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SHAKESPEARE AND ADOLESCENCE.

By M. F. LIBBY.

I.

Shakespeare and Scott have mirrored human nature more comprehensively than other writers in English. Each of them far outstrips all others in the completeness with which he has portrayed the age of rapid development between fifteen and twenty-five. In order to estimate exactly the number of characters of this period found in each it would be necessary first to canvass thoroughly all their works for exact references to age and to note all indications of age where no direct proofs were forthcoming. While this might be of some use it will suffice for our present purpose to say that about one-fourth of the thousand characters of Shakespeare may be called adolescent if that word be extended to cover the years denoted by the word *Juvenis* among the Romans. Counting in a very arbitrary manner, to which no importance should be attached, we may reckon 74 interesting adolescents among the comedies, 46 among the tragedies, and 19 among the histories. (Of children there are from four or five to twelve or fifteen according to whether the most interesting or every possible mention be considered.) There are many adolescents who appear but have no interest for our study.

It may suggest the vast amount of keen interest and observation shown this subject by Shakespeare to make a select list of thirty characters who, either on account of direct references to their age, or because of their love stories, or because they show the emotional and intellectual plasticity of youth, may be regarded as typical adolescents. Any reader who doubts whether some of these may fairly be regarded as belonging here must feel free, upon glancing at the evidence and the opinions of the critics, to alter the list at pleasure. Romeo, Juliet, Hamlet, Ophelia, Imogen, Perdita, Arviragus, Guiderius, Palamon, Arcite, Emilia, Ferdinand, Miranda, Isabella, Mariana, Orlando, Rosalind, Biron, Portia, Jessica, Phebe, Katharine, Helena, Viola, Troilus, Cressida, Cassio, Marina, Prince Hal, Richard of Gloucester: these thirty have been selected on the principle of pedagogical suggestiveness, and perhaps rather too capriciously, but where can one find any such list for suggestion of profound study and knowledge of the head and heart of youth?

To do any kind of justice to the subject of this paper would involve not only a study of each of these but of twenty or thirty more hardly less important. But besides all the characters in the plays there are those in the sonnets and poems, and perhaps the knowledge shown of adolescence is greater, or at any rate more concentrated and profound, in these than in the plays. The plan proposed is merely to give a brief commentary upon the poems and some of the chief characters in this first section and then to dwell more fully upon three great typical groups in the succeeding three sections. The poem entitled *Venus and Adonis* is one for which some critics have even dared to frame elaborate apologies. It is perhaps the greatest proof we have of Shakespeare's fitness to handle the problems of puberty and adolescence. It is a successful attempt—perhaps the only successful attempt in literature, to face the problem of sexual passion in a perfectly candid, natural, and naïve manner and to do perfect justice to its seductiveness without a single note of pruriency or a single bribe to self-indulgence, and yet equally without a single signal of weakness, distress, shame or pretence. This is true of the poem if it be read through from end to end as it was conceived and meant to be read, however untrue it may be of fragments. The work is a masterpiece and model in the management of the emotions. It is a catharsis for the erotic passion. It arouses the feelings of desire only to carry them into feelings of a safer and, in the circumstances, manlier order. And whoever reads it in a licentious frame of mind will inevitably be disappointed by finding it the purest of poems. There is a whole philosophy of art and pedagogy latent in this great work, and one may well doubt whether there can be any real resting-place for educational theory short of a courageous envisagement of this very tale of temptation in which a passion for sport and adventure proves too much for any latent tendency to less healthful emotions. Here, as elsewhere, large world-meanings spring from the simple genius of the poet's story, and one can almost see in the tale of Adonis and his indifference to the love-goddess a symbol of all the innocence and vigor that discovered the Cape of Good Hope, and the road to America, and all the chivalry and daring that discovered the law of gravitation or the law of natural selection; for these remote analogies are the best contributions of a philosophy of art. The story of the Passionate Pilgrim is replete with the deepest knowledge of the passions of early adolescence.

In the series of sonnets the whole poetical philosophy is packed into the smallest compass. It is nothing to the speculative reader but a series of symbols of all the matters that are really of most worth to humanity. Its foremost theme is

friendship, or a friendship between two men so fond of each other that their relations became those of the purest and most ideal love, so much so that in fact the verses have often been mistaken for sonnets to a lady. The whole series culminates in sonnet 116 in which the poet declares emphatically that pure love is the sole beacon of humanity; and it cannot be too often said that he here refers to that fervent adoration which may occur between persons of one sex. One might say that a straight line connects this sonnet with the best teachings of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle, and that in it humanity picked up the clew which it had lost in the refinements and turmoil of the great interval: though in reality the Italian poets and others had perceived the truth with almost equal clearness. In the plays there are several cases of such friendships, the most striking being in the *M. N. D.* and in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*: it is probable that the latter play has been somewhat misjudged through under-emphasis of this factor. At the conclusion of the sonnet the poet says

" If this be error and upon me proved
I never writ nor no man ever loved :"

and this is a very extraordinary emphasis for Shakespeare to use, and challenges one to résumé the chief points of what he has been saying, namely; (1) That there is no law against the marriage of *true minds*: (2) That love does not change with externals ("die Liebe hoeret nimmer auf"): (3) That this kind of love is *not appreciated*; all which have a great deal of mystic suggestiveness when connected in that way, and emphasized by the deepest of all poetical psychologists. Love, he says, that changes with circumstances is egoism, or lust, or delusion, but it is not true love.

" O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken."

As literature this is of course touching, moving, thrilling, but what is its meaning to science? If philosophy could ever become as interesting to adolescents as Plato and Shakespeare found it, they would leave any passion in their passion for ideas, and that may be one sense in which love might be called a socratic Eros, or a "star to every wandering bark." Turning from the sonnets which we have characterized as a philosophy of friendship or love, and glancing at the earlier plays, we find at first no very profound analysis of adolescent moods.

In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (I, 1) he emphasizes the value of seeing the world as part of education, and the danger of love to the finest wits: he also shows that he was consider-

ing the value of university life (I, 3). The latter part of the play shows his interest in outlaws and their charm for youth. In *Love's Labour's Lost* we see a study of the value of learning which is very suggestive even yet (I, 1).

Biron. "Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights
That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name."

But Biron makes amends to "that angel knowledge" later on. When they all agree to study for three years and see no women he says:

"Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name."

If one were to read in an unwarrantable meaning here, one might guess that Shakespeare thus early felt the need of obeying conventions which went against his nature, for the sake of influencing the current of the times. Biron says again

"So to the laws at large I write my name."

He signs the laws and plays the game by the rules laid down though all the while amused by their artificial vagaries. Finally the whole plan comes to nought, and he learns the lesson that *laboring* for an end is often the best way to defeat that end. Many have thought Biron is the picture of the young Shakespeare. In one of his last plays he wrote

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way
And merrily hent the stile-a,
A merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad tires in a mile-a."

If this is his view it strongly suggests that *love's labor's lost*, and that only what is done in a spirit of sport and enjoyment is a solid advance; but he learned that sports may be played with most strenuous endeavor.

Shakespeare has drawn the greatest villains in literature. Edmund, Iago, Antonio, and Richard of Gloucester are far greater devils than Milton's Lucifer or Goethe's Mephistopheles. The only adolescent among them is Richard of Gloucester as he first appears in Henry VI, but even there he is too mature in mind to deserve notice here.

In *Titus Andronicus*, if we agree that Shakespeare wrote it, we may study how in his own earliest authorship (at 24) he was vastly interested in bloodshed, crime and horror; it seems likely

that a psychological study of adolescence will go far to make it probable that Shakespeare *would* begin tragedy by just such a play.

It is clear that in the middle period of his work he had still a great admiration for physical prowess and motor activity. Orlando wins Rosalind's heart by his wrestling, and in spite of his intensely romantic interest there is even here a touch of the favorite platonic youth in this athletic hero. But the play has by no means the Hellenic freedom and power of *Cymbeline*—it is too sweet and sentimental to be compared with that most wholesome work. Perhaps it would not be too rash to mention Benedick and Beatrice as types of witty adolescents; they represent a very large class indeed of students of our time.

Mariana in *Measure for Measure* is a sketch of great sensibility and sympathetic insight of a type of girls in whom love has been checked and defeated of its natural issue by unhappy circumstances.

Jessica in *The M. V.* shows the effects of being brought up in an unhappy home; she says to Launcelot "Our house is hell."

In *All's Well that Ends Well* Shakespeare shows a woman who maintains her right to select a husband: the characters of Miranda (and the allusion to Dido in the *Tempest*) and Perdita suggest that he thoroughly admired a woman of this type so long as she was bold in innocence. Perhaps Olivia, in *Twelfth Night*, is a type of a youthful puritan, it is hard even to guess what the poet thought of her.

It would certainly be going too far to call Richard II an adolescent, though he suffers from an invincible boyishness; but a study of his character would prove very helpful in connection with esthetic education, as it illustrates in a manner likely to cause wonder (even in the most seasoned student of the plays), the endless wealth of analysis which Shakespeare has here bestowed upon the lyric or imaginative character as contrasted with the active or motor temperament, and yet this was written apparently before he was thirty.

The character of Prince Hal is developed with such fulness and is of so great a significance in the light of modern theories of adolescence that it craves a separate and fuller treatment, before giving which we may conclude this hasty catalogue by a reference to the "Two Noble Kinsmen," Palamon and Arcite, who are, without doubt, the most ill-treated of all Shakespeare's youths.

The Two Noble Kinsmen was formerly either ignored or reviled. Most readers of Shakespeare have never seen it, as it does not occur in popular editions. Only special students have read it through. Critics now agree that Shakespeare wrote a

very large part of it. Its theme is Greek friendship; the story is from Chaucer, and is deepened and treated with mystic symbolism. Some students believe that De Quincey was right in thinking that parts of it touch the highest point of English style. The heroes belong to the group of characters to be treated of in the fourth section of this paper, that is, to the type of pure *Naturkinder*, great in friendship, great in simplicity, and great in heroic action.

Whatever may be the truth about the minor characters of this play, and the evidence from psychology is all to be brought forward yet, it is certain that no finer types of youth can be found anywhere than Palamon and Arcite as depicted in the scenes now generally ascribed to Shakespeare. By a happy inspiration Dr. Rolfe has put a picture of two Greek youths on horseback from the frieze of the Parthenon in the front of his edition of the play; nothing could more happily strike the keynote of a work which may be popular when the troubles of Hamlet and Lear are forgotten in a golden age of health and power.

Passing by great numbers of suggestive studies, such as the study of adolescent anger in Katharine the shrew, the study of rustic vanity in Phebe (*As You Like it*), of feminine fears in Viola and Helena, of erotic passion in Troilus, and of inconstancy in Cressida, of selfishness in Goneril and Regan, and of filial piety in Cordelia, let us turn in conclusion to the character of Prince Hal.

The interest in this portrayal, felt by all Anglo-Saxons, indicates the character as a racial type. He is perhaps the only really heroic type which Shakespeare has drawn from actual history. He is regarded still in England and America as a typical Englishman of high class who, after sowing his wild oats, develops a thorough-going responsibility toward his environment and reacts vigorously in the interests of honor and justice. He combines the solid sense for fact and real life with that fine background idealism which the race equally demands in its leaders. He appears in *Henry IV* part first, *Henry IV* part second, and in *Henry V*. We see him first in company with Falstaff (*H. IV*, 1st part, I, 2). In this scene the prince is still very young and Falstaff addresses him repeatedly as "sweet wag," and calls him "sweet young prince." The youth is at a stage in his development when this lying, thieving, blasphemous, lecherous, gluttonous and bibulous, but jolly and humorous old man rouses in him a strong admiration and an irresistible tendency to imitation. He is pleased when the old man tells him he is bad, and says he is "indeed able to corrupt a saint."

"Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I,

if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked." At the end of this very scene, however, the prince utters a speech which proves beyond cavil that he gave Falstaff but a third of his heart. He was, as one may say, educating the man of desire, the lowest of the three Platonic levels, and he fully meant to build higher in public esteem:

"My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly."

The robbery at Gadshill and the jollification following, at which Falstaff tells of the men in buckram, and Falstaff and Hal mimic Henry the Fourth as a stern father, show a keen appreciation of the adolescent traits of love of brigandage and of acting a part.

In Act III, scene 2, we find the king playing this rôle in reality. His keen policy and profound knowledge of character mingled with real ambition for and love of his son make this deeply interesting. He says God has punished his own sins by giving him this scapegrace son, who is the worst of his many enemies. This makes a deep impression on the generous heart of the young Henry. The father wonders that a son of his can have a taste for pleasures so low and poor; he compares him with poor Richard II, whom he pretends to find very similar. He says the common people themselves are sick of seeing a prince of the blood making himself so cheap. At this point the boy exclaims,

"I shall hereafter, my most gracious lord,
Be more myself."

But it is when he appeals not merely to filial affection, self-respect, and family pride, but to his sense of honor and ambition that he thoroughly rouses his blood. He draws a picture of his rival Hotspur, tells of his feats of arms, his undying fame, his promise of greatness, and wishes he had such a son. Then he ends dejectedly by a comparison of Hal and Hotspur:

"Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,
To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns,
To show how much thou art degenerate!"

This at last evokes the true Plantagenet nature, and a long, rolling eloquence of chivalry, heroism and invincible pride:

"Do not think so; you shall not find it so:
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son!"

After twenty-five lines more in the same sonorous strain, the king replies,

"A hundred thousand rebels die in this;
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein."

From this onward he begins to assume his duties in accordance with the faith his father has in him, until in the last act he saves the king's life at Shrewsbury and kills Hotspur.

In *Henry IV*, part 2, we see him still interested in the low life of Eastcheap, but he is older and more manly; he treats Falstaff with more contempt and yet he enjoys the feeling of power which the indulgence of his primitive instincts in this society offers him. He does not approve of Falstaff in his own best judgment, and yet he seems to feel that he has something to learn from his barbaric philosophy, a perfect sample of which is found in his comments on Prince John of Lancaster, near the end of the third scene of Act IV. "Good faith, this same sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh; but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's none of these demure boys comes to any proof; for thin drink doth so overcool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and when they marry, they get wenches. They are generally fools and cowards, which some of us should be too but for inflammation. A good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapors which environ it, makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery and delectable shapes, which, delivered o'er to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit." Here follows an equally astute account of the second property of wine, showing a remarkable comprehension of the close relation between bodily states and feeling. "The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage; and this valor comes of sherris." After further analysis of its merits he concludes:

"If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be, to forswear thin potations and to addict themselves to sack:" and this may be called the pedagogy of Falstaff. One might adduce in further proof of his gift for

psychology Falstaff's enunciation of another great principle of pedagogy: "it is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company."

In the last scene of this play Hal becomes Henry V and banishes Falstaff and his friends from his person:

"I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers." Perhaps the truest explanation of this seemingly heartless act is that the prince has overcome in his own nature the very qualities which he here condemns in Falstaff and that he is not in honor bound to be better to them in others than in himself; and for the rest he treats him well enough.

In *Henry V*, we see how solid and splendid a character the prince had built on his early experience. He is a thorough man-of-the-world, with a real insight into the thoughts and feelings of the lower class and of his rude and brutal soldiery, among whom he is an idol. In the early scenes we see him acting his part as a true king of men, standing up for the laws and honor of the kingdom and ruling with wisdom and courage. In a word the whole play shows, to continue the reference to Plato, how the characters of courage and wisdom may harmonize with the lower nature developed and controlled. He is a typically just and human king for whom men count it an honor to risk their lives. He feels the cares of state as we learn from the great speech in Act IV, sc. 1.

"Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children, and our sins lay on the king!"

But this is merely a soliloquy and before the world he is always the good soldier, decided in manner, earnest in purpose, cheerful and elastic of temper. His last speech of scene 8 is an acknowledgment of the mercy of divine providence, to whom like a great king he directs the state for guidance:

"Let there be sung *non nobis* and *Te Deum*." His own philosophy is perhaps best expressed in his speech to his bride: "a good heart Kate is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly."

Though there is so great an amount of data concerning the education of Prince Hal that we learn the chief influences both of his heredity and of his early environment, all these facts are given quite naturally as a part of the story and there is absolutely no evidence discoverable to the effect that the poet is preoccupied with any theory whatever concerning pedagogic principles.

II. ROMEO AND JULIET.

It is becoming clearer every day that all who have written about Shakespeare's "true meaning" have been merely eisegetes and that either, as Professor Santayana says, he was innocent of any religion or philosophy, or else he has concealed them behind a sphinx-like mask. The phrase "Shakespeare says" is still in common use but in fact Shakespeare, though he makes his characters speak emphatically enough, says nothing. The plays and poems suggest a hundred views of life but advocate none. Even those who argue that we can judge of his opinions by the frequency with which he presents certain views, have no logical ground for their doctrine because it is always competent to reply that he was a shrewd theatre manager who cared more about pleasing others than about airing his deeper thoughts.

Nevertheless, just as some one said of Michelangelo that his statues look not as if he studied but as if he *had* studied anatomy,—so many of Shakespeare's works suggest the idea that he *had* studied a great many serious disciplines, such as ethics, sociology, the philosophy of history, some of which were hardly in embryo in his time.

This remark is peculiarly true of the study of adolescence as we know it at the present day. The sure hand with which he has selected just the essential features of the adolescent, the rich suggestiveness of both his youthful characters and the situations in which his chosen stories place them, and the immense authority which a universal verdict has given to the soundness of his observation make it seem worth while to glance at his productions from this new angle of criticism.

Science has perhaps hardly yet done justice to the Shakespearean ethology, implicit and uncertain though it be. A great dramatic type is a synthesis following a vast amount of differentiation and classification, but precisely because the poet makes a *complete* synthesis of the object he analyzes—his synthesis is treated as of no scientific worth. With these premonitory remarks there can be no danger in calling attention to the scientific suggestiveness of the leading studies of youth to be found in the poet's works. Let us begin, therefore, by asking not what did Shakespeare *mean* or *think* about the education of Romeo and Juliet; that would be to run into eisegesis; but what suggestions can we get by studying the carefully observed, significantly selected, exactly expressed facts about two adolescent types, so important that they are known more intimately to the civilized world than most historical personages.

Gervinus taught that the true lesson of *Romeo and Juliet* was expressed in the words of the Friar, in which he teaches

that temperance and moderation are the ideals of youth. "Violent delights have violent ends;" don't love too deeply, it is dangerous; be calm and restrain your passion and it will die out, leaving you a good respectable son or daughter of the church. This absurd opinion is still largely held. It takes a speech from a good kindly ascetic and foolish old gentleman and quotes it to the tune of "Shakespeare says." Dowden has rejected this German view only to substitute another nearly as bad. He says that Shakespeare does n't agree with the monkish Laurence but that he wants us to feel the greatness and the exaltation and tragic grandeur of dying for love: it is worth while dying to die in such an instructive, thrilling, and ennobling style. Well, we can only answer that this is another specimen of subjective criticism, and that possibly Shakespeare did think this, but that if so it was a foolish thought. The view which I propose to suggest and which probably Shakespeare never bothered thinking about, in the abstract at any rate, is altogether different, and is mainly this, that the lovers were all right, and, in fact, perfectly ideal, and that their death was a shame and a disgrace to the ignorance of adolescence that characterized all who surrounded them and that is the fruitful cause of tragedies to-day as it was then. Or in other words, that this is only one of several tragedies in Shakespeare's works where bad education is the form which "Fate" assumes, and that the most probable interpretation of the mystery lies in what "Shakespeare says" through the mouth of a fool (Feste) namely that "there is no darkness but ignorance."

Their parents, as we shall see, loved them deeply, everybody loved them well, but no one loved them *wisely*, and their lights went out in the darkness of ignorance. This irradiation of deep love into wise and learned love, is what "Shakespeare says" in the series of plays, from that in which Romeo and Juliet perish to that in which Ferdinand and Miranda celebrate a marriage of "true love" and return from the island to rule their kingdoms.

Every line of the *prologue* emphasizes the idea that it is through the parents' mad passion that these star-crossed lovers go to ruin. Only through the loss of their children can these blind parents be purged of their murderous enmities.

The first scene falls into three parts. He first shows, in a vivid manner, in what an atmosphere of hot-blooded disquiet the hero and heroine have come to adolescence. First the servants, then the young bloods of the two houses, and finally the parents themselves are drawn, or rather rush incontinently, into a disgraceful street-broil, such as in our day would be possible only to drunkards and their mistresses. The prince represents perhaps the wisest reaction to this when he says

"What ho! you men, *you beasts*,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your veins."

The second part of the scene (line 123-161, Globe Edition) reveals the ignorance of Montague regarding his son Romeo, the lack of confidence between them, together with an uneasy sense on the father's part of his parental duty to the boy in his time of greatest need. He relates how Romeo acts peculiarly, weeping, sighing, returning home at daybreak only to shut out the light from his room and pen himself up in private.

"Black and portentous must this humor prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove."

This is the wisest word Montague utters.

Benvolio retorts, "Have you importuned him by any means?"

Mont. "Both by myself *and many other friends*:
But he, his own affections' counsellor
Is to himself—I will not say how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know."

Thus this silly, pompous, passionate, but kind-hearted old man perceives through the mist of his own vices that Romeo needs wise counsel, but he does not see that it is the atmosphere of rage and violence bred, by his own worship of Venus and Mars that makes the case of Romeo a foregone fatal conclusion; for it is of the best minds that love is the canker, and this canker must flourish where precept and example urge to the life of primitive sensuality and fury, and where no means are found of irradiating the vast tides of pubertal vitality into passion for ideas, and reason, and spirit.

The last division of the scene shows us Romeo himself, an immortal portrayal of the adolescent insanity of the months when every organ and tissue of the body is thrilling and vibrating with the maddening pulsations of first manhood, and where, as has been well said, insanity is the normal condition. He is a mass of conflicting emotions, full of griefs and joys, all entirely imaginary, for as we soon learn he is in love with a girl of his own creation, or, at least, whom he forgets entirely when he meets Juliet. He wants counsel. There is a touching instinct in him that teaches him to seek for guidance, and Benvolio would gladly help him; but who is Benvolio to help him? The unsolved problem here incarnate in a nature of the

fullest and intensest human faculty and capacity is not to be solved by words, and least of all by the words of a thoughtless youth.

Having thus sketched Romeo, a type of early adolescent passion, so full, well-rounded and vigorous as to seem capable of standing as a figure of all mankind at that age, the poet turns to expound a companion picture of the dawn of womanhood. The second scene falls in two. The first part promptly reveals the fact that Juliet's father, in spite of certain refinements of characterization, is of the same class of parents as Romeo's. He is discussing the marriage of Juliet with Count Paris, who here proposes for her hand. He objects to Paris that Juliet is too young to be married:

" My child is yet a stranger to the world,
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years."

Professor Wendell (*William Shakespeare*, p. 125) says that those who attach importance to the fact that in Brooke she is sixteen, and in Shakespeare fourteen may be right; "More probably, however, at least to some of us, the reason why Shakespeare's Juliet is fourteen seems to lie in a single pun, at the time of Juliet's first appearance, etc., etc." Here follows an elaborate argument that Shakespeare merely said fourteen so that he could work in a weak pun by the nurse. Now, as a matter of fact, Shakespeare has discussed Juliet's age almost to tediousness in two scenes. Nowhere has he dwelt so emphatically on the subject of the precise age of a character, and Professor Wendell has entirely overlooked the fact that already in scene 2 Capulet had used the couplet above and followed it by:

" Let two more summers wither in their pride
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride."

When Paris retorts,

" Younger than she are happy mothers made."

Capulet replies, "And too soon married are those so early made." Yet he gives his consent, and invites Paris to an old accustomed feast for the evening, when he may hope for "Even such delight among fresh female buds" as "lusty young men" have a right to expect. This will give him opportunity for exercising the male right of selection:

" Hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be."

As will often appear in this paper Shakespeare makes all pedagogy (not that he ever bothered his head about it in the abstract) culminate in selection and courtship.

In the second part of the scene we see Romeo getting coun-

sel again from Benvolio, whose cure for the turgid love humors of Romeo is to plunge into new forms of the same disease:

"One desperate grief cures with another's languish."

He wants light and guidance and is directed to the ditch by another blind man.

In the third scene we get the sketch of Juliet's education at which the preceding scene merely hinted. The mother is depicted as a foolish worldly woman who takes counsel with that delightful old bundle of primitive social energy, vulgar ignorance and warm human animality, the nurse.

Lady Capulet says: "Nurse give leave awhile. We must talk in secret; nurse, come back again; I have remembered me, thou's hear our counsel." As a fact the nurse does most of the talking and counselling. The child has been nursed, fondled, reared in this atmosphere of refined hedonism. When she calls marriage an honor the nurse is charmed:

"An honor! were not I thine only nurse,
I would say thou had sucked wisdom from the teat."

The mother's words are not really less sensual.

"Read o'er the volume of young Paris's face
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen."

Their philosophy of life is simple: live well, that is eat well, drink heartily, and marry a husband who will prove "a precious book of love." The nurse has the last word,—

"Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days."

All this seems harmless, affectionate, natural, and even sensible; but it so happened that Juliet needed higher pleasures, and this homely cyrenaicism was of no use to her. She desired love as the nurse knew it, but she desired more.

The next scene shows us Romeo and his friends going disguised to Capulet's feast. He will also try his right of selection among the "fresh female buds," though he believes he loves Rosaline already. The scene shows how in the lover all mental life is swayed by fancy, it contains the speech by Mercutio about the fairies' midwife. The scene ends with a touching hint of the approach of trouble, from Romeo:

"Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels."

The poor youth feels that he and his friends are not masters by reason and knowledge, but slaves of fate and instinct: it is a frequent adolescent mood of presentiment.

The first act ends with the famous ball-room scene in which Romeo meets Juliet, and they fall passionately in love. This

incident is portrayed with a wealth of romantic feeling, and with the most exalted purity, amounting almost to a sort of natural religious emotion. It is difficult to conceive how any one could ever have dreamed that the poet would have moralized against the holy innocence of this scene. Yet it is here that the end begins, and Juliet says

"Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy."

It is unnecessary for our present purpose to follow the courtship of Romeo. All the characters of early adolescence are developed in these famous scenes of Act II. Fancy rules all the acts of the lover and it is the dangerous fancy which converts itself at once into motor activity. There is no brooding sentimentality now that he has found his mate; he does not dream of things he never means to do like weaker or more foolish natures. In the first scene he climbs the wall of Capulet's orchard and leaps down within; in the second, amid circumstances of the deadliest peril, he woos and wins his bride in words of fire and poetry that have moved the whole civilized world, and whose popularity for three hundred years among the most judicious races is a better proof of their value to psychology than could be got from a thousand questionnaires. If there is any conversion in the religious experience of an intense and natural soul it is that which comes from recognizing the divine element in love. There is a distinct rising above mere earthly experience in such lines as these:

"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 wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air."

He has found a goddess, a religion, he is full of the courage of the martyr, full of self-renunciation, humility and simplicity:

"My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee."

Shakespeare's philosophy and psychology are mere poetry, but like Plato's poetical passages they are of the deepest significance, and this act itself must be taken with scientific seriousness if education is to solve the problem which Montague and Capulet failed to solve.

In the third scene we meet Friar Laurence and are made to feel the perfect worthlessness of the doctrine of inhibition and suppression. When the good priest hears that Romeo has not slept all night, he says,

"God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline?"

He has a pious desire to make peace between the two families and hence favors the match. He fails entirely to measure the rage of the parents and thus misguides the lovers as much as any one. The fourth scene enforces all that has been said of the friends and environments of the lovers; everything conspired to make them creatures of fancy and caprice, nothing tended to feed their need of wisdom in the conduct of life.

In the fifth scene Juliet learns that her plan of marrying clandestinely and thus cheating the wicked scheme of her parents has been successfully arranged by Romeo and the nurse. In the sixth and last, the pious friar, with as much sense and goodness as he has, and in spite of the terrible storm that the act must provoke, makes them man and wife.

As everybody knows, the immediate cause of the tragedy in this play is that Romeo kills Tybalt in a public place of Verona. But if we ask why he killed him, it is evident that we are thrown back upon our main thesis, for Tybalt hated Romeo merely as he hated the whole Montague family, that is, as an enemy of the Capulets. It was Tybalt who had discovered Romeo at the ball and had wished to strike him dead at the feast. It was Capulet who, from a sense of honor, had forbidden a scene and thus permitted Romeo time to meet and love his daughter. Even in his bad system of espionage and petty control he was not wise or vigilant, for if he had kept Romeo away from his house the tragedy would have been averted.

In the first scene of Act III we are shown how the highest and most honorable motives, namely, loyalty to the beloved Mercutio and to his own family led Romeo to kill Juliet's kinsman, and how the wise and just prince of Verona exiled the youth from his native city and hence from his bride. In the second scene the young girl's heart is torn between love of her kinsman and love of her husband. In the third we find the friar trying to soothe Romeo and comfort him with his skim-milk philosophy:

- Romeo. "O! wilt thou speak again of banishment!"
 Friar. "I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banished!"
 Romeo. "Yet 'banished!' Hang up philosophy,
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet."

It is not to be expected that a youth who has never been led to love ideas can now suddenly accept them in lieu of his bride, and this is the condemnation of the Friar and all his kind that they oppose abstractions which they have failed to make warm and real to instincts which mean all the world and more to youth.

"Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel,"
groans Romeo.

"O! then I see that madmen have no ears,"
says the friar, to which Romeo responds,

"How should they when that wise men have no eyes."

What indictment more true or more terrible of any system of pedagogy that does not even aim at accounting for all the passions and emotions of the youthful make-up?

The nurse enters and draws a pitiful picture of Juliet's condition. In the tempest that has now broken on them she stands alone unaided and untrained. Romeo on hearing of her state can think of nothing but self-destruction. It is a moving scene, but it is not intended as Dowden says to convince us of the nobility of love tragedies, but to suggest the need of pedagogy, which will know how to direct these distinctive energies and to turn the tears of Romeo and Juliet into useful and sane activities. The poor friar at last calms matters by sending the lover to comfort his bride.

In scene four the parents of Juliet, entirely ignorant of the state of her heart, promise Paris that she shall marry him on Thursday.

The fifth scene marks the parting at morning of the hero and heroine. They have spent the night together, and the passionate leave-taking is their last conversation. From this scene onward the pathos and unbearable sorrow of this tragedy of adolescence is heaped up more and more. Terror and pity sweep through the lines like waves of a stormy sea, until the final terrific catharsis, in which the whole dark story is swept as it were up to its solution on the shores of some other life. A tragic conclusion is after all a confession of the poet's failure to solve his poetic problem. He has struck upon subjects which he cannot think to a conclusion. He has involved his favorite characters in difficulties, out of which he sees no probable or reasonable egress; he sacrifices them to fate and commends their souls to an unknown god.

We need not follow the struggles of these innocent youngsters to undo the fetters that confine and strangle them. It is the old story of the ignorance and vice of the parents strangling the children to death, like the serpents of Laokoon, but the parents, like Laokoon himself, are crushed by the same bonds, for their ignorance is a legacy from generations and generations of even greater folly and sin.

It will suffice to touch upon the most striking points in the remaining acts which support the main thesis of this paper. After the entrance of Juliet's father (III, 5,) we begin to see

the meaning of a very high degree of folly in the management of adolescence. The father finding Juliet in tears makes a few remarks, showing his usual insight:

"How now! a conduit girl? What! still in tears?"

and after ten lines of this kind of wit,

"How now, wife!

Have you delivered to her our decree?"

Lady C. "Ay; sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave."

And later the father says,

"Fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out you baggage!
You tallow-face!"

The wiser child pleads on her knees for a freedom from conventionalized prostitution, but is answered with brutal revilings.

Even the the nurse protests at last and Capulet's weak rage boils over:

"God's bread it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been
To have her matched!" etc., etc., etc.,

and finally if she prove stubborn,

"Hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee."

On his exit Juliet moans:

"Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
Which sees into the bottom of my grief?"

and in her next appeal, to her nurse, she says

"Comfort me, counsel me, alack, alack,
That heaven should practise stratagems upon
So soft a subject as myself!"

The nurse advises her to abandon Romeo and marry as her parents wish: she rebels,—

"Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!"

Go, counsellor:

Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain,
I'll to the friar to know his remedy;
If all else fail, myself have power to die."

Our own is the age of the revolt of youth and love against parental and clerical error and stupidity, and in America, at least, no reading of this play is likely to command much respect which, like that of Gervinus, regards the friar's point of view

as the true one or, like that of Dowden, prates of the nobility of dying for love. If this scene suggests any rational lesson it is that all in authority need to study the moods, instincts, and aspirations of adolescents and to learn how love can best be made free and in what sense nature is wiser than priest or philosopher. All the good books on Shakespeare that lay the fault for this tragedy upon any cause but ignorance of adolescence are mere prejudiced pleadings for the authority of pompous conventional stupidity, and merit small reverence.

In *Act IV* Juliet tells her trouble to the friar. Her words have the solemnity of truth of a high order :

“God joined my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands :”

Rather than be inconstant she will slay herself. Love is her religion, she sees in it an act of God, and will seal her faith with her blood. Is not this the normal natural “conversion of adolescence?” Then follows the friar's device for pretending Juliet is dead.

The readiness with which Juliet and the priest deceive her parents seems as justifiable as the deceptions which are daily practiced upon children and upon the mentally defective. In the second scene she promises her parents to marry Paris. In the third, after a monologue which is a terrible revelation of the mental trouble that unfortunate children suffer through unwise treatment, she drinks the vial given her by the priest.

The fourth scene gives a glimpse of the preparations for the gluttonous marriage feast. Many times throughout the play the poet suggests the idea of a luxurious pantry to feed the fires of love and war in this mansion of high living and no thinking.

In the fifth scene all learn of the death of Juliet. The grief is as unrestrained as all the other passions have been. The priest who knows that Juliet is in a trance utters a number of platitudes about heaven as the best consolation for the grief that comes from ignorance of earth.

In the first scene of the fifth act we find Romeo alone with his servant at Mantua. He seems older and much developed by sorrow and self-reliance. He is in bright spirits and looks for good news, but this healthy cheerfulness of youth must be a presentiment of happiness in some better world than this for he immediately hears of Juliet's death. He at once resolves to join her.

In the second scene we learn that the message to Romeo had not been delivered. The third scene ends this strange eventful history.

Romeo finding Paris at the tomb of Juliet quarrels with and

kills him and then remembering he had also loved Juliet pronounces his true epitaph :

“One writ with me in sour misfortune’s book :”

for Paris is as much a victim of the general cause of the catastrophe as the others.

This mad Romeo now prepares for death, and like a true son of nature he dies bravely, and as drinking a toast to his bride:

“Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark !
Here’s to my love ! O true apothecary !
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiss I die.”

This scene, which has warmed many legions of true hearts, is all that Dowden says, but its truest import is not in the wretched literary sentimentality he admires, but in its powerful incentive to find a remedy for the slaughter of innocents of which this is merely a suggestion, as the histories of crime and suicide, and the records of psychiatry, and the unwritten records of weakness and despair, may serve to remind us.

Finding Romeo dead Juliet kills herself with his dagger.

“We see the ground whereon these woes do lie ;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.”

So pass away these “poor sacrifices of our enmity,” “for never was a story of more woe than this of Juliet and her Romeo.”

We have outlived the idea that Shakespeare wrote plays as parsons write sermons, in order to point a moral or illustrate some “central idea” of a speculative ethical sort. Yet it is not impossible nor improbable that the real unity of this piece, which is that of a story told to please by its harmony and unity of effect, involves some sort of ethical unity which might by some sort of chemistry be crystallized and separated from the warm currents in which it now flows in vital solution. I do not claim, nor even believe, that Shakespeare had in mind any theory of the need of studying the claims of love and natural instinct in adolescence, but after studying every scene of the play in the light of this thesis it seems to me that this idea does in some way and without straining, go a long way toward offering a cold intellectual schema corresponding to the inexhaustible concrete richness of the story itself.

However this may be there can be no violence offered to the extremest doctrine of art for art’s sake, much less to the necessary freedom of the dramatist in holding the mirror up to nature, in our treating this play as the greatest symbol of the *problem* of adolescence. It is distinctly not a solution of that

problem. Like the earlier Socratic dialogues of Plato it is a work of inquiry and not of solution. When we want to know what the problem of adolescence is, what its essential features are in normal cases, where the evils lie, and where, accordingly, the remedies must be applied, we can hardly do so more movingly and vividly than by reading over and over this tale of ancient suffering. The great beauty of character of *Romeo and Juliet*, the warm passionate hearts of all their friends and relatives, the great goodness of Friar Laurence, the beauty and charm of the patrician manners and conventions of Verona, the happy contented service of the domestics, the natural loveliness of the Italian summer nights, all tend only to make us ponder more deeply upon the unspeakably pitiful fate of all concerned, and to meditate upon the futility of any culture that is not founded upon science, and above all upon a scientific knowledge of the source of all human greatness, namely, the heart of youth.

III. HAMLET AND OPHELIA.

There is a general consensus among students of Shakespearean chronology to the effect that *Romeo and Juliet* was written when the dramatist was between twenty-seven and twenty-nine. The date of the first writing of *Hamlet* is likely to remain uncertain, but in the form in which we know it it is thought to have been written about 1603, when Shakespeare was nearly forty. Whatever the true dates may be there can be no doubt that *Hamlet* marks a much more mature stage in the poet's knowledge of adolescence than *Romeo and Juliet*. As we have seen in the preceding chapter the earlier play merely states the problem of adolescence, portrays the immense and furious activity and sensibility of the seats of emotional response in that period, and presents a touching and moving poetical appeal for wise counsel and guidance as a preventive of tragedy. In *Hamlet* the poet begins as it were (though always poetically and never as a conscious psychologist) to probe deeper, and to endeavor to answer his own question. Hamlet is the greatest adolescent type in any literature; his psychical and sexual troubles have moved the western world to the heart. His terrible misgivings, his insanity, his loss of the power of loving, his deep introspective perplexity, and, finally, in spite of the sweetness, intellectuality and moral idealism of his nature, his utter collapse, impotence and death have brought home the motives of pity and fear with a more searching cathartic agency than any other single work of art.

It is only from the point of view of adolescence and its wisest handling that we purpose reviewing this work, and it is, therefore, necessary to give reasons for calling Hamlet an adolescent at all. There is no direct evidence of the age of Romeo.

That he is a typical adolescent, in love with a girl of fourteen, and showing all the characteristics of the first bloom of youth needs no proof. Some have believed he was as old as twenty-five, on the general ground that Shakespeare always regards men of that age as in early youth, but the general impression seems to be that he is nearer eighteen.¹ On the other hand in *Hamlet* there is direct and much indirect evidence of age, but no agreement as to what the poet's intention really was.² There are three clearly distinguishable opinions among the critics as to Hamlet's age: (1) that he was very young, say between seventeen and twenty-one; (2) That he was exactly thirty, as distinctly stated in Act V, Sc. 1 (about line 150), and (3) that he was about twenty in the beginning of the play, and thirty at the end. This third view does not involve the theory that the action of the play covers ten years, but merely that Shakespeare by the trick of juggling with time (in which as we know from *Othello* and *The Merchant of Venice* and other plays he was a master of incredible skill and subtlety)³ has blinded us to the inconsistency and succeeded in accomplishing the complete development of a character from early to late adolescence by the shrewd use of a plot covering a few days, and acted without a suspicion of improbability in a few hours.

Minto (*The Examiner*, 6 March, 1875), has shown the extreme improbability that Hamlet would have been at the university at the age of thirty, in an age when noblemen left the university before twenty. Equally important are the numerous allusions to his youth, though these are not inconsistent with a greater age than Minto allows if we remember how natures like Hamlet's retain the character of immaturity and boyishness. The fact that Hamlet's mother, Gertrude, inspires the king with such a passion as Hamlet rails against, and the fact that Ophelia is apparently Hamlet's first love, strongly antagonize the view that he is thirty years of age when the play opens. Without expressing more than a strong leaning toward the view expressed by Furnivall,⁴ one might say that such phrases as

¹ For a clear discussion of this see *The Academy*, 25 Dec., 1875, Art. by Dowden.

² The best single discussion of this is in Furness's *Variorum Hamlet*, Vol. I, pp. 391-394.

³ In *Othello* by the use of "double time" he has made a married life of a couple of days seem to the spectator and reader to cover months; in *The Merchant of Venice* it took several ages of critics to discover that a three month's bond elapsed in a few days, so artfully were the allusions to the passing of time insinuated.

⁴ "When Shakespeare began the play he conceived Hamlet as quite a young man. But as the play grew, as greater weight of reflection of insight into character, of knowledge, of life, etc., were wanted, Shakespeare necessarily and naturally made Hamlet a formed man."

"young Hamlet," as "a violet in the youth of primary nature" in the characterization of his youthful passion, and the many similar allusions to his own youthfulness and that of his contemporaries "young Laertes" and "young Fortinbras," fully settle the fact that he is an adolescent. But if there were not all this mass of evidence there would be yet nothing in the fact that he was thirty to clash with the idea of this study, inasmuch as in minds of the æsthetic-philosophic type thirty is precisely the most trying time, the age at which the transition from *juvenis* to *vir* was known by the ancients to be most crucial and definitive. His character is just forming.

The *milieu* is of the greatest importance in studying the education of Hamlet: in fact, his *milieu* is his education, if we use the latter word in its broad and true sense. The formative influences emphasized by Shakespeare are (1) The prince's father, (2) his mother, (3) the Court-life at Elsinore, (4) the University, (5) the Theatre, (6) Horatio. The enumeration of these suggests an antithesis to the *milieu* of Romeo, his parents, the grace and luxury of Verona, the friar, Mercutio. Here we are dealing with a youth whose surroundings have done much to irradiate his vitality into thought, who has in fact a great passion for abstract ideas and moral issues, and who has an intellectual earnestness and a broad outlook very strongly contrasting with Romeo's boyish preoccupation with pleasure and ignorance of affairs.

(1) There is in Hamlet a strong desire for guidance. His memory of his father is a beacon and a religion. There is a pathetic tone in his praise of his father as an ideal of manhood, "I shall not look upon his like again." It is the lament over his inability to harden into manhood, into virile character, an unconscious feeling of his invincible plasticity, incapacity for *setting*, that makes him think of his father as he does: "so excellent a king," "so loving to my mother," "my father's brother, but no more like my father than I to Hercules," "my father's spirit in arms! all is not well." (2) But here the advantage over Romeo in the matter of parents ends. Hamlet is torn between two opposite hereditary tendencies. When he thinks of her marriage his stomach turns:

"O God! O God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!"

He associates his mother with "things rank and gross in nature:" "a beast that wants discourse of reason would have mourned longer." This feeling culminates in Act III, sc. 4. Here as nowhere do we see his opinion of the source of that "dram of eale" which poisoned his life and destroyed the pos-

sibility of health and peace. His arraignment of his mother's shamelessness has no superior in Shakespeare as a piece of trenchant and soul-searching expression.

"Repent what 's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker."

(3-5) It has often been said that Hamlet is Shakespeare, but this crude piece of amateurish psychology or psychognosis overlooks the main factor in the diagnosis of Hamlet's disease, namely, that *he lacked expression*. Shakespeare possessed precisely the greatest gift of expression short of positive action that the world has ever seen, while Hamlet, brought up in the rude Court of Elsinore, and untrained in the technique of any art, frets his soul to death ranting about poetry and theaters to imbeciles like Polonius and matter-of-fact friends like Horatio. Is it possible to imagine a greater difference of opportunity and hence of development than that between Shakespeare in London and Hamlet at Elsinore?

Not that art, even the drama itself, would have thoroughly *sanified* Hamlet: the highest art impulses were surging in him it is true, but, as Aristotle pointed out, the highest art does not form works of art but moulds states, and creates a second and better world. Shakespeare may have suffered from insufficient play for his faculties and may have withered early from the inability of dramatic expression to let out of him all the energy that nature poured into him, but what must have been the psychic condition of a Shakespeare unable to meet artists, to learn to make himself felt, in a word to find a motor outlet for the vast ceaseless influx of sensations and ideas of his miraculous sensibility and voracious acquisitiveness. He would undoubtedly have been the most melancholy and discontented of men.

One might say that the book of Hamlet's psychology begins with his vast sensibility, and proceeds through incomparable intellectual and emotional chapters to the beginning of volition and action and is there torn off. The proof of this has not been weighed in the light of modern psychology. Read this speech in relation to the latest views on habit:

"That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency."

Compare James's well-known laws concerning the starting and the continuance of good habits.

Perhaps James's harsh judgment of Rousseau, where he says (Vol. I, p. 125), "There is no more contemptible type of human character than that of the nerveless sentimentalist and dreamer, who spends his life in a weltering sea of sensibility and emotion, but who never does a manly concrete deed," could not get a greater rebuke than it gets from Shakespeare's Hamlet, a character utterly unable to do a "manly concrete deed," and always floundering in a sea of sensibility, yet more dignified, more sincere and aspiring than most virile characters. It is clear that Hamlet pondered on *habit* as deeply as Prof. James, though he has none of the "contemptible" traits of Rousseau, and it seems quite clear that incapacity for manly action and a surplus of feeling may occur in great characters, and hence that the contempt which it is so easy to fling at the great Rousseau should not be levelled at his fine feelings but at something else. This preaching against the inefficiency of the Hamlet-nature and the tendency to make the *results* of ignorance appear the *cause* of weakness are merely our unconscious self-defence of ignorant pedagogy, and analogous to the antics of a mother who whips her child for her own faults. We must not any longer say that men like Rousseau are contemptible because they are sinful, but we must say that they have not been perfect because we have not understood how to rear them, and for the rest we must wonder at the inherent virtue by which they saved and irradiated so much from sensuality and oblivion.

But the finest proof, perhaps, of Hamlet's psychological gift, and one never quoted, so far as I know, is the speech of the Play King (III, 2, 200), though it is not certain, of course, that these are the lines inserted by Hamlet. For a profounder psychological philosophy one might search the works of the period in vain. The Play Queen has just been protesting that she will never forget her dying husband: he replies:

"I do believe you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine oft we break,
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth but poor validity;
Which now like fruit unripe sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament,
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
 That even our love should with our fortune change;
 For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
 Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
 The great man down, you mark his favorite flies;
 The poor advanced, makes friends of enemies.
 And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
 For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
 And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
 Directly seasons him his enemy.
 But orderly to end where I begun,
 Our wills and fates do so contrary run,
 That our devices still are overthrown,
 Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.'

Whether actually written by Hamlet or not this is Hamlet's *Weltanschauung* and a more perfect example of brilliant compact philosophical exposition is far to seek. The masterly ease with which the relations of love and fate are set forth, the sure grasp upon love as the essence of will, and of joy, and grief, and memory, and accident, as the elements of fate, the central thought that we are in a transition stage and that it is not yet settled whether we are to control fate or fate us, the anticipation of the great *aperçu* of Leibnitz that our thoughts are free however little our conduct may as yet agree with them, and perhaps above all the idea that good purpose, or loving will, however frustrated by accident, weakness and ignorance, is the thing that reason can depend on, all mark this as a passage of the highest order of thought. *It is a passage that grows and grows with study* and reminds us of the verdict of Coleridge after forty years of study of Shakespeare, that the plays become hackneyed only to the unprogressive. These and similar passages make one wonder whether the "mere phrasemaker" theory of Shakespeare goes very far. He who created Hamlet was he not a philosopher? One would say that if he had memorized this one quotation and thought about it often he must have had a complete little system of his own, for it is an abstract of the whole world.

We may assume that Hamlet had got his turn for philosophizing from the university, and as he is represented as fond of books and poetry, we infer that he had taken a lively interest in the culture of the age. His great skill in fencing proves that manual exercise was not neglected, his shortness of breath perhaps points to his tendency to neglect sufficient bodily activity. (For proof that he was fat see Furness' *Hamlet* I, p. 446.) His dislike of drinking and carousals is strongly indicated.

(6) In Horatio, Hamlet has a friend as opposite as possible to Mercutio. He is a solid, common-sense man of perfect sincerity and honor, just a type of a certain Teutonic or Anglo-

Saxon character known as absolutely reliable. Horatio is almost oppressively sane, and his love for Hamlet is the more impressive on this account. He does not condemn the emotional temperament because of its hysteria and inefficiency: he sees that Hamlet is overloaded with hereditary energy and being unable to help him on the high philosophical and psychological planes he offers him his good sense and his strong, quiet sympathy. This, like many other features of the play, may well be taken as of deep pedagogic suggestiveness. As before, Shakespeare is unable to save his hero, but he is at least making here a new set of conditions and not merely depicting the worst possible treatment of adolescence.

If any further proof of Hamlet's essential youth were needed, it might be found in the paradoxical nature of his whole make-up. Physically he is fat and inclined to a sedentary life of moody, brooding thought; but he has such gifts as a swordsman that he is more than a match for the best of the time; and Fortinbras who is nothing if not a man of action, and who indeed serves the artistic purpose of a foil to Hamlet in this particular, expresses the view that Hamlet was potentially a soldier like his warlike father. Morally Hamlet is the soul of a certain exalted purity and refinement; nothing offends him more than debauchery or vulgarity, yet in his mood he makes obscene witticisms, and it is difficult to believe that all his relations toward Ophelia agree with his better self. It would seem that his harsh treatment of her ("Get thee to a nunnery!") had perhaps been caused by a revolt of his moral nature. Then Hamlet harbored in his mind a guilty secret, which forced him by every subtlety of word and deed to avoid the subject nearest his heart and life. The guilt is in no way his, but a legacy from an unfortunate father, murdered by an egoistic uncle. This dark and inarticulate apperception mass, like a lesion in his brain, lies in his mind unabsorbed, unrelated and oppressive; it is a pestilent region which every open act must avoid, and every wholesome thought must skirt round. This inheritance of unnatural secrecy is the type of adolescent woe, and the fertile cause of morbid self-consciousness, inaction, and insane paradox. The need of perfect candor and of freedom to follow the brain-paths that lead to simple truth, as a condition of moral and physical health, is exemplified by a comparison of Hamlet with characters like the boys of *Cymbeline*.

Intellectually he is an amazing paradox. This has been universally recognized in the discussion of his sanity. But the strange contradictoriness of his mind shows in other ways too. He is a mixture of fancy and acute reasoning, a ghost-seer and a keen logician, a thinker of the broadest, deepest thoughts, and a wit-snapper for whom no petty point is too trivial, no

subtlety of phrase too fine. Emotionally this antithetical quality is even more marked; gay almost to madness one moment, he is again so melancholy that he seems to bear the sins of the world; one time deliberative to tediousness, another he is rash enough to assassinate Polonius; deeply and touchingly in love with Ophelia he is also by turns filled with an aversion for her which makes the world seem dead and worthless. Most of the questions raised by the critics of his character would be best settled by saying that he is both this and that, sane and insane, in love and not in love, young and old, boyish and manly, weak and strong, good and reprehensible, for Hamlet is precisely the clamor for a solution of the paradox of adolescence by virtue of which one frail soul can be rent and stretched by all the opposing tendencies that heredity and a formless helter-skelter education of chance impressions and unharmonized thoughts, feelings and imitations can curse a human being with, and especially a character of great sensibility, courtesy and many-sidedness.

Theodor Vischer and Türck and Kuno Fischer have rendered a great service to Hamlet criticism by showing that Hamlet is a "*Phantasiemensch*." But no one has related this idea to his adolescence. *Every adolescent is a "Phantasiemensch,"* and it is only because Hamlet happens to be so greatly gifted and so inclined to speculation that the trait seems so exaggerated. Critics who know Hamlet through the stage representations of Booth and Irving, especially in their later years, may find it hard to class him with Romeo, but in reality he should be played in the first scene in which he appears as a charming young prince just home from school, with a young graduate's or rather undergraduate's charming idealism and boyish turn for metaphysics and melancholy, and graceful moods and manners; he impresses one as a newly-made Baccalaureus in Artibus impresses a business-man, who knows that he will never do much in this world till he has locked away his hood and sheepskin. Werder, following the lamented Klein, has argued that Goethe was all wrong in holding that Hamlet was a dreamer incapable of action thrown suddenly into a situation which demanded the motor energy of an Alexander or Napoleon. Werder says that Hamlet was perfectly fitted for action, ready to act all the time, but that the circumstances were precisely such that action would have been mad, futile, impossible. If Hamlet *had* killed the king, says Werder, people would have asked the cause; if he had replied that a ghost had told him that Claudius had murdered his father, they would have said Hamlet was a madman, or a brutal and deceitful murderer, and Hamlet's nature was so refined that he could take no revenge which did not offer a moral vindication as well as a crown.

It seems that Werder has made a real contribution in showing Hamlet's native capacity for action, and in rebuking the critics who think he should have assassinated Claudius, but if Hamlet had not been what Goethe says, it seems probable that either he would not have *seen* things as all hopelessly settled by fate, or that he would have found some other way of ridding the world of his tyrannical uncle. If this is the truth about him, it suggests the danger of shipwreck that threatens those adolescents who are turned loose upon the world from universities where they get only the vaguest and most unpractical views of the ethical situations that are sure to test them immediately.

Hamlet's character is as full as Romeo's of the traits of adolescence, but they are very different types. Hamlet has a broader outlook, he is of those who seem travelled and cosmopolitan even before they have really had much experience, he is interested in larger questions, and is much more altruistic than Romeo. Observe the kindly way in which he treats the players, his thoughtfulness for others, his contempt for the petty narrowness of Osric. His deep religious tone, too, is a character of certain phases of imagination found frequently in extreme forms among insane adolescents. His deep pondering over suicide, his powerful impulse toward art which does not, however, lead him to cultivate any definite form of expression, his lecturing his mother in spite of his own weaknesses, his morbid interest in the skull of Yorick, and his uncanny philosophizing about death, his wild raving and crazy impotence in the grave-scene after the recognition of Laertes, his feeling that the time is out of joint, and that *he* was born to set it right, these and similar points are of more than passing significance in the study of an over-intellectual adolescent, and the play might almost offer an ethological scheme for the analysis of that type, so thorough and natural is its synthesis of the really important elements of this most puzzling character.

The character of Ophelia is that of an adolescent who becomes insane and drowns herself on account of trouble arising from an unhappy love-affair. The hint for her character may have been got either directly or indirectly from the old story told by Saxo Grammaticus, and, again, by Belleforest, and called "The Hystorie of Hamblet." There is a point in the second chapter of this tale which must be of interest to our present study, and that is that in this old tale when Hamlet feigns madness in order to save himself from his uncle, the means taken to test his madness is that he is tempted, through the machinations of the king's party, by "a fair and beautiful woman in a secret place," and his obstinacy is taken to prove that he really is mad. (This can be found in full on pages 95

and 96 of Furness's *Hamlet*, Vol. II.) The puzzling character of the prince must have been a challenge to the ingenuity of Shakespeare. It has been thought by some that Ophelia's character was suggested by that of the beautiful woman who tempted him at the king's command.

Tieck says, "How much of fine observation is there in what is said of Ophelia in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*! But if I do not entirely misunderstand Shakespeare, the poet has meant to intimate throughout the piece that the poor girl, in the ardor of her passion for the fair prince, has yielded all to him. The hints and warnings of Laertes come too late. It is tender and worthy of the great poet to leave the relation of Hamlet to Ophelia, like much else in the piece, a riddle, but it is from this point of view alone that Hamlet's behavior, his bitterness, and Ophelia's suffering and madness, find connection and consistency." What Goethe had said of Ophelia was this: "Of Ophelia there cannot much be said, for a few master-strokes complete her character. Her whole being floats in sweet, ripe passion. Her inclination to the prince, to whose hand she may aspire, flows so spontaneously, the good heart obeys its impulses so unresistingly, that both father and brother are in fear,—both warn her directly and harshly. Decorum, like the thin lawn upon her bosom, cannot hide the movement of her heart; it is rather the betrayer of this light movement. Her fancy is touched, her still modesty breathes an amiable longing, and should the accommodating goddess opportunity shake the tree, the fruit would at once fall. And then, when she sees herself forsaken, cast off, and despised; when in the soul of her crazed lover the highest has changed to the lowest, and instead of the sweet cup of love, he offers her the bitter cup of woe, her heart breaks; the whole structure of her being is loosened from its joinings, her father's death breaks fiercely in, and the beautiful edifice falls into a ruin."

Again, in speaking of the lewd songs which Ophelia sings in her madness, he says: "Should not the poet have furnished Ophelia, the insane maiden, with another sort of songs? Could not one select out of melancholy ballads? What have double meanings and lascivious insipidities to do in the mouth of this noble maiden? In these singularities, in this apparent impropriety, there lies a deep sense. Do we not know from the very first what the mind of the good child was busy with? Silently she lived within herself, scarcely concealing, however, her longing, her wishes. Secretly the tones of desire were ringing in her soul, and how often may she have endeavored, like an unwise nurse, to sing her senses to sleep with songs which only kept them more wide awake? At last, when all command of herself is taken away from her, when her heart

hovers upon her tongue, her tongue turns traitress, and in the innocence of insanity she solaces herself, before king and queen, with the echo of beloved, loose songs." This question is another of the paradoxes of adolescence, and may be answered equally well in either sense. In truth, Goethe's position, though it seems the opposite of Tieck's, is very close to the view that Ophelia is good whether or not her manifest and natural desire became an act of volition. It is on the whole, perhaps, the most gentle and manly view, and argues that Goethe's incomparable critical wisdom has really interpreted Shakespeare's position. The more positive declarations of her innocence on the part of Mrs. Jameson and many English critics, leave the impression that the mere suggestion that Tieck's view is correct would destroy one's whole interest and sympathy in the heroine; but this opinion, however conventionally useful, hardly agrees with the expressions of the father and brother, or with the conversation with Hamlet at the play, or the songs so much more probably explained by Goethe than by Mrs. Jameson (who says they were songs with which she had been sung asleep by her nurse). Tieck's view is that of an able critic who wishes to "settle" the matter. The genius of Shakespeare (recognized by Goethe) shows itself in leaving the trouble of adolescence in Ophelia's case, as in Hamlet's, a *secret* cancer of the mind.

Ophelia's charm is seldom caught in a stage representation. It is that of a refined girl of the upper middle class with a very poetical hero-worshipping nature, full of sweet impulses, responsive to the slightest suggestions, a being all sensibility, passion, tenderness, easily led by affection, but not hysterical or chlorotic so long as circumstances are favorable. Because of her ardent idealizing nature she is defenceless against Hamlet, in whom she sees "a noble mind," "the courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword, the expectancy and rose of the fair state, the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," "that unmatched form and beauty of blown youth," all in a word that the best women encourage and desire a man to be. She has, as she says, "sucked the honey music of his vows," and is devoted to him alone. Speaking generally, we may say that Ophelia is for a woman what Hamlet is for a man. Both are of the type of intellectual adolescence in whom love is very largely a matter of moral and emotional sympathy, and relatively less a matter of sense. But Ophelia is represented as a girl of her time should be, not versed in books, and therefore not fitted to be Hamlet's companion in intellectual pleasure, and this accounts largely for the fact that the moment Hamlet's normal easy-going joyousness is destroyed by his father's secret, there is nothing left between him and Ophelia

except the memory of certain love passages, which, having lost their sweetness, only produce disgust. Had Ophelia in this crisis developed a power of appreciating her lover's mental struggles their love would have been bound closer by adversity, but while he becomes a student of fate and the divinity which shapes our ends, she remains a sweet and helpless child, and leaves him to soliloquize. This, too, is a problem for pedagogy, and one that coeducation, even in its present imperfection, has largely answered. We shall see that Shakespeare was deeply interested in this large class of the very best kind of girls, and that he came to very definite conclusions as to how they might be saved from weakness, insanity and suicide.

If we look upon Hamlet as an adolescent product of the scholastic method of education, which developed a great love of reading, thinking, pondering, speculating, and of the Wittenberg theatre, where he had acquired an equal capacity for feeling, brooding and sentimentalizing, we may say that Shakespeare, though quite guiltless of the ambitions of a Pestalozzi, was the first to divine that any pedagogy which develops thought and feeling without developing a practical outlet for this inner activity is likely to end in weakness, misery and tragedy. In Hamlet the circuit of thought and emotion is never closed; there is a constant overflow of the current of life, a streaming off at loose ends, and a complete incapacity for work or productiveness. Hamlet is not merely allowed to *grow* without any means of culture or guidance, like Romeo. But the method, though elaborate, is bad, and its only merit is that it makes a beginning.

IV.

*"I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach."*

—*Winter's Tale*, IV, 3.

PERDITA AND THE CHILDREN OF CYMBELINE.

Professor Georg Brandes fancies that in *The Winter's Tale* he detects a fatherly tone in Shakespeare's treatment of youth. The plays to be dealt with in this section were written in his last period and within about six years of his death. Most critics are now agreed that in this last group the poet reveals a deeper insight than even in his great tragic period. One might almost say that he has grown somewhat conscious of having a philosophy and that his interest in stage matters if not in the drama is slightly less, while his turn for brooding on the world as a great riddle has gained proportionately. Still it must be maintained that we know him only as a *poetical* philosopher and that in interpreting his thought we are as much

as ever in need of warning against mere subjective imputation. Setting all speculation, then, aside, and regarding only the characters as we find them, we observe a great change in his point of view. Instead of the catastrophes of adolescence that mark all his earlier serious studies we now come to a group of four plays—*The Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (in part), all of the utmost seriousness and depth of content, yet all ending happily. How are the adolescents of these four plays educated, what is their environment, how are they suggestive pedagogically?

Ferdinand, Miranda, Imogen, Guiderius, Arviragus, Perdita, Palamon, and Arcite are the eight adolescents in Shakespeare's plays who seem to suggest the best poetical solution of the problems raised by *Romeo and Juliet* and not solved by *Hamlet*. The sons of *Cymbeline*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, whom Shakespeare borrowed from the so-called Iliad of the Middle Ages, Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, are the first products after the Renaissance of the perfect youths of the Greek drama and the Greek sculpture.

The note of these plays is that of a new Hellenism which has not rejected but absorbed and transcended the Christian ideals. These youths are Greek, but they are far more than Greek. The best criticism of them is found in the words of Belarius, which deserve to be better known :

"O thou goddess!
Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st
In these two princely boys. They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchafed, as the rud'st wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to the vale. 'T is wonder
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearned, honor untaught,
Civility not seen from other, valor
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed!"

We shall see again the environment in which these youths are reared.

Nearly all that we know of Perdita is found in Act IV, scene 3, of the *Winter's Tale*. Immediately after birth she had been exposed with a bundle of treasure to commend her to kindness upon a sea coast remote from her home. She is found by an old shepherd and his son. The old man enters first, railing at some mad youths who had scared away his sheep by their hunting :

"I would there were no age between sixteen and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; for there is noth-

ing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancients, stealing, fighting. Hark you now! would any but the boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather?"

We are distinctly told in the prologue to Act IV that Perdita is sixteen when the story is resumed. Meanwhile she has lived among simple, honest rustics, perfectly good-hearted, natural and unsophisticated.

The heredity of Perdita is noteworthy. Leontes is described as a king of great ability and of deep feeling, whose character is marred by a strange and terrible fit of jealousy in which he utterly wrecks his domestic happiness. Hermione is the greatest woman in English literature, and is taken to represent Shakespeare's ideal of motherhood and womanhood.

When Polixenes has studied Perdita he concludes,

" Nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself."

This is a remarkable subtlety of psychological analysis, for Perdita, though a child of nature, shows a mind of so high an organization that her most naïve remarks have a sort of sublimated mythical suggestiveness. This appears in her discussion of cultivated flowers as contrasted with those of nature's make.

The "streaked gillyvors" do not grow in the shepherd's garden, some call them "nature's bastards," and "I care not to get slips of them," because "I have heard there is an art which in their piedness shares with great creating nature."

To this Polixenes replies that nature is the cause of all things, and hence of this very art to which she objects. "So it is," she replies simply. But when he urges her then to make her garden rich in gillyvors and not to call them bastards, she replies,

" I'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them ;
No more than, were I painted, I would wish
This youth [her lover] should say, 't were well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me."

Perdita is no emblem of a return to nature, she is rather a discovery of nature, a suggestion of a second and better nature, a return to simplicity, and an abandonment of the arts of progress in the enjoyment of their results. Hermione was all duty and nobility and charity. Perdita is above these notions, though capable of them on occasion. Her language concerning love shows an amazing boldness, the innocence of a naked infant. She wishes flowers to strew her lover o'er and o'er:

Florize!. " What ! like a corse ?"

Perdita. " No, like a bank for love to lie and play on ;

Not like a corse ; or if,—not to be buried,
But quick and in my arms. Come take your flowers:—”
etc., etc.

The quickness with which she passes on, shows the free relation of her thoughts of love to the rest of her clear association complexes; *there is here no secret isolation of the core of the adolescent mind from its outward parts* such as we now regard as the perfection of modesty and the guarantee of psychic health; these pretty speeches are uttered before Polixines and Camillo, and are part of the reason why that sovereign desires her for a daughter-in-law.

In *Cymbeline* the two princes are stolen from the court and brought up in the mountains of Wales by the good old banished Lord Belarius.

In Act III, scene 3, we see them entering from the cave where they live. The old man addresses them a few words as they go out to hunt:

“ A goodly day not to keep house, with such
Whose roof's as low as ours ! Stoop, boys ; this gate
Instructs you how to adore the heavens, and bows you
To a morning's holy office ; the gates of monarchs
Are arched so high that giants may jet through
And keep their impious turbans on, without
Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heaven !
We house in the rock, yet use thee not so hardly
As prouder livers do.”

Guiderius. "Hail, heaven!"
Arviragus. "Hail, Heaven!"

This is one of the most poetical and profound of the passages of even this play. One feels that the sun is a god, and that the myth-makers were right. It would seem that Shakespeare had guessed the deepest secrets of pedagogy, and would form these youths on a solid basis of natural religion and manly sport. As the scene proceeds we see their craving for social life as they outgrow their early tribal instincts.

Perhaps we get nearest to the poetic philosophy of education in the notion of using natural objects as symbols of ideas. Belarius says,

“ Now for our mountain sport. Up to yond hill
 Consider
 When you above perceive me like a crow
 That it is place which lessens and sets off
 This service is not service, so being done,
 But being so allowed ; to apprehend thus
 Draws us a profit from all things we see. ”

This doctrine is a development of the earlier notion (*As You Like It*) of "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks." Wordsworth is an example of what the book of nature can do

in giving psychic health even where physical robustness is wanting.

In Act III, scene 6, the two boys meet their unknown sister in the disguise of a boy, and immediately feel for her that divine friendship which in such natures rivals love itself. We here learn that Fidele, the adored of all poets, artists and critics, though reared in a palace, is as true a child of nature as her brothers. In them she finds her ideals of what men should be;

" Great men
That had a court no bigger than this cave
That did attend themselves and had the virtue
Which their own conscience seal'd them,—laying by
That nothing-gift of differing multitudes,—
Could not outpeer these twain."

No one who studies the second scene of Act IV will believe that Shakespeare had anything to learn of Rousseau in regard to the relation of education and conventional society to nature. In these lines we hear the first murmur of the storm of 1640-50, when the first great blow for political liberty was struck by Hampden, Eliot, Cromwell and their friends, and when New England was founded. The storm broke only thirty years after this scene was conceived. Arviragus asks,

" Are we not brothers ?"
Imogen. " So man to man should be,
But clay and clay differs in dignity
Whose dust is both alike."

Later she says,

" These are kind creatures.
Gods, what lies I have heard !
Our courtiers say all 's savage but at court."

The close relation of democratic instincts to free, natural education is so brought out here as to make all falsely natural systems seem pale and bloodless. We have seen how kind and tender the brothers are. Now Cloten, the tyrannical heir-apparent enters, and spying Guiderius alone says,

" Soft ! what are you
That ply me thus ? some villain mountaineers ?
I have heard of such. What slave art thou ?"

Guiderius. " A thing
More slavish did I ne'er than answering
A 'slave' without a knock."

Cloten. " Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain. Yield thee, thief."

Guiderius. " To who ? to thee ? what art thou ?
Have not I
An arm as big as thine ? A heart as big ?

Thy words, I grant, are bigger, for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth. Say what thou art,
Why I should yield to thee."

Neither his clothes, nor his name, nor his title impress the boy. On hearing that he is the queen's son he replies, "I am sorry for it, not seeming so worthy as thy birth;" and, finally, in a true maxim of freedom,

"Those that I reverence those I fear, the wise;
At fools I laugh, not fear them."

True education and true freedom go together, and Cloten's death is a symbol of enlightened liberty.

In this same scene is found that dirge over Fidele which touchingly expresses grief for the dead in the terms of a sublime human and natural religion:

"Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust."

In the last act there is an unusual degree of mysticism:

"'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen
Tongue and brain not; either both or nothing;
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep if but for sympathy."

Any one who revels in symbolism of a suggestive psychological kind may read as many meanings into this act as a candidate for the Sanhedrim was required to unearth in a sacred writing. But the two boys are the heroes of the fight,

"Here are your sons again; and I must lose
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world.
The benediction of these covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with stars."

These youths are the answer to all who speak of Shakespeare as the poet of courts and mediævalism, and to those who say that Shakespeare gave us no true heroes; they are heroes more stirring than any others, yet they seem drawn from real life, or a life remotely realizable in some very great and possible republic.

THE TEMPEST AND THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

The Tempest is declared by Dowden to be an enigma. Many critics of eminence have endeavored to interpret it as allegorical. It seems probable that the philosophical air of the work

is owing to the extreme suggestiveness of the types of character involved in it and of its typical situations. While it cannot be proved that Shakespeare had no conscious didactic purpose in it, it is a gratuitous assumption that in this instance he departs from his usual artistic purpose, "which was to please." Once more setting aside this problem, which is, however, more clamorous in his latter plays, one may safely restrict the study to what his works suggest. From this point of view *The Tempest* is the greatest of his works for the student of adolescence.

The Tempest is about the last of Shakespeare's more serious efforts. Its extraordinary range of types and situations makes it the most striking of those works in which he envisages the whole world and holds the mirror up to all nature and not merely to a fragment of the social complex. In style it may be called his only Greek play. It is a mythology of the forces of human society and progress, its symmetry and proportion have no counterpart in modern literature, and it obeys the Aristotelian unities more exactly than any other Shakespearean play, but it is not Hellenic, it is neo-Hellenic, and it has absorbed the spirit of Christianity and found for it an adequate and free expression. Shelley's *New Hellas* is one of the best lights on the meaning of *The Tempest* and Renan's *Caliban* interprets much of its purport. Sir Daniel Wilson regarded Caliban as Darwin's missing link anticipated by Shakespeare and wrote a learned book thereupon. Lowell thought Caliban represented the animal instincts of a man's make-up and Ariel his fancy. Dowden and Deighton think the play is a sort of autobiography of Shakespeare in which Prospero is the poet-philosopher and Miranda his art. All these views are interesting and are given a certain plausibility, but they could be multiplied indefinitely with equal or even greater show of truth. Caliban may be a prehistoric man (Wilson), or a type of the lawless mob (Renan), or a symbol of Plato's lower man or sensual desire (Lowell). Ariel may represent the opposite end of the scale of human development, or the idealist, poet, and dreamer, or the more exalted psychological functions of fancy and creative imagination; but all we can prove is that Shakespeare calls Caliban a "deformed slave," and Ariel "an airy spirit." Ariel appears as male and female and there is little indication of sex. It so happens that in ethics there have been two great oppositions, that namely between sense and spirit, and that between egoism and benevolence; it also happens that Caliban and Ariel are perfect types of this first contrast and Antonio and Gonzalo of the second. Standing centrally between these cardinal points of the moral form of the piece is Prospero, who knows all four equally well and seems to include their qualities harmoniously in himself. Like Hamlet he has lost his king-

dom and gone in search of a philosophy, but unlike Hamlet he has discovered his philosophy and is now on the point of recovering his kingdom. Up to the time of the opening of the play Prospero has been the prey of fortune, but on the island he has acquired control over natural forces through his mastery of science and magic, and throughout the play he is complete master of every situation.

If one were to let the fancy roam as Dowden does one might suppose that Shakespeare saw in Prospero the spirit of philosophy and science which had once flourished in Greece and was deposed by militarism and false philosophy, but which in the days of Bruno, Galileo and Bacon was about to resume its reign. And it is an amusing and not quite idle employment to write "true science" for Prospero, and "egoistic rationalism" for Antonio, and "altruism" for Gonzalo, and "the ideal" for Ariel, and "primevalism" for Caliban, and "Hellas" for Milan, and "modern learning" for Prospero's Cave, and to see in the play a vast allegory of the philosophy of history and of the turmoil of the Renaissance, with Gonzalo, saving his books for Prospero, as the mediæval church saved the seeds of the liberal arts of Greece. But for our present purpose it is only necessary to show that Miranda and Ferdinand are handled in a manner very suggestive to students of adolescence, and that Prospero is above all a master in the science of pedagogy which he seems to rate quite as high as his science and magic. Miranda is fifteen years old. She was three when she and her father were banished and now twelve more years have elapsed (Act I, scene II, lines 41 and 52).

The first scene in which she appears shows perhaps as fully as any in the plays, Shakespeare's deep insight into psychology. The key-note of her character is sympathy, and in his anxiety to make her a pure feminine type the poet has emphasized this characteristic somewhat to the prejudice of that abundant complexity by which he has developed most of his characters. This remark applies to all Shakespeare's women as compared with his men, but in this instance there is a marked tendency to simplify the type by reducing it to the fullest single significant term and the result is that Miranda, like the others of the play, is a somewhat allegorical, yet perfectly life-like being. She has been watching from the shore of the island the vessel in distress in the tempest: "O I have suffered with those that I saw suffer!" she exclaims, and this is the essence of her whole nature. Prospero assures her that there is no danger to those on board, and then begins with her a conversation in which his purpose is to inform her of her true rank and origin so that she may be better prepared to meet the princess whom his power has now brought to the island. A symbolist might almost be

excused for catching in these lines an echo of some second meaning, as indeed nearly all critics have done since the days of Dr. Johnson who declared the passage merely tedious. Most readers are perhaps likely to think this one of the best or one of the worst of Shakespeare's scenes, and the verdict is apt to depend upon whether or not one catches the note of universality, or, as some would say, of cosmic interest which attaches to this simple and over-significant tale.

"Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old."

Miranda. "Certainly, sir, I can."

Prospero. "By what? By any other house or person?
Of anything the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance."

Miranda. "'T is far off;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once that tended me?"

Prospero. "Thou hadst, and more, Miranda.
But how is it
That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
If thou rememberest aught ere thou cam'st here,
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st."

Of Miranda's mother we are told only that she was "a piece of virtue." Then follows a strange tale of fraternal hatred which, like that of Cain and Abel, has a deep mythical suggestiveness which to some minds will seem almost metaphysical. It is of so extraordinary a keenness of psychological vision that, as bearing upon the character of Miranda's instruction from her father, it would bear the very closest critical analysis. Prospero tells how, as Duke of Milan, he had promoted learning and how this absorption in books had led to his fall; the "liberal arts" being all his study,

"The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger, being transported
And rapt in secret studies."

The brother, Antonio, then developed a subtle and crafty egoism,

"And my trust,
Like a good parent, did beget of him
A falsehood in its contrary as great
As my trust was."

Antonio then

"Like one
Who having, into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie,—he did believe
He was indeed the duke."

Then having the "outward face of royalty" he grew ambitious, levied an army and overthrew the true and natural duke. Prospero and the little girl were sent in "a rotten carcass of a boat" some leagues to sea, and would have perished utterly but for "divine Providence" in the form of the kind and benevolent old minister Gonzalo, who gave them food and clothing, and, above all, preserved the royal scholar's precious book.

It is, in a word, a tale so large and significant in its proportions that it may be felt as a myth of the human story.

Shakespeare now drags the beast Caliban from the "dark backward and abysm of time," and displays this monster in immediate contrast with Ariel. We learn how Miranda and her father had tried to educate this beast.

" I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other; when thou did'st not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes
With words that made them known."

In this same long scene occurs the meeting of Miranda and Ferdinand. The young girl has just awoke from the deep sleep into which she had fallen. Ariel, invisible, sings and plays a magic song which the young prince follows. It is a tune of enchantment, and he is completely bewitched. He exclaims

" This is no mortal business, nor no sound
That the earth owes :—I hear it now above me."

It might be taken fancifully that this music of the invisible Ariel is just that adolescent intoxication which makes a favorable condition for falling in love; at any rate he is already in the presence of Miranda. The young girl has never seen a youth before. The situation is of the utmost speculative interest.

Prospero. " The fringed curtain of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond."

Miranda. " What is 't? a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
It carries a brave form;—but 't is a spirit."

And later

" I might call him a thing divine; for
Nothing natural I ever saw so noble."

Prospero is delighted when they fall in love, and promises the spirit freedom for his reward. But presently he says to himself

"They are both in other's powers ; but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light."

We have now seen the first two steps in the pedagogy of Prospero. He has educated Miranda himself, apart from the world, in a remote nook of nature where she has learned to know the sea, the island, the cave, the beast and the fairy; and now he lets her meet the prince beautiful, with whom she falls in love. The girl's selection is a pure intuition, while that of Ferdinand is based upon some experience.

"Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear ; for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil ; but you, O you !
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

To which she replies,

"I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save from my glass, mine own ;
But by my modesty,—
The jewel in my dower,—I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you, . . .
But I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget."

Ferdinand is condemned to bear logs, which he does very much against his will ; and here comes in the core and essence of Prospero's whole plan. He keeps Miranda apart, but not so strictly that the girl does not manage to escape and console her lover with sympathy. This scene, again, is a picture of the world's work and love.

"There be some sports are painful, and their labor
Delight in them sets off ; some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This, my mean task
Would be as heavy to me as odious ; but
The mistress which I serve quickens what 's dead
And makes my labors pleasures."

If any one could be so rash as to say that Shakespeare's philosophy is best expressed in any one speech or scene, perhaps this is the one. (Act III, scene 1.) There are many sports which are painful, such as hunting and playing games, but the pleasure found in them makes their labors seem nothing. Now, on the other hand, there are many base and low occupa-

tions which gall the immortal spirit to the center, but if we can once relate them to the notion of love and romance, and see in them the source of sympathy, respect and honor, they are no more than games. All life may be seen from this sporting point of view. It is a game in which every chivalrous spirit will play hard, and "even unto death" for love and honor. This *Weltanschauung* is a true religion, and demands earnestness and heroism; it is a faith which carries men through situations requiring nerve and patience, and it is a worship of the poet's only sacred principle, the principle of love, honor, and chivalry. It is in this spirit that Ferdinand's energies are irradiated into more exalted forms, and it is by this association of Miranda with his trials and exertions that she becomes associated with his very life, and not only a help, but a second self for whom the sacrifice of egoism is not a virtue because of a sympathetic identification. This is the end of this poetic pedagogy. The antinomy of practical ethics which teaches that there is no reason for giving up one's own is solved by the notion of romantic selection, followed by sympathy in experience and in growth. Education may set right the evils of the environment, but natural selection, and for humanity that means romantic selection, is needed to set right the evils of heredity.

We see here how Prospero's pedagogy is the unifying point of the whole play. The sharp contrasts of Gonzalo and Antonio, and of Ariel and Caliban, find a poetic solution in the idea of romantic unity. In the fourth act we read the injunctions to Ferdinand to suppress in himself any desires which might tend to defeat the ideals held before him.

If we take Prospero's pedagogy seriously we may say that no education which does not control selection, irradiation of passion through work and sympathy, and marriage, is likely to cure all the ills that flesh is heir to; or in other words, that the function of education is to control life at its source, and the development of the race through selection. And this is why the true romance always ends with a wedding.