Three Characteristic Women
of Shakespear

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References:
1. Appleton's Shakespeare
2. The Seasons—Tennyson
3. Women of Shakespeare—Ferris
4. Characteristics of Women—Jameo

Women
1. Portia
2. Lady Macbeth
3. Juliet,

The study of character, the study of
the impulses which prompt human to
acts includes also a study of one's
own impulses.

In interpreting the character of
these three great women I can only
give to you my idea, my feeling, as
to what would prompt me to the
same action.

I must act as a mirror in
which these characters are
reflected, if my make-up is to be
used only to give to you a warped
reflection which may be so
different from your idea that it
seems abstruse.

It is not necessary for me
to speak of Shakespeare's life.
For that you can turn to those
who have carefully studied the
history and lives of these wretches
of that great master's soul,
in whose mind all minds are
expressed, in whose breast
were passion reigned, each
being so near, for a true
What I could say of him would be little: He is beyond the comprehension of most minds. We can only stand and gaze at him, in wonder and admiration. We can only hope to take a small part of his creation and analyze and try to understand it.

"Portia"

An attempt has been made by different authors to classify the works of Shakespeare. This biographical writer on this subject, chooses a historical means of reaching this end, and calls it "The Second Proof."


It is not for me to criticize this, and yet it seems that Portia was not a woman of
In Italy, but a woman who
knowing little of society, has
established herself, and
is successful.

In Italy does not refer
ecept in the "Malavoglia," and
een how the master-hand has
made the reasoning so simple
that we do not wonder at Rota's success.

The story of the "Merchant of
Venice" is divided from two sources.
The story of Antonio and Bassanio
from the old Italian tale, "Il
Mercante di Venezia," and the
story of this capital trial from
"Iliad Romanorum."

Perka is the Oration of
Shakespeare alone, and how
well he has built it, the
intellectual world has already
said.

Imagine a beautiful little
valley stretching close in the
field of Belvedere.

Nature has made a wonderful
effect here, the earth is carpeted
with a ring of beautiful green, life is full, expansive, the air
stirs to life into our souls
a feeling of peace and content.
In this valley of beauty,
Portia was born and reared.
In a family of wealth and
status, she has known no want.
Never coming evil, she does not
know it. Surrounded by the
intellectual influence of
a learned father, she becomes
not just in reason, but beneath
the outward mask of reason,
that which drips passion
in a flood of affection which
surges forth and swept all
ever where Bassanio’s love
foolish and love the night Castle.

"You see, my lord Bassanio, when
I stand,
such as I am; who for myself
alone
I would not be ambitious in
my wish.

I wish myself much better yet, for you.
I should be thankful hourly now myself.
A thousand times most fair, the thousand times most rich.
I have only to stand high in your account.
I might in venture, frankness, flattery, friends,
I need account. But the selfsame
I sense of something which is bolder growth.
So an unknown girl, unchilded,
Unspoken.
Happy in this, she so not yeold.
But she may change; happier than
This
She was not bred so dull, but she
Can change;
Happiest of all what her youth spirit
Commits itself to grown to be devoted.
As from her lord, her presence, her being, myself and what is mine to you and yours to me now conversed: but now I was the lord of this fair mansion, master of my own, throw over myself, and now you, but now this house, her own, and this same myself are yours and my lord, I give know with this now, which when you part from, lost, or give away, what passage there is of your love and in my baggage to explain on you?

Where Antonio, Baccani's friend, gets into trouble, Baccani's prolificacy, Portia, forgetting herself in this Baccani to Valerio and help him not to return until Antonio is free.

After Baccano has gone, she
Cannot remain at home, but wishing to help Bassano’s friend, she sends to her uncle, Billario, a learned lawyer in Padua, asking him to give her the necessary documents and guarantees to speak before the Court of Venice.

Bassano’s efforts to release Antonio proved futile; he filed a suit for time, and threw enough force behind Antonio to stand trial. But not having agreed, those of us who have read the “Merchant of Venice” that Portia knows herself to handle well her crafty fruit.

But the trial serves I had disclosed to no one else, A very fruitful fruit from money to that is thought of in us in such a manner that we achieve the end and all extinguish by the other.

The appeals for justice, the proud story to the honor of Venice, must be upheld.
...With consummated art the
irrelevant that wonderful appeal to
petition and mercy.
"The quality of mercy is not
strained. It looks the grueful
from France,
Upon the black breach. it is
never lost.
If blazed the hint that guarded
hate that takes,
Big weighed in the weightless, it
breeds
This throned monarch better than
his crown
His seraph shows the fires of
broad final hour,
The abjection of awe and majesty
Wherein sight sit the dreadful
fear of kings.
But mercy is above them amidst
away,
It is enthroned in the heads of
kings,
It is an attribute of God
himself.
"And earthy pour both these down
What God doth
When mercy erreth justice. Therefore
John, who justice be thy plea, consider
This: that in the counsel of justice none
Of us should our salvation, as do pray
For mercy,
And that our prayer both teach us all to mind
The deeds of mercy. I have spoken thus much
To mitigate the justice of them. Which I show follow, this strict
Court of Venice,
Where needs great erasure follow
The merchant's end."

Shylock is unsoraking, and
Portia wishing not only to
Free Antonio, but also to discharge
The debt of her husband, Bassanio,
Offers the Jew his money and
Agrees how to oralize the Court
This unwillingness to recuit.
At the end he is sumnised of his refusal.

Slowly but surely, Portia

draws the dirt high that below the

fur, and at last, while the verdict

is given, she stands out before

us. Immediately, the woman, including

the Chief Jilical Hairer.

In the Fifth act, Portia, the

judge at Venice, becomes the

judge at Belmont.

Bassanio has gone her the

way she pledged him with while

she was impersonating the

lawyer, and now she accuses

him of infidelity; but,

naming what Orsino had

promised her in return for

her love and honor in the

meantime because she has

proven himself so true a

friend to Antonio.

Portia is probably the

most complete of Shakespeare's

characters. We find no defect

in her. Her make-up is flawless.
Lady Macbeth

There is no such force, so much of the miserable, unloved and unworthy
despair that is never fully understood, she plans upon which
it moves and acts.

Her nature is her destiny but is unfilled by an
impossible force, an allegiance,
which she has known and her
eternal grief, ever toward the
breaks of remorse.

She knows this, but is powerless
to stop. One can imagine her being
forced to choose this destiny
rather than wishing it.

Those of us who have not
Carefully studied this character,
must regard her as a woman
whose susceptibilities shroud
of a light. She awakens me to
a feeling of dread and of honor;
we stand aghast at the cold, hard
ambition mind which over
our soul all feeling of love;
and compassionate. No! not all
love is forgiving, for in our
hearts...
What life we find that she, also purely realizing her superiority over that weak undistinguished soul Macbeth, is the very essence of the true.

While first we meet this character in the play, it is after that cruel ambition has seized her and forced her to choose to satisfy it. She does not consider the effect, the awful consequences of what she is doing. There is no choice. Grasping the situation with firm hands, she endeavours to her soul that it shall itself. She feels that her womanhood do not about itself. She is no longer the woman but is now the machinist.

"Cover you spirits"

What had to mortal thoughts? have

Her him,

And fill me from the crown to

Her soul with

Of such encrudy, make such dry blood
Stop up the acres, and passagies, and
mind, that no conspiracies vecchiofino
de nature to my self, suppose, not sleep
peace, the third, the first and it! Come to my woman's
house, and take my walk, for hell, you
murder, murder.
Wherever in your neighborhood, you wait for nature's murder?
Over head, night, and pulled me the burning smoke
of hell,
What my wise, wife, are not the
would it make,
Not hearing fire, knew the smell
of the dash,
No cry, hold! Hold! I
While Macbeth, am in at
hour, she has fully determined
what to do, she can must die,
And when told, by her husband
that Macbeth, dyed, that night,
She asks so much, so little.
She draws the outlines, purpose, she anticipates the weak breath of Auchlen, her weakness by making it a real thing. Macbeth, spentless, weak, but her restless soul knows no weakening.

The Blues with consumate skill add fuel to her heart the action of "Sovereign away and Masked out!"

When Duncan came, she contrived so faithfully the hospital, where, the humble house, that even we who know, wonder if she has forgotten her purpose.

Duncan mine, and the hour for the dark deed approaches. Macbeth faltered not once more the strength of the woman shown itself. She encouraged him, and when she still faltered, she broke forth in an account of his story, so fierce, so eloquent and yet so true. She showed her unction self, her intensity of purpose and filled me with admiration for her strength.
"What hast made thee
What made you treat this insult to
me?
When you were to do it then you were
a man;
And, to be more, now what you were,
you would
Be so much more the man. Nor hue,
or place
With these adams, and yet you would
make both;
They have made themselves and
That their favors now
Now undo make you. I have gum
ruin, and below
Now hinder his to lose the table that
melts me;
I would whilst it was smiling in
my face
Have stuck my nipple from its
breasts gone,
And had its traces out had I
do around
As you have done to this"
Whose turn for his head
Approaches. Macbeth again falter
but is ever pushed onward by the
indomitable world of Lady Macbeth.
How strong she is! never
faltering, old men make on toward
the deed. She is not afraid of the
Onward.

She exclaims, "Had he not
murdered my father as he slept, I
had done it."

While all is over, Macbeth is
wounded, excited, but she calmly,
coldly arranges the gladiolus and
the flowers to the side of his
chair.

She leads Macbeth, and
sends him as she would a
child. He is not left alone,
she manipulates him and
sends him to his studies.

This shows her consciousness act
in acting throughout the entire
vantage point of her children and
her own. After
the deed.

Neer forgetting herself,
with all her might, she
after
her ambition is satisfied, does
not consent near death.
Had she done this, she would have been an entirely different woman. She would have had time not to be a part of a great, fierce self but would have been fierce.

Nature and God demands that all debts be paid. She and Macbeth have defied the law of God. Man. Macbeth hearing her take away from him her all.

Before, her madness and ambition caused him sorrow; having her it left his help, it left her and having her took away the great mother torn which moved her and she dropped downward into the dismal sea of darkness.

War driving him and them she only chose for comfort and forgetfulness, but not finding Nahia she is sufficed to assist by the miserable waves of conscience.

At last, she is, a grand mind. This shrewd of all of Shakespeare's minds must be unconfined and
like the dinalg ship with no pilot, it wandered back to the old days, and there is dashed to pieces on the rocks that it did not see before.

O Syria! how sad, how full of deep, overwhelming names, which, at the vials of blood itself, all the profaners of Arabia will not outlive this little bird.

I have before this issue a bird, driven by a stone, dash its poor quivering body against a wall, its flight was straight and unmeaning, but after this and while the stone had abated, the bird, poor helpless little thing, flits aimlessly about and wildly fluttered wounded to the ground.

Such is my conception of this spirit. Envenom onward by the stone of ambition. This wall of night smote itself, and this spirit dashed against it, in blood, obedience to its
strongest impulse.
After the stone it went
the colours, the repelling force
gone, and this one strong.
Hasty, spirit flutters helplessly
to the ground.
Juliet.

Portia burnished Calph and intellectual love, that flanks and
cubans. Lady Macbeth burnished
his fire of Jennis, ambitious love.
Juliet is love itself.

Knowing nothing of love:
kept close at home, she thought
surrounded by the influences of
a fashionable father and mother,
and the coarsest, almost vulgar
nurse, her awakening was
like the opening of some grand
flower, which seeing the
sunlight of love, turns forth
me fragrant, radiant,

As knowing little of the
world, the transformation from
the sun, unthinking, innocent,
girl, to thediscarded woman
whose editor soul was nurtured
with the spirit of love so great,
and yet not too great to be

As was when wandering
across the fields, we see a
sun with red flowers and drooping
head, and now on returning
after the refreshing shower has
assailed us, this flower again
filled with strong, undying life.
Juliet is the daughter of a
wealthy and noble family and like all girls of her
hers and station, she has not
seen the world as it is!

Her life has been as a blank
page. It measured for Romeo to
love and feel with all the glowing
colors, the passion of love, pure
and undying.

Her soul was like a
well among mastiffs, much it
stood, and watched for the marks
handed to love and touch, and
wrote some of the harshest
words of love; love more
powerful than life, love
unrequited and ended by death.

Innocent Juliet, whose
Romeo comes to her, does not
recognize this passion which
has moshed her.
her soul is full, she must
confide to some one something.
the snow, the feeling that burns
within her.
afraid of her mother, disdaining
thy counsel, musing, she goes out on
the balcony to sing it, to the
night air.
along with nature and
the drear winter reminiscences of
him who has avowed this
new thought of hers, she found
out her tale of love in a song
as full as his deep throated,
unpassioned, song of the
nightingale.
"O! Romeo! Romeo! Wherefore art
how Romeo?
Romeo thy father, and refuse
thy name;
or if thou wilt not, let it alone
my love;
and I'll no longer be a
capulet."
She does not hesitate to make her love known to Romeo, and
pursue him in regard to his love.
"O gentle Romeo if thou lovest love,
Proclaim it faithfully."

Romeo is ready to swear by anything, everything, that his love
is true and she faithful confiding,
sure: she is his love.

Now happily courts and vows
to make their love known one another
faithfully, and yet fear no more
from her undercurrent of sad,
bruised, broken. The
reservation of their love is to
come but with it comes the sad.

They in his fair lost his
play shall be discovered appeal
to the good Friar Laurence, that he
help them in acquiring jilt
whom to his cell to meet Romeo

They must and after a time
of happy companionship, which is
to throw a glimmer of Paradise: Romeo
wants to make sure that the couple
are eloped into the country.
with! This shall be forgiven. While
yonder his rebel, Romeo
propped involuted in a gram?
with Tybalt a kinsman of Juliet,
and Isabella. For this deed, Romeo
is launched from Verona.

In the cell, Juliet sits at
his long absences and wonders why
her Romeo remains away.

At last when the news
breaks in with the story of Tybalt
killed and Romeo's banishment, Juliet
turns forth at an awful accusation
to his love.

'O most quiet heart, shed with a
flowing tear!
Did ever dragon's head so fair a can?
Beauteous Tybalt! Fisted Anglical! slow
grating Ravez! Wolfish
morning lamb?

just speaks to what now quietly
acute?
O damned saint! an honorable
William!

O kurst! What hadst thou to do
us tell?
"Who now didst pour thy spirit of a fire
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such
Or matter
So firmly bound? A health should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!"

He muses then Chido Romeo,
And Juliet, true to her love, conceives
Herself for questioning heads as
Low and narrow, and scolds her
Mind for her criticism of Romeo.
"Bless'd be thy tongue
For such a wag! He was not true
To shame!
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For to a shame where honor may be
Crowned!
Saw monarch of the accession
Earth,
O what a tract was I to Chidothiex
Thru again she construed himself
For speaking ill of Romeo, Tybalt, thou.
all are forgotten, and her love
no longer knows about all else fine.
expression in this beautiful passage.
Shall I speak all of how that
was my husband?
And my poor lord, what becomes of
smoothly they name
when I, Thy hour, were have
mangled it?
But Whynfor villain didst
how still thy cousin?
What villain cousin would have
killed my husband?
Back foolish troop, back to your
Naboth's vine;
your errant dragoons belong to
not,
which you, mistaking off for
for joy
My husband here, that Tybalt
would have done;
And Tybalt's dead, that would
havedone my husband;
All this is comfort, Whynfor aye?
Some word thou was worse than
Tybalt's death,
What men did say, I would forget
it fast.
But O! it gases to my memory,
The damned guilty deeds to
enrue much.
Tybalt is dead, and Romeo taunished,
What taunished? That one word
'Gaunted'
Hath staine in thousand Tybalt's!
Tybalt's death.
Was not enough, if it had
killed him.
Or if sour word delighted in
fellowship,
And mildly well be mixed with
this grief.
What followed not when she
saw Tybalt's death,
Of her father or her mother, may
or both.
Which proceed lawnsketcher
might have recited?
But with a name and following
Tybalt's death.
"Romeo is banished." To speak that word,
is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead. 'Romeo is banished.'
I knew no end, no limit, no measuring round.
In that word's death: no words that
Can that word sound.
Whom is my father and mother, Marcella?"

Before Romeo leaves Verona, she
has everything to see Juliet, and
meet her in her room. She is
anxious to help him, and when
the last reunion there that it is day,
Juliet notes that it is the
nightgale but finally realising
that it is dangerous for her to stay, she
forgets her friendship and hides her
heart.

In the meantime, the
Count of Paris has asked Juliet to
marry for her hand in
marriage. Juliet to mother
and so far are highly shamed by this offer and commended Juliet to marry Paris.

The strength of this young, seemingly, weak girl is its own, and shediffers all for her Lord Romeo. She does not weigh her circumstances, but positively onward, seems nothing, but the corresponding love she has for Romeo.

She cannot think of anyone else as her husband. Romeo has possessed himself of her own heart.

"If bad our hap, rather than leave many Paris.
For one of the battlements of your house,
I'll walk in thy dish ways; or bid me lead wide
"Wherever, for we are, Chalmeur with wrongs hang,
Or shut you night by night to Chalmeur house."
"Our crown quite with dead men's walking bones,
With redly shafts and yellow Chapless shafts,
Or bid me go into a new made
Grave
And hide me with a dead man
In his shroud.
Things that to bear them to tell have
Made me trouble
And I will do it without favor
Doubt,
To love an unclaimed wife
To my sweet love."

Juliet in her extremity
Again appeals to the good Friar,
Friar Laurence, and he, in order
to make the coming nuptials
between Paris and Juliet impossible
gives her a cord which contains
a fluid that will throw shriek
of a staff resembling death for a
Goad of forty two hours.

The Friar journeys to
arrange to have Romeo at
the street at the time of his
awakening.

Juliet is afraid at first to take the draught and imagines all of the horrors that surround the grave marching before her in review; but finally she tries to her resolution to her. Romeo she seize the vial and drink it off.

Thus crossing her arms over her face while he felt the poisons into the veins of peaceful unconsciousness.

"Curse you!"

What if this method do not work at all?

Shall I be married then tomorrow morning?

No! No! This shall forbid it; for you think, what if it be poison which the Friar Subby hath commanded, to have no child.

Without his marriage he should be dishonored.
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is and yet methinks it should not.
For he hath still retained a holy awe.
Note if, where I saw laid mine tomb.
I wait before the door that Romeo
Comes to assuage me? This a fearful sound.
Shall I not there be sheltered in the vault.
To whose foul mouth no balsam savour ethrathic.
Or there live straight in my Romeo's arms?
Or if I live, is it not in my life
Its humble amount of death and light
Together with this tomb of the place,
As in a vault, an account necrophelic.
What for three many hundred years
The time
Of all my buried ancestors
And Jackt;
With bloody Tybalt yet but
Grew in wrath,
Who lingering in his shroud, when
As Mercury
At one hour in the night
Spits went;
Alack! Alack! wilt not like
That I.
So early waking, what with
Look theseamura fist,
And chinks like mandibles out of earth,
That living mortals knew
How new look'd;
O! if I were shall not be
Achtaught,
Enraged with all these
Hilairo frais?
And madly play with my
Our fathers' grins?
And stuck this wounded Tybalt
And his shroud?
"And in this rage, with scenes
grant business done,
as with a rush, dash out my
Abraham Grimes?
O look! Mr. Grimes I see my
Conies ghost
Sinking but Romeo that did
spilt this body
Upon a rapine fruit. Stay,
Wastall Stay!
Romeo, father! 9-10 do I drink
To thee!"

Juliet is placed in the tomb
and then clips me the semblance
of death and poor, weak Romeo
killing her. His last beautiful
body and believing her dead
in the agony of love kills himself.
Juliet's love and his
first question is, "When is my
Romeo" and then seeing him lying
they are faithful to his life.
Heard she saw all hope of
her vanish and truly she dies.
United at last we eternal.
Sirs, these two doors henceforth
The immittal shrine at which all love must bow.
Emmett V. Hoffman.