know not what we may be. God be at your
table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but
when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Sings*] To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber-door;

Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.¹

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end
on 't:

[Sings] By Gis and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do't, if they come to't;

By cock, they are to blame.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well. We must be patient:
but I cannot choose but weep, to think they
should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother
shall know of it; and so I thank you for your
good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night,
ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night,
good night. [Exit.]

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I
pray you. Oh! this is the poison of deep grief;
it springs all from her father's death.

[Exit Horatio.]

[The King realizes that the people may be up in arms over the death of Polonius and the hasty sending of Hamlet to England, and as he speaks of these things comes news that Laertes is returned in hot haste to revenge the death of his father, and the people cry "Laertes shall be king."]

When Laertes enters the King requires all his diplomacy to quiet him. And when the Queen gets nervous he reminds her "There's such divinity doth hedge a king" that his person is in no danger.]

¹ This lewd song from the pure-minded Ophelia doubles the pity of the scene.

Re-enter Ophelia Singing.

Oph. [*Sings*] They bore him barefaced on the bier:

Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny :
And in his grave rain'd many a tear,—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,

It could not move thus.

Oph. [*Sings*] You must sing a-down,
An you call him a-down-a.

O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

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

Laer. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

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

[*Sings*] For bonnie sweet Robin is all my joy.

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

Oph. [*Sings*] And will a' not come again?
And will a' not come again?

No, no, he is dead,

Go to thy deathbed,

He never will come again.

His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God. God be
wi' you.

SCENE 6. *Another room in the castle.* Horatio receives a letter from Hamlet telling him he is returning to Elsinore, while Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are still on their way to England. They met a pirate ship, as the two boats came together Hamlet boarded the other, when instantly they cast off, and he was thus brought back to Denmark.

SCENE 7. *A room in the castle.* The King has about persuaded Laertes that it was Hamlet killed Polonius, when there comes a letter to the King from Hamlet, telling of his return.

The King is frightened, but Laertes jumps at the idea of getting his revenge. They plan that Laertes and Hamlet shall have a bout with the foils, and Laertes' foil shall have no button, and besides be poisoned.

Enter Queen.

King. How now, sweet queen!

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd,
Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,

And mermaid-like a while they bore her up:
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element: but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas, then she is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord.

ACT V

SCENE I. *A churchyard.* Two clowns are digging the grave for Ophelia, who would not be buried in Christian burial were she not the daughter of a lord. The two clowns discuss the law of the case.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

First Clo. In youth, when I did love, did love,
 Methought it was very sweet,
 To contract, O, the time, for-a my behove,
 O, methought, there-a was nothing-a meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business,
 that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of
 easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so: the land of little employment
 hath the daintier sense.

First Clo. [*Sings*] But age, with his stealing steps,
 Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
 And hath shipped me intil the land,
 As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*]

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing
 once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as
 if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first
 murder! It might be the pate of a politician
 which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would
 circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good
 morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, sweet
 lord?' This might be my lord such-a-one, that
 praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he
 meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's;
 chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with
 a sexton's spade: here fine revolution, an we
 had the trick to see't. Did these bones cost
 no more the breeding, but to play at loggats
 with 'em? mine ache to think on't.

First Clo. [*Sings*] A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
 For and a shrouding sheet:
 O, a pit of clay for to be made
 For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*]

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha?

First Clo. Here's a skull now: this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whose was it?

First Clo. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

First Clo. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

First Clo. E'en that.

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

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

Hor. E'en so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah! [*Puts down the skull.*]

Hor. E'en so, my lord.

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

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returned into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæsar, dead and turn'd to clay,
 Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
 O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
 Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flow!

[The funeral train now enters and Hamlet steps aside. The King, Queen, and Laertes are present.]

Queen. [*Scattering flowers*] Sweets to the sweet:
 farewell!

I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's
 wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet
 maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
 Fall ten times treble on that cursed head
 Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious sense
 Deprived thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
 Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
 [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Now pile your dust upon the quick and the dead,
 Till of this flat a mountain you have made
 To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head
 Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief
 Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
 Conjures the wandering stars and makes them
 stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
 Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

Laer. The devil take thy soul!

[*Grappling with him.*]

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee take thy fingers from my throat;
 For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Queen.

Hamlet, Hamlet!

All.

Gentlemen,—

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*]

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my son, what theme?

Ham. I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do:

Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear
thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

Be buried quick with her, and so will I.

And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw

Millions of acres on us, till our ground,

Singeing his pate against the burning zone,

Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,

I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen.

This is mere madness:

And thus a while the fit will work on him;

Anon, as patient as the female dove

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

Ham.

Hear you, sir;

What is the reason that you use me thus?

I loved you ever: but it is no matter;

Let Hercules himself do what he may,

The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*]

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.

[*Exit Horatio.*]

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our
last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.

Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.

This grave shall have a living monument:

An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;

Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE 2. In the hall of the castle Hamlet tells Horatio how he found Rosencrantz and Guildenstern had sealed orders for his death, which he changed so as to cause their death instead. When Horatio sighs he says,

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;

They are not near my conscience.

[Horatio reminds him of his main business, to revenge his father's death, and how he is beset, but Hamlet replies,—]

Ham. It will be short; the interim is mine;

And a man's life's no more than to say 'One.'

[The fencing bout is now arranged, and they all gather in presence of the King and Queen.

Before he begins to fight Hamlet begs pardon of Laertes, and confesses he has done him wrong. And then they play.

Following the old custom of dissolving a costly pearl in a glass of wine and giving it to drink, the King pretends to throw a union in a glass for Hamlet, but instead it is poison.

Hamlet will not drink till the bout is over, but the Queen takes the poisoned cup and drinks, and dies.

Laertes and Hamlet both are wounded, and as they have exchanged foils in the scuffle, both are wounded with the poisoned blade.

As the Queen dies, Hamlet cries, "O villainy! Ho! let the door be locked. Treachery! seek it out!"

Laertes as he dies tells Hamlet the truth, whereupon Hamlet turns and stabs the King, and makes him drink off the rest of the poisoned cup amid cries of "Treason."

The King dies, and Laertes, as he dies, repents and asks Hamlet's forgiveness.

And now Hamlet turns to his only friend, Horatio.]

Ham. Horatio, I am dead;
Thou livest; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it:
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the cup: let go: by heaven, I'll have't.
O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind
me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

[*March afar off, and shot within.*

What warlike noise is this?

Osric. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from
Poland,

To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:

I cannot live to hear the news from England;

But I do prophesy the election lights

On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;

So tell him, with the occurrents, more or less,

Which have solicited. The rest is silence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart. Good night, sweet
prince,

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

[*A dead march.*]

PART III
AN EVENING WITH LINCOLN



LINCOLN

EVERY man should have a hero. If there is anyone who confesses he has none, do not trust him; he has no high ideals, he does not wish to be greater or better than he is, and it is certain that he is in a fair way to become one of earth's degenerates.

There is no nation that has ever attained greatness without its list of heroes. Greece had Achilles and Socrates and Demosthenes, Rome had Caesar, France Napoleon, Germany Bismarck, England Alfred the Great and Nelson. America has her heroes, too, whose names have been given to states and towns and streets all over the land, until there is no one who has not heard them often. Washington was truly the Father of his Country, Franklin stands for American wit and American common sense, and Lincoln, born in poverty, brought up in a wilderness full of ignorance, we revere as the savior of the nation.

Lincoln the Ideal American Hero

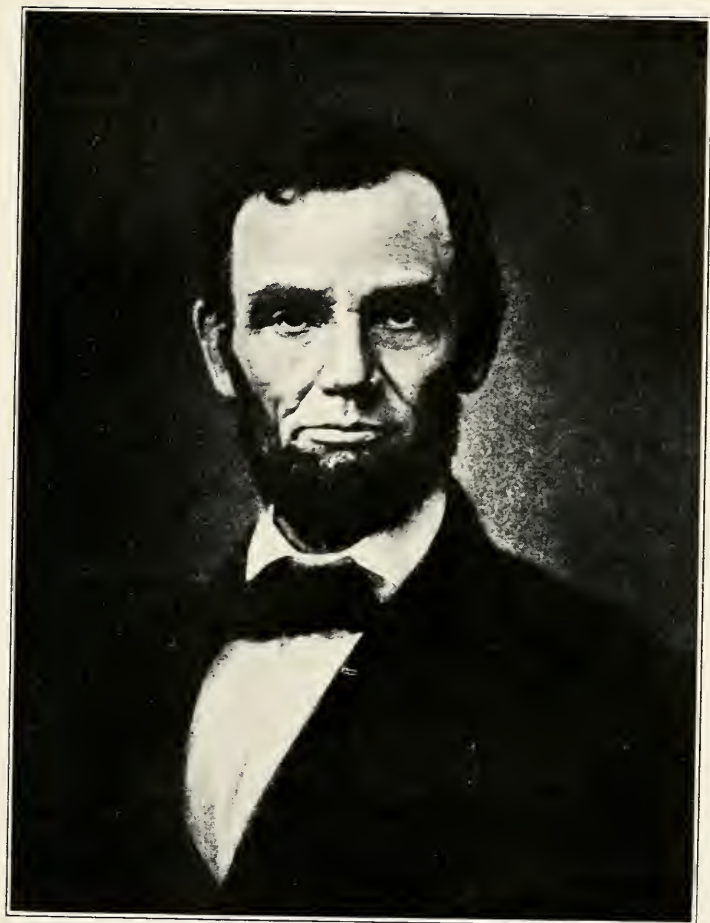
Lincoln is an ideal hero for Americans, because he came from the very lowest, poorest, meanest stock, and rose to the very highest office we have to bestow. As a boy and as a young man he was so like one of us that there are few who cannot say they have as many natural gifts or as many opportunities as he had. He was plain, he was honest, he had good health, and he was determined to get

along in the world. He had his faults, too. He did not like to work any better than most of us, he had a weakness for loafing and telling stories, and he was not as polite and polished in manners as his wife would have liked him to be. Even when he became President he was worth but a few hundred dollars, all invested in his small house and plain furniture in Springfield.

But money does not make a man; polished manners do not make him; even education does not make great a man whose soul is small. Lincoln had but a few months' schooling at a district school, and though he read a good many books and studied law until he was fairly skilled in his profession, his self-education was no greater than may easily be attained by any average American.

Lincoln was great because he looked at everything so honestly and with such healthy common sense. He never felt himself above even the humblest of his fellows; and though he knew he could think more clearly and act more vigorously than most of the men he met, he did not fancy that to be a cause for "putting on airs." He was always the same Lincoln, whether President in the White House or a poor rail-splitter on a Western farm. That made the people love him. They wanted him to be great, because they seemed all to share in his greatness; they wished him to hold high office because they felt they could trust their most difficult problems to him; and they knew that however high he rose he would be just as ready to talk with them and help them as when he was indeed one of themselves.

But much as his friends liked him and trusted



ABRAHAM LINCOLN

him, no one knew how really great he was until suddenly he was made President of the Union, just as the Union seemed falling to pieces. He was like a giant rock that has rolled down from a mountain into the sea. The wind blew and the waters dashed over it, and though it had come down so suddenly it seemed as if it had been there forever. The drowning and the hopeless clung to it, the boats all anchored under its lee, and though the timid predicted the rock would fall on them and crush them all, it stood unmoved till the gale was over.

Here is a hero whom we all may imitate. If we have gifts and opportunities that he had not, let us be thankful and make the most of them as he would have done. But if we are no better off than he, as is the case with many of us, let us take courage and fight manfully on as he did; and while we may not be great enough to fill as great a post as he did, in whatever place our lot may fall we may act honestly, nobly, and honorably, as he would have done.

This is what it means to choose an honest hero and shape our lives after his. Caesar sacrificed his country to his ambition, and Napoleon, though a very great man, was a very bad one. Lincoln fought a bloody war, but, unlike Napoleon, he fought to save. Even Napoleon's friends came in time to hate him. Today the South, which once thought Lincoln its arch-enemy, has learned in a measure to look on him as its best friend. He is no longer the hero merely of the West, or merely of the North; he is the hero of the whole nation, and perhaps some day he will be the hero of other nations that have not yet heard his name.

Lincoln was assassinated more than forty years ago, but it is still difficult to speak of him without being tempted to pronounce a sort of funeral eulogy over him. We shall understand him better, however, if we follow the homely details of his early life.

His Humble Origin

Abraham Lincoln was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, February 12, 1809. His parents belonged to that class known in the South as "poor white trash." Lincoln himself was very reserved about his origin and his early life. When he was nominated for the Presidency one of the first newspaper men to interview him was J. L. Scripps of the *Chicago Tribune*, who wished to prepare a campaign biography of him. "Why, Scripps," said he, "it is a great piece of folly to try to make anything out of me or my early life. It can all be condensed into a single sentence, and that sentence you will find in Gray's *Elegy*,

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

That's all my life, and that's all you or anyone else can make out of it."

Lincoln's Mother

Lincoln seldom spoke of his mother Nancy Hanks, as she is usually called. Mr. Herndon, Lincoln's law partner, says in his biography that only once did the future President refer in his hearing to his origin. "It was about 1850, when he and I were driving in his one-horse buggy to the court at Menard county, Illinois. . . . During the trip he spoke for the first time of his mother, dwelling

on her characteristics, and mentioning or enumerating what qualities he inherited from her. He said, among other things, that she was the daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well-bred but obscure Virginia farmer or planter; and he argued that from this source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family."

His grandfather on his father's side was also named Abraham. This Lincoln (or Linkhorn) went from Virginia to Kentucky in 1780, and two years later was killed by Indians, "not in battle," his grandson tells us, "but by stealth when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest." Abraham's son Thomas, father of the President, was a remarkably shiftless man, and was always moving from one farm to another, leaving his debts behind him. Lincoln worked on the farm with his father until he was grown up; but he had little respect for him, and in later years did not often see him.

The Journey to Indiana

Abraham had an older sister, Sarah. When she was seven years old they moved to Indiana, where in the wilderness his father had purchased a farm of the Government for two dollars an acre. The father brought his carpenter's tools and a quantity of whiskey down Rolling Fork Creek on a crazy flat-boat he had built himself. When he reached the Ohio River the boat upset one day, and all his goods went to the bottom; but he got them out again, by dint of patient fishing. Leaving them in care of a farmer and selling his boat, he secured his farm

and walked back to get his family, whom he brought on in a borrowed wagon. In the woods they built what was called a half-faced camp, it being enclosed on all sides but one. It had neither floor, door, nor windows. In this hovel they lived for a year, at the end of which time friends and relatives joined them, to whom they gave up the "half-faced camp," moving into a more pretentious cabin. "It was of hewed logs, and was eighteen feet square. It was high enough to admit of a loft, where Abe slept, and to which he ascended each night by means of pegs driven in the wall. The rude furniture was in keeping with the surroundings. Three-legged stools answered for chairs. The bedstead, made of poles fastened in the cracks of the logs on one side, and supported by a crotched stick driven in the ground on the other, was covered with skins, leaves and old clothes. A table of the same finish as the stools, a few pewter dishes, a Dutch oven, and a skillet completed the household outfit."

Here Lincoln spent his boyhood. One day they had only roasted potatoes for dinner. As usual the father asked a blessing. Little Abe looked up, and remarked irreverently but very drolly, "Dad, I call these mighty poor blessings."

The boy was somewhat mischievous, too. He used to like to go coon hunting with the other boys. There was, however, a little yellow dog that would always bark when they tried to slip away. One night, to prevent that, they carried the dog with them. They got their coon and killed him, and then for the fun of the thing sewed the coon's hide on the yellow dog. The dog didn't like the operation, and as soon as he was let loose made a beeline for

home. Bigger dogs, scenting coon, followed him, and, perhaps mistaking him for a real coon, killed him. The next morning Thomas Lincoln, the father, found his yellow dog lying dead in the yard with the coonskin on him. He was very angry, but the boys knew that yellow Joe would never sound the call again when they started on a coon hunt.

Scarcely two years had passed when Nancy Lincoln died of what was called "the milk-sick." Their neighbors, Betsey and Thomas Sparrow, died of the same disease, and even the cattle were affected by this strange sickness. Mrs. Lincoln "knew she was going to die, and placing her feeble hands on little Abe's head she told him to 'be kind and good to his father and sister'; to both she said, 'Be good to one another,' and expressed the hope that they might live, as they had been taught by her, to love their kindred and worship God. . . . She had done her work in this world. Stoop-shouldered, thin-breasted, sad — at times miserable — without prospect of any betterment in her condition, she passed from earth, little dreaming of the grand future that lay in store for the ragged, hapless little boy who stood at her bedside in the last days of her life."¹

A Dreary Life

What a life little Abe and his sister lived after this can be better imagined than told. It was dreary in the extreme. But in the spring Thomas Lincoln went back to Kentucky and married an old sweet-heart, Sally Bush, who was a widow. This is the way Thomas proposed: "Mis' Johnson, I have no

¹ Herndon, W. H., *Abraham Lincoln*, Vol. I, pp. 24, 25. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

wife and you no husband. I came a-purpose to marry you. I knowed you from a gal and you knowed me from a boy. I've no time to lose; and if you're willin', let it be done straight off." She replied that she could not marry at once, as she had some debts to pay. He said, "Give me the list of them." He got the list and paid them that evening. The next morning they were married.

The new Mrs. Lincoln had a good stock of household furniture, and took it with her to Indiana. For the first time in their lives Sarah and Abe had a comfortable bed to sleep on. They had also found a new mother, and learned to love her even more than their own. She also brought into the family her own three children, two girls and a boy, with whom the Lincolns lived in perfect accord. She was especially kind to Abe, and when she was old and penniless he gave her a farm, on which she died in 1869, five years after he himself had gone to his account.

What Lincoln Read

So the boy grew up, attending school a few months each year, working on his father's farm, and reading when he could, often lying at full length on the floor before the fire, which gave the only light, for the Lincolns were too poor to afford candle or lamp. There were few books in those days. Lincoln read the Bible, *Aesop's Fables*, *Robinson Crusoe*, Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, a *History of the United States*, and Weems' *Life of Washington*. The last-named book he borrowed from a close-fisted neighbor named Josiah Crawford. He laid it on a little shelf in the cabin, near which there hap-

pened to be a crack between the logs. One night a storm came up and the covers of the book got wet. Crawford, whom the boys called "Old Blue Nose," assessed the injury at seventy-five cents. Abe did not have the money, but set to work and pulled fodder for three days to pay off the debt.

He was over six feet before he was seventeen, and when he attained his growth he was six feet four inches, and proportionately strong. He was a great story-teller, and always had his joke; but he liked to read and study much better than he did to work. The farmers sometimes thought him lazy, for his chief delight was to lie down under the shade of some inviting tree to read and study. "At night, lying on his stomach in front of the open fireplace, with a piece of charcoal he would cipher on a broad wooden shovel. When the latter was covered over on both sides he would take his father's drawing knife or a plane and shave it off clean, ready for a fresh supply of inscriptions the next day. . . . How he contrived at the age of fourteen to absorb information is thus told by [his cousin] John Hanks: 'When Abe and I returned to the house from work he would go to the cupboard, snatch a piece of corn bread, sit down, take a book, cock his legs up as high as his head, and read. We grubbed, plowed, mowed, and worked together barefooted in the field. Whenever Abe had a chance in the field while at work, or at the house, he would stop and read.'"¹

One of Lincoln's early delights was going to mill, where was ground the corn which formed the principal food of the family. The mill had a long arm,

¹ Herndon, *Abraham Lincoln*, Vol. I, p. 40.

to which each customer hitched his horse, and driving it round and round, ground his own corn. One day Lincoln's turn did not come till nearly night. The old flea-bitten gray mare was rather lazy, and as he sat on the arm he kept urging her to go faster, crying, "Get up, you old hussy." The mare bore it for a while, but suddenly, in the midst of one of these exclamations, she let her hoof fly and hit him in the forehead, knocking him senseless. The miller picked up the lifeless boy and sent for his father, who came and took him home in a wagon. He lay all night unconscious, but toward morning began to show signs of recovering. As his blood began to flow through his veins once more, he awoke and blurted out, "you old hussy," thus finishing the phrase he had begun when the mare's hoof struck him. He always regarded this as a remarkable occurrence in his life.

Pioneer Social Life

The place in which Lincoln's early life was spent was known as Gentryville. The social life of the people centered about the church, which they would often go eight or ten miles to attend, sometimes staying over until the next day. Says Mr. Herndon, "The old men starting from the fields and out of the woods would carry their guns on their shoulders and go with the women. They dressed in deer-skin pants, moccasins, and coarse hunting shirts—the latter usually fastened with a belt or leather strap. Arriving at the house where the services were to be held they would recite to each other thrilling stories of their hunting exploits, and smoke their pipes with the old ladies. They were treated,

and treated each other, with the utmost kindness. A bottle of liquor, a pitcher of water, sugar, and glasses were set out for them; also a basket of apples or turnips, with now and then a pie or cake. Thus they regaled themselves until the preacher found himself in condition to begin. The latter, having also partaken freely of the refreshments provided, would "take off his collar, read his text, and preach and pound till the sweat, produced alike by his exertions and the exhilarating effects of the toddy, rolled from his face in great drops. Shaking hands and singing ended the service."¹

At nineteen Lincoln grew restless and wanted to leave his father's home; but a friend advised against it, and soon after he had an opportunity to join another friend in taking a flat-boat loaded with meat and grain on a trading expedition to New Orleans. Here on a second journey made a few years later he attended a slave-market. He saw a girl put on sale. The auctioneer trotted her up and down, and the men pinched her flesh and observed her gait as if she had been a fine-bred mare instead of a human being. Turning away from the scene in disgust, he then and there conceived a deep-rooted hatred for the institution of slavery; and though afterward he showed great tolerance toward the slave-owners, and never wished to deprive them of their property without compensation, he felt that the institution of slavery was a violation of the essential spirit of the Declaration of Independence.

Soon after his return his father removed with all his family to Macon County, Illinois. One incident

¹ *Abraham Lincoln*, Vol. I, p. 55.

of the journey is worth relating. They took a little dog with them, which trotted along behind the ox wagon. One day it fell behind and failed to catch up till after they had crossed a stream. Soon they saw him on the opposite bank, whining and jumping about in great distress. As the stream was partly frozen and the water was running over the edges of the ice, the dog was afraid to cross. The majority decided that it was not worth while to go back merely for a dog, "but," says Lincoln himself in telling the story, "I could not endure the idea of abandoning even a dog. Pulling off shoes and socks I waded across the stream and triumphantly returned with the shivering animal under my arm. His frantic leaps of joy and other evidences of a dog's gratitude amply repaid me for all the exposure I had undergone."¹

Strikes Out for Himself

He helped his father and the others hew out the logs from which their house was to be built, and split the rails for the fences; but as he had now become of age, he felt that it was time to strike out for himself.

He worked within sight of home for a while, and then accepted an offer from one Denton Offut to take a boat load of stock and provisions down to New Orleans. He and John Hanks made their way to Springfield. As Mr. Offut had no boat ready, they set to work and built one themselves. At New Salem their boat stuck on a dam, where it hung for a day and a night. It was partly filled with water.

¹ Herndon, *Abraham Lincoln*, Vol. 1, p. 59.

They unloaded it, but the water kept it from clearing the dam, though one end projected over the edge. Lincoln devised the simple expedient of rolling the barrels forward and boring a hole in the bottom of the boat at the end which stuck over the dam. Of course the water ran out and the boat went over easily. Offut thought this was wonderful ingenuity, and said he would build a steamboat which should have rollers for shoals and dams, runners for ice, and with Lincoln in charge "By thunder, she'd have to go."

A little farther down they had to take on some pigs. The swine refused to be driven aboard, always running back just as they seemed to be on the point of going over the gangplank. Lincoln conceived the idea of sewing up their eyes; but after that was done they still refused to go, and they had to catch the pigs one by one and carry them aboard.

Politics and Love

On his return from New Orleans he promised to act as clerk for Denton Offut, who proposed to open a store at New Salem. He described himself at this time as a piece of floating driftwood, that after the winter of deep snow had come down the river with the freshet; borne along by the swelling waters, and aimlessly floating about, he had accidentally lodged at New Salem. Here he was to make his first efforts as a speaker and a politician; here he met the girl with whom he fell in love, whose early death first called out that melancholy which always brooded over him, and made him one of the saddest as well as the drollest of men. Here, too, he first made his reputation for spinning yarns, with which

he was always ready. He also gained the respect of the whole town by his skill in wrestling. It happened that a few miles southwest of the village was a strip of woods known as Clary's Grove. The boys who lived down there were the terror of the whole region. Yet they were also ever ready to fight for the defenseless, or for anyone who could command their respect. Their leader was Jack Armstrong, under whom they were in the habit of "cleaning out" New Salem whenever his word went forth. Offut maintained that Lincoln "was a better man" than Jack Armstrong, and arranged a bet with "Bill" Clary. The contest was to be a friendly one fairly conducted, and all New Salem turned out to see it. Even to this day the people of New Salem (now scattered far and wide, for New Salem no longer exists) tell the exciting scenes of that day; how Lincoln, suddenly enraged at a suspicion of foul tactics, fairly lifted the great bully from the ground by the throat and shook him like a rag; and how from that day the Clary Grove boys were his firm friends and supporters.

Lincoln at this time weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds, and had arms so long and muscles so wiry that he could throw a cannon ball or maul farther than anyone else, while we hear that he once raised a barrel of whiskey from the ground and drank from the bunghole.

But this young giant had a strong head and a soft heart, and many friends of a character very different from the Clary Grove boys. Among these was Mentor Graham, the schoolmaster, on whose advice he hunted up a man named Ganer, who was said to be the owner of a Kirkham's grammar. After a

walk of several miles he returned to the store where he was clerking, with the book under his arm. Sometimes he would lie at full length on the counter, his head propped up by rolls of calico; or he would steal away to the shade of a near-by tree, where he tried patiently and persistently to master the rules of grammar. How well he succeeded in mastering the English language we may know when we remember that in the Gettysburg speech we have one of the most perfect specimens of oratory in the history of any language.

Goes to the Black Hawk War

Lincoln did not make a good clerk. Offut's store failed, and Lincoln enlisted for the Black Hawk war. He was elected captain of the company, an honor which he appreciated; but he knew little of military tactics. Once when he was marching the company twenty abreast they came to a narrow gate. Lincoln could not remember the military order for "turning the company endwise." The situation was becoming decidedly embarrassing when he faced the lines and called, "Halt! This company will break ranks for two minutes and form again on the other side of the gate." The company did as ordered, and thought none the less of their leader. His company was somewhat unruly, and for their misdeeds he was once deprived of his sword for a day, and at another time he was made to carry a wooden sword for two days.

His First Speech

When he came home he decided to run for the legislature. This is the way he opened his campaign:

“FELLOW CITIZENS: I presume you all know who I am. I am humble Abraham Lincoln. I have been solicited by many friends to become a candidate for the legislature. My politics are short and sweet, like the old woman's dance. I am in favor of a national bank. I am in favor of the internal improvement system and a high protective tariff. These are my sentiments and political principles. If elected I shall be thankful; if not it will be all the same.”

Of the 208 votes in New Salem, Lincoln received all but three. He was not elected this time, however. It was the only time he was ever defeated at the hands of the people.

He now bought an interest in a country store, and started in business for himself; but he did not succeed, and accumulated debts which he was many years in paying off in full. He paid every penny he owed, however.

His Law Studies

As he had nothing to do after the failure of the business he decided to study law. He arranged to get board on credit, borrowed some law books, and went to work. His friends remember him at this time lying on his back under a tree, putting his feet up the tree, as he pored over a volume of Chitty or Blackstone. He had been appointed postmaster, but this took little of his time, and as he went about carrying the letters in his hat, he was able to give most of his thought and attention to the study of law. He also did odd jobs for the farmers. One day when he was splitting rails a friend came out and told him he had been appointed deputy sur-

veyor. As he himself was a Whig and he knew the man who offered the appointment to be a Democrat, he first asked if he were to be perfectly free to express his political opinions should he accept the office. Said he, "If my sentiments or even expression of them is to be abridged in any way I would not have it or any other office." He was wretchedly poor and overwhelmed with debt, while trying to study law under the most adverse circumstances, yet he had the courage to assert his independence! What better proof that he was an honest man to the very core!

He knew nothing of surveying; but he soon learned it, as he did everything to which he turned his mind. From that time he was always able to earn a comfortable living.

His Political Career

The subsequent events of his life may be briefly told. He was elected to the legislature, and was re-elected a number of times. As soon as he was able he opened a law office in Springfield, where he continued in practice until he was elected President. He was for one term a member of Congress.

As a lawyer he was not great in the sense that Webster was, but he had a common-sense, straightforward way of stating his case that always gained the confidence of judge and jury. He never took up a case unless he believed it was right, and many a poor man or woman's cause he pleaded for nothing.

When the Republican party was organized, in 1856, Lincoln, though nearly fifty years of age, was merely a fairly successful lawyer and local poli-

tician. He was ambitious, and wished to be sent to the United States Senate, but he was unknown outside of Illinois. At the State convention that year he stated his views, but his friends persuaded him to withdraw what he had said for the time being. Two years passed. In 1858 he was nominated by the Republicans as their candidate for United States Senator. Stephen Douglas was nominated by the Democrats. Lincoln knew he would be nominated, and had prepared his speech and had showed it to a number of friends. They all advised him to omit the first paragraph, told him it would cost him his election, and that in every way it was unwise. He replied quietly, "Friends, this thing has been retarded long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered; and if it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth—let me die in the advocacy of what is just and right." When he spoke those words he was no longer an ambitious politician; he had begun to be great, as he had never been before; for that first made it possible for him to become President, or rather, let us say, those firm, honest words first convinced thinking men that here was the one man the nation could trust in its hour of need. The famous joint debate with Douglas followed, and Douglas was elected Senator; but already Lincoln looked forward to the Presidency.

To understand what he did, and why he is so great, we must consider the conditions and the times. The question of slavery no longer interests us, for it has been settled forever. But in 1858 it was the great question for the nation. The South

wanted slavery, felt that it could not exist without it, and was determined to stick to it under all circumstances. In the North there was a small but very active party of Abolitionists that hated it, and was determined to fight it to the bitter end. Most of the people in the North did not believe in slavery, but wished to let the Southern people have their own way. So for fifty years the great men in Congress wrangled and struggled to find some compromise, some halfway plan that would satisfy both North and South. Henry Clay had his plan; Webster delivered some of his greatest speeches in this turbulent discussion. Just here a new question arose. The South said, We are tired of this fight. Unless you let us alone we will withdraw from the Union — we will secede. Webster's greatest speech was made on the proposition that no state could withdraw from the Union.

“A House Divided Against Itself”

Such were the conditions when Lincoln stood up before the convention at Springfield, Ill., and said:

“MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION: If we could first know where we are, and whither we are tending, we could better judge what to do and how to do it. We are now far into the fifth year since a policy was initiated with the avowed object and confident promise of putting an end to slavery agitation. Under the operation of that policy, that agitation not only has not ceased, but has constantly augmented. In my opinion it will not cease until a crisis shall have been reached and passed. ‘A house divided against itself cannot

stand.' I believe this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved—I do not expect the house to fall—but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will become all one thing or all the other. Either the opponents of slavery will arrest the further spread of it, and place it where the public mind will rest in the belief that it is in the course of ultimate extinction; or its advocates will push it forward till it shall become alike lawful in all the states, old as well as new, North as well as South."

What Lincoln said was true. There could be no peace till the battle had been fought out and slavery had won, or had been beaten and driven from the country. Lincoln did not wish war; but if war must come he was ready for it.

Election as President

After the Douglas debates he made a great speech at the Cooper Union, in New York, at which William Cullen Bryant presided; and from this moment he knew that he might become President. He was elected in 1860, and was inaugurated March 4, 1861.

At that time it seemed as if the country was falling to pieces; that the great and glorious nation founded by Washington and Franklin and Adams and Patrick Henry and the rest was about to come to an end. Less than six weeks after Lincoln entered the White House, on April 14, 1861, Fort Sumter surrendered. War had begun; brother was fighting brother; one after another the Southern states withdrew and set up a government of their

own. At first Lincoln did not very well comprehend the gigantic task laid upon him; but he gradually realized it, and when he sent his second annual message to Congress he could say, "Fellow citizens, we cannot escape history. We of this Congress and this administration will be remembered in spite of ourselves. No personal significance or insignificance can spare one or another of us. The fiery trial through which we pass will light us down, in honor or dishonor, to the latest generation. We say we are for the Union. The world will not forget that we say this. We know how to save the Union. The world knows we know how to save it. We, even *we, here*—hold the power and bear the responsibility. In giving freedom to the slave, we assure freedom to the free—honorably alike in what we give and what we preserve. We shall nobly save, or meanly lose, the last, best hope of earth."

Lincoln's Character

And this was the spirit in which he himself proceeded to do what he conceived to be his duty. "Our common country is in great peril, demanding the loftiest views and boldest action to bring a speedy relief. Once relieved, its form of government is saved to the world; its beloved history and cherished memories are vindicated, and its happy future fully assured and rendered inconceivably grand.

"I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they are shown to be true views."

In a letter to Reverdy Johnson he said, "I am a patient man—always willing to forgive on Christian terms of repentance, and also to give ample time for repentance. Still, I must save this government, if possible. What I cannot do, of course, I will not do; but it may as well be understood, once for all, that I shall not surrender this game leaving any available card unplayed."

In such utterances we see how cool and calm he was. He did not get nervous or excited, he never tried to do more than he could, and after days of darkness and doubt and defeat, victory came at last, the nation was saved, and peace now unites the whole country in a common brotherhood.

During the time of his Presidency, Lincoln seldom wrote to his friends, or indulged in any pleasures or business of his own; but he did tell a great many stories to those who came to see him. It is said that in 1862, when the North was plunged in gloom by repeated defeats, an Ohio Congressman went to see Lincoln, who at once began a funny story.

"Mr. President," said the Congressman, "I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time!"

"Ashley," replied Lincoln quickly, "sit down! I respect you, as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I have been, constantly, since the beginning of the war; and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional vent, I should die!"

Nothing endeared President Lincoln so much to the hearts of the people as his tenderness toward the unfortunate. He was always pardoning deserters and spies condemned to death. To a friend

he once said, "Some of our generals complain that I impair discipline and subordination in the army by my pardons and respites, but it makes me rested, after a hard day's work, if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life."

A father once came to Lincoln to intercede for the life of his son. Lincoln found it impossible to grant a direct pardon, but wrote, "Job Smith is not to be shot till further orders from me." The anxious father was not satisfied with this and begged for something more definite. "Well, my old friend," said Lincoln, "I see you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

Once when Lincoln had pardoned twenty-four deserters at one time, all of whom were sentenced to be shot, one of his generals objected that "Mercy to the few is cruelty to the many." Lincoln replied, "My general, there are already too many weeping widows in the United States. For God's sake, don't ask me to add to the number, for I won't do it."

The war was fought out during Lincoln's first term as President. Grant won his victories in the West, at Vicksburg and other places, and then led the army against Richmond, forcing the surrender of Lee. Lincoln's renomination was a foregone conclusion; but to the convention he said simply that he knew of no reason why he was a better man for the Presidency than many others, but like the old Dutch farmer, he thought it best "not to swop horses while crossing a stream."

When triumphantly re-elected, he turned to the

South with words of kindness and affection, bidding his misguided brethren to come back in peace. "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and his orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

His Assassination

Thus he spoke in his inaugural address. Only a few weeks later, on the 14th of April, the anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, he was assassinated by Wilkes Booth, the actor. Booth was a hot-headed young man, and with other Southern sympathizers formed a plot to assassinate all the chief men and overthrow the government. Lincoln had gone to the theater with friends for an evening's relaxation. He occupied a box, into the back of which Booth made his way. At what he conceived to be the dramatic moment he shot the President, and leaped upon the stage. Unfortunately for him he caught his foot in the flag which draped the box and broke his leg. Nevertheless he stalked across the stage, exclaiming in melodramatic fashion, "*Sic semper tyrannis,*" "So ever with tyrants!" At first the people thought this part of the play; but when they understood what had been done all was confusion.

When the news was flashed over the country that Lincoln had been assassinated, it seemed as if a sudden pall and gloom had fallen on the land, as when it becomes suddenly dark at midday, and

people wonder if the world is coming to an end. For four years the nation had rested on Lincoln, depending on him to carry it through; and now it seemed as if the glad fruits of the victories of a four years' war were about to be lost, and the country would fall into confusion and anarchy once more.

But gradually it was found that Lincoln's spirit was as powerful after his death as it had ever been before; and it has been growing stronger ever since, until we realize that no small part of our country's greatness today is due to him.

Lincoln's Life at the White House

John Hay, one of Lincoln's private secretaries and later Roosevelt's secretary of state, has given us an interesting description of the President's life at the White House during the period of war.

“The President rose early, as his sleep was light and capricious. In the summer, when he lived at the Soldiers' Home, he would take his frugal breakfast and ride into town in time to be at his desk at eight o'clock. He began to receive visits nominally at ten o'clock, but long before that hour struck the doors were besieged by anxious crowds, through whom the people of importance, Senators and Members of Congress, elbowed their way after the fashion which still survives. On days when the Cabinet met — Tuesdays and Fridays — the hour of noon closed the interviews of the morning. On other days it was the President's custom, at about that hour, to order the doors to be thrown open and all who were waiting to be admitted. The crowd

would rush in, throng in the narrow room, and one by one would make their wants known. Some came merely to shake hands, to wish him Godspeed; their errand was soon done. Others came asking help or mercy; they usually pressed forward, careless in their pain as to what ears should overhear their prayer. But there were many who lingered in the rear and leaned against the wall, hoping each to be last, that they might in tête-à-tête unfold their schemes for their own advantage or their neighbor's hurt. These were often disconcerted by the President's loud and hearty, 'Well, friend, what can I do for you?' which compelled them to speak, or retire and wait for a more convenient season. The inventors were more a source of amusement than of annoyance. They were usually men of some originality of character, not infrequently carried to eccentricity. Lincoln had a quick apprehension of mechanical principles, and often detected a flaw in an invention which the contriver had overlooked. He would sometimes go into the waste fields that then lay south of the Executive Mansion to test an experimental gun or torpedo. He used to quote with much merriment the solemn dictum of one rural inventor that 'a gun ought not to rekyle; if it rekyles at all, it ought to rekyle a little forrid.'

"At luncheon time he had literally to run the gauntlet through the corridors between his office and the rooms at the west end of the house occupied by the family. The afternoon wore away in much the same manner as the morning; late in the day he usually drove out for an hour's airing; at six o'clock he dined. He was one of the most abstemious of men; the pleasures of the table had few

attractions for him. His breakfast was an egg and a cup of coffee; at luncheon he rarely took more than a biscuit and a glass of milk, a plate of fruit in its season; at dinner he ate sparingly of one or two courses. He drank little or no wine; not that he remained on principle a total abstainer, as he was during a part of his early life in the fervor of the 'Washingtonian' reform; but he never cared for wine or liquors of any sort and never used tobacco.

"There was little gayety in the Executive House during his time. It was an epoch, if not of gloom, at least of a seriousness too intense to leave room for much mirth. There were the usual formal entertainments, the traditional state dinners and receptions, conducted very much as they have been ever since. The great public receptions, with their vast, rushing multitudes pouring past him to shake hands, he rather enjoyed; they were not a disagreeable task to him, and he seemed surprised when people commiserated him upon them. He would shake hands with thousands of people, seemingly unconscious of what he was doing, murmuring some monotonous salutation as they went by, his eye dim, his thoughts far withdrawn; then suddenly he would see some familiar face—his memory for faces was very good—and his eye would brighten and his whole form grow attentive; he would greet the visitor with a hearty grasp and a ringing word and dismiss him with a cheery laugh that filled the Blue Room with infectious good nature. Many people armed themselves with an appropriate speech to be delivered on these occasions, but unless it was compressed into the smallest possible space, it never was uttered; the crowd would jostle the peroration out

of shape. If it were brief enough, and hit the President's fancy, it generally received a swift answer. One night an elderly gentleman from Buffalo said, 'Up our way we believe in God and Abraham Lincoln,' to which the President replied, shoving him along the line, 'My friend, you are more than half right.'

"During the first years of the administration the house was made lively by the games and pranks of Mr. Lincoln's two youngest children, William and Thomas; Robert, the eldest, was away at Harvard, only coming home for short vacations. The two little boys, aged eight and ten, with their Western independence and enterprise, kept the house in an uproar. They drove their tutor wild with their good-natured disobedience; they organized a minstrel show in the attic; they made acquaintance with the office-seekers and became the hot champions of the distressed. William was, with all his boyish frolic, a child of great promise, capable of close application and study. He had a fancy for drawing up railway time-tables, and would conduct an imaginary train from Chicago to New York with perfect precision. He wrote childish verses, which sometimes attained the unmerited honors of print. But this bright, gentle, and studious child sickened and died in February, 1862. His father was profoundly moved by his death, though he gave no outward sign of his trouble, but kept about his work the same as ever. His bereaved heart seemed afterwards to pour out its fullness on his youngest child. 'Tad' was a merry, warm-hearted, kindly little boy, perfectly lawless, and full of odd fancies and inventions, the 'chartered libertine' of the Executive

Mansion. He ran continually in and out of his father's cabinet, interrupting his gravest labors and conversations with his bright, rapid and very imperfect speech—for he had an impediment which made his articulation almost unintelligible until he was nearly grown. He would perch upon his father's knee, and sometimes even on his shoulder, while the most weighty conferences were going on. Sometimes, escaping from the domestic authorities, he would take refuge in that sanctuary for the whole evening, dropping to sleep at last on the floor, when the President would pick him up and carry him tenderly to bed.

“Mr. Lincoln spent most of his evenings in his office, though occasionally he remained in the drawing-room after dinner, conversing with visitors or listening to music, for which he had an especial liking, though he was not versed in the science, and preferred simple ballads to more elaborate compositions. In his office he was not often suffered to be alone; he frequently passed the evening there with a few friends in frank and free conversation. If the company was all of one sort he was at his best; his wit and rich humor had full play; he was once more the Lincoln of the Eighth Circuit, the cheeriest of talkers, the riskiest of story-tellers; but if a stranger came in he put on in an instant his whole armor of dignity and reserve. He had a singular discernment of men; he would talk of the most important political and military concerns with a freedom which often amazed his intimates, but we do not recall an instance in which his confidence was misplaced.

“Where only one or two were present, he was

fond of reading aloud. He passed many of the summer evenings in this way when occupying his cottage at the Soldiers' Home.

"He read Shakespeare more than all other writers together. He made no attempt to keep pace with the ordinary literature of the day. Sometimes he read a scientific work with keen appreciation, but he pursued no systematic course. He owed less to reading than most men. He delighted in Burns; of Thomas Hood he was also excessively fond. He often read aloud *The Haunted House*. He would go to bed with a volume of Hood in his hands, and would sometimes rise at midnight and, traversing the long halls of the Executive Mansion in his night-clothes, would come to his secretary's room and read aloud something that especially pleased him. He wanted to share his enjoyment of the writer; it was dull pleasure for him to laugh alone. He read Bryant and Whittier with appreciation; there were many poems of Holmes that he read with intense relish. *The Last Leaf* was one of his favorites; he knew it by heart, and used often to repeat it with deep feeling."

Lincoln's Domestic Life

Lincoln's relations with his wife were peculiar. He had first of all been deeply in love with Anne Rutledge, and her death had cast a gloom over his whole life. After that he paid his addresses to various young ladies, for his tender heart seemed to yearn for domestic life. Each in turn refused him, however. At last he met in Springfield the sister of the wife of a political comrade, Ninian W. Edwards. Mary Todd came of a more or less

aristocratic Southern family, was well educated, and refined in manners and habits. Lincoln was not; but she was ambitious, and she believed he had a political future. Stephen Douglas, Lincoln's superior in refinement and education, attempted to supplant Lincoln, but soon dropped out of the race.

Lincoln was never sure he was really in love with Miss Todd. In some of his gloomy moments he made up his mind that he would break off their engagement, and wrote her a letter telling her he did not think he loved her. He showed it to a friend, who threw it in the fire and told Lincoln to go and tell her face to face. So the young man set off; but he did not return for some hours.

"Well, old fellow, did you do as I told you and you promised?" Speed asked when his friend returned.

"Yes, I did," responded Lincoln, "and when I told Mary I did not love her, she burst into tears, and almost springing from the chair and wringing her hands as if in an agony, said something about the deceiver being himself deceived." Then he stopped.

"And what else did you say?" inquired Speed.

"To tell you the truth, Speed, it was too much for me. I found the tears trickling down my own cheeks. I caught her in my arms and kissed her."

So the engagement was renewed and January 1, 1841, set for the marriage. All Miss Todd's friends assembled, the house was decked with flowers, and the bride in her wedding veil and silks waited for the bridegroom. But he did not appear. Messengers were sent for him and he could not be found. So the guests went sadly home and the lights were

put out. Miss Todd's mortification may easily be imagined.

As for Lincoln, he was found by his friends toward daybreak alone in the woods. Restless, miserable, gloomy, desperate, he was truly an object of pity. His friends feared insanity, and kept from him knives and razors, and every instrument that could be used for self-destruction. Moreover, they watched with him night and day. He was a member of the legislature, which was then in session; but he was unable to attend it until near its close. After the adjournment he went to Kentucky, where he spent some time at the home of his friend Speed, and finally recovered his mental health and spirits.

Speed was married not long after this, and was so happy that Lincoln was encouraged to make the trial himself. A diplomatic lady friend brought Miss Todd and Lincoln together again, their friendship was renewed, and at last, on November 4, 1842, they were married.

One of Lincoln's friends thinks he married his wife to save his honor, and that thereby he sacrificed his domestic peace. Lincoln lived with his wife in much the way that other married couples live, and had several children, of whom the best known is Robert T. Lincoln. To the outer world there never appeared to be any serious friction between the couple, but it would appear that they were not entirely happy together.

Lincoln's manners were certainly annoying. One evening while lying on the floor in his shirtsleeves reading, a knock was heard at the door; and though Mrs. Lincoln had often protested against his

answering the door he insisted on doing it. This time he found two ladies come to make a social call. He invited them into the parlor, and informed them that he would "trot the women folks out." It is not strange that such things irritated Mrs. Lincoln not a little.

Besides, she was strongly pro-slavery, being a Kentucky woman. "If ever my husband dies," she once remarked, "his spirit will never find me living outside the limits of a slave state."

He humored her, however, though he often avoided his home, staying in his office without food all day and all night, or, when he was "on circuit," spending his Sundays at the poor little tavern where he had been lodging while his brother lawyers hastened to their happy homes. Once, it is said, a man called on Mrs. Lincoln to find out why his niece had been unceremoniously discharged as her servant. It seems the good lady used her tongue upon him rather roughly. He at once went to find Lincoln and require proper satisfaction for this disagreeable treatment. Lincoln listened for a moment to his story. "My friend," he interrupted, "I regret to hear this, but let me ask you in all candor, can't you endure for a few moments what I have had as my daily portion for the last fifteen years?" Mr. Herndon, who tells the story, says these words were spoken so mournfully and with such a look of distress that the man was completely disarmed, and went away, merely pressing Lincoln's hand and expressing his sympathy.

Lincoln had four children, one of whom died in infancy, one (Willie) who died in the White House, Thomas or "Tad," who died in Chicago, and

298 Evenings with Great Authors

Robert Todd Lincoln, who became ambassador to the Court of St. James (London), 1889-1893, and is now living (1917) in Chicago.

At the request of Hon. Jesse W. Fell of Bloomington, Illinois, Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield, December 20, 1859, wrote out the following account of himself:

An Autobiographic Letter

"I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where a year or later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like.

"My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the

woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond 'readin', writin', and cipherin' to the rule of three. If a straggler supposed to understand Latin happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went the campaign, was elated, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I ever have been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of congress. Was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making

active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well known.

“If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.”

Lincoln's Personal Appearance

Horace White, who reported Lincoln's joint debates with Douglas for the *Chicago Tribune*, has this vivid description of his personal appearance. Says he, “I have before me a photograph taken at Pittsfield, Illinois, during the campaign of 1858. It looks as I have seen him a hundred times, his lantern jaws and large mouth and solid nose firmly set, his sunken eyes looking at nothing yet not unexpressive, his wrinkled and retreating forehead cut off by a mass of tousled hair, with a shade of melancholy drawn like a veil over his whole face.

Nothing more unlike this can be imagined than the same Lincoln when taking part in a conversation, or addressing an audience, or telling a story. The dull, listless features dropped like a mask. The melancholy shadow disappeared in a twinkling. The eye began to sparkle, the mouth to smile, the whole countenance was wreathed with animation, so that a stranger would have said: ‘Why, this man, so angular and somber a moment ago, is really handsome.’”

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS ¹

In one sense the life of Lincoln as President is the history of the Civil War. Now that it is all over, we agree that he saved the Union. How did he do it? What personal qualities, manner, and methods resulted in the final victory with which we are all familiar?

The authoritative history of this period is the monumental work of Nicolay and Hay, the ten-volume life of Lincoln. But here we get only the political aspects, documents, and statements of historic facts. There is little light on the simple question, How did the rail-splitter manage a war that cost a million dollars every twenty-four hours, control men who were opposing him at every turn, and in the end attain success?

The question is too difficult to be answered fully in the small space here available, but the following quotations and anecdotes will suggest the answer.

The First Inaugural

Lincoln's first public appearance in Washington was when he delivered his first inaugural address. Says Mr. L. E. Chittenden in his *Recollections*, "Mr. Lincoln's ordinary voice was pitched in a high and not unmusical key. Without effort it was heard at an unusual distance. Persons at the most distant margins of the audience said that every word he spoke was distinctly audible to them. The silence was unbroken. No speaker ever secured a more undivided attention, for almost every person felt a

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personal interest in what he was to say. His friends feared, those who were not his friends hoped, that, forgetting the dignity of his position, and the occasion, he would descend to the practices of a storyteller, and fail to rise to the level of a statesman. For he was popularly known as the 'Rail-splitter'; was supposed to be uncouth in his manner, and low, if not positively vulgar in his moral nature. If not restrained by personal fear, it was thought that he might attack those who differed with him in opinion with threats and denunciations.

"But the great heart and kindly nature of the man were apparent in his opening sentence, in the tone of his voice, the expression of his face, in his whole manner and bearing. . . .

"His introduction had not been welcomed by a cheer, his opening remarks elicited no response. The silence was long-continued, and became positively painful. But the power of his earnest words began to show itself; the somber cloud which seemed to hang over the audience began to fade away when he said, 'I hold that in the contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, the Union of these states is perpetual!'—with the words 'I shall take care, as the Constitution expressly enjoins upon me, that the "Laws of the Union shall be faithfully executed in all the states."' And when, with uplifted eyes and solemn accents, he said, 'The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy and possess the property and places belonging to the government,' a great wave of enthusiasm rolled over the audience, as the united voices of the immense multitude ascended heavenward in a roar of assenting applause.

“From this time to the end of his address, Abraham Lincoln controlled the audience at his will.”

What Lincoln did in this speech he had to do over and over again continually. Within a month William H. Seward, his secretary of state, sent him a remarkable memorandum headed “Some thoughts for the President’s consideration,” which has been summarized as follows: “After a month’s trial, you, Mr. Lincoln, are a failure as President. The country is in desperate straits, and must use a desperate remedy. That remedy is to submerge the South Carolina insurrection in a continental war. Some new man must take the executive helm, and wield the undivided presidential authority. I should have been nominated at Chicago, and elected in November, but am willing to take your place and perform your duties.”

Mr. Lincoln quietly pigeonholed this remarkable document and no one knew of it till twenty-five years later. In his reply he wrote with simple dignity, “If this must be done, I must do it. When a general line of policy is adopted, I apprehend there is no danger of its being changed without good reason; still, upon points arising in its progress I wish, and suppose I am entitled to have, the advice of all the cabinet.” This reply ended the argument. “In one mind at least there was no further doubt that the cabinet had a master, for only some weeks later Mr. Seward is known to have written: ‘There is but one vote in the cabinet, and that is cast by the President.’”

Lincoln and His Generals

The military situation during the war may be briefly summarized as follows: Most of the army

was gathered about the city of Washington, at first under McClellan, and later under Hooker, Halleck, and other generals, who were always getting ready to fight, but never fighting except when they were attacked, until "All quiet on the Pot-o-mac" became a byword of ridicule. A lesser army was operating in the vicinity of the Mississippi River, and the first great victory was the capture of Vicksburg by Grant.

But at the end of three years Robert E. Lee was holding Virginia and no progress had been made toward Richmond; indeed the Union army had been disgracefully defeated on various occasions. These were the darkest days for Lincoln; but after Grant's successes in the West, he was made lieutenant-general and placed in command of the Army of the Potomac. Sherman made his famous march to the sea, and Sheridan cleared the Shenandoah Valley. After a year's hard fighting Lee surrendered at Richmond.

Nothing is more interesting than the way in which Lincoln handled his incompetent generals, trying to get what he could out of each, until he found further effort useless.

The following letters to McClellan well illustrate the consideration and tact with which he tried to crowd him into action, until, giving him up as hopeless, he ordered McClellan's removal.

*Telegram to General McClellan. Washington,
1 May, 1862*

"Your call for Parrott guns from Washington alarms me, chiefly because it argues indefinite procrastination. Is anything to be done?"

*Letter to General McClellan. Washington,
9 May, 1862*

“MY DEAR SIR: I have just assisted the Secretary of War in framing part of a despatch to you relating to army corps, which despatch of course will have reached you long before this will.

“I wish to say a few words to you privately on this subject. I ordered the army corps organization not only on the unanimous opinion of the twelve generals whom you had selected and assigned as generals of division, but also on the unanimous opinion of every military man I could get an opinion from (and every modern military book), yourself only excepted. Of course, I did not on my own judgment pretend to understand the subject. I now think it indispensable for you to know how your struggle against it is received in quarters which we cannot entirely disregard. It is looked upon as merely an effort to pamper one or two pets and to persecute and degrade their supposed rivals. I have had no word from Sumner, Heintzelman, or Keyes. The commanders of these corps are of course the three highest officers with you, but I am constantly told that you have no consultation or communication with them; that you consult and communicate with nobody but General Fitz-John Porter and perhaps General Franklin. I do not say these complaints are true or just, but at all events it is proper you should know of their existence. Do the commanders of corps disobey your orders in anything?

“When you relieved General Hamilton of his command the other day, you thereby lost the confidence of at least one of your best friends in the

Senate. And here let me say, not as applicable to you personally, that senators and representatives speak of me in their places as they please without question, and that officers of the army must cease addressing insulting letters to them for taking no greater liberty with them.

“But to return. Are you strong enough—are you strong enough, even with my help—to set your foot upon the necks of Sumner, Heintzelman, and Keyes all at once? This is a practical and very serious question for you.

“The success of your army and the cause of the country are the same, and of course I only desire the good of the cause.”

*Telegram to General McClellan. Washington,
28 May, 1862*

“I am very glad of General F. J. Porter’s victory. Still, if it was a total rout of the enemy, I am puzzled to know why the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad was not seized again, as you say you have all the railroads but the Richmond and Fredericksburg. I am puzzled to see how, lacking that, you can have any, except the scrap from Richmond to West Point. The scrap of the Virginia Central from Richmond to Hanover Junction, without more, is simply nothing. That the whole of the enemy is concentrating on Richmond, I think cannot be certainly known to you or me. Saxton, at Harper’s Ferry, informs us that large forces, supposed to be Jackson’s and Ewell’s, forced his advance from Charlestown today. General King telegraphs us from Fredericksburg that contrabands give certain information that 15,000 left Hanover

Junction Monday morning to reinforce Jackson. I am painfully impressed with the importance of the struggle before you, and shall aid you all I can consistently with my view of due regard to all points."

*Letter to General McClellan. Washington,
1 July, 1862*

"It is impossible to reinforce you for your present emergency. If we had a million men we could not get them to you in time. We have not the men to send. If you are not strong enough to face the enemy, you must find a place of security, and wait, rest, and repair. Maintain your ground if you can, but save the army at all events, even if you fall back to Fort Monroe. We still have strength enough in the country and will bring it out."

*Telegram to General McClellan. Washington,
5 July, 1862*

"A thousand thanks for the relief your two despatches of 12 and 1 p. m. yesterday gave me. Be assured the heroism and skill of yourself and officers and men is, and forever will be, appreciated.

"If you can hold your present position, we shall hibe the enemy yet."

*From a Letter to General McClellan. Washington,
13 October 1862*

"MY DEAR SIR: You remember my speaking to you of what I called your over-cautiousness. Are you not over-cautious when you assume that you cannot do what the enemy is constantly doing? Should you not claim to be at least his equal in

prowess, and act upon the claim? As I understand, you telegraphed General Halleck that you cannot subsist your army at Winchester unless the railroad from Harper's Ferry to that point be put in working order. But the enemy does now subsist his army at Winchester, at a distance nearly twice as great from railroad transportation as you would have to do without the railroad last named. He now waggons from Culpeper Court House, which is just about twice as far as you would have to do from Harper's Ferry. He is certainly not more than half as well provided with waggons as you are. I certainly should be pleased for you to have the advantage of the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, but it wastes all the remainder of autumn to give it to you, and in fact ignores the question of time, which cannot and must not be ignored. Again, one of the standard maxims of war, as you know, is to 'operate upon the enemy's communications as much as possible without exposing your own.' You seem to act as if this applies against you, but cannot apply in your favor. Change positions with the enemy, and think you not he would break your communication with Richmond within the next twenty-four hours? You dread his going into Pennsylvania; but if he does so in full force, he gives up his communications to you absolutely, and you have nothing to do but to follow and ruin him. If he does so with less than full force, fall upon and beat what is left behind all the easier. Exclusive of the water-line, you are now nearer Richmond than the enemy is by the route that you can and he must take. Why can you not reach there before him, unless you admit that he is more than

your equal on a march? His route is the arc of a circle, while yours is the chord. The roads are as good on yours as on his. You know I desired, but did not order, you to cross the Potomac below, instead of above, the Shenandoah and Blue Ridge. My idea was that this would at once menace the enemy's communications, which I would seize if he would permit.

“If he should move northward, I would follow him closely, holding his communications. If he should prevent our seizing his communications and move toward Richmond, I would press closely to him, fight him if a favorable opportunity should present, and at least try to beat him to Richmond on the inside track. I say ‘try’: if we never try, we shall never succeed. If he makes a stand at Winchester, moving neither north nor south, I would fight him there, on the idea that if we cannot beat him when he bears the wastage of coming to us, we never can when we bear the wastage of going to him. This proposition is a simple truth, and is too important to be lost sight of for a moment. In coming to us he tenders to us an advantage which we should not waive. We should not so operate as to merely drive him away. As we must beat him somewhere or fail finally, we can do it, if at all, easier near to us than far away. If we cannot beat the enemy where he now is, we never can, he again being within the intrenchments of Richmond.”

*Telegram to General McClellan. Washington,
24 October, 1862*

“I have just read your despatch about sore-tongued and fatigued horses. Will you pardon me

for asking what the horses of your army have done since the battle of Antietam that fatigues anything?"

*Telegram to General McClellan. Washington,
27 October, 1862*

"Your despatch of 3 p. m. today, in regard to filling up old regiments with drafted men, is received, and the request therein shall be complied with as far as practicable.

"And now I ask a distinct answer to the question, Is it your purpose not to go into action again until the men now being drafted in the States are incorporated into the old regiments?"

On November 5, McClellan was relieved from command.

When President Lincoln placed the command of the Army of the Potomac in the hands of General Hooker he wrote to him the following characteristic letter:

*Letter to General J. Hooker. Washington,
26 January, 1863*

"GENERAL: I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skilful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable if not an indispensable

quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories."

Meade succeeded Hooker and won the battle of Gettysburg, but failed to follow up his success, and Lincoln wrote him as follows; but the letter was never signed or sent. Lincoln knew it was useless, and he would not inflict unnecessary pain, even on an erring general.

Letter to General Meade After the Battle of Gettysburg. Washington, 14 July, 1863

[Never Signed or Sent]

“I have just seen your despatch to General Halleck, asking to be relieved of your command because of a supposed censure of mine. I am very, very grateful to you for the magnificent success you gave the cause of the country at Gettysburg; and I am sorry now to be the author of the slightest pain to you. But I was in such deep distress myself that I could not restrain some expression of it. I have been oppressed nearly ever since the battle of Gettysburg by what appeared to be evidences that yourself and General Couch and General Smith were not seeking a collision with the enemy, but were trying to get him across the river without another battle. What these evidences were, if you please, I hope to tell you at some time when we shall both feel better. The case, summarily stated, is this:

“You fought and beat the enemy at Gettysburg, and, of course, to say the least, his loss was as great as yours. He retreated, and you did not, as it seemed to me, pressingly pursue him; but a flood in the river detained him till, by slow degrees you were again upon him. You had at least twenty thousand veteran troops directly with you, and as many more raw ones within supporting distance, all in addition to those who fought with you at Gettysburg, while it was not possible that he had received a single recruit, and yet you stood and let the flood run down, bridges be built, and the enemy move away at his leisure without attacking

him. And Couch and Smith! The latter left Carlisle in time, upon all ordinary calculation, to have aided you in the last battle of Gettysburg, but he did not arrive. At the end of more than ten days, I believe, twelve, under constant urging, he reached Hagerstown from Carlisle, which is not an inch over fifty-five miles, if so much, and Couch's movement was very little different.

"Again, my dear general, I do not believe you appreciate the magnitude of the misfortune involved in Lee's escape. He was within your easy grasp, and to have closed upon him would, in connection with our other late successes, have ended the war. As it is, the war will be prolonged indefinitely.

"If you could not safely attack Lee last Monday, how can you possibly do so south of the river, when you can take with you very few more than two-thirds of the force you then had in hand? It would be unreasonable to expect, and I do not expect [that], you can now effect much. Your golden opportunity is gone, and I am distressed immeasurably because of it.

"I beg you will not consider this a prosecution or persecution of yourself. As you had learned that I was dissatisfied, I have thought it best to kindly tell you why."

What Lincoln wanted from his generals was results, and if he got them he cared little how they were obtained. After the capture of Vicksburg Lincoln sent the following letter to General Grant. It is dated July 13, the day before the preceding letter to Meade was written.

*Letter to General Grant After the Surrender of
Vicksburg. Washington, 13 July, 1863*

“MY DEAR GENERAL: I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg, I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks, and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make the personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong.”

A few months later, April 30, 1864, Lincoln wrote as follows to General Grant, who was then in command of the army of the Potomac:

*Letter to General Grant. Washington,
30 April, 1864*

“Not expecting to see you again before the spring campaign opens, I wish to express in this way my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know nor seek to know. You are vigilant and self-reliant; and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any con-

straints or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster or capture of our men in great numbers shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it. And now, with a brave army and a just cause, may God sustain you."

From General Grant's Memoirs

In his *Memoirs*, General Grant has an interesting account of his personal interview with Lincoln:

"Just after receiving my commission as lieutenant-general," he says, "the President called me aside to speak to me privately. After a brief reference to the military situation, he said he thought he could illustrate what he wanted to say by a story, which he related as follows: 'At one time there was a great war among the animals, and one side had great difficulty in getting a commander who had sufficient confidence in himself. Finally they found a monkey by the name of Jocko, who said that he thought he could command the army if his tail could be made a little longer. So they got more tail and spliced it on to his caudal appendage. He looked at it admiringly, and then thought he ought to have a little more still. This was added, and again he called for more. The splicing process was repeated many times, until they had coiled Jocko's tail around the room, filling all the space. Still he called for more tail, and, there being no other place to coil it, they began wrapping it around his shoulders. He continued to call for more, and they kept on winding the additional tail about him

until its weight broke him down.' I saw the point," says Grant, "and rising from my chair replied, 'Mr. President, I will not call for more assistance unless I find it impossible to do with what I already have.'"

It is said that about the time Grant was winning some of his victories in the West, a temperance organization petitioned the President to remove him because he drank too much whiskey, and the President replied, "If I could find out what kind of whiskey Grant drinks, I would send a barrellful to every other general in the field." A friend asked him later whether this story was true or not, and Lincoln replied that the story originated in King George's time. When General Wolfe was accused of being mad, the King replied, "I wish he would bite some of my other generals."

General Grant sums up his relations with the President by saying, "With all his disappointments from failures on the part of those to whom he had intrusted commands, and treachery on the part of those who had gained his confidence but to betray it, I never heard him utter a complaint, nor cast a censure, for bad conduct or bad faith. It was his nature to find excuses for his adversaries. In his death the nation lost its greatest hero; in his death the South lost its most just friend."

The Dark Hours

"The darkest hour of the Civil War came in the first week of May, 1863, after the bloody battle of Chancellorsville," says W. O. Stoddard, who was at that time an inmate of the White House. "The country was weary of the long war, with its drain-

ing taxes of gold and blood. Discontent prevailed everywhere, and the opponents of the Lincoln administration were savage in their denunciation. More than a third of each day's mail already consisted of measureless denunciation; another large part was made up of piteous appeals for peace.

"There were callers at the White House. Members of the Senate and House came with gloomy faces; the members of the Cabinet came to consult or condole. The house was like a funeral, and those who entered or left it trod softly for fear they might wake the dead.

"That night the last visitors in Lincoln's room were Stanton and Halleck, and the President was left alone. Not another soul except the one secretary busy with the mail in his room across the hall! The ticking of a clock would have been noticeable; but another sound came that was almost as regular and as ceaseless. It was the tread of the President's feet as he strode slowly back and forth across his chamber. That ceaseless march so accustomed the ear to it that when, a little after twelve, there was a break of several minutes, the sudden silence made one put down his letters and listen.

"The President may have been at his writing table, or he may — no man knows or can guess; but at the end of the minutes, long or short, the tramp began again. Two o'clock and he was walking yet, and when, a little after three, the secretary's task was done and he slipped noiselessly out, he turned at the head of the stairs for a moment. It was so — the last sound he heard as he went down was the footfall in Lincoln's room.

"The young man was there again before eight

o'clock. The President's room was open. There sat Lincoln eating his breakfast alone. He had not been out of his room; but there was a kind of cheery, hopeful morning light on his face. He had watched all night, but besides his cup of coffee lay his instructions to General Hooker to push forward. There was a decisive battle won that night in that long vigil with disaster and despair. Only a few weeks later the Army of the Potomac fought it all over again as desperately — and they won it — at Gettysburg."

*Letter to John D. Johnston, 2 January, 1851,
Refusing Request for Loan*

The following letter to J. D. Johnston, who was a son by a former marriage of Lincoln's stepmother, is both characteristic and amusing.

"DEAR JOHNSTON: Your request for eighty dollars I do not think it best to comply with now. At the various times when I have helped you a little you have said to me, 'We can get along very well now'; but in a very short time I find you in the same difficulty again. Now, this can only happen by some defect in your conduct. What that defect is, I think I know. You are not lazy, and still you are an idler. I doubt whether, since I saw you, you have done a good whole day's work in any one day. You do not very much dislike to work, and still you do not work much, merely because it does not seem to you that you could get much for it. This habit of uselessly wasting time is the whole difficulty; it is vastly important to you, and still more so to your children, that you should break the habit. It is more important to them, because they have longer

to live, and can keep out of an idle habit before they are in it, easier than they can get out after they are in.

“You are now in need of some money; and what I propose is, that you shall go to work, ‘tooth and nail,’ for somebody who will give you money for it. Let father and your boys take charge of your things at home, prepare for a crop, and make the crop, and you go to work for the best money wages, or in discharge of any debt you owe, that you can get; and, to secure you a fair reward for your labor, I now promise you, that for every dollar you will, between this and the first of May, get for your own labor, either in money or as your own indebtedness, I will then give you one other dollar. By this, if you hire yourself at ten dollars a month, from me you will get ten more, making twenty dollars a month for your work. In this I do not mean you shall go off to St. Louis, or the lead mines, or the gold mines in California, but I mean for you to go at it for the best wages you can get close to home in Coles County. Now, if you will do this, you will be soon out of debt, and, what is better, you will have a habit that will keep you from getting in debt again. But, if I should now clear you out of debt, next year you would be just as deep in as ever. You say you would almost give your place in heaven for seventy or eighty dollars. Then you value your place in heaven very cheap, for I am sure you can, with the offer I make, get the seventy or eighty dollars for four or five months’ work. You say if I will furnish you the money you will deed me the land, and, if you don’t pay the money back, you will deliver possession. Nonsense!

If you can't now live with the land, how will you then live without it? You have always been kind to me, and I do not mean to be unkind to you. On the contrary, if you will but follow my advice, you will find it worth more than eighty times eighty dollars to you."

*Letter to Horace Greeley. Washington,
22 August, 1862*

In answer to an Open Letter in the *Tribune* headed "The Prayer of Twenty Millions," accusing Lincoln of being too friendly toward the pro-slavery advocates.

"DEAR SIR: I have just read yours of the 19th, addressed to myself through the *New York Tribune*. If there be in it any statements or assumptions of fact which I may know to be erroneous, I do not, now and here, controvert them. If there be in it any inferences which I may believe to be falsely drawn, I do not, now and here, argue against them. If there be perceptible in it an impatient and dictatorial tone, I waive it in deference to an old friend whose heart I have always supposed to be right.

"As to the policy I 'seem to be pursuing,' as you say, I have not meant to leave any one in doubt.

"I would save the Union. I would save it the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be 'the Union as it was.' If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them. If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time

destroy slavery, I do not agree with them. My paramount object in this struggle is to save the Union, and is not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could save it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would also do that. What I do about slavery and the colored race, I do because I believe it helps to save the Union; and what I forbear, I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union. I shall do less whenever I shall believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I shall believe doing more will help the cause. I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views.

“I have here stated my purpose according to my view of official duty; and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.”

SPEECHES

Note for Law Lecture

(Written About 1 July, 1850)

I am not an accomplished lawyer. I find quite as much material for a lecture in those points wherein I have failed, as in those wherein I have been moderately successful. The leading rule for the lawyer, as for the man of every other calling, is diligence. Leave nothing for tomorrow which can be done today. Never let your correspondence

fall behind. Whatever piece of business you have in hand, before stopping, do all the labor pertaining to it which can then be done. When you bring a common-law suit, if you have the facts for doing so, write the declaration at once. If a law point be involved, examine the books, and note the authority you rely on upon the declaration itself, where you are sure to find it when wanted. The same of defenses and pleas. In business not likely to be litigated—ordinary collection cases, foreclosures, partitions, and the like—make all examinations of titles, and note them, and even draft orders and decrees in advance. This course has a triple advantage; it avoids omissions and neglect, saves you labor when once done, performs the labor out of court when you have leisure, rather than in court when you have not. Extemporaneous speaking should be practiced and cultivated. It is the lawyer's avenue to the public. However able and faithful he may be in other respects, people are slow to bring him business if he cannot make a speech. And yet there is not a more fatal error to young lawyers than relying too much on speech-making. If any one, upon his rare powers of speaking, shall claim an exemption from the drudgery of the law, his case is a failure in advance.

Discourage litigation. Persuade your neighbors to compromise whenever you can. Point out to them how the nominal winner is often a real loser—in fees, expenses, and waste of time. As a peacemaker the lawyer has a superior opportunity of being a good man. There will still be business enough.

Never stir up litigation. A worse man can

scarcely be found than one who does this. Who can be more nearly a fiend than he who habitually overhauls the register of deeds in search of defects in titles, whereon to stir up strife, and put money in his pocket? A moral tone ought to be infused into the profession which should drive such men out of it.

The matter of fees is important, far beyond the mere question of bread and butter involved. Properly attended to, fuller justice is done to both lawyer and client. An exorbitant fee should never be claimed. As a general rule never take your whole fee in advance, nor any more than a small retainer. When fully paid beforehand, you are more than a common mortal if you can feel the same interest in the case, as if something was still in prospect for you, as well as for your client. And when you lack interest in the case the job will very likely lack skill and diligence in the performance. Settle the amount of fee and take a note in advance. Then you will feel that you are working for something, and you are sure to do your work faithfully and well. Never sell a fee note—at least not before the consideration service is performed. It leads to negligence and dishonesty—negligence by losing interest in the case, and dishonesty in refusing to refund when you have allowed the consideration to fail.

There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the

impression is common, almost universal. Let no young man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation, rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave.

Reply to Senator Stephen A. Douglas

(Peoria, Illinois, 16 October, 1854, the Greatest Speech of the Douglas Debate)

About a month after the introduction of the bill [to give Nebraska and Kansas territorial governments] on the judge's own motion it is so amended as to declare the Missouri Compromise inoperative and void; and, substantially, that the people who go and settle there may establish slavery, or exclude it, as they may see fit. In this shape the bill passed both branches of Congress and became a law.

This is the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. The foregoing history may not be precisely accurate in every particular, but I am sure it is sufficiently so for all the use I shall attempt to make of it, and in it we have before us the chief material enabling us to judge correctly whether the repeal of the Missouri Compromise is right or wrong. I think, and shall try to show, that it is wrong—wrong in its direct effect, letting slavery into Kansas and Nebraska, and wrong in its prospective principle, allowing it to spread to every other part of the wide world where men can be found inclined to take it.

This declared indifference, but, as I must think, covert real zeal, for the spread of slavery, I cannot but hate. I hate it because of the monstrous injustice of slavery itself. I hate it because it deprives our republican example of its just influence in the world; enables the enemies of free institutions with plausibility to taunt us as hypocrites; causes the real friends of freedom to doubt our sincerity; and especially because it forces so many good men among ourselves into an open war with the very fundamental principles of civil liberty, criticising the Declaration of Independence, and insisting that there is no right principle of action but self-interest.

Before proceeding let me say that I think I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them, they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us, we should not instantly give it up. This I believe of the masses North and South. Doubtless there are individuals on both sides who would not hold slaves under any circumstances, and others who would gladly introduce slavery anew if it were out of existence. We know that some Southern men do free their slaves, go North and become tip-top Abolitionists, while some Northern ones go South and become most cruel slave-masters.

When Southern people tell us they are no more responsible for the origin of slavery than we are, I acknowledge the fact. When it is said that the institution exists, and that it is very difficult to get rid of it in any satisfactory way, I can understand and appreciate the saying. I surely will not blame

them for not doing what I should not know how to do myself. If all earthly power were given me, I should not know what to do as to the existing institution. My first impulse would be to free all the slaves, and send them to Liberia, to their own native land. But a moment's reflection would convince me that whatever of high hope (as I think there is) there may be in this in the long run, its sudden execution is impossible. If they were all landed there in a day, they would all perish in the next ten days; and there are not surplus shipping and surplus money enough to carry them there in many times ten days. What then? Free them all, and keep them among us as underlings? Is it quite certain that this betters their condition? I think I would not hold one in slavery at any rate, yet the point is not clear enough for me to denounce people upon. What next? Free them, and make them politically and socially our equals? My own feelings will not admit of this, and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of whites will not. Whether this feeling accords with justice and sound judgment is not the sole question, if indeed it is any part of it. A universal feeling, whether well or ill founded, cannot be safely disregarded. We cannot then make them equals. It does seem to me that systems of gradual emancipation might be adopted, but for their tardiness in this I will not undertake to judge our brethren of the South.

When they remind us of their constitutional rights, I acknowledge them—not grudgingly, but fully and fairly; and I would give them any legislation for the reclaiming of their fugitives which

should not in its stringency be more likely to carry a free man into slavery than our ordinary criminal laws are to hang an innocent one.

But all this, to my judgment, furnishes no more excuse for permitting slavery to go into our own free territory than it would for reviving the African slave-trade by law. The law which forbids the bringing of slaves from Africa, and that which has so long forbidden the taking of them into Nebraska, can hardly be distinguished on any moral principle, and the repeal of the former could find quite as plausible excuses as that of the latter.

Equal justice to the South, it is said, requires us to consent to the extension of slavery to new countries. That is to say, inasmuch as you do not object to my taking my hog to Nebraska, therefore I must not object to your taking your slave. Now, I admit that this is perfectly logical, if there is no difference between hogs and negroes. But while you thus require me to deny the humanity of the negro, I wish to ask whether you of the South, yourselves, have ever been willing to do as much? It is kindly provided that of all those who come into the world only a small percentage are natural tyrants. That percentage is no larger in the slave States than in the free. The great majority South, as well as North, have human sympathies, of which they can no more divest themselves than they can of their sensibility to physical pain. These sympathies in the bosoms of the Southern people manifest, in many ways, their sense of the wrong of slavery, and their consciousness that, after all, there is humanity in the negro. If they deny this, let me address them a few plain questions. In 1820 you

joined the North, almost unanimously, in declaring the African slave-trade piracy, and in annexing to it the punishment of death. Why did you do this? If you did not feel that it was wrong, why did you join in providing that men should be hung for it? The practice was no more than bringing wild negroes from Africa to such as would buy them. But you never thought of hanging men for catching and selling wild horses, wild buffaloes, or wild bears.

Again, you have among you a sneaking individual of the class of native tyrants known as the "Slave-Dealer." He watches your necessities, and crawls up to buy your slave, at a speculating price. If you cannot help it, you sell to him; but if you can help it, you drive him from your door. You despise him utterly. You do not recognize him as a friend, or even as an honest man. Your children must not play with his; they may rollick freely with the little negroes, but not with the slave-dealer's children. If you are obliged to deal with him, you try to get through the job without so much as touching him. It is common with you to join hands with the men you meet, but with the slave-dealer you avoid the ceremony—instinctively shrinking from the snaky contact. If he grows rich and retires from business, you still remember him, and still keep up the ban of non-intercourse upon him and his family. Now why is this? You do not so treat the man who deals in corn, cotton, or tobacco.

And yet again. There are in the United States and Territories, including the District of Columbia, 433,643 free blacks. At five hundred dollars per head they are worth over two hundred millions of dollars. How comes this vast amount of property

to be running about without owners? We do not see free horses or free cattle running at large. How is this? All these free blacks are the descendants of slaves, or have been slaves themselves; and they would be slaves now but for something which has operated on their white owners, inducing them at vast pecuniary sacrifice to liberate them. What is that something? Is there any mistaking it? In all these cases it is your sense of justice and human sympathy continually telling you that the poor negro has some natural right to himself—that those who deny it and make mere merchandise of him deserve kickings, contempt, and death.

And now why will you ask us to deny the humanity of the slave, and estimate him as only the equal of the hog? Why ask us to do what you will not do yourselves? Why ask us to do for nothing what two hundred millions of dollars could not induce you to do?

Address of Farewell

(Springfield, Illinois, 11 February, 1861)

MY FRIENDS: No one, not in my situation, can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place, and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century, and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that assistance, I cannot fail. Trusting in Him who can go with me,

and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell.

First Inaugural Address

(Washington, 4 March, 1861)

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES: In compliance with a custom as old as the government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take in your presence the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States to be taken by the President "before he enters on the execution of his office."

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all the while existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do but quote from one of those speeches when I declare that "I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and

many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And, more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read :

Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depend, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretext, as among the gravest of crimes.

I now reiterate these sentiments ; and, in doing so, I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case is susceptible, that the property, peace, and security of no section are to be in any wise endangered by the now incoming administration. I add, too, that all the protection which, consistently with the Constitution and the laws, can be given, will be cheerfully given to all the states when lawfully demanded, for whatever cause—as cheerfully to one section as to another.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions :

No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall in consequence of any law or regulation therein be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be

delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due.

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause “shall be delivered up,” their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not with nearly equal unanimity frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good that unanimous oath?

There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be but of little consequence to him or to others by which authority it is done. And should any one in any case be content that his oath shall be unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept?

Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that “the citizen of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the Several states”?

I take the official oath today with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Con-

stitution or laws, by any hypocritical rules. And while I do not choose now to specify particular acts of Congress as proper to be enforced, I do suggest that it will be much safer for all, both in official and private stations, to conform to and abide by all those acts which stand unrepealed, than to violate any of them, trusting to find impunity in having them held to be unconstitutional.

It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our National Constitution. During that period fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the executive branch of the government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope of precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law and of the Constitution, the Union of these States is perpetual. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our National Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably

unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it — break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that in legal contemplation the Union is perpetual confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787 one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was “to form a more perfect Union.”

But if the destruction of the Union by one or by a part only of the states be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows from these views that no State upon its own mere motion can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence, within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I therefore consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken; and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple

duty on my part; and I shall perform it so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

In doing this there needs to be no bloodshed or violence; and there shall be none, unless it be forced upon the national authority. The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what may be necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere. Where hostility to the United States, in any interior locality, shall be so great and universal as to prevent competent resident citizens from holding the Federal offices, there will be no attempt to force obnoxious strangers among the people for that object. While the strict legal right may exist in the government to enforce the exercise of these offices, the attempt to do so would be so irritating, and so nearly impracticable withal, that I deem it better to forego for the time the uses of such offices.

The mails, unless repelled, will continue to be furnished in all parts of the Union. So far as possible, the people everywhere shall have that sense of perfect security which is most favorable to calm thought and reflection. The course here indicated will be followed unless current events and experience will show a modification or change to be proper, and in every case and exigency my best

discretion will be exercised according to circumstances actually existing, and with a view and a hope of a peaceful solution of the national troubles and the restoration of fraternal sympathies and affections.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you, while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If by the mere force of numbers a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view, justify revolution — certainly would if such a right were a vital one. But such is not our case. All

the vital rights of minorities and of individuals are so plainly assured to them by affirmations and negations, guaranties and prohibitions, in the Constitution, that controversies never arise concerning them. But no organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration. No foresight can anticipate, nor any document of reasonable length contain, express provisions for all possible questions. Shall fugitives from labor be surrendered by national or by State authority? The Constitution does not expressly say. *May* Congress prohibit slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say. *Must* Congress protect slavery in the Territories? The Constitution does not expressly say.

From questions of this class spring all our constitutional controversies, and we divide upon them into majorities and minorities. If the minority will not acquiesce, the majority must, or the government must cease. There is no other alternative; for continuing the government is acquiescence on one side or the other.

If a minority in such case will secede rather than acquiesce, they make a precedent which in turn will divide and ruin them; for a minority of their own will secede from them whenever a majority refuses to be controlled by such minority. For instance, why may not any portion of a new confederacy a year or two hence arbitrarily secede again, precisely as portions of the present Union now claim to secede from it? All who cherish disunion sentiments are now being educated to the exact temper of doing this.

Is there such perfect identity of interests among the States to compose a new Union, as to produce harmony only, and prevent renewed secession?

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

I do not forget the position, assumed by some, that constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court; nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the government. And while it is obviously possible that such decision may be erroneous in any given case, still the evil effect following it, being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than could the evils of a different practice. At the same time, the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the government, upon vital questions affecting the whole people, is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions of the Supreme Court, the instant they are made, in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions, the people will have ceased to be their own rulers,

having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the court or the judges. It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them, and it is no fault of theirs if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought not to be extended. This is the only substantial dispute. The fugitive-slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave-trade, are each as well enforced, perhaps, as any law can ever be in a community where the moral sense of the people imperfectly supports the law itself. The great body of the people abide by the dry legal obligation in both cases, and a few break over in each. This, I think, cannot be perfectly cured; and it would be worse in both cases after the separations of the sections than before. The foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be ultimately revived, without restriction, in one section, while fugitive slaves, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make

that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. I cannot be ignorant of the fact that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the National Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendments, I fully recognize the rightful authority of the people over the whole subject, to be exercised in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not especially chosen for the purpose, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish to either accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution — which amendment, however, I have not seen — has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never in-

terfere with the domestic institutions of the States, including that of persons held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments so far as to say that, holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made express and irrevocable.

The chief magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government, as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the government under which we live, this same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and

well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time; but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied, still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on every sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity, and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust in the best way all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend it."

I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

Final Emancipation Proclamation

(1 January, 1863)

WHEREAS, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State, or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever, free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall in the absence of strong countervailing testimony be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of 100 days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit:

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are, and henceforward shall be free; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities

thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons of suitable condition will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

*Address at the Dedication of the Gettysburg
National Cemetery*

(19 November, 1863)

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we

cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Second Inaugural Address

(Washington, 4 March, 1865)

FELLOW COUNTRYMEN: At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reason-

ably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war; while the government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's

assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered — that of neither has been answered fully.

The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through his appointed time, he now wills to remove, and that he gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

ANECDOTES

Lincoln's Pardons

Such was the serious side of Lincoln's Presidency; but woven all through it was the relief of his humor—his amusing stories—and his humanity—which found opportunity for constant exercise in the almost daily private tragedies that came under his personal notice.

Many stories are told of how Lincoln pardoned deserters and others condemned to death, and many of these are pure romance, devoid of the slightest truth. In his *Reminiscences* General Butler tells the following anecdote. He said to the President, "The bounties which are now being paid to new recruits cause very large desertions. Men desert and go home, and get the bounties and enlist in other regiments."

"That is too true," he replied, "but how can we prevent it?"

"By vigorously shooting every man who is caught as a deserter, until it is found to be a dangerous business."

"A saddened, weary look came over his face which I had never seen before, and he slowly replied,—

"You may be right—probably you are so; but, God help me! how can I have a butcher's day every Friday in the Army of the Potomac?"

Perhaps the best known story of Lincoln's pardons, and the one most truly characteristic of the man, is that of Scott, the Vermonter, who slept at his post when on sentry duty. He had taken the place of a sick comrade one night, and the very next

night was drafted himself. He said frankly he was afraid he couldn't keep awake two nights in succession, but if it was his duty he would do his best.

The hostile armies lay close together, and the pickets of the two armies had been almost on friendly terms. To correct this demoralization General Smith had issued a stringent order, and when Scott was found fast asleep at his post he was singled out as the first victim and was ordered to be shot.

Scott's comrades knew there was no braver man in the regiment than this Vermont farmer, and the captain of his company with a few others started out at once to Washington to see Mr. L. E. Chittenden, who tells the story most authentically in his *Reminiscences*. The boys were taken to the President, who opened the conversation by asking,

"What is this? Another expedition to kidnap somebody, or to get another brigadier appointed, or for a furlough to go home to vote? I cannot do it, gentlemen. Brigadiers are thicker than drum-majors, and I couldn't get a furlough for myself if I asked it from the War Department."

When the little captain had stated Scott's case, he ended, "He is as brave a boy as there is in your army, sir. Scott is no coward. Our mountains breed no cowards. They are the homes of thirty thousand men who voted for Abraham Lincoln. They will not be able to see that the best thing to be done with William Scott will be to shoot him like a traitor and bury him like a dog! Oh, Mr. Lincoln, can you?"

"No, I can't!" exclaimed the President. It was one of the moments when his countenance became

such a remarkable study. It had become very earnest as the captain rose with his subject; then it took on that melancholy expression which, later in his life, became so infinitely touching. I thought I could detect a mist in the deep cavities of his eyes. Then, in a flash, there was a total change. He smiled, and finally broke into a hearty laugh as he asked me,

“Do your Green Mountain boys fight as well as they talk? If they do, I don’t wonder at the legends about Ethan Allen.” Then his face softened as he said, “What do you expect me to do? As you know, I have not much influence with the departments.”

A reprieve was suggested to permit an examination of the case.

“No!” exclaimed Lincoln, “I do not think that course would be safe. You do not know these officers of the regular army. They are a law unto themselves. They sincerely think that it is good policy occasionally to shoot a soldier. I can see it, where a soldier deserts or commits a crime, but I cannot in such a case as Scott’s. They say that I am always interfering with the discipline of the army, and being cruel to the soldiers. Well, I can’t help it, so I shall have to go right on doing wrong. I do not think an honest, brave soldier, conscious of no crime but sleeping when he was weary, ought to be shot or hung. The country has better uses for him.

“Captain,” continued the President, “your boy shall not be shot — that is, not tomorrow, nor until I know more about this case.” To me he said, “I will have to attend to this matter myself. I have

for some time intended to go up to the Chain Bridge. I will do so today. I shall then know that there is no mistake in suspending the execution."

I remarked that he was undertaking a burden which we had no right to impose; that it was asking too much of the President in behalf of a private soldier.

"Scott's life is as valuable to him as that of any person in the land," he said. "You remember the remark of a Scotchman about the head of a nobleman who was decapitated,—“It was a small matter of a head, but it was valuable to him, poor fellow, for it was the only one he had.”"

During the day Lincoln went out to the camp. Scott afterward told a comrade the story of his interview with the President. Said he, "The President was the kindest man I had ever seen. I knew him at once by a Lincoln medal I had long worn. I was scared at first, for I had never before talked with a great man. But Mr. Lincoln was so easy with me, so gentle, that I soon forgot my fright. He asked me all about my people at home, the neighbors, the farm, and where I went to school, and who my schoolmates were. Then he asked me about mother, and how she looked, and I was glad I could take her photograph from my bosom and show it to him. He said how thankful I ought to be that mother still lived, and how, if he was in my place, he would try to make her a proud mother, and never cause her a sorrow or a tear. I cannot remember it all, but every word was so kind.

"He had said nothing yet about that dreadful next morning. I thought it must be that he was so kind-hearted that he didn't like to speak of it. But

why did he say so much about my mother, and not causing her a sorrow or a tear when I knew that I must die the next morning? But I supposed that was something that would have to go unexplained, and so I determined to brace up, and tell him that I did not feel a bit guilty, and ask him wouldn't he fix it so that the firing-party would not be from our regiment! That was going to be the hardest of all—to die by the hands of my comrades.

“Just as I was going to ask him this favor, he stood up, and he says to me, ‘My boy, stand up here and look me in the face.’ I did as he bade me. ‘My boy,’ he said, ‘you are not going to be shot tomorrow. I believe you when you tell me you could not keep awake. I am going to trust you, and send you back to your regiment. But I have been put to a good deal of trouble on your account. I have had to come up here from Washington when I have a great deal to do, and what I want to know is, how are you going to pay my bill?’ There was a big lump in my throat; I could scarcely speak. I had expected to die, you see, and had kind of got used to thinking that way. To have it all changed in a minute! But I got it crowded down, and managed to say, ‘I am grateful, Mr. Lincoln! I hope I am as grateful as ever a man can be for saving my life. But it comes upon me sudden and unexpected like. I didn't lay out for it at all. But there is some way to pay you, and I will find it after a little. There is the bounty in the savings bank. I guess we could borrow some money on a mortgage of the farm.’ There was my pay was something, and if he could wait until pay-day I was sure the boys would help, so I thought we could make it up, if it wasn't more

than five or six hundred dollars. 'But it is a great deal more than that,' he said. Then I said I didn't see just now, but I was sure I would find some way—if I lived.

"Then Mr. Lincoln put his hands on my shoulders and looked into my face as if he was very sorry and said, 'My boy, my bill is a very large one. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor the farm, nor all your comrades. There is only one man in all the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If from this day William Scott does his duty, so that, if I was there when he comes to die, he can look me in the face as he does now, and say, I have kept my promise, and I have done my duty as a soldier, then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise and try to keep it?'"

William Scott kept his promise. He had this interview with Lincoln in September, 1861. The following spring, in March, 1862, Scott was shot in battle before the entrenchments at Lee's Mills, in the vicinity of Yorktown. A desperate charge was ordered, and the Vermont regiment dashed against one of the strongest positions in the Confederate line. They were repulsed, and retreated under a heavy fire, leaving nearly half their number dead or wounded in the river and on the opposite shore.

William Scott was almost the first to reach the south bank of the river, the first in the rifle pits, and the last to retreat. He recrossed the river with a wounded officer on his back—he carried him to a place of safety, and returned to assist his comrades, who did not agree on the number of wounded men saved by him from drowning or capture, but all agreed that he had carried the last wounded man

from the south bank, and was nearly across the stream, when the fire of the rebels was concentrated upon him, he staggered with his living burden to the shore, and fell literally shot all to pieces.

So it was that he paid his debt to President Lincoln.

Lincoln's Own Stories

Lincoln was a tireless worker. He loaded his Cabinet and his secretaries to the limit of their strength, but was always considerate and thoughtful of their comfort. Three of his secretaries lived with him in the White House and usually worked far into the night, and, even after their labors for the day had closed, Lincoln would often wander around barefooted and in his night-shirt, too wakeful to seek his own bed, and read poems from Burns, jokes from Artemas Ward, and the letters of Petroleum V. Nasby to the members of his household.

His sense of humor was his salvation. It was the safety valve by which his heart was relieved. He was melancholy by nature and inclined to be morbid, and it was this keen enjoyment of the ridiculous that enabled him to endure with patience his official trials and anxieties. Says Chauncey M. Depew in his recollections of Lincoln, "The President threw himself on a lounge and rattled off story after story. It was his method of relief, without which he might have gone out of his mind, and certainly would not have been able to accomplish anything like the amount of work which he did. It is the popular supposition that most of Lincoln's stories were original, but he said, 'I have originated

but two stories in my life, but I tell tolerably well other people's stories.'"

The stories Lincoln told, and the anecdotes about him, are so closely related that it is not worth while to try to separate them. They are here related with no special regard to sequence.

It is said that during the darkest days of the war a party of prohibitionists called on Lincoln and urged with him that the reason why the North did not win was because the soldiers drank so much whiskey. With a twinkle in his eye Lincoln replied, "That seems very unfair on the part of the Lord, for the Southerners drink a great deal worse whiskey and a great deal more of it than the soldiers of the North."

"Stop Your Boat—I've Lost My Apple!"

One day a farmer from the backwoods came to the President to tell him that the soldiers had stolen some of his hay, and he wanted his claim paid at once.

"Why, my good sir," said Lincoln, "if I should attempt to consider every such individual case, I should find work enough for twenty Presidents," and to illustrate his point he told the following story:

"In my early days I knew one Jack Chase, who was a lumberman on the Illinois, and, when steady and sober, the best raftsman on the river. It was quite a trick twenty-five years ago to take the logs over the rapids, but he was skilful with a raft, and always kept her straight in the channel. Finally a steamer was put on, and Jack—he's dead now, poor fellow!—was made captain of her. He always

used to take the wheel going through the rapids. One day, when the boat was plunging and wallowing along the boiling current, and Jack's utmost vigilance was being exercised to keep her in the narrow channel, a boy pulled his coat-tail and hailed him with, 'Say, Mister Captain! I wish you would just stop your boat a minute—I've lost my apple overboard!'"

The Swearing Driver

On another occasion a poor man from Tennessee was waiting at the White House, and General Fisk took him in to see the President. The man's son was under sentence of death for some military offense. Lincoln heard him patiently, took his papers, and said he would look into the case and report the following day.

"Tomorrow may be too late!" cried the man tragically, and the streaming tears told how much he was moved.

"Come," said Mr. Lincoln, "wait a bit, and I'll tell you a story"; and then he told the old man General Fisk's story about the swearing driver, as follows:

When Fisk, then Colonel, organized his regiment in Missouri he proposed to his men that he should do all the swearing for the regiment. They agreed, and for a long time he heard of no violation of their promise.

The Colonel had a teamster named John Todd, and as the roads were in very poor condition this teamster had difficulty in driving his team and keeping his temper at the same time. One day he happened to be driving his mule-team through a series

of particularly bad mud-holes, when, unable to restrain himself any longer, he burst forth with a volley of most energetic oaths. When the Colonel heard of it he called John to account.

"John," said he, "didn't you promise to let me do all the swearing for the regiment?"

"Yes, I did, Colonel," he replied, "but the fact is the swearing had to be done then or not at all, and you weren't there to do it."

The old man was so much amused he laughed heartily, and then the President wrote a few words on a card which brought tears to the old fellow's eyes, for the life of his son had been saved.

"Glad of It"

When the telegram from Cumberland Gap reached Lincoln that "firing was heard in the direction of Knoxville," he remarked that he was "glad of it." Some person present, who was thinking intently of the peril of Burnside's army, wanted to know why Mr. Lincoln was "glad of it."

"Why, you see," responded the President, "it reminds me of Mrs. Sallie Ward, a neighbor of mine, who had a very large family. Occasionally one of her numerous progeny would be heard crying in some out-of-the-way place, upon which Mrs. Ward would exclaim,

"'There's one of my children that isn't dead yet.'"

The Coon That "Got Away"

Toward the end of the war some gentlemen who visited Lincoln at the White House asked him "what he would do with Jeff Davis."

“There was a boy in Springfield,” replied Mr. Lincoln, “who saved up his money and bought a coon, which after the novelty wore off became a great nuisance.

“He was one day leading him through the streets, and had his hands full to keep clear of the little vixen, who had torn his clothes half off him. At length he sat down on the curbstone, completely fagged out. A man passing by, noticing his unhappy expression, asked him what was the matter.

“‘Oh,’ said the boy, ‘this coon is such a terrible trouble to me!’

“‘Why don’t you get rid of him, then?’ said the gentleman.

“‘Hush!’ said the boy. ‘Don’t you see he is gnawing his rope off? I’m going to let him do it, and then I will go home and tell the folks that he *got away from me!*’”

Root Hog or Die

At the so-called peace conference on the steamer *River Queen* in Hampton Roads, February 3, 1865, Mr. Hunter, representing the Confederacy, remarked that since the slaves had always worked under compulsion, if they were freed they would do no work at all, and the South would starve, black and whites together, as no work would be done. Said Lincoln,

“Mr. Hunter, you ought to know a great deal better about the matter than I, for you have always lived under the slave system. I can only say, in reply to your statement of the case, that it reminds me of a man out in Illinois, by the name of Case, who undertook, a few years ago, to raise a very

large herd of hogs. It was a great trouble to feed them; and how to get around this was a puzzle to him.

“At length he hit upon the plan of planting an immense field of potatoes, and, when they were sufficiently grown, he turned the whole herd into the field and let them have full swing, thus saving not only the labor of feeding the hogs, but that also of digging the potatoes. Charmed with his sagacity, he stood one day leaning against the fence, counting his hogs, when a neighbor came along.

“‘Well, well!’ said he. ‘Mr. Case, this is all very fine. Your hogs are doing very well just now. But you know out here in Illinois the frost comes early, and the ground freezes a foot deep. Then what are they going to do?’

“This was a view of the matter which Mr. Case had not taken into account. Butchering time for hogs was away on in December or January. He scratched his head and at length stammered, ‘Well, it may come pretty hard on their *snouts*, but I don’t see but it will be *root hog or die!*’”

Daniel Webster’s Dirty Hands

One of the most amusing of Mr. Lincoln’s stories was that of Daniel Webster’s hands.

One day Daniel had done something very naughty in school, and was called up by the teacher to be punished, the form of punishment being the old-fashioned ferruling of the hands. His hands happened to be very dirty, and out of a sense of personal shame, on his way to the teacher’s desk, he spit upon the palm of his right hand and rubbed it on his pantaloons.

“Give me your hands, sir,” said the teacher very sternly.

“Out went the right hand, partly cleansed. The teacher looked at it a moment, and said,—

“Daniel, if you will find another hand in this school as filthy as that, I will let you off this time!”

“Instantly from behind his back came the left hand. ‘Here it is, sir,’ was the ready reply.

“‘That will do,’ said the teacher, ‘for this time; you may take your seat, sir.’”

Miscellaneous Anecdotes

Quite as characteristic of Lincoln as his stories, are the anecdotes of his witty and humorous remarks on various occasions.

He was greatly pestered by the office-seekers, but he never refused to see them, saying “They don’t want much and get very little. Each one considers his business of great importance, and I must gratify them. I know how I should feel if I were in their place.” And when he was attacked with varioloid in 1861 he said to his usher, “Tell all the office-seekers to come and see me, for now I have something that I can give them.”

Mrs. McCulloch and other ladies called at the White House one afternoon to attend a reception by Mrs. Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln said laughingly to them,

“I am always glad to see you, ladies, for I know you don’t want anything.”

Mrs. McCulloch replied, “But, Mr. President, I do want something; I want you to do something very much.”

“Well, what is it?” he asked, adding, “I hope it isn’t anything I can’t do.”

"I want you to suppress the *Chicago Times*, because it does nothing but abuse the administration," she replied.

"Oh, tut, tut! We mustn't abridge the liberties of the press or the people. But never mind the *Chicago Times*. The administration can stand it if the *Times* can."

On another occasion he went to examine a newly invented "repeating" gun, which was peculiar in that it prevented the escape of gas. After the inspection, he said,

"Well, I believe this really does what it is represented to do. Now, have any of you heard of any machine or invention for preventing the escape of gas from newspaper establishments?"

One day he was complaining of the injustice of Mr. Greeley's criticisms, when a friend suggested,

"Why don't you publish the facts in every newspaper in the United States? The people will then understand your position and your vindication will be complete."

"Yes," said Lincoln, "all the newspapers will publish my letter, and so will Greeley. The next day he will comment upon it, and keep it up in that way until at the end of three weeks I will be convicted out of my own mouth of all the things he charges against me. No man, whether he be a private citizen or President of the United States, can successfully carry on a controversy with a great newspaper and escape destruction, unless he owns a newspaper equally great with a circulation in the same neighborhood."

One day a handsome woman called at the White House to get the release of a relative who was in prison. She tried to use her personal attractions to influence the President. After a little he concluded, as he afterwards said, that he was "too soft" to deal with her, and sent her over to the War Department with a sealed envelope which contained a card on which he had written, "This woman, dear Stanton, is smarter than she looks to be."

To another woman, whom he suspected of coming to the White House on a pretext, he gave a note addressed to Major Ramsey, which read,—

"MY DEAR SIR: The lady—bearer of this—says she has two sons who want to work. Set them at it if possible. Wanting to work is so rare a merit that it should be encouraged. A. LINCOLN."

When a delegation of clergymen called to urge the appointment of one of their number as consul to the Hawaiian Islands on the ground that he was sick and needed a change, the President questioned the man closely as to his symptoms and then remarked,

"I am sorry to disappoint you, but there are eight other men after this place, and every one of them is sicker than you are."

A party of friends from Springfield called at the White House one day and told the President what an elaborate funeral had been given to a certain Illinois politician who was noted for his vanity and love of praise. After listening to the end Lincoln remarked,

“If Jim had known he was to have that kind of a funeral, he would have died long ago.”

When a deputation called upon the President to criticize certain features of his administration, he responded as follows:

“Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold, and you had put it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara River on a rope: would you shake the cable and keep shouting to him, ‘Blondin, stand up a little straighter—Blondin, stoop a little more—go a little faster—lean a little more to the north—lean a little more to the south’? No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off till he was safe over.

“The government is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in our hands. We are doing the very best we can. Don’t badger us. Keep quiet, and we will get you safe across.”

Lincoln also had a strain of severity in him.

Once an officer attacked General Sherman, calling him a bully and a tyrant, unfit to command troops. Lincoln quietly asked if he had any grievance. The officer replied that General Sherman had accused him of some misconduct and threatened to shoot him if it occurred again.

“If I were in your place,” remarked the President in a confidential whisper, “I wouldn’t repeat that offense, because Sherman is a man of his word.”

Lincoln’s instinctive love of a joke appears very clearly in his humorous remark on hearing of the

capture of a brigadier-general and twelve army mules near Washington,—

“How unfortunate! I can fill that general’s place in five minutes, but those mules cost us two hundred dollars apiece.”

The President’s last story before his assassination was that of how the Patagonians eat oysters. Ward Lamon had called to ask the President to sign a pardon for an old soldier convicted of violating the army regulations.

“Lamon, do you know how the Patagonians eat oysters?” suddenly asked the President as he held the pen in his hand to write the pardon.

“I do not, Mr. Lincoln,” responded Lamon.

“It is their habit to open them as fast as they can and throw the shells out of the window, and when the pile of shells grows to be bigger than the house, why, they pick up stakes and move. Now, Lamon, I have felt like beginning a new pile of pardons, and I guess this is a good one to begin on.”

INDEX

- Actors, the great Shakespearean, 50-52
American literature, 32-34
Arnold, Matthew, works of, commended, 64
Austen, Jane, novels of, 98
Bacon, essays of, 60
Balzac, contrasted with Shakespeare, 24; works of, 32, 93-97.
Barrie and his work, 32
Books, index of, recommended, 108-112
Brontë, Charlotte and Emily, writings of, 99
Browning, and the student of poetry, 43-45
Bryant, W. C., American poet, 33
Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, 69
Burns and his poems, 30; the best of his poems, 47
Canterbury Tales, referred to, 28
Carlyle's literary work, 61
Chaucer, poet in new English tongue, 27
Classic Age, The, 29
Classic stories for young people, 106-108
Cooper, J. F., place in American literature, 33; his novels, 84, 85
Day is Done, The, quoted, 40
De Quincey's writings, 61
Dickens, and his characters, 25; and the realistic novel, 32; novels of, 86-89
Drama, stage, a form of the human story, 17, 18
Dumas, and his romantic novel, 78-81, 93
Eliot, George, novels of, 97, 98
Emerson and his work, 33, 61, 62
Epic poem, the, 17
Essay, what constitutes a good, 10-15; revival of the, 31
Essays, the best English, 59-65
Faerie Queen, referred to, 28
Fiction, modern, 19ff
Fielding's *Tom Jones*, 70
Franklin, Benjamin, a great writer, 34
Gil Blas, Le Sage's, 71, 72
Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield*, 71
Hamlet, the play discussed, 54; given, 205-262
Hawthorne and his work, 34; novels and short stories of, 103
Homer, epic poems of, 17

- Hugo, Victor, his place as romantic novelist, and his works, 81-83, 93
- Humor, 11
- Irving, Washington, place in American literature, 33; his works classics, 101
- Ivanhoe*, about the story, 74, 75
- Kipling, and his work, 32; short stories of, 105
- Kingsley, Charles, his novels, 85
- Lamb, Charles, letter to Coleridge, 13-15; his essays, 31, 60
- Lear, King*, about the play, 55
- Lincoln, Abraham, life of, 265-300; letters and recollections, 301-321; speeches, 321-348; anecdotes, 349-365
- Lines Composed a Few Miles Above Tintern Abbey*, quoted, 8
- Literature, its three forms, 1; what it should express, 2; landmarks in modern, 27-36
- Longfellow and his work, 33; and the student of poetry, 39; suggested selections from, 40, 41, 45
- Love's Philosophy*, Shelley's poem quoted, 3
- Lyrical ballads, 30
- Macaulay, his time and work, 31; essays, 62, 63
- Marryat, Captain, novels of, 85
- Maupassant, Guy de, short stories of, 104
- Merchant of Venice, The*, discussed, 53, 54; the play given, 133-167
- Milton, place as poet and best poems, 48
- Novel, what constitutes a good, 16, 22; the modern, 20; judging a good, 21 ff.
- Novels, old ones that are good, 66-72; the romantic, 73-85; the realistic, 86-100
- Novelists, the romantic, 73-85; the realistic, 86-100
- Oratory, 10
- Poe, E. A., and his work, 33; short stories by, 101-103
- Poems everyone should read, 48, 49
- Poetry, defined, 1, 2; examples of different kinds of, 2-8
- Poetry, the best, and how to read it, 37-49
- Pope, view of his work, 48
- Prose, its nature, 10; kinds of, 11-15
- Psalm of Life, A*, quoted, 4, 5
- Rabbi Ben Ezra*, quoted, 6, 7
- Richardson's novels, 69, 70
- Robinson Crusoe*, 29
- Romantic movement in poetry, 30
- Romeo and Juliet*, 54; the play given, 167-205
- Ruskin as a prose writer, 63, 64

- Scarlet Letter, The*, 34
- Scott, Sir W., and his characters, 25, 26; and the new poetic movement, 30, 31; *Waverley*, 31; about his books, 73-78, 93, 94
- Shakespeare, our greatest author, 24; and English literature, 27-29; how best to study him, 50-58; his life and works, 115-133
- Short story, the, 101-105
- Spenser, important poet, 27; his poetry, 28
- Stevenson and his work, 32
- Stowe, H. B., and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, 99, 100
- Sue, Eugene, his two great novels, 83, 84
- Sweet and Low*, lyric from *The Princess*, quoted, 2
- Swift and his essays, 60
- Tennyson, makes his reputation, 31; and the student of poetry, 42, 43
- Thackeray, and his characters, 25; novels by, 89-92
- Vicar of Wakefield*, a style of the novel, 20
- Wallace, Gen. Lew, novels by, 85
- Webster, Daniel, as an author, 34
- Wordsworth, and the student of poetry, 47
- Young people, classic stories for, 106-108
- Zola and his work, 97



