

“HAMLET” REVISED.

To marry, or not to marry: that is the question;
Whether it is nobler in man to suffer
The slings and arrows of spinisters aged,
Or to visit the parson among our sea of troubles
And by marrying escape them? To marry: to wed;
Indeed; and by wedding we say we end
The loneliness and the thousand natural cares
That swains are heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To marry, to wed:
To wed: perchance to meet bills: ay, there's the rub;
For in that state of wedlock what bills may come
When we have discarded celibacy
Must give us pause: there is the thing
That makes calamity of wedlock life;
For who would bear the trials of bachelors,
The maidens' scorn, the waiters' insolence,
The pangs of buried love, the dust covered room,
The frayed wristbands, and socks undarned,
That the single man always must endure,
When he himself might escape all these
Through matrimony? For who would clubs abide,
Or groan and sweat doing his own cooking,
But that the dread of something after marriage,
That mysterious state from whose grasp
It is so hard to escape, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than to fly to others that we know not of?
Thus uncertainty doth make doubters of us all;
And thus the desire for wedded happiness
Is shadowed over with dark forebodings
And enterprises of untold possibilities
With these regards their currents turn away,
And lose the name of action.

E. H.