

valor, would at once lead a hearer to ask for the proof of his assertions. When surrounded by friends and those unacquainted with his character, then indeed it is easy enough to recount his marvelous deeds in war and conquest, to describe the wonderful skill with which he can wield the sword, in defence of himself or others. But the hollowness of Bobadil's character is best seen by using his own words. Whilst speaking of his daring and skill he says, "My enemies have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together as I have walked along upon the Exchange at my lodging: when I have driven them all along the street in front of me, pitying to hurt them, and from my leniency sparing them. By myself, I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder." Then after this wonderful exploit, hear his plan "to spare the entire lives of the Queen's subjects in general, and three parts of her yearly charge in holding war against any enemy soever." And what is this wonderful plan?

He shall tell us. "I would select nineteen more to myself, throughout the land, gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character I have; and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your staccato, your montanto, till they could all play very nearly or altogether as well as myself. This done say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us: well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, and kill them; twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score, twenty score, that's two hundred, five days a thousand, forty thousand, forty times five, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this, will I venture

my poor gentleman carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practiced upon us, by fair and discreet manhood: that is civilly by the sword." But after this most wonderful plan has been disclosed, and he thus has related his many excellencies as a soldier, he is unfortunate enough to engage in a quarrel with Downright, when, like a cringing hound he allows himself to be soundly belabored. Then, O valiant spirit of Mars, instead of appealing to that noble sword, he goes to the Justice for a warrant to arrest the brave citizen, who dared to chastise him as only such persons can be chastised—so punished, perhaps, because a truly noble nature such as Downright's, feels that men of Bobadil's type leave a blot upon the earth. But who now shall serve the warrant upon the offending Downright? Surely a man of such boldness and soldierly skill as Bobadil would dare to perform this simple deed! But no, when there is even the probability of danger, the magistrate's varlet must be called. Then after Downright has quietly submitted, comes the crowning confession of Bobadil's cowardice, "The varlet's a tall man afore heaven!" But we must not neglect the character of Parolles in our admiration for the lofty strains of Bobadil.

This conception of Shakspeare's is better by far than that of Jonson's. While Jonson creates Bobadil as an object of pitiable contempt, without showing us anything of the life of the man, Shakspeare opens to us the very nature of the character he portrays. Whilst Parolles may and does impose upon the Count, yet to the readers and actors of the play, his character is well known, by them his nature understood.

Bobadil comes before us as one, whom we meet, at one glance read through and lay aside.

Parolles cannot so soon be disposed of. He moves in a higher rank as the Count's attendant, with his entire confidence and trust. Even Helena understanding his