

"Duller than a great thaw.

Dry as the remainder biscuit after a voyage."

In the words of *Ulysses*, spoken to *Achilles*, we find the most wonderful collection of pictures and comparisons ever compressed within the same number of lines :

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,—  
A great-sized monster of ingratitude—  
Those scraps are good deeds passed ; which are devoured  
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
As done ; perseverance, dear my lord,  
Keeps honor bright ; to have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way ;  
For honor travels in a strait so narrow  
Where one but goes abreast ; keep then the path ;  
For emulation hath a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue ; if you give way,  
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost :  
Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
O'errun and trampled on : then what they do in present,  
Tho' less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours ;  
For time is like a fashionable host  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,  
And with his arms outstretched as he would fly,  
Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,  
And Farewell goes out sighing."

So the words of *Cleopatra*, when *Charmian* speaks :

"Peace, peace :

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast  
That sucks the nurse asleep ? "

#### XIV.

Nothing is more difficult than a definition—a crystallization of thought so perfect that it emits light. Shakespeare says of suicide :

"It is great to do that thing  
That ends all other deeds,  
Which shackles accident and bolts up change."

He defines drama to be :