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ARTICLE I.

EDUCATION.

Inaugural Address, delivered in the Hall of the House of Representatives, Columbia, before the Teachers' Association of South Carolina, December 3d, 1850. *By* THOMAS CURTIS, D. D., *President.*

Gentlemen and Fellow-Teachers:

IN preparing, as you have desired me, something in the nature of an Inaugural, on assuming your Chair, I have found myself in the common difficulties of a small mind handling a large subject. By leaving me the whole field of our common pursuits, as Teachers, to explore, you have given one portion of my poor faculties an unusual chance of chasing others of them to death: or, at the best, you have placed me in the old logical position of a certain animal, which no man would wish to connect, *eo nomine*, with himself,—and the two bundles of hay. So that if I nibble right and left, with little profit to any one but myself—here at the Science and there at the Art of Education; sometimes at Education at large, and sometimes at the discipline of our schools; now at the minds we have to direct, and now at the difficulty of engaging them to mind us, or how *we* shall direct them—you, gentlemen, must share with me, at least, the responsibility of an ill-spent hour! I shall only demonstrate to you that of which I am well convinced,—how much abler a President you may at any time find among yourselves.

dream; and *thought*, the source of all the existence and all the reality which I imagine to myself of *my* existence, my power, and my destination, is the *dream of that dream.*"

ARTICLE III.

THE VARIETY OF SHAKSPEARE.

The Works of William Shakspeare.

The highest tribute to the genius of Shakspeare is the unceasing reproduction of his works, in every variety of form and price, from the sumptuous volume that glitters on the parlor table to the humble one that lies thumbed and worn with use in the cottage window. This shows that publishers, who know what will sell, rely unhesitatingly on the demand for the works of the great English Bard. Many works of genius and real interest, produced since the Bard of Avon came forth to claim the world's ear, have been submerged and lost in the great deluge which the press has poured upon us, or have turned aside from the main current and are resting in the quiet eddies of antiquarian libraries, while his plays are still borne on the crest of the proudest wave.

But our readers need not be alarmed by the apprehension that we are about to enter on a formal criticism of this writer. This has been done so frequently, and in such a variety of ways, that were we to attempt it we should fear the charge of being at once pedantic and presumptuous. Our purpose is no more ambitious than to present a single trait of Shakspeare's genius, which, unless we are mistaken, has not been developed by his critics and commentators. We refer to the almost boundless variety of his imagery, even when it is drawn from the same natural object. In doing this we will be compelled to introduce a larger number of extracts than is usual in such an article. But this will be far from an objection. A young divine once had for hearers two persons of rather critical turn of mind. As they walked home together, one said to the other—"Our young preacher gave us a good many quota-

tions from Young, Blair and Milton to-day." "Yes," said the other, "and they were by no means the worst parts of his discourse." This anecdote cheers us on in our work, for we are satisfied that if our readers find nothing new and good in our remarks, they cannot fail of much that is old and good in our quotations, and we shall feel no mortification if they agree in saying "the old is better."

Nothing is more common than for writers to fall into a stereotyped form of describing natural objects. Their figures meet us as old and well remembered friends. The chances are greatly in favor of the morn being always "rosy," or the twilight always "dewy" or "gray." Even the genius of Milton did not lift him entirely above this evidence of poverty of phraseology. In two beautiful descriptions of dawn, in his Paradise Lost, the same element is prominent in each. In Book fifth, he says:

> "Now morn, her rosy steps in the eastern clime
> Advancing, sowed the earth with orient pearl."

In Book sixth, he writes:

> ——"till morn,
> Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hand
> Unbarred the gates of light."

Of course, every poet describes the morning. We will not be surprised, therefore, to find it a favorite with Shakspeare. He uses it with great frequency. But here we notice the very trait to which we wish to call the reader's attention. Each time the figure appears on the stage it is so varied as to be really a new thing. Even when the same feature reappears, (which is but very rarely,) it is so combined as to possess the grace and interest of novelty. And in this Shakspeare has but followed nature, which is always varying. No landscape presents the same aspect a second time. Its colors and shapes are ever standing in new and more beautiful combinations. The sea is not the same. At one time it is a giant, sleeping and smiling in its sleep—the pulsations of whose mighty heart send its waves in gentle murmurs to the echoing shore. And then it is, like that giant, thoroughly aroused—in Titan rebellion lifting its vast and resistless waves towards heaven. It is ever changing from the gloom and terror of the tempest through all the variations that lead to the laughing gladness of sunshine and calm. Now what Shakspeare has

done is to catch this ever-varying aspect, and eternize it in his writings. He was pre-eminently a close observer of nature. And he wrote far more objectively than subjectively. He oftener tells what appearance the scene presented to the beholder than what effect it produced on him.

Another cause of this infinite variety is to be found in the fact that he seems to have thrown his own intellect into the individualities of the characters he describes, so that they see and hear and speak as they would have done if endowed with his genius. He therefore saw nature from as many points of view and through as many media as there were characters described. And when the object and the subject were thus ever changing, even the unflagging variety of Shakspeare does not surprise us.

But our readers may think that we are putting philosophy before fact. We will therefore proceed to give the grounds on which this criticism has been based, and let them philosophize for themselves at will. We have already intimated that Shakspeare's descriptions of morning will illustrate the trait of which we speak. And we now exhibit the *materiel* of our judgment. The first quotation is from the Tempest, where Prospero describes the dissolution of the spell which he had thrown over Gonzalo, Sebastian and others.

> "The charm dissolves apace;
> And as the morning steals upon the night,
> Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
> Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
> Their clearer reason."

The next from king Richard the Second, where the proud and confident monarch likens his appearance before his enemies to the terrifying influence of the rising sun on thieves and robbers.

> "But when, from under this terrestrial ball,
> He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,
> And darts his light through every guilty hole,
> Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,
> The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,
> Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves."

It is worthy of remark, by the way, that this is a scriptural figure. Job says, of certain sinners, "For the morning is to them even as the shadow of death: if one know them, they are in the terrors of the shadow of death."

In the same play York describes the appearance of Richard thus:

> "See, see, king Richard doth himself appear,
> As doth the blushing discontented sun
> From out the fiery portal of the east,
> When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
> To dim his glory, and to stain the track
> Of his bright passage to the occident."

Again, in the third part of king Henry VI.:

> "See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
> And takes her farewell of the glorious sun!
> How well resembles it the prime of youth,
> Trimm'd like a younker, prancing to his love."

Here again the biblical reader will discover evidences of Shakspeare's indebtedness to the book of God. "In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."

In a later part of the same play we find these lines:

> "And when the morning sun shall raise his car
> Above the border of this horizon."

This, unless we are mistaken, is the only instance in which our author seems to have been influenced by the stale, classic image of Phœbus and his car.

Stanly, in Richard III., thus describes the opening day:

> "The silent hours steal on,
> And flaky darkness breaks within the east."

Still a new aspect is given to the birth of day, in Julius Cæsar. Cinna says to Casca,

> "O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines,
> That fret the clouds, are messengers of day."

In Hamlet, Horatio says:

> "But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
> Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

A few gems from Romeo and Juliet will close our selections on this subject.

> *Benvoli.* Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd sun
> Peer'd forth the golden window of the east."

Lady Montague, in replying to the observation of which this is the beginning, gives us another dash of Shakspeare's pencil, in his grand picture of dawn:

"But all so soon as the all cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son."

But now Friar Laurence gives us his portraiture:

"The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the frowning night,
Checkering the eastern clouds with streaks of light;
And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's pathway, made by Titan's wheels."

But the most exquisite gem of all is found in the scene of the lovers parting—where regret at its coming, and an acute sensibility to the loveliness of the dawn, are curiously yet beautifully blended.

Romeo. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east;
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops;
I must be gone and live, or stay and die."

So far as we remember, these are all the descriptions that Shakspeare gives us of dawn. Now look back over them, and mark their variety. In such a number of descriptions, it is worthy of note that no one image returns upon us. And there is, in fact, the reproduction of but two epithets—"envious" and "golden," which occur each a second time. But then they are used for purposes so different, and appear in such new combinations, as to give no offence to the most fastidious ear.

Shakspeare and Milton have both described evening as well as morning; and while the palm of beauty is certainly due to Milton, that of variety falls, as usual, to Shakspeare's share. Every reader will at once recur to the celebrated passage in the fourth book of Paradise Lost:

"Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad."

This is surpassingly beautiful. But perhaps the most prominent feature of the picture meets us again in Comus—thus illustrating the point of comparison which we make between these great poets—the greatest, perhaps, the world has ever seen.

"They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain."

Turn we now to the great dramatist, and though the exquisite loveliness of these passages is wanting, yet we find a variety to which they can lay no claim. When Titinius is in the play of Julius Cæsar describing the death of Cassius, he exclaims:

> "O, setting sun!
> As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
> So in his red blood Cassius' day is set."

Then in Richard III. sunset is thus portrayed:

> "The weary sun hath made a golden set,
> And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
> Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow."

But where what may be called the staple of the figure does not present the endless variety of eve or morn, and even by its simplicity seems to forbid it, yet in Shakspeare's delineations it at once appears. On two noted occasions he uses a tree as supplying the material of his trope. One is in Cymbeline:

> "Then was I as a tree,
> Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but in one night,
> A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,
> Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
> And left me bare to weather."

The other is found in Woolsey's farewell advice to Cromwell—the sigh of a great heart, in bursting, which has echoed through the world.

> "This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him:
> The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost;
> And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
> His greatness is a ripening—nips his root,
> And then he falls, as I do."

Now these two remarkable passages are as independent and have as much freshness as if the trope were derived from entirely different objects in nature. And there is no air of studied care about these passages, as if the writer had painfully avoided sameness in his pictures. We have no idea that he thought of the matter at all. This prodigal richness of imagery seems to have been spontaneous. In each case the circumstances suggested the image, and gave it its appropriate coloring; and as these were ever varying, so is the language.

These remarks will suffice for the illustration of our theme so far as it concerns the description of external objects. But the same copious richness is observable in Shakspeare's delineations of the passions and powers of the mind. Take, for instance, love, as painted by him, and the ever-varying hues of evening are not more changeable or beautiful, than those with which his magic pencil adorns it. We have the highly refined, yet still sensuous love of Romeo and Juliet—the pure and lofty affection, blended with admiration and esteem, of Brutus for Portia—the mere beastly lust of that "irregulous devil," Cloten—the true womanly devotion and self-forgetfulness of Imogen, and the caricature of the passion in Falstaff. In short, he describes the fickle God in terms as changeable as his own moods. How does every true husband's heart leap in response to Brutus' protestation to his noble Portia,

> "You are my true and honorable wife,
> As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
> That visit this sad heart."

Then, in Cleopatra and Anthony, it is the wild and tumultuous passion overleaping all restraints of interest or decency—which scorns the effort of words to tell it, and looks upon the possibility of its being reckoned as a beggary—which invests its object in fabulous attributes of glory and excellency—which impatiently welcomes death as the means of rejoining it. Then, in striking contrast, we have the bluff, honest advances of Henry V. to Catharine:

> "If I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favors, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jackanapes, never off—but I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. I speak to thee plain soldier. If thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee, I shall die, is true; but for thy love,—no! yet, I love thee too."

Again, it forgets all faults and refuses to perceive blemishes.

> "All frantic;
> Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt."

It cannot bear separation—absence is death.

> "I am undone; there is no living, none,
> If Bertram be away."

Hopelessness of gaining the object does not quench the passion. Though distant as some "bright particular star,"

the loved is cherished still. When hopeless it lives still in silence, and

> "Lets concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on the damask cheek."

But after all, Rosalind, in "As you like it," tells us that it is not so dangerous, or at least, fatal, as one would suppose.

> "The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before; and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont, and being taken with the cramp was drowned; and the foolish chroniclers of the age found it was—Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies; men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love."

Then it makes one capricious, so that he is satisfied with nothing.

> "O spirit of love, how quick and pert art thou,
> That notwithstanding thy capacity
> Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there
> Of what validity and pitch soever
> But falls into abatement and low price;
> Even in a minute, so full of shapes is fancy,
> That it alone is high—fantastical."

Then the passion is a thing to be deprecated and avoided.

> "To be in love when scorn is bought with groans,
> Coy looks with heart-sore sighs, one fading moment's myrth
> With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights,
> If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
> If lost, why then a grievous labor won,
> However, but a folly bought with wit,
> Or else a wit by folly vanquished."

After this, it will not surprise us to find the course of true love described as a brawling brook, with its whirlpools, and eddies and falls—one, in short, whose current never does run smooth. And then it has

> "The uncertain glory of an April day,
> Which now shows all the glory of the sun,
> And by and by a cloud takes all away."

At one time it is a thing to be scoffed at and jeered, and its power renounced; and then

> "Love 's a mighty lord,
> And hath so humbled me, as I confess,
> There is no wo to his correction;

Nor to his service no such joy on earth.
Now, no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the naked name of love?"

And yet, if we are to believe Shakspeare, this love is not such pleasant food after all.

"Sweet love, I see changing his property,
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate."

But then in its Protean diversity it takes another form, or rather, forms of annoyance,

"Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs,
Being urged, a fire sparkling in lover's eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lover's tears."

And then, as if out of all patience with it, he adds:

"What is it else? a madness most discreet;
A choking gall and a preserving sweet."

And love can change its object, too, as well as vex its subject.

"Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here;
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? Young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline;
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears;
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears,
So here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit,
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet."

But our catalogue of varieties on this subject would be incomplete without Moth's sage advice how to win love.

"Humor it with turning up your eye-lids; sing a note and sigh a note; sometime through your throat as if you swallowed love with singing love; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat pent-house-like, over the shop of your eyes, with your arms crossed—like a rabbit on a spit; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting; and keep not long in one tune but a snip and away."

Lest we grow wearisome, however, we will conclude by giving what may be called Shakspeare's Pathology or Diagnosis of Love:

Rosalind. "My uncle taught me how to know a man in love. A lean cheek, a blue eye, and sunken—a beard neglected. Then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation."

We must not forget that Speed tries his hand at the same picture.

Valentine. "Why how know you that I am in love ?"

Speed. "Marry, by these special works: First, you have learned to wreath your arms, like a male-content to relish a love song like a robin-red-breast; o walk alone like one that had the pestilence; to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his A. B. C.; to weep like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast like one that takes diet; to watch like one that fears robbing; to speak puling like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly it was for want of money; and now, you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that when I look on you, I can hardly think you are my master."

Biron presents the matter in a new light. It is the patient's description of his own symptoms:

"I will not love; if I do hang me; i'faith I will not. O but her eyes—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes: Well, I do nothing in the world but lie and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy."

And now we end the matter by Rosalind's solemn sentence on the whole thing:

"Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip, as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and curded is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too."

But it is not merely in the delineation of what may be called the lighter passions of the human mind that the exuberance of Shakspeare's genius is displayed. He strikes with a masters hand those chords of the soul which vibrate the deepest notes of woe, which our mysterious nature can give forth. For instance, he is the greatest writer in any language on the faculty of conscience. Unconsciously it may be has given the world a high moral and religious discourse on this strangely terrible part of our constitution, before which the most vivid pictures even of our theologians and preachers suffer in comparison. How striking, and yet how concise, is Hamlet's display of its fearful agency when he says in his soliloquy,

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

And the language of his mother, when he has aroused her moral nature to its work, sounds like the shriek of a lost soul in reviewing, per force, its evil deeds.

"O Hamlet, speak no more,
Thou turnest mine eyes into my very soul

> And there I see such black and grained spots
> As will not leave their tinct."

Of course, the still more guilty King is not to go unwhipped of Justice even in this life. His speech is so long that we would not quote it but for the opinion that if one has read it a score of times, yet another perusal will give a still more vivid conception of its awful majesty.

> "O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
> It hath the primal eldest curse upon't,
> A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
> Though inclination be as sharp as will;
> My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
> And, like a man to double business bound,
> I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
> And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
> Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
> Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
> To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
> But to confront the visage of offence?
> And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
> To be forestalled, ere we come to fall,
> Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
> My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
> Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
> That cannot be; since I am still possess'd
> Of those effects for which I did the murder,
> My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
> May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?
> In the corrupted currents of this world,
> Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
> And oft 'tis seen, the wicked prize itself
> Buys out the law: But 'tis not so above:
> There is no shuffling, there the action lies
> In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,
> Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
> To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
> Try what repentance can: What can it not?
> Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
> O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
> O limed soul; that struggling to be free,
> Art more engag'd!"

We can only refer to the last speech of Buckingham in the 5th Act of Richard the III.—to King Richard's dream in the 3rd Scene of the same Act, and to his interpretation of a cloudy day which ushered in the battle, which is in the same Scene. In the second part of Henry VI., we have this passage:

> "What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted;
> Thrice is he armed that has his quarrel just,
> And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

And in close connection this picture of a sinner's death-bed:

"Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death.
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
Blaspheming God and cursing men on earth.
Sometimes he talks as if Duke Humphrey's ghost
Were by his side; sometimes he calls the king
And whispers to his pillow as to him,
The secrets of his over charged soul."

And then the monitor in the bosom of Alonzo, in the tempest, gives to all nature's elements a tongue and speech.

"O it is monstrous, monstrous,
Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass,
Therefore, my son i'the ooze is bedded."

The remorse of a servant who has deserted a good master in the day of adversity, is painted in the soliloquy of Enobarbus in Anthony and Cleopatra, A. 4, Sc. 9: "The heaviness and guilt" within the bosom of Jachimo "takes off his manhood," and a "heavy conscience" makes him an easy prey to his enemy. But all things considered, perhaps the most complete delineation of the vengeance that conscience takes for sin, is found in Macbeth. The very thought of his sin when first presented, appalls him:

"That suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair,
And make my sealed heart knock at my ribs
Against the use of nature."

The temptation grown familiar, is soon found settling into a plan. But even when deliberating, conscience is faithful and comes to warn him of the consequences of what he is about to do,

"But in these cases
We still have judgment here; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which being taught return
To plague the inventor. This evenhanded justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."

A yet more powerful warning meets him on the threshold of his crime. The solemn shades of night are around him and he is alone, but for his purposes of sin.

"Is this a dagger that I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come let me clutch thee,

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

Though thus warned he goes on in the path of sin, for a crown glitters before him. But when the deed is done his abused conscience asserts and vindicates its outraged authority.

"I have done the deed. *Didst thou not hear a noise?*
Methought I heard a voice cry, *sleep no more*;
Macbeth does murder sleep, *the innocent sleep*."

And when urged to return for but a moment, to the scene of his foul wrong, he cowers before his conscience. It has made him a coward;

"I'll go no more,
I am afraid to think what I have done,
Look on 't again, I dare not."

His companion, however, though of the gentler sex, is made of sterner stuff. She scoffs at his fears, as idle and childish.

Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil."

In the absence of his wife the work of retribution begins.

"What hands are these. Ha! they pluck out mine eyes,
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine
Making the green-one red."

One short line reveals the hell within his bosom,

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking. *I would thou couldst.*"

The station, lofty though it be, which he has gained by his crime, cannot soothe him. At the festal board—surround-

ed by his friends, his sin finds him out. The ghost of murdered Banquo thrusts itself into his seat at table, and the agony of his soul finds vent in the self-condemning protestation:

> "Thou canst not say I did it; never shake
> Thy gory locks at me."

But Lady Macbeth soon finds, heroine as she is, that she has awaked an avenger within her before which her iron firmness quails, and that mocks at her exorcisms. She rises from her bed where remembered guilt will not let her repose, and appears washing the hands whose tinct of blood conscience keeps ever bright.

> "Yet here's a spot.—Out, damned spot! Out, I say!"

(Her regal spirit struggles heroically with the avenger—but succumbs at last.)

> "One! Two; Why then 'tis time to do it: Hell is murky!—Fie, my Lord, fie! A soldier, and afeard? What need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account? Yet *who would have thought the old man had so* much blood in him.—What, will these hands never be clean? No more o'that, my Lord, no more o'that: you mar all with this starting.—Here's the smell of the blood still: All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!—Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; Look not so pale: I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he can not come out of his grave."

And here the curtain falls on her. We witness no more of the deadly strife of her lofty spirit with the horrors of remorse. But an additional picture of horror is given by the consultation of Macbeth and the Physician, which but partially draws the curtain from her chamber of terrors—leaving the heated imagination to do the rest, ranging at will over the whole machinery of punishment that can be brought to bear on human guilt.

> *Doctor.* Not so sick, my Lord,
> As she is troubled with thick coming fancies
> That keep her from her rest.
> *Macbeth.* Cure her of that:
> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain;
> And with some sweet oblivions antidote
> Cleanse the stuffed bosom of the perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

In these passages Shakspeare developes the dread philosophy of conscience. We have not time or space to dwell

on the various forms of speech he uses in his delineation. Our readers can do that for themselves. Suffice it to say he has used the whole diapason of the heart, in his solemn dirge "of wrath and woe and punishment."

One would think that a mind so full of all that is terrible in this faculty would have no room for any other than a serious view of it. This mistake, however, will be corrected by a reference to the serio-comic dialogue of the two murderers, in Act 1, Scene 4, of Richard III. And true to his custom of giving every view of a theme—Shakspeare furnishes us the broad farce of the subject in Launcelot Gobbo's dilemma in the merchant of Venice, Act 2, Sc. 2.

ARTICLE IV.

THE UNITY OF THE HUMAN RACE.

1. *The Unity of the Human Races. By the* Rev. THOMAS SMYTH, DD.; *pp.* 404, 12*mo. New York*, GEORGE P. PUTNAM, 1850.
2. *The doctrine of the Unity of the Human Race, Examined on the Principles of Science. By* JOHN BACHMAN, DD., *Charleston, S. C*,, 1850.
3. *The Charleston Medical Journal, March*, 1850, *Art.* 7; *May, Art.* 10: *July, Art.* 9; *September, Art.* 6; *Letters between* JOHN BACHMAN, DD. *and* SAMUEL GEORGE MORTON, M. D., *on the hybridity of animals.*
4. *The Races of Men, and their Geographical distribution. By* CHARLES PICKERING, M. D.
5. *The Races of Men: A Fragment, by* ROBERT KNOX, M. D.
6. *The Christian Examiner and Religious Miscellany. March*, 1850, *and July*, 1850; *on the Geographical Distribution of Animals and The Diversity of Origin of the Human Races. By* Prof. LOUIS AGASSIZ.
7. *The New Englander. Nov.* 1850, *Art.* 5. *New Haven, Connecticut.*