



Celial.

AS YOU LIKE IT, ACT, 2, SC. 4.

New York, D. Appleton & Co 346 & 348, Broadway.



CELIA.

THE pensive sweetness of Celia's character is too apt to pass unappreciated, outshone as it is by the brilliancy of her gifted cousin, Rosalind. Yet she is, in fact, scarcely inferior in personal or mental endowments—she is only more quiet; her wit would be distinguished, were it not in direct juxtaposition with the pyrotechnic displays of the rattling Rosalind; and that her heart is equally full of tender susceptibility, is proved by her almost instantaneous love for Oliver, of which her cousin says:

* * * * *
There was never any thing so sudden. * * *
For your brother and my sister no sooner met, but they looked; no sooner looked, but they loved; no sooner loved, but they sighed; no sooner sighed, but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason, but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage.

The heroic devotion of her nature is beautifully manifest in her friendship for her cousin, "dearer than the natural bond of sisters"—a friendship so complete that it ignores all selfish considerations, to be true to its own high ideal. Even before Rosalind is

banished the court, Celia has resolved, if it should ever be in her power, to restore the throne to its rightful heir, her cousin :

You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have ; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir : for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection—by mine honor, I will ! and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

And her pleading to the duke is unsurpassed for simple, natural tenderness :

* * * * *

If she be a traitor,

Why so am I : we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together ;
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

Duke F. * * * * *

Thou art a fool : she robs thee of thy name ;
And thou wilt show more bright, and seem more virtuous,
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips ;
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have pass'd upon her ; she is banish'd.

Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege ;
I cannot live out of her company.

Celia's friendship for Rosalind exceeds that which she receives in return, from the very difference in their characters. Celia has far less vitality ; she yields to the potent influence of Rosalind as a matter of course, confessing herself absolutely dependent upon her companion.

Rosalind calmly contemplates the necessity of leaving Celia forever ; Celia tells her father, after he has pronounced his cruel sentence, that she "cannot live out of her company ;" and left alone

with her cousin, having at once resolved to share her exile, she says to her :

* * * * *

Prythee, be cheerful : know'st thou not the duke
Hath banish'd me, his daughter ?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No ? hath not ? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am one.
Shall we be sunder'd ? shall we part, sweet girl ?
No ; let my father seek another heir.

Therefore devise with me, how we may fly,
Whither to go, and what to bear with us ;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself, and leave me out ;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee !

The text affords no description of Celia's person except as *Aliena*, and contrasted with *Ganymede* :

* * * * * The woman low,

And browner than her brother. * * *