

through Guthrie's homely speech, individualized, invested with the rights of property, the sense of a past and the certainty of a future, humanized as a man and a brother, rather than a system of bones that might, ethnologically considered, establish or disprove a theory; its manner of burial less significant of the universal doom of death and the hope of resurrection than of the civilization of the race and the fashion of the day. "I won't take the jug. I only want to see what this wide-spread story of prehistoric pygmy dwellers in Tennessee rests upon. That is all. I think they must be children—these Little People. I won't take the jug."

Guthrie's face cleared instantly. "Waal"—he drew a long breath—"I'm glad o' that. Fur ef they air chil'n, *he* mought set mo' store on his jug an' his beads 'n on his soul's salvation. I don't see ez it could hurt ter jes lift up the top stone an' set it back agin. Bein' ez it's you-uns, I'll resk it ennyhows."

The opportunity of investigating this

most unique myth, originating how and where no man can tell, of which so much has been so diversely written and said, caused every sentiment of the archaeologist to glow within him. In this secluded region it was hardly probable that the tread of science had ever before pressed the turf of the pygmy burying-ground. He should be able to speak from actual experience. There was no doubt concerning the spot. And all the countryside confirmed the tradition with singular unanimity, with one voice. Every detail was full of interest: the very method of confining—the six slabs of stone in the shallow graves, the strange weavings and material of the shrouding rugs and mats, the ornaments, the weapons, the jugs with the sea-shells within—what rich intimations of the industrial status, the civilization of these people of the pygmy myth! Ah, here indeed was history in its most unimpugnable form! These tokens should baffle oblivion, and truth prevail even in the grave.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE COMEDIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY E. A. ABBEY, AND COMMENTS BY ANDREW LANG.

IV.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

IF the plays of Shakespeare, like the characters of holy men in the Catholic Church, Roman and Apostolic, had a critic, an *Advocatus Diaboli*, it is thus that he might attack the *Comedy of Errors*. It is somewhat thus that M. Darmesteter does write in a recent popular work on Shakespeare in French: "Of all Shakespeare's plays, the *Comedy of Errors* is, save in the qualities of sympathy and mercy, the least Shakespearian. Perhaps only one quotation from it, 'The pleasing punishment that women bear,' has found a way among our household words. The richness of poetry which Shakespeare lavishes even in such a farce as the *Merry Wives of Windsor* is but rarely present here, in spite of Mr. Halliwell's opinion; and, in place of humor, we have often puns of more than mortal dulness, and the practical joke of thumping slaves with sticks. An ingenious Frenchman has written a treatise on the

rôle of the *bâton* in comedy. Nowhere in Shakespeare does the stick play so large a part as in the *Comedy of Errors*. We scarcely recognize the author, except in the grave blank-verse of the opening scenes, in his one study of woman's jealousy, the character of Adriana, and in his kind and happy solution of the comic problem. Parts that seemed made for the play of his humor—the characters of the Courtesan and of Pinch, the 'mad-doctor,' school-master, and conjurer—are almost slurred over, and in these Shakespeare falls very far below his master and original, Plautus. The behavior, again, of Antipholus when charged with being insane has little or none of the pleasant farce which Molière gives us in *Monsieur de Pourceaugnac*, and Plautus in the determination of Menæchmus to be mad if he must. The Dromios are not to be called diverting when compared with the rival Sosii of Plautus, or of Molière in the



ANTIPHOLUS OF SYRACUSE. "Go, bear it to the Centaur."
Act I, Scene II.

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Amphitryon, with their Coleridgian distinctions between their double selves—the self out-of-doors and the self in-doors.” Thus the hostile critic might speak, and not without truth; but, to follow his argument, we must try to remember the plot of the play.

Now the attempt to describe the plot of the *Comedy of Errors* reminds one of M. Sarcey's labor to analyze *Les Surprises de Divorce*. You clasp your aching brow as you study M. Sarcey, M. Lemaître says, and in place of being comic, the story, when analyzed by him, has the “austerity of a fair page of algebra.” But before coming to analysis of the play, and to comparison with its Roman originals, let us glance at the necessary antiquarianisms of the subject, at the date of the piece, and at Shakespeare's means of studying his Roman original.

The *Comedy of Errors* was never published in quarto as the “book of the play,” or no hint of such a publication has reached us. This perhaps may be a proof that it was not very popular, was not deemed worth printing or pirating. It first appears in the folio (1623). Prynne, the scourge of the stage, says: “Some Playbooks are grown Quarto into Folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that I cannot but with grief relate it. Shackspeer's Plaies are printed in the best Crowne-paper, far better than most Bibles.” On this excellent paper, then, the *Comedy of Errors* was first printed—after Shakespeare's death, of course—but the date when the play was written remains uncertain. As Meres mentions it in his *Palladis Tamia* of 1598, it must, of course, have been earlier than that year, and 1593, 1592, and 1591 have been selected as the most probable dates. One is naturally anxious to put the piece as far back as possible, and it is a pleasant hypothesis of Elze's that Shakespeare may have taken the play with him to town when he left Stratford for London in 1605. Elze remarks that as Green in 1592 called Shakespeare “the only Shakescene in a countrie,” he must have been sufficiently popular and noted by that time. Had he not been successful beyond others, Green would not, of course, have envied and assailed him. Now three or four years at least, one may guess, must have been spent in attaining such eminence as provokes literary envy, hatred, and malice. The rudimentary, tentative, and imitative

manner of the *Comedy of Errors* is so manifest that we may provisionally look on it as one of Shakespeare's very first essays, and some even put it back among the eighties. But we cannot feel certain that Mr. Richard Simpson is right when he attributes it to the end of 1585. Mr. Thornbury has conjectured that Shakespeare's mind was directed to the humors of twins when he became the parent of twins in January of that year. Much more probably, Shakespeare was merely following, like Molière, on the track of Plautus. His “little Latin” may have been enough to master the *Menæchmi* and the *Amphitryon* of the Roman; or, as we shall see, he may have used a translation. His next step would be to “combine his information,” to furnish the twin *Menæchmi* of one play with twin valets answering to the two *Sosii* of the other. The number of more or less comic combinations thus added was arithmetically incalculable, and much of the mirth of the *Comedy of Errors* lies in the development of those purely practical jests. Whatever the date of the piece, and however Shakespeare got at his knowledge of Plautus, there can be no doubt that Plautus was the source from which he drew.

The “errors” of the comedy, the mistakes that arise from the existence of persons who are “doubles,” must have been among the very earliest things that occurred to the primitive jester when he had to tell a story. The “doubles” may be obtained in various ways, and the development of their adventures may be tragic or comic. To minds believing in magic, the notion of assuming the shape and personality of another was always familiar. Eustathius has preserved a Greek legend according to which Paris won Helen by magic art, having assumed the guise and voice of her husband, Menelaus. It has been argued, from Penelope's reluctance to recognize her returned husband, Odysseus, that Homer was acquainted with this tradition. The story of Jupiter and *Amphitryon*, how the god assumed the shape of the mortal and deceived his wife, is ancient, and was turned by Plautus to a comic use. He added the idea of making Mercury put on the form of *Amphitryon*'s servant, *Sosius*, and bullily that unlucky slave out of the belief in his own identity. These “shape-shiftings,” comic to the fancy of the South, became real and tragic in the imagination of the



DROMIO OF EPHEBUS. "What mean you, sir?"

Act I, Scene II.

North, as when Siguy changes forms with the witch-wife, and visits her brother Sigmund in this disguise, or when Sigurd lies by Brynhild in the outward form of Gunnar, in the *Volsunga Saga*. Tragic, too, is the exchange in the *Roman de Merlin*, when Uther Pendragon, in the form of Ulfín, her husband, wins the love of Ygerne, and so becomes the father of King Arthur. But confusions of identity lend themselves more easily to comedy. The magical or miraculous element is discarded, and the persons are "doubles" merely because they are twins, and are naturally like each other. This is the *donnée* of the *Menæchmi*, the play of Plautus from which Shakespeare borrows most directly. How much he took, and how much he gave, can only be estimated after studying a brief sketch of the *Menæchmi*.

A merchant of Syracuse (to abridge the prologue of the Latin play) had twin sons, so like that the mother who bore them could not tell one from the other. When the boys were seven years old, the father took one of them, Menæchmus, on board ship, with much merchandise, to Tarentum, and left the other twin at home with the mother. There were games at Tarentum when they arrived, and the father lost his boy in the crowd. A merchant of Epidamnus picked the child up, and carried him home thither. The father died, news of these events reached Syracuse, and the grandfather of the remaining twin called the child by the name of the lost brother, Menæchmus. The merchant of Epidamnus, being childless, adopted his Menæchmus, endowed him with all his wealth, saw him married, and died. The Syracusan twin, in the Roman comedy, visits Epidamnus in search of his brother, and all the comic perplexities arise, as each is taken for the other brother.

The play of Plautus, after the usual prologue, begins with a scene in which the Epidamnian Menæchmus, speaking to himself in the presence of his parasite Peniculus, rehearses a discourse to his jealous wife: "Whenever I go out you ask me where I am going, what business calls me. . . . I have married a spy, not a wife; I have spoiled you by kindness, and presents of slaves, wool, purple, gold. Now I'll try the other tack—I'll seek a lady friend; I'll dine out." And he sends his parasite to a lady named Erotion with

presents which he has taken from his wife's wardrobe and jewel-case. It is plain that the wife of Menæchmus has too good reason to be jealous of her rival, Erotion. "How I detest my wife when I see you!" he cries to Erotion, when she comes on the stage. "Spoils of hers for you, my rose," he says, offering his gifts. She gives her cook orders to provide dinner for herself, Menæchmus, and the parasite, who "eats for ten." In the second act comes Menæchmus of Syracuse, landed from his ship in Epidamnus, with his slave Messenio, who gives him a very bad account of manners and morals in Epidamnus. Erotion's cook now enters, and in the Syracusan Menæchmus recognizes and addresses the Menæchmus of Epidamnus, asking "where his parasite is." Menæchmus, who, of course, never saw the man before, tells him he must be mad, and bids him buy a pig to sacrifice for his cure. Orestes, in the *Eumenides*, says that he had been purified of his matricidal guilt in the blood of swine; the same expiatory sacrifice was sovrán for insanity. The cook maintains that Menæchmus is the lunatic. Erotion bustles about her *partie fine*, and she too recognizes and invites the wrong Menæchmus. "She is drunk or mad," says that hero; but she tells him his name, his father's name, his native country, and everything else which she has learned from Menæchmus of Epidamnus. In real life, of course, the Syracusan Menæchmus would have said, "Why, you take me for my brother," and there the comedy would have ended. But Menæchmus of Syracuse, finding a pretty and hospitable lady, makes up his mind to dine with her, and see the adventure out. *Minore nusquam bene fui dispendio*, he remarks. Peniculus, the parasite of the other Menæchmus, meets him, and charges him with giving his wife's robes and jewels to Erotion. More confusion! Then Erotion's maid bids him take the bracelet which the Epidamnian Menæchmus had given her (his wife's bracelet) to the jeweller's to be repaired. Still more surprises for the Syracusan Menæchmus. He leaves these suspicious quarters, when the wife of Epidamnian Menæchmus enters, upbraiding her husband with stealing her property and carrying it to Erotion. The Epidamnian Menæchmus enters: he has been detained by affairs. He has a scene with his angry wife, and goes to Erotion, who at-



DROMIO OF EPHESES. "Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad."
Act II., Scene I.

tacks him about the bracelet (which she has now given to his twin-brother), and Erotion is as angry as his wedded wife. The wife next assails the wrong Menæchmus. She will be a widow for him, and he replies that she may be "till kingdom come"—*usque dum regnum obtinebit Jupiter*. Her father enters, is appealed to by her, and tells her, as he has often done before, that she must not play the spy on her husband, nor watch his comings and goings. Her husband is a good husband, treats her generously; his amusements are no affair of hers. These were Roman ideas. "But he has given her property to another." "That's bad, if it is true." The old man asks Menæchmus of Syracuse if he has really done this. He denies it by the head of Jupiter, and both men accuse each other of lunacy. Menæchmus even enters into the humor of the scene by affecting to be mad; he invokes Bacchus—*Evoe, evoe, Bromie!*—and begins to rave. At last the old man brings a physician to his supposed son-in-law, and there is an amusing scene in which the mad-doctor interrogates his patient. "Do you sleep well? Do you drink white wine or claret?" In the end the twins meet, explain themselves, and go home together, the Epidamnian Menæchmus arranging for an auction of his goods and the sale of his jealous wife, "if any one will buy her."

This is a curt analysis of the Roman comedy, and if it be obscure as "a fair page of algebra," the *résumé* is lucid in comparison with a *résumé* of Shakespeare's piece, where there is a double set of twins. Now in what way did Shakespeare obtain his knowledge of Plautus and the germ of his farce? Was there an older English play on the matter which he may have recast and accommodated? Mr. Halliwell points out that as early as 1576-7 *The History of Errors* (miswritten "of Terrors") was shown at Hampton Court on New-Year's Day. The "Children of Paul's" acted it, and the pieces played by these school-boys were usually taken from classical sources. Shakespeare may at least have glanced through this old *History of Errors*. As to the original source, Plautus, if Shakespeare *did* attend Stratford Grammar-school (which we cannot demonstrate—Nash talks of his "country learning"), and if that school was conducted like others of its kind, he may well have studied Plautus in

the sixth form. Mr. Baynes has proved as much in his essays on the school learning of Shakespeare. He undeniably had "a little Latin"; and what seemed little in Ben Jonson's learned eyes would be amply enough for Shakespeare's purpose. But it is a curious and perhaps noteworthy coincidence that while the *Comedy of Errors* was certainly acted at Grey's Inn in December, 1594, an English prose version of its Latin original, the *Menæchmi*, was published perhaps *before* that date. This old and lively paraphrase bears, it is true, the year 1595, but booksellers have a way of anticipating time, that their books may be longer new. Thus Shakespeare may have seen the translation, in proof at least, or even in MS., before he wrote his own comedy. The translation is entitled

MENÆCHMI

A Pleasant and fine conceited Comedie taken out of the most wittie Poet, Plautus. Chosen purposely out of the rest, as least harmful, and yet most delightful. Written in English by W(illiam) W(arner). T. Creede. London, 1595. 4^o.

The British Museum has a copy of this very rare quarto, and Mr. Halliwell has reprinted it in his large Shakespeare. The translator tells us in his preface that he "had diverse of the pretty comedies Englished for the use and delight of his private friends, who, in Plautus's own words, are not able to understand them." No doubt the translations were handed about in manuscript, as was the manner of that and later times, and it is perfectly possible that Shakespeare may thus have gained his knowledge of the *Menæchmi*. Recent paradoxical writers about Shakespeare deny him any scholarship. For my own part, I believe he could spell out Plautus in the original; but even if he could not, it has been shown that a translation was not out of his reach. The Elizabethan age was much richer in translations than the sciolists who stir up controversy about Shakespeare and Bacon suppose. The style of the version by William Warner is like that of B. R.'s contemporary *Herodotus*, almost too colloquial and idiomatic. "Brahling foole and mad-brained scold as ye are," is Menæchmus's address to his wife, "I mean to dine this day with a sweet friend of mine." Again, "Would every man could *tame his shrew* as well as I doe mine!" he remarks, after he has taken the



ADRIANA. "Av, av, Antipholus, look strange, and frown."
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poor wife's goods and given them to his "sweet friend." The dinner he orders at Erotion's house has a noble and Shakespearian anachronism: "Some oysters, a marybone pie or two, some artichokes and *potato-rootes*." Shakespeare himself introduces America into his *Comedy of Errors*, but he can hardly be said to have inferred the ancient knowledge of America from W. W.'s "*potato-rootes*."

From the *Menæchmi*, then, or from W. W.'s translation, or from an older English piece, Shakespeare took the germ of the *Comedy of Errors*; but he has gallantly added as much as he borrowed, has introduced new errors without end, and has reconciled all quarrels in a tender affection and sympathy. Here the opponent of the *Advocatus Diaboli* finds the strength of his case. You do not know how good, how Shakespearian the *Comedy of Errors* is till you have compared it with the Roman treatment of the same situation by Plautus. First, Shakespeare moves the scene from Epidamnus to Ephesus, and queer it is to read of an "Abbess" in the sacred city of Artemis. Then he makes the father of his first pair of twins, the Antipholi, still alive; he comes from Syracuse to Ephesus in his long search for his lost boys. But Syracuse and Ephesus are on ill commercial terms; protection is so strict that if a citizen of one town appears in the markets of the other, he must pay a heavy fine or lose his life. The old father, Ægeon, is in evil plight, and as he has neither the money nor the friend to lend it, he must die. But first he tells the Duke of Ephesus his lamentable story. At Epidamnus his wife had borne him twin boys, and "a poor mean woman" in the self-same inn also bore twins (the Dromios). These Ægeon bought; but he, his wife, and the two brace of twins were all shipwrecked. In drifting on the sea, they were severed. The mother, with one Dromio and one Antipholus, was taken up by one ship; the father, with his Antipholus and his Dromio, by another. When *his* twin came to eighteen years of age he started (with his Dromio) after the other brother, and never came back. Ægeon has set out to find as many of them as he can, and has come at last to Ephesus, where he suffered, as we have seen, from the rancorous system of protection and the war of tariffs. The Duke of Ephesus is very sorry, and reprieves him for a day,

during which his younger and later lost son turns up in Ephesus, with *his* Dromio, pretending to be from Epidamnus to evade the protection laws, as before. And now the trouble begins, each Antipholus and each Dromio being taken for the other, and themselves taking either for each. I have no head for mathematics, "the low cunning of algebra" has never been mine, and I recoil from the attempt to disentangle the innumerable complications. The reader would be as puzzled as the writer by an attempt at close analysis. It is like the poem in which a lover who dwells in four-dimensioned space attempts to describe to his lady a dreadful dream in which he beheld a world in three-dimensioned space—our own.

"Ah, in that dream-distorted clime,
These fatal wilds I wandered through,
The boundaries of space and time
Had got most frightfully askew.
'What is askew?' my love, you cry.
I cannot answer, can't portray;
The sense of everything awry
No language can convey."

In the *Comedy of Errors*, with two sets of "doubles," and with these doubles not able to discriminate between their parallels in either group, with two Antipholi and two Dromios, similar, but dissimilarly situated, everything is, indeed, awry. Do not urge me to be more definite; it is not kind; it may quite shatter a brain which otherwise might last for years, and be moderately serviceable at light work. Even in looking at Mr. Abbey's drawings I feel a kind of hysterical emotion, a feverish frantic ambition to discern t'other from which, just as one is occasionally mad enough to cope with *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, with the money article in the newspapers, with Lycophron's *Cassandra*, with the family system of the Australian blacks. Nobody should ask to be told the plot of the *Comedy of Errors*. In the play when acted it is not particularly perplexing to a person with fair mathematical ability; but a summary of it, as Sir Walter Scott's child friend, Pet Marjory, said of Nine times Nine, "is devilish." Let it be granted that either Antipholus equals either Menæchmus, and that the Dromios may, therefore, cancel each other for the present. We shall then study the relations of the Ephesian Antipholus to his wife, to his "sweet friend," and his mad-



DROMIO OF EPHESUS. "Let my master in, Luce."

Act III., Scene I.

doctor, as compared with the similar relations of Plautus's Epidamnian Menæchmus to his wife, to Erotion, and to his mad-doctor. In these combinations, if we set aside the appearance of old Ægeon, the father, lies such ethical interest as the *Comedy of Errors* can yield; nor, after all, is that slight; and, after all, it is not unworthy of Shakespeare.

The Menæchmus of Plautus treats his wife not only like a profligate, but like a person hopelessly *mal élevé*. He gives away her trinkets and dresses to his "dear mouse," as the Elizabethan translator calls Erotion. But Plautus, I think, intends us to understand that Menæchmus has been goaded to this excess by the irritating and perhaps originally causeless jealousy of his wife. Having been long accused, he determines to *deserve* his wife's lectures, as the other Menæchmus feigns to go mad because mad he is everywhere styled. If this idea be correct, Menæchmus is merely bent on "taming his shrew," as the old translator says, quoting the title of the *Taming of the Shrew* in its earlier form, published in 1594 (the translation is of 1595). Now great latitude was permitted of old to the husband with a shrewish wife, as ducking-stools prove. Still Menæchmus, in Plautus, goes too far even for the patience of the wife's father. The old father, in Plautus, exactly holds Dr. Johnson's theory, and a startling theory it sounds to us: "Wise married women don't trouble themselves about infidelity in their husbands." Johnson was not only a religious but a good man; yet Boswell—no pattern—was staggered by the Doctor's ethics. Boswell says, with equal truth and sense, that "a husband's infidelity must hurt a delicate attachment, in which a mutual constancy is implied with such refined sentiments as Massinger has exhibited in his play of *The Picture*." He quotes, indeed, a counter-statement of the great Doctor's; yet, years later, Johnson repeated his original observation. The truth is that Boswell was, comparatively, a Liberal, while the Doctor's Toryism on this point dated from pagan antiquity; from the morals of Plautus and of that republican Rome when a wife was *in manu mariti*: her husband's chattel.

When we turn to Shakespeare's treatment of this question, we first observe that the jealousy of womankind is all but absent from his dramas. Here he shows his inevitable artistic tact. A man's jea-

lousy is tragic, like that of Othello or Leontius, or it is comic, like that of Ford in the *Merry Wives*. It is an affair of *Don Garcie de Navarre*, on one hand, or of George Dandin on the other. But the jealousy of a woman in modern society may be neither dignified and terrible enough for tragedy, nor grotesque and humorous enough for comedy; it is bitter, shrill, ugly, a deathless torment, a poison and perversion of nature; too mean for tragedy, too hateful for comedy. In the old comedy, the Restoration comedy, the luckless husband is a standing though cruel joke. The luckless wife no man nor woman laughs at. Yet she does not fit with tragedy unless she be an empress or a queen, say an Amestris or an Eleanor, who can give her passion a tragic scope, and indulge it with a full cup of revenge. This may, at least, be offered as an explanation; or perhaps others may say that of all passions feminine jealousy is most remote from the sympathy of men, and that it is the men who write the plays.

Shakespeare, unlike Plautus, has tempered the spectacle of Adriana's green-eyed and watchful rage by placing a sweeter-tempered sister, Luciana, beside her. "A man is master of his liberty," says this good-humored wench, when the married Antipholus does not come home in time for dinner, and when, as Dromio cries (to the wrong brother):

"The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock hath stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek:
She is so hot, because the meat is cold."

The shrew, he adds, "will score your fault upon my pate"; and he has "some of my mistress's marks upon my shoulders." For Adriana is not only jealous, she is a termagant. Adriana will not listen to Luciana's

"Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence."

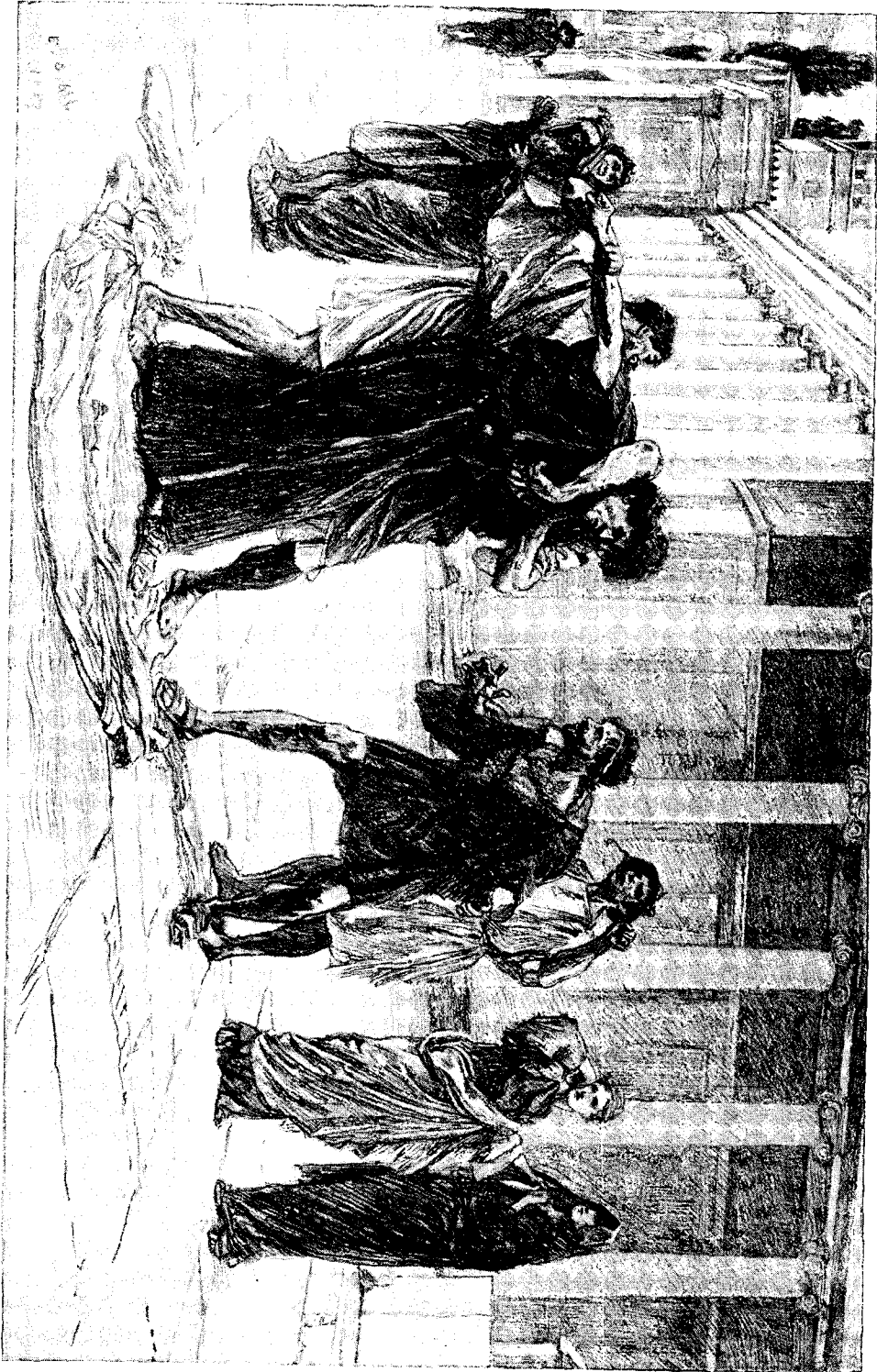
Adriana replies:

"Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense.

* * * * *

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die."

Then, pleading as it were to her husband with the wrong Antipholus, she breaks into poetry and passion, for even in this play passion cannot come in Shakespeare's mind without moving him to poetry, nor can even a shrewish jealousy fail to rouse his sympathy with mortal pain:



ADRIANA. "O, bind him, bind him! let him not come near me."

Act IV., Scene IV.



DROMIO OF EPHEBUS. "Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother."

Act V., Scene I.

"How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,
That thou art then estranged from thyself?
Thyself I call it, being strange to me,
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear self's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;
For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminishing,
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

* * * * *

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine."

So she bids her husband (that is, *not* her husband, but the wrong Antipholus) dine with her, and Dromio drives the real Antipholus from his own door. The wretched married Antipholus, in Shakespeare, then, does not seek

"a wench of excellent discourse;
Pretty and witty; wild, and yet too, gentle,"

that he may dine with her, till he is turned away from his very door, while his wife entertains a stranger. Thus Shakespeare provides his Antipholus with such an excuse as Plautus never granted to his Menæchmus. Elizabethan England was not Rome, after all, and Shakespeare's morality is better than Dr. Johnson's. Meanwhile Luciana pleads for her jealous sister very prettily with the wrong Antipholus, who is a little minded to fall in love with her. The chain, the trinket in Shakespeare's play, has been purchased by the married Antipholus as a present for his wife, not stolen from her by him as a gift to another woman, as in Plautus. Thus, throughout, Shakespeare is gentle and kindly where Plautus is all but ruffianly. The prize of what poetry exists in the play goes to the Englishman; the Roman has the advantage in comic passages. When Antipholus is arrested, in the confusions, Adriana promptly sends him his ducats—an odd coin to keep in a Greek Ephesus of old. Yet the married Antipholus has been drawn so far (no doubt in his natural wrath at being locked out of his own house) as to promise the chain to the "wench of excellent discourse," and to receive a ring from her. Adriana has found a mad-doctor for her husband, a conjurer, who tries to exorcise a devil out of him, as in Plautus the madness is to be cured by an expiatory sacrifice of a pig. Finally Adriana desires to have the mad-man bound, as in old practice, when whipping was the cure of lunacy. And she might, by her own confession, have driven any husband mad by her jealousy.

"In bed, he slept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the subject of my theme;
In company, I often glanced it:
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad."

"And thereof," says the Abbess, who proves to be Ægeon's wife, and the mother of the twin Antipholi—

"And thereof came it that the man was mad:

* * * * *

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.
The consequence is, then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits."

But here that excellent good girl, Luciana, stands up for her sister against her sister's self:

"She never reprehended him but mildly."

Then the Duke of Ephesus comes on the scene. Every one makes his complaint, the married Antipholus particularly denouncing the mad-doctor, a forerunner of Romeo's apothecary:

"a hungry, lean-faced villain; . . .
A needy, hollow-eyed, sharp-looking wretch."

So all meet. Evening brings all home: Ægeon, now pardoned, his wife—the Abbess—both their children, and both Dromios. Adriana is *not* sold by auction in Shakespeare as Menæchmus would have sold his wife; we may believe that the bachelor Antipholus married the sweet Luciana, and that Adriana learned a lesson for life in Shakespeare's *École des Femmes*. We may believe it, for Shakespeare has goodness and forgiveness enough for them all, for all men. Here, as in that darkling comedy, *Measure for Measure*, mercy is the burden of his poem; mercy is the last word even of his buffooneries, no less than of that match between love and life and death, where even Claudio and Angelo are finally forgiven.

Nor need the lesson be wasted on the commentator, the indolent reviewer. He may have come prepared to ban the *Comedy of Errors* almost utterly, and for this once to join the modern chorus of those who carp at our earlier literature, at our fathers and our betters of the dead generations. But, lo! he finds himself blessing instead of cursing, and discovering in Shakespeare's prentice-work (as the *Comedy of Errors* must be reckoned) still the same Shakespeare, the same gentle heart, and that wisdom which watches men

"With larger, other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all."

The full force of Shakespeare's merit, however, will not strike the reader who has not compared Shakespeare with his original, with Plautus. In Plautus the jealous woman is a mere shrew; the husband is callous and a profligate. Shakespeare pities even the pain of a groundless jealousy; he touches its bitter passion with poetry; he gives it an excuse and an amiable contrast in Luciana. Even were his comic humors weaker in this piece—and it is undeniably weak—his advance in kindness, courtesy, in tolerant knowledge of human nature, marks him, even in his prentice-work, as already Shakespeare.

NATIONALITY IN MUSIC,
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO HUNGARIAN MUSIC.

BY FRANCIS KORBAY.

WE may call "music" the language of the world, for it speaks as many idioms as there are nations, races, and even individuals. One single detached note, intoned by different voices or instruments, will convey as many meanings as there may be ears to hear it. It may sound martial upon the "trumpet," sylvan upon the "horn," feminine upon the "clarinet," naïve upon the "hautboys," sublime upon the "organ," mysterious upon the "æolian-harp," prosaic upon the "street organ," and common upon the "banjo." The specific timbre of these instruments and their handling may invest *that one tone* with volumes of images and poems, to a certain degree akin among cultivated listeners, and quite contradictory to others. Sweetest remembrance may be recalled by it upon the banjo, terpsichorean inspirations roused upon the street organ, and a chorus of angels may descend from it upon the worldly cornet-a-piston. The simplest song, although provided with words, will scarcely ever repeat analogous sensations in the same person, and probably never in a large audience, in which traditions, associations, historical or national influences, will more or less increase or lessen the receptive powers. Adding to this the numerous conditions under which the performance of that song may take place—such as the singer's voice, disposition, art, and personal magnetism; the audience's number and kind; the locality, its atmosphere, light, etc.—it is evident that even if the *en gros* effect may be of a homogeneous nature, in details it will be quite kaleidoscopic.

The "pibroch," the "Marseillaise," "Die Wacht am Rhein," the "Rákóczy March," speak each its own special language, untranslatable in its real essence. It takes a Scotchman, a Frenchman, a German, and a Hungarian to understand their full meaning, although their governing spirit may be valued by everybody. This is, of course, more applicable to national than to cosmopolitan music, which may be also the subject of local, political, or other influences. National music, the source of all cosmopolitan music, is in the same measure attached to language and poetry as race characteristics, fine arts,

and sciences depend upon climatic, geographical, and political conditions. Thus it is a nation's language which generates its musical rhythm; its poetry which creates its melody; and its temperament, the spirit of its dignity, tenderness, mirth, sadness, or flightiness, whichever may express the respective people's national character.

The principal factor and stronghold of national music is *language*. The less it has in common with other languages, the more its music will differ from them. The national songs of the Gothic, Latin, and Slav races, belonging to the great Aryan or Indo-Germanic family, resemble or differ in proportion with their respective languages, and their philologically determined relationship can musically also be traced. Exceptions are met with where such heterogeneous influences left their foreign imprints, as the Moorish in Spain, the Celtic in Ireland, Scotland, the Finnish in Sweden and Norway; the Eastern in Poland, Russia, and southeastern Europe. There are comparatively few folk-songs to be found among the Indo-Germanic races the indisputable nationality of which would musically reveal itself at once without the aid of its special text, and which might not belong just as well to one or to the other nation of the great Aryan family. "Home, sweet Home" could be just as well a German as the "Thüringer Lied" an English folk-song, etc.

Unmistakable symptoms of national originality appear as soon as the languages loosen their Indo-Germanic ties and gravitate toward the East. Among the Slavic races are the Czechs, who, bordering on Germany, form a sort of transition between Western and Eastern national music, although yet predominantly tinged with Western elements. National characteristics abound in the mazurs, polonaises, dumkas, krakowiaks, etc., of the more eastern Poles; and the southern Slavs, like the Servians, Croatsians, and their Latin neighbors, the Roumanians, have airs of pronounced Eastern flavor, although not entirely divested yet of their Indo-Germanic relationship. Many of their songs are, however, merely repro-