

nature considers it worth her while to ask his advice, and yet when about parting cannot refrain from the opinion, that "Parolles was born under Mars when retrograding," and to his eager question for her reason, says, "It must be so because you go so much backwards when you fight." The completeness of Parolles's character is more fully brought out by his constant and close proximity to the noble old lord Lafew, who also gives his testimony in the testy exclamation, "By mine honor, if I were but two hours younger I'd beat thee; methinks thou art a general offence, and every man should beat thee. I think thou wast created for men to breathe themselves upon."

The most cutting criticism is when the French Envoy says, after overhearing Parolles lamenting his folly for promising to bring off his drum. "Is't possible he should know what he is, and be that he is?"

And, then, see how easily and patiently such souls as Parolles and Bobadil can bear disgrace. After his cowardice and treachery to the Count have been exposed, in the laughable scene of the "drum," hear Parolles once more, "Who cannot be crushed with a plot? Yet I am thankful: If my heart were great 'twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more; but I will eat and drink, and sleep as soft as Captain shall; simply the thing I am shall make me live. Who knows himself a braggart, let him fear this: for it will surely come to pass, that every braggart shall be found an ass.

Rust, sword; Cool blushes; and Parolles live safest in shame. Being fooled, by foolery thrive. There's place and means for every man alive. I'll after them."

Just such characters as these are the ones concerning which we have nothing to say, we all see them, we all recognize them when we do see them; but seen and recognized they are avoided, and from them we will not learn the lesson we might. This type is one, which furnishes us instruction as well as the highest and

noblest conception of Shakspeare's. Bobadil and Parolles, both were in places which would have given them the privileges and honors of distinction. The one prefers to waste his time in idle declamation, the other veers around as the wind, changes as the time and occasion demand ready to betray the Count, when he thinks his safety depends upon it. A character upon which no dependence can be placed, yet one which by cozening art gains the confidence, and complete trust of his master. Iago betrays and ruins Othello from motiveless malignity; treachery is a part of his nature. He does not consider whether he will do himself any good.

Parolles we must give higher credit, his conduct is the natural result of such a nature as his. With no principles of manhood, but making great pretensions to soldierly honor, he betrays the cause of his country without a thought of patriotism or valor. As ready to give evidence before the King against the Count, as he was to aid the Count in his vile designs, feels no shame when his treachery is laid bare before him, but comforts himself with the thought, that he might have expected that a braggart, such as he, would be found out. Bobadil, too, after relating his skill as a swordsman, and bravery as a soldier, shows no shame when soundly drubbed by a common citizen, may dares not so much as lift his sword in his own defence. Both tame, cowardly natures, content to live by flattery, or boasting as best suits their convenience.

As a comparison of the grotesque and the sublime only heightens our perception of the latter, so the weak and contemptible character of Parolles only serves as an adornment to the firm and noble nature of Helena. Even the Count himself in the mind of the reader, does not altogether escape censure, but appears too much, to partake of the nature of his servant. Snakspeare, by introducing the character of Parolles in his play, has only given room to draw a higher compari-