

With willing sport, to the wild ocean.  
Then let me go, and hinder not my course:  
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,  
And make a pastime of each weary step,  
Till the last step have brought me to my love;  
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,  
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

And there is a charming touch of femininity in the choice of a costume for her disguise, which relieves her pilgrimage of its ultra-heroic quality, and which a less subtle creator would have omitted, as unworthy the consideration of so grandiloquent a heroine:

*Luc.* But in what habit will you go along?

*Jul.* Not like a woman; for I would prevent  
The loose encounters of lascivious men:  
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds  
As may beseeem some well-reputed page.

*Luc.* Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

*Jul.* No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,  
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:  
To be fantastic may become a youth  
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

*Luc.* What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

*Jul.* That fits as well as—"Tell me, good my lord,  
"What compass will you wear your farthingale?"  
Why, even that fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Once fairly in Milan, and shocked with the sad intelligence of her lover's disloyalty—that lover for whom she has dared so much—her proud romance is quelled; the lofty ideal, which she has clothed with all the fanciful imaginings of a sentimental enthusiast, is torn down; and in its place the honorable possibilities of a very faulty man, and her own steadfast love, are all that remain to solace her disappointed heart. Yet with only these she becomes

his page, to enter upon the most painful service he could allot her—the wooing of another.

It is now that Julia's true character is brought to light, stripped of the idle fantasies which waited on her happy love: she is brought face to face with that pitiless fact, the assurance of unworthiness in one beloved; and she endures the spectacle patiently, quietly, the least in the world like those heroines of romance who probably served her as models during her capricious belle-hood in Verona.

Her tender remonstrance with Proteus is surpassed only by a somewhat similar scene in *Twelfth Night*, between Viola and the duke, which indeed exceeds it but little in poetic beauty and gentle pathos:

*Pro.* \* \* \* \* \*

Go presently, and take this ring with thee;

Deliver it to Madam Silvia:

She loved me well deliver'd it to me.

*Jul.* It seems you loved not her, to leave her token;

She's dead, belike.

*Pro.* Not so; I think she lives.

*Jul.* Alas!

*Pro.* Why dost thou cry Alas!

*Jul.* I cannot choose but pity her.

*Pro.* Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

*Jul.* Because methinks that she loved you as well

As you do love your Lady Silvia:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You dote on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity Love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry Alas!

*Pro.* Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

This letter;—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

When Proteus has retired, Julia, taking her pride to task, gives



expression to that pity wherewith she would justify her infatuation—as if she could not find it in her heart to deny her love to one so wretchedly unlovable:

How many women would do such a message?  
 Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd  
 A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.  
 Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him  
 That with his very heart despiseth me?  
 Because he loves her he despiseth me;  
 Because I love him, I must pity him.

—which is only any Julia's way of saying, "Because I pity, I must love him—"

This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,  
 To bind him to remember my good will;  
 And now am I (unhappy messenger)  
 To plead for that which I would not obtain,  
 To carry that which I would have refused,  
 To praise his faith which I would have dispraised.  
 I am my master's true confirmed love;  
 But cannot be true servant to my master,  
 Unless I prove false traitor to myself.  
 Yet will I woo for him.

The scene in which she first pays her duty to Silvia, as Proteus' love-messenger, is admirably conceived; and it affords our curiosity the only personal description of Julia:

*Jul.* Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

*Sil.* The more shame for him that he sends it me;

For I have heard him say, a thousand times,  
 His Julia gave it him at his departure.  
 Though his false finger have profan'd the ring,  
 Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

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Dost thou know her?

*Jul.* Almost as well as I do know myself.

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*Sil.* Is she not passing fair?

*Jul.* She hath been fairer, madam, than she is:

When she did think my master lov'd her well,  
 She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;  
 But since she did neglect her looking-glass,  
 And threw her sun-expelling mask away,  
 The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,  
 And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,  
 That now she is become as black as I.

Silvia, whose interest is as honest as it is amiable, desires to know how tall she is:

*Jul.* About my stature; for at Pentecost,  
 When all our pageants of delight were play'd,  
 Our youth got me to play the woman's part,  
 And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,  
 Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,  
 As if the garment had been made for me;  
 Therefore, I know she is about my height.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here is her picture: Let me see! I think

If I had such a tire, this face of mine

Were full as lovely as is this of hers;

And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,

Unless I flatter with myself too much.

Her hair is auburn—mine is perfect yellow:

If that be all the difference in his love,

I'll get me such a color'd periwig.

Her eyes are grey as glass—and so are mine;

Ay, but her forehead's low—and mine's as high.

What should it be that he respects in her

But I can make respective in myself,

If this fond Love were not a blinded god?

We can but rejoice that Julia's fidelity is rewarded at last by the restored allegiance of her recreant lover; though we must con-



fess to but little faith in a repentance which seems forced upon him. That he is a treacherous, weak, thoroughly contemptible character, however, should affect our admiration of Julia's devotion to him as little as it did her love—or in fact that of any woman since time began.