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THE TENDER PASSION WITH SHAKESPEARE.

THE Passion of love has been depicted by Shakespeare in all its phases, from the strange but soon cured fancy of Titania for Bottom, the weaver, to the soul-engrossing passion of Juliet. Under the skilful touch of his magic wand all are brought under its dominion, alike the school-boy with his "smiling morning face," and the grandsire in "the sear, the yellow leaf," who may be "sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything" but love. We see it now in the patient, filial affection of Cordelia, now it is the soul of virtue in the lovely Isabella, or the charming innocence of Miranda. We hate it in Gonneril and Regan, laugh at it in Titania "enamoured of an ass," admire it as seen in Portia, and bewail its sad effects in fond Desdemona, and poor gentle Ophelia. Love with Shakespeare is not merely a vague, undefined youthful, "sighing like furnace," or the copious supply to that "sea nourished by love's tears," there is something of more momentous import in that deep, passionate and frank union of heart with heart. It is passion in its very essence, such as can be portrayed only by the genius that

has shown us, as in a mirror, every variety of passion from the almost playful moralizing of Jaques, that prince of philosophic idlers, through the sad morality of the gifted, deep-thinking Hamlet, and the fierce, caustic rage of that "good hater" Timon of Athens, to the wild heart-rending despair of Lear, making reason totter on her throne.

We see the influence of love over the strongest minds in the pages of our author; the haughty Coriolanus, "who would not flatter Neptune for his trident" when driven from Rome by "the common cry of curs," foregoes his mighty revenge in the very moment of victory, at the intercession of his mother and wife, although he knew it would be "mortal to him." His proud heart was touched by nature's passion, and it was in vain that he uttered

"Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires not child nor woman's face to see."

Antony, that noble lover, giving kingdoms to his "serpent of Egypt," the coquettish but fascinating Cleopatra, thought the world well lost for love. Shakespeare's description of love,