

love, that is but the child of fancy, gives place to the love that is genuine. Olivia's misplaced fondness for the disguised girl finds its real fruition in the plighted love of Viola's twin brother. The disorder that had reigned without check in the Lady Olivia's house, we can imagine changed into civil rule when Sebastian takes his place there as master—Sir Toby's marriage to Maria, that "youngest wren of nine," removing sundry elements of mischief and uproar.

Such, then, is the general atmosphere—momentary confusion, misconception, mistake, a comedy of errors, to which good order and peace are to succeed, with large happiness flowing softly on from the foot of a very cataract of mirth.

Let us swiftly follow Viola in the play, and try to catch at some light but sure indications of her individuality.

The Duke, to whom she is to lose her heart, is music-loving, sentimental, and fanciful. He opens the play with a speech of exquisite poetry; and at once his love for Olivia, analogous to Romeo's for Rosaline ere he had seen Juliet, the "high-fantastical" fore-runner of true love is revealed.

In the very next scene Viola is introduced, newly saved from the sea, and helped by the counsel of the ship's captain. She is placed in service with the Duke Orsino, under the disguise of a page, her sympathy with him in his fondness for music being revealed by her declaration before she had ever seen him:

"For I can sing  
And speak to him in many sorts of music  
That will allow me very worth his service."

Within three days she has won his favor, and is sent by him to press his suit to the Lady Olivia. These same three days are enough to win for him her love unsought, for she says, as she departs on this mission:

"Whoe'r I woo, myself would be his wife."

In Olivia's presence she plays to perfection the part of the brilliant young courtier, ironical in his matter, sarcasm in his manner; in pride, grace and beauty, patrician all over, as Olivia—a competent judge—sees at once; and poetical withal, in the eloquence with which he sets forth Orsino's love.

There is such a charm in the talk and bearing of the mock Cesario, that Olivia to all that he says of what he would do, were he Orsino, answers meaningly:

"You might do much."

The moment she is left alone Olivia repeats his assertion, "I am a gentleman," and comments thus:

"I'll be sworn thou art;  
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions and spirit,  
Do give thee five-fold blazon."

The circumstances of Olivia's sending a ring to her by Malvolio convinces Viola that the poor lady has lost her heart to the seeming gentleman. The revelation is a painful one to Viola. In her pity for Olivia she does not lose sight of her own fault in the matter, but cries:

"Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,  
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.  
How easy it is for the proper-false  
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!  
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!

When Viola next appears before us the impassioned words of the Duke, who is so sensitive to music, are thrilling her ears, as he pours out to her ready sympathy his feelings about love and lovers. Knowing how she is affected toward him, we cannot but feel with her, whose every delicate nerve is played upon, each in its turn, by the unconscious object of her affections. It would be hard to say whether there was more of torture or of rapture in that exaltation of the soul which this interview and the melancholy music that accompanied it must have inspired in her. To his question:

"How dost thou like this tune?" she answers, be sure, with all her heart in her eyes:

"It gives a very echo to the seat  
Where love is throned."

When the song is over and he urges her once more to woo Olivia for him, and she argues that love cannot be forced, suggesting that some woman may love him even as he loves Olivia, the duke's vehement declaration that no woman's love can compare with that he bears Olivia wrings from her the heart-cry that she knows

"Too well what love women to men may owe:  
In faith, they are as true of hearts as we."

My father had a daughter loved a man,  
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,  
I should your lordship."

When he asks:

"And what's her history?"

How pathetic the answer:

"A blank, my lord. She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek; she pined in thought,  
And with a green and yellow melancholy  
She sat like patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?  
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed  
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove  
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

In her next interview with Olivia the great lady, overcome by the suddenness of her passion and the feeling that in this case the wooing must come from her side or not be made at all, declares her love, and Viola retires, only to fall in the trap laid for her and the doughty Sir Andrew by Sir Toby and Fabian. When swords are drawn by unwilling duelists, Antonio comes in and parts them; and the very next time Viola appears, she, who had so lately failed to show the man's active courage, shows the woman's passive courage—the martyr spirit in contrast with the hero spirit—on the occasion of the Duke's threat to kill her for winning Olivia's love. What does she say?

"And I, most jocund, apt and willing,  
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die."

The run of misconceptions comes thick and fast for a few moments after the Duke's and Olivia's moral struggle for the disguised Viola; but all doubts are soon cleared by Sebastian's appearance at his sister's side. The Duke gets near enough to whisper in his page's ear:

"Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times  
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me."

And Viola answers:

"And all those sayings will I over-swear;  
And all those swearings keep as true in soul  
As doth that orb'd continent the fire  
That severs day from night."

Now, what light do we get from this rapid review of our disguised girl's share in the play? It seems to me that her character stands revealed clearly enough—a sweet; true, loving, womanly one.

We do not find in Viola any trace of that dazzling variety of mood which makes Cleopatra so fascinating in spite of her wantonness and cruelty, nor of Rosalind's brilliant wit, nor of the quick repartee of Beatrice, nor of Portia's grave, sweet wisdom, nor of Juliet's fervid and impassioned eloquence, nor of the purely intellectual poetry and cold reflectiveness of Isabella in Measure for Measure. She is like Ophelia and Imogen in that her nature is tender and clinging rather than vehement or intellectually strong. What she says of that imaginary sister, "she never told her love," reveals her own nature. We see that she might die of a broken heart, like Ophelia, if her love came to untoward ending. Her unquestioning devotion is equal to Imogen's. The tender, somewhat melancholy mood of music is the keynote of her character, as it is to the whole tone of the play. The sparkle of Rosalind's talk, the exuberant gaiety of Beatrice, the sweet rapture of Juliet, would all seem too warm, too bright, too rich in color, for the symphony in soft tones which both Twelfth Night and Viola's character seem to me to be meant by the great master to be.

Delicate imagination is her highest poetical quality. She does not dominate the play, as so many of Shakespeare's charming women do, but is like the violet she takes her name from—a fragrant flower half hidden from view until the sweet scent reveals her presence to him she would have to pluck and wear her close to his heart.

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A college education has ceased to be a luxury. It is now an absolute necessity to every young man who would enter upon life with an unclouded prospect. Talk as one may about the superfluity of higher education, it cannot be gainsaid that its absence makes a successful man's progress less pleasant, even if it does not impede it very seriously. There is no wise young man who would refuse the opportunity of university study if he could get it.—The Cloverleaf.