

and forward on the ground, before he retires to his tent, received shouts of applause. He gave to all the busy scenes of the play the greatest animation and effect. He filled every part of the stage. The concluding scene, in which he is killed by Richmond, was the most brilliant. He fought like one drunk with wounds: and the attitude in which he stands with his hands stretched out, after his sword is taken from him, had a preternatural and terrific grandeur, as if his will could not be disarmed, and the very phantoms of his despair had a withering power.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Schlegel'

If the poet has left out nothing of the stormy griefs of the lovers, it is on the other hand heavenly to behold how on the following morning their violence has been calmed amid the transports of love, how love speaks in them at their melancholy farewell at the same time full of confidence and boding evil. Henceforward Romeo, though in banishment, is no more cast down; hope, blooming, youthful hope has taken possession of him; he awaits tidings almost joyfully. Alas! it is only a last lightning before death, as he himself afterwards calls such ebullitions. What he now hears from his servant transforms his heart also like lightnings: but two words, and he is resolved to descend to his death into the earth, over which he but now hovered so lightly.

After this unshakable determination a return to himself is not in the wrong place. The deliberation how he shall procure himself poison, and his bitterness against the world in his discourse with the apothecary have something of the tone of Hamlet. That Romeo must meet Paris at Juliet's grave, is one of the many juxtapositions of common life with the altogether peculiar, self-created existence of the lovers, whereby Shakspeare renders the infinite interval that separates them apparent, and at the same time makes the wonderful in the story credible, by surrounding it with the well-known course of events. The well-meaning bridegroom, who believes he has loved Juliet right tenderly, resolves to do something extraordinary; his feeling ventures itself out of its every-day circle, though fearfully, even to the limits of the romantic. And yet how different is his funeral celebration from that of the beloved lover! How calmly he strews his flowers! I cannot therefore ask: was it necessary, that this honest soul should be made an