

CHAPTER SEVENTY-FOUR



CERTAIN IMPORTANT events of the year 1598, which betray too much method to be regarded as coincidental, would seem to us to have arisen out of the Privy Council's serious concern with the *Isle of Dogs* scandal. For scandal it indubitably was, since such drastic means were taken to obliterate the play and punish all participants. If this shocking play touched upon the enforced anonymity of a noble dramatist, visitant upon the Isle of Dogs—the vulgar stage or common playhouse—and had hinted at the relationship of the Queen to her Lord Great Chamberlain and the young Earl of Southampton—as we are bound to believe it did, because we have already seen Nashe, and shall soon see Jonson, treading this same dangerous ground; what would the agitated Council do but adopt immediate measures to *separate the Lord Great Chamberlain from all possible connection in the public mind with the dramas he himself had written containing similar dangerous revelations?* His plays could not be summarily suppressed. For one thing, they were

must be got by the publisher, James Roberts, before he publishes it. Since it did not appear until the first quarto in 1609, it must have been "stayed." Even in 1609, the "grand possessors" made trouble about the publication.

already too well known and far too popular; for another, he himself was very influential: besides having friends and supporters in the Privy Council, he had long had Elizabeth's backing, moral as well as financial, in his theatrical activities. What else could the Council do but see to it that the *nom de plume*, "William Shakespeare," was authoritatively established?

This is precisely what was done. Burghley was still alive; and nothing could better have suited his book than further removal of the Earl of Oxford, his son-in-law, from all connection with the plays, in so many of which he himself too recognizably figured. No wonder he died so peacefully! He had ordered everything to his heart's desire. His success was complete.

The Isle of Dogs was suppressed and the performances of all plays in or near London prohibited by the Privy Council—this while Falstaff was drawing immense crowds—at the end of July 1597, with the further order, fortunately not enforced, that all the playhouses be "plucked down." In February 1598, a commission of the Council issued an order to the Master of the Revels, and also to the Justices of Middlesex and Surrey,

to require you, upon receipt hereof, to take order that . . . [no company be] suffered hereafter to play but those two formerly named, belonging to us, the Lord Admiral and the Lord Chamberlain.¹

Followed immediately the three events of this year which give clear indication of a concerted plan to establish "William Shakespeare" as an author, effectually blotting out the personage—the personality—behind the mask. These were: (1) the ascription to William Shakespeare of old plays hitherto anonymous, although known in court and certain literary circles to be the work of the Earl of Oxford; (2) the list of Shakespeare's plays published in Meres's *Palladis Tamia*; (3) Barnfield's poem mentioning Shakespeare by name—the only time this had been publicly done except in *Willobie His Arista* (1594).²

(1) Although quartos of *Richard II*, *Richard III*, and *Romeo and Juliet* had appeared anonymously during the preceding year (when William Shaksper had been very active about town, and Jonson was beginning to write about him and his shady machinations), the two *Richard* plays were reprinted in 1598 and ascribed, for the first time, to "William Shakespeare," the name hyphenated. The initial appearance in quarto of the court drama, *Love's Labour's Lost*, belongs to this same year, "newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspeare." (This is the sole occasion when the name was so spelled, but it will

¹ J. Q. Adams: *A Life of Wm. Sh.*, p. 272.

² This tabulation was first made by Mrs. Clark: *The Man Who Was Sh.*

be observed that even here the first syllable is long, and phonetically "spere" and "spere" are the same.) *Romeo and Juliet*, though reprinted several times, bore no author's name. *Henry IV*, still being published anonymously in 1598, appeared the following year, "newly corrected,"³ under the author's *nom de plume*, "W. Shakespeare," the name again hyphenated.

To be noted in connection with all this is the return to Stratford of William Shaksper, in 1597, with 60 pounds to invest in the purchase of New Place, upon which occasion he is described as a "householder in Stratford and the owner of ten quarter of corn." He would soon be back in London pursuing his ambitious career, but temporarily he was out of the way—had been paid to go; and it was therefore an especially good time to have the plays—hitherto printed in pirated editions, actors' memory versions, garbled and confused—published in their correct form and the *nom de plume* established, with no troublesome interference on the part of a man who could not be publicly repudiated without exposing the identity of the premier Earl of England as author of plays not only politically significant but full of revelations which would be shockingly clear if their source were known.

What a curious contretemps it was! We should still be baffled by the situation, had not certain writers of the time, including the greatest and most intimately concerned, taken the risk of telling the story symbolically, but persistently and unmistakably.

It was in the crucial year 1598 that Jonson was showing Sir Puntarolo wildly excited about the fate of his "dog," while exhorting Shift (Sogliardo's partner, or other self) for interfering in his affairs and pretending to have been the man who had held up travellers on Gad's Hill. Yet the commentators do not even realize who Puntarolo is. Schelling suggests Munday, although Puntarolo is a knight, the lord of the manor, from *The Taming of the Shrew*, as well as Romeo of the balcony-scene, although the text of the play is a tissue of paraphrased Shakespearean scenes, lines and expressions. In *Cynthia's Revels*, Amorphus is also, as we have shown, a caricature of leading Shakespearean figures who represent Oxford-Shakespeare, and of Lord Oxford himself, in a composite presentment, though the commentators have utterly failed to recognize this picturesque and illuminating fact.

We must pause here to quote briefly from passages in *Every Man Out* (V.1-4) which give a symbolical account of the danger of extinction that Oxford's dramatic activities, and even his written work, faced

³ Sidney Lee mentions the edition "newly corrected," but fails to record the hyphen in the name. (*A Life of Wm. Sh.*; p. 109.) With his customary arbitrary assurance, he gives 1598 for the first draft. (P. 173.)

at the time: 1597-98,—this of course implying his own annihilation as both poet and dramatist. We take the "dog" to be his playwright-personality or the plays themselves, the "cat" his character as poet, or it may be simply the Sonnets. From no other standpoint does this section of Jonson's satire have any meaning whatsoever.

Puntarolo-Oxford, with his dog, together with Fastidious Brisk-Southampton and Fungoso have arrived at the palace for the jest of passing Sogliardo-Shaksper off upon Savolina-Elizabeth as a courier (V.1):

Punt. . . . But stay, I take thought how to bestow my dog; he is no competent attendant for the presence . . . and I, like a dull beast, forgot to bring one of my cormorants to attend me.

Fast. Why, you were best leave him at the porter's lodge.

Punt. Not so; his worth is too well known amongst them, to be forthcoming. . . . I must leave him with one that is ignorant of his quality, if I will have him to be safe. And see! here comes one that will carry coals,⁴ ergo, will hold my dog.

He arranges with a Groom (or actor: actors being licensed as Grooms of the Chamber) to hold his dog; but as soon as he has gone, Maciente-Jonson-cum-Chapman⁵ and Sogliardo enter, and Maciente—in what is called by another character "a piece of true envy"—gets rid of the Groom, instructing Sogliardo to walk apart a little.

Maciente. This is excellent, above expectation; nay, stay, sir [seizing the dog], you'd be traveling; but I'll give you a dram shall shorten your voyage here. [Gives him poison.] So, sir, I'll be bold to take my leave of you. Now to the Turk's court in the devil's name, for you shall never go o' God's name. [Kicks him out.] Sogliardo, come.

We take this to mean that Puntarolo's dog, or the playwright aspect of Oxford, is unfit for the court. The Knight, or Earl, an inveterate falconer, neglected to bring one of his "cormorants," or playwright-protégés, to protect his interests. He arranges with an ignorant actor to keep his dog safe; but the bitterly jealous playwrights (Jonson is singularly frank here, but we find Oxford similarly so in his own work) conspire to make away with the dog. (At this time the war of the theatres had begun, and Chapman, as leader of the School of Night, tirelessly paraphrased, criticized, emulated Oxford-Shakespeare, apostle of day, or the Sun, in his poems, *Shadow of Night*, *Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy*, etc.) They poison the dog while Sogliardo's back is turned and while the Knight is visiting Savolina-Elizabeth, with whom he is of course *persona grata*.

⁴ *R. and J.* (1.1.1): Samson, Gregory, o' my word, well not carry coals.

⁵ Although Asper in the preamble, Jonson announces his transition into the character Maciente. He could not mention the inclusion of Chapman in this character, but Maciente's jealousy and spite make the inference inescapable.

We are not altogether clear as to the significance of the voyage to "the Turk's court," which is elaborated later, though it is probably concerned with the Queen's nickname for Oxford and implies something about his court-status.

Scene 2. An Apartment in the Palace.

Sav. Why, I thought, Sir Puntarvolo, you had been gone your voyage?

Punt. Dear and most amiable lady, your divine beauties do bind me to those offices, that I cannot depart when I would.

Sav. 'Tis most court-like spoken, sir; but how might we do to have a sight of your dog and cat?

Fast. His dog is in the court, lady.

Sav. And not your cat? *How dare you trust her behind you, sir.*

Punt. Troth, madam, she hath sore eyes, and she doth keep her chamber....

(Compare Sonnet 148:

How can it? O! how can *Love's eye* be true,
That is so *wex'd with watching and with tears?*)

Sav. I'll give you some water for her eyes.

(Compare Sonnet 109, addressed to Elizabeth:

So that myself bring water for my stain.)

The practical joke is played upon Saviolina. For a time, she really believes Sogliardo is a courier. He chatters vivaciously, parroting a few court-phrases he has picked up, precisely as he will do in the role of Gullio in *Parnassus*.

Scene 3 brings about Puntarvolo's discovery that his dog has disappeared. He accuses Shift.

Sog. Take heed, Sir Puntarvolo . . . ; he'll bear no coals, I can tell you. . . .

Punt. My dog, villain, or I will hang thee; ⁶ thou hast confest robberies, and other felonious acts, to this gentleman, thy Countenance—

Sog. I'll bear no witness.

.

Re-enter Fungoso.

Fung. O, sir Puntarvolo, your dog lies giving up the ghost in the wood-yard.

Maci. Heart, is he not dead yet!

Punt. O, my dog, born to disastrous fortune!

Shift confesses that he had been boasting: he had never robbed any man, etc.

Scene 4. A Room at the Mitre. Maciente informs Carlo Buffone

⁶ Touchstone threatened to kill William "a hundred and fifty ways," if he did not surrender his claim to Audrey.

that there has been an explosion: "the poor lady [Saviolina] is irrecoverably blown up."

Car. Why, but which of the munition is miscarried, ha?

(Note the two expressions applied to one who was, in another presentment, Silvia, said to have been "deformed.")

Maci. Imprimis, sir Puntarvolo; next, the *Countenance and Resolution* . . . the *Resolution* is prov'd *recreant*; the *Countenance* hath changed his copy; and the *passionate knight* is shedding funeral tears over his departed dog.

Car. What, is his dog dead?

Maci. Poisoned, 'tis thought.

The situation reaches its climax with the arrival of Puntarvolo, Fastidious Brisk, etc.

Car. . . . But for your dog, sir Puntarvolo, if he be not *out-right dead*, there is a friend of mine, a *quack-salver*,⁷ shall put life in him again, that's certain.

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Punt. Drawer, get me a candle and hard wax presently.⁸

Car. 'Slud, he looks like an image carved out of box, full of knots; his face is for all the world like a Dutch purse, with the mouth downward, his beard the tassels; and he walks—let me see—as *melancholy* as one o' *Punt*. Sir, I do entreat you, no more, but enjoin you to silence, as you affect your peace.

Car. Nay, but dear knight, understand here are none but friends, and such as wish you well. I would have you do this now; *flay me your dog presently* (but in any case *keep the head*) and *stuff his skin well with straw*, as you see these *dead monsters* at Bartholomew fair.

We take this to mean, let the "quack-salver," Thomas Lodge, do what he can to save the dog: perhaps give it his name? But if the case is hopeless, save the dog's head, at least, the essential part, and stuff him "with straw": in other words, make a dummy of him. (This is a perfect description of what was done in the First Folio, so it must have been Jonson's idea.)

Punt. I shall be sudden, I tell you.

Car. O, if you do not like that, sir, get me a *somewhat less dog, and clap into the skin*. . . . [*Puntarvolo strikes him.*] O'd's my life, knight, what do you mean? you'll offer no violence, will you? hold, hold!

Re-enter George, with wax, and a lighted candle.

Punt. Sdeath, you slave, you *ban-dog*, you!

Car. As you love wit, stay the enraged knight, gentlemen.

⁷ Thomas Lodge, who worked with Oxford for a time, was also a quack-doctor and was apparently the prototype of *Quack-silver* in *Eastward Ho*.
⁸ Presently; immediately.

Punt. By my knighthood, he that sits in his rescue, dies.—Drawer, be gone.

Car. Murder, murder, murder!

Punt. Ay, are you howling, you wolf?—Gentlemen, as you tender your lives, suffer no man to enter till my revenge is perfect. Sirrah Buffone, lie down . . . down, you cur, or I will make thy blood flow on my rapier's hills. . . . *Who's there?*⁹

(Knocking within.)

Cons. (within). Here's the constable, open the doors.

Car. Good Macilente—

Punt. Open no door; if the Adalantado of Spain were here he should not enter: one help me with the light, gentlemen; you knock in vain, sir officer.

Car. *Et tu, Brutus?*

Punt. Sirrah, close your lips, or I will drop it in thine eyes, by heaven.

Car. O! O!

Cons. (within). Open the door, or I will break it open.

.

(*Puntarvolo seals up Carlo's lips.*)

Punt. So, now, are you Out of your Humour, sir?

Here we certainly have Jonson's version, told as plainly as he dared tell it, of the danger in which Lord Oxford stood, in 1598, of losing his claim to both plays and poems, together with his violent reaction to the threat; he is unsympathetic, if not mocking. It will be noted that Sir Puntarvolo's speeches often have a Shakespearean ring. The title of the play certainly embodies a pun on his name: *Every Man Out of His Humour*; so does *Every Man in His Humour*. Jonson obviously understood the Earl's predicament at this time; moreover, he was intimately conversant with the plays and many of the Sonnets, which Oxford had been—as Meres will tell us—passing about among his friends.

This has been a long digression, but it seems to furnish invaluable corroborative evidence concerning the situation in 1598.

(2) The second point in what appears to have been a definite plan to regularize and render innocuous a state of things which had kept more persons than Burghley on pins was the publication, also in 1598, of Meres's *Palladis Tamia*. The temperamental Oxford must have veered from mischievous amusement to profound despair, as he had done at other crises of his life; but he probably cooperated, *faute de mieux*, since anything was better than having his plays destroyed, and he had once before felt the power of organized malice, in his brush with the Puritans which abolished his theatrical company in

⁹ It is with this phrase that Macbeth concludes his highly significant speech (III.1.47-72) when an Attendant knocks, bringing two Murderers. In a moment Jonson will be quoting from *Julius Caesar* (III.1.77), almost the identical act, scene, line.

1590. He must still have had the Queen on his side, but she was old and growing cantankerous, and certainly no more reliable; her former delight in figuring as Portia, Olivia, Rosalind, Titania, and above all Cleopatra, as well as a perverse pride in being Gertrude in so magnificent a drama, may have grown less keen as her disposition soured and her arrogance increased. So Lord Oxford would have taken the safer course, though it chafed him, and used what means he might in defense. How gratifying it would be if we could know whether it were at this particular time that he revised *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, say, and added more clues for posterity here and there throughout the dramas, in order that, if he were now obliterated as the author, the world would nevertheless one day know the great story.

One arresting feature of the *Palladis Tamia*, which would seem to bear out our theory of its being a gambit in the present maneuvers, is the fact that Francis Meres was a brother-in-law of Southampton's protégé, John Florio, who, in 1598, dedicated his great Italian dictionary, *A Worlde of Wordes*, to his young patron. Furthermore the elaborate catalogues of English writers along with what might be styled their Greek and Latin counterparts, were not an integral part of the work but seemed rather dragged in. Before 1598, no play had ever appeared under the name "William Shakespeare." Since Meres lists twelve plays under this name, he was patently instructed to do so. Until now having made his appearance only in the dedications of *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and struck an echo in *Willobie His Avisa*, "William Shakespeare" is given honorable and highly complimentary mention in eight different categories, while the Earl of Oxford—though he had been widely recognized as a distinguished poet, and as playwright and musician accorded high praise—is mentioned only once.

We cannot but feel that those persons who see in this circumstance a "proof" that Oxford and Shakespeare were separate persons are guilty of superficial judgment. How could Meres have left out of consideration a man who had been so lauded by his contemporaries without provoking suspicion? To a judicial mind, we contend that it must seem quite suspicious enough that he mentioned Oxford's name only one time—not only suspicious but even revealing, what we should call a give-away. For Oxford had been acclaimed, by name, by too many of the best writers of his time, to have been relegated to so inconsiderable a place. Not only *had* he been acclaimed, he *would be again*, as we shall show, for

truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may, but, in the end, truth will out.

It was "young"—or perhaps we should read it "newly made"—"Master Launcelot" who said this. How many of us have ever suspected that these words were written not in a comic spirit, but in bitterness and dejection?

The section of Meres's volume with which we are concerned is too long to quote *in extenso*. But a few passages will suffice.

As the Greeke tongue is made famous and eloquent by Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Aeschilius, Sophocles, Pindarus, Phocylides, and Aristophanes; and the Latin tongue by Virgil, Ovid, Horace, etc. . . . so the English tongue is mightily enriched and gorgeously invested in rare ornaments and resplendent abilliments by Sir Philip Sidney, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Shakespeare, Marlow, & Chapman.

The works of these men are individually particularized. Of Shakespeare the following is written:

As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras: so the sweete writte soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous & hony-tongued Shakespeare, witness his *Venus & Adonis*, his *Lucrece*; & his sugred *Sonnets* among his private friends.

As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy & Tragedy among the Latines; so Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Loves labors lost*, his *Love labours wonne*, his *Mistummers night dreame*, & his *Merchant of Venice*; for Tragedy his *Richard the 2.* *Richard the 3.* *Henry the 4.* King John. *Titus Andronicus* & his *Romeo and Juliet*. [The author's italics.]

As Epilus Stolo said, that the Muses would speake with Plautus tongue if they would speake Latin: so I say that the Muses would speake with Shakespeares fine filed phrase, if they would speake English . . .

As Ovid saith of his worke . . . and as Horace saith of his . . . so I say severally of Sir Philip Sidneys, Spencers, Daniels, Draytons, Shakespeares, and Warners. . . .

As Pindarus, Anacreon & Callimachus among the Greekes; and Horace & Catullus among the Latines are the best Lyrick Poets: so in this faculty the best among our Poets are Spencer (who excelleth in all kinds), Daniel Drayton, Shakespeare, Breton.

As these Tragick Poets flourished in Grece . . . and these among the Latines . . . : so these are our best for Tragedie, the Lords Buckhurst, Doctor Leg of Cambridge, Doctor Edes of Oxforde, maister Edward Ferris, the Author of the *Mittrour* for Magistrates, Marlow, Peele, Watson, Kid, Shakespeare, Drayton, Chapman, Decker, and Benjamin Jonson.

The best Poets for Comedy among the Greekes are these . . . ; & among the Latines . . . : so the best for Comedy amongst us bee, Edward Earle of Oxforde, Doctor Gager of Oxforde, Maister Rowley, once a rare Scholer of learned Pembroke Hall in Cambridge, Maister Edwardes of her Maiesities Chappell, eloquent and witty John Lillie, Lodge, Gascoyne, Greene, Shakespeare, Thomas Nash, Thomas Heywood, Anthony Mundaye our best plotter, Chapman, Porter, Wilson, Hathway & Henry Chettle.

The "eloquent and witty John Lillie" and "Anthony Mundaye our best plotter" had both been long in Oxford's employ. In citing the Earl of Oxford as "the best for Comedy," Meres is simply repeating the already published designation by the author of *The Arte of English Poesie*, of 1589, which was cautious enough, in all conscience, as of course it had to be:

For Tragedy Lord Buckhurst and Master Edward Ferrys do deserve the highest price [praiseth] the Earl of Oxford and Master Edwards of her Maiesy's Chapel for Comedy and Enterlude.

This published judgment could not be ignored. Meres did the only thing he could do: he included it and went right on with his job.

. . . Greeks for Elegie . . . Latin . . . : so these are the most passionate among us to bevaile & bemoane the perplexities of Love, Henrie Howard Earle of Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, Sir Francis Brian, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Walter Rawley, Sir Edward Dyer, Spencer, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Whetstone, Gascoyne, Samuel Page. . . .

It will be noted that the name Shakespeare is only once placed at or near the head of the list, but usually in the middle or near the end. Meres is clearly playing him down, as—following a definite and consistent policy—he is playing Sidney up. Oxford must have writhed at this. He cites other types of poets, mentioning the King of Scots as a poet and Queen Elizabeth as a "liberal patron unto Poets."

(3) In this same momentous year, 1598, in *A Remembrance of some English Poets*, etc., appended at the end of *The Encomium of Lady Pecunia*, and having its own title-page, Richard Barnfield writes:

And Shakespeare thou, whose hony-flowing Vaine
(Pleasing the World) thy praises doth obtaine,
Whose *Venus* and whose *Lucrece* (sweet, and chaste)
Thy name in fame's immortall Booke have plac't
Live ever you, at least in Fame live ever:
Well may the Body dye, but Fame dies never.

The use of "ever" and "never" in the final couplet is not casual but deliberate:

Live *E Ver* you, at least in Fame live *E Ver*:
Well may the Body dye, but Fame dies *nE Ver*.

We make this statement advisedly, for in John Marston's *The Scourge of Villanie*, published before the year was up,¹⁰ the playwright took occasion, in the midst of a general exhortation of contemporary *motres*, to pay tribute to Oxford in similarly veiled terms:

My soul adores *judicial scholorship*:
But when to *servile imitatorship*

¹⁰ Entered in the Stationers' Register, Sept. 8, 1598.

Some spruce Athenian pen is prenticed,
 'Tis worse than *apish*. Fie! be not flattered
 With *seeming* worth! Fond affection
 Befts an *ape*, and *mumping* *babion*.
 O what a tricky, learned, nicking strain
 Is this applauded, senseless, *modern* vein!
 When late I heard it from *sage Mutius*' lips,¹¹
 How ill, methought, such wanton jiggings skips
 Beseen'd his graver speech. "Far fly thy fame
 Most, most of me beloved! whose silent name
 One letter bounds. Thy true judicial style
 I ever honour; and, if my love beguile
 Not much my hopes, then thy *unvalued* worth
 Shall mount fair place, when *apes* are turned forth."

This verse is entitled, *Here's a Toy to mock an Ape indeed*: the Ape being one who is guilty of "servile imitation" and of indulging in a "tricky, learned, nicking strain" in the "senseless modern vein"; all of which sounds precisely like Jonson. Marston and Jonson were at dagger's points at this time. The author seems to be deeply touched by the anonymity of "sage Mutius," whose great work will live, although "unvalued" now while "apes" are being applauded. We can only infer that he resents Jonson's spiteful satire on Oxford in *Every Man Out*, while deploring the latter's retaliation in, it may be, *Troilus and Cressida*. If this is really what he means, he must have seen both plays performed in 1598; in which case, Oxford would have made additions to a 1598 version after Jonson's next play, *Cynthia's Revels*, appeared. As Banefield wishes Shakespeare's "Fame" to "live ever," so Marston says, "Far fly thy Fame."

The letter E not only "bounds" Edward de Vere, but also Edward Oxforde, or Oxenforde: "one letter." The identification is therefore conclusive. It is Lord Oxford's "silent name."

Although we have previously quoted, in another connection, Gabriel Harvey's marginal notes made in his volume of Chaucer upon the Lover of Truth, "Axiophilus," we repeat part of them now, since it was in 1598 that this new edition of Chaucer was published and thus then or at some time thereafter that Harvey expressed himself.

... amongst so manie gentle, noble, and royall spirits meethinks I see sum heroical thing in the clowdes: mie soveraigne hope. Axiophilus shall forget himself, or will remember to leave sum memorials behind him: and to make an use of so many rhapsodies, cantos, hymnes, odes, epigrams, sonets,¹² and discourses as idle howres, or at flowing fits he

¹¹ Ward cautiously identified "sage Mutius" as one of the anonymous aristocratic poets mentioned in *The Arte of English Poesie*; p. 329, note. But we recall that Mutius was one of the sons of the Andronici, who stood for the Veres. The Earl was elsewhere called "Dear Titus mine."

¹² Fortunately, scores of Oxford's poems have survived, some very early, others more mature, in such anthologies as *A Hundredth Sundrie Flowers*, *A Gorgious Gale*.

hath compiled. God knows what is good for the world, and fitting for this age.

Harvey too, then, is distressed by the anonymity of Edward de Vere, Lover of Truth, and has "a soveraigne hope" that, in spite of his effacement, he may leave some of his work behind him in his own name, "memorials," as he puts it; although he realizes that the plays must, because of their revelations, be anonymous. We may judge from his statement how much and how varied is that which has been lost to us. Harvey's concluding sentence makes all clear. It was policy—worldly policy, "fitting for this age"—which prompted and enforced the anonymity of the greatest writer of them all.

Another striking instance of loyalty to the Earl of Oxford at this time is John Farmer's dedication of his second song-book, *The First Set of English Madrigals*, to him, as he had dedicated his first in 1590, another period of humiliation and defeat.

My honourable Lord [he writes], it cometh not within the compass of my power to express all the duty I owe, nor to pay the least part; so far have your honourable favours outstripped all means to manifest my humble affection that there is nothing left but *praying and wondering*. There is a *canker worm* that breedeth in many minds, feeding only upon forgetfulness and bringing forth to birth but *ingratitude*. To show that I have not been bitten with that monster, for worms prove monsters in this age . . . I have presumed to tender these Madrigals only as remembrances of my service and witnesses of your Lordship's liberal hand, by which I have so long lived, and from your honourable mind that so Lordship vouchsafe the protection of my first-fruits, for that both of your greatness you best can, and for your judgment in music you best may. For without flattery be it spoke, those that know your Lordship know this, that using this science as a recreation, your Lordship have overcome most of them that make it a profession. Right Honourable Lord, I hope it shall not be distasteful to number you here amongst the favourites of music, and the practisers, no more than Kings and Emperors that have been desirous to be in the roll of astronomers, that being but a star fair, the other an angel's choir.¹³

lery of Gallant Inventions, The Paradise of Dainty Devices, A Handfull of Pleasant Delities, Brittons Booke of Delights, The Arbour of Amorous Devices, The Phoenix Nest, A Poetical Rhapsody, Englands Helicon, and others. Many of these appear unsigned and verses by other poets of the day; some are signed with a post, and others variously: Ignoto, Shepherd Tony, W.S., W.S.gentl., William Shakespeare, etc. There is often some curious circumstance connected with the publication of his own initiative, or, in the case of Brittons Booke of Delights, the supposed author, Nicholas Breton, disclaiming authorship of all except *Amoris Lachrymae* "and unkindly omitted: they are patently by the Earl of Oxford."

¹³ E.T.C.: *The Man Who Was Sh.*; pp. 218-19. Mrs. Clark makes the point that no less than thirty-two of the thirty-seven plays contain references to music and musical matters in the text, while there are over three hundred stage-directions musical in nature, mostly military. See also Naylor: *Sh. and Music*; p. 3.

In 1597, it would seem, the Ashbourne portrait of Lord Oxford was painted. The date has been altered, as X-ray and infra-red pictures show,¹⁴ but we may believe that part of the inscription which states that the subject was in his forty-seventh year. The Earl's temporary plumpness has disappeared: he no longer has the faintest resemblance to Falstaff. It was in this year that he had written Burghley he had not "an able body." His face is profoundly melancholy, the eyes expressive of wisdom and sorrow. One cannot but wonder if Lord Oxford commissioned the painting at the time when he lost his identity and with final resignation assumed the mask. As he did in his plays, he presents us here, standing grave and frail and eternally silent, with unmistakable clues. But of this we have spoken before. Let us now examine the opinion of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, celebrated art critic:

The three-quarter length standing figure is of the size of life. The high forehead, *auburn hair*, light beard and general aspect, and the fairness of the skin with its delicate *flush of carnation bloom upon the cheeks*, belong notably to one of the most favoured types of Shakespeare—the Jansen portrait and its copies—but are in sharp contrast with the swarthy face and dark hair of the Chandos portrait. The eyes are a nondescript brownish grey, dark in tone.¹⁵ The ear has no ring. The multifold ruff, zigzagged and yellowish in tint, with high lights of a stronger yellow, *almost seems to be by another hand, and is certainly the most, and indeed the only, scamped part of the picture*. The doublet is of black or grey-black material approximating to velvet with warm grey lights on the folds. Round the waist, with a downward point in the middle of the body, is a narrow sword or dagger belt—a "*dress' belt—embroidered with gold*, and in the left hand is held a glove with gauntlet of crimson richly embroidered in bands of gold—*just such a dress belt and glove as we see in the portrait of James Douglas, Earl of Morton, who died in 1581—that is to say, thirty years before the date of this picture*. At the corner of the rather crude red tablecloth . . . stands a skull upon which rests the right lower arm, and around the wrists are small figure-edged ruffs (rather than ruffles) with small white corded edging. Upon the left-hand thumb, *a member of unusual length, is a gold signet-ring; and held in the right hand a gold embroidered book with broad red silk tie-ribbons of the same colour as the tablecloth*, its pages kept slightly open by the insertion of the forefinger. This book might be, from its style and luxurious binding, a missal or similar devotional volume, save for what is claimed for a mask and crossed spears appearing upon it. The hands are yellowish in tone, not mellow like the face, but are delicate in form, and *correspond in character to the elegance and ideality of the head, with its refinement, its almost effeminacy of expression, plaintive, sad and rather startled in its look*.

We have thus the presentment of a handsome, courtly gentleman, well formed and of good bearing, and apparently of high breeding,

¹⁴ *Identifying "Shakespeare"*: C. W. Barrell, in *The Scientific American*, Jan., 1940.

¹⁵ In other words, hazel. Mercutio says to Benvollio, in characterizing him as Oxford: "... thou hast hazel eyes." (*R.* and *J.*: III.1.20.)

thoughtful and contemplative; so sincere in expression and presentation that the picture cannot be regarded in any sense as a theatrical portrait.¹⁶

The man described in the final paragraph is the "great and famous Earl of England" whom Chapman described in similar terms in *The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois*, as

... the most goodly fashion'd man
I ever saw; from head to foot in form
Rare and most absolute; he had a face
Like one of the most ancient honour'd Romans,
From whence his noblest family was deriv'd;
He was besides of spirit passing great,
Valiant and learn'd, and liberal as the sun. . . .

In the St. Albans portrait of the Earl of Oxford, his thumb is seen, as here, to be "a member of unusual length."

That the "gold embroidered book with broad red silk tie-ribbons" which he is holding is his own Book of Sonnets ("That in gold clasps locks in the golden story" we are given direct evidence by Chapman again, in the same play, this passage written in heavily spiteful vein. (We have spoken of these lines before, but they call for repetition here.)

As these high men do love in all true grace,
Their height being privilege to all things base,
And as the foolish poet that still write
All his most self-loved verse in paper royal,
Of parchment ruled with lead, smoothed with the pumice,
Bound richly up and strung with crimson strings . . .

Having seen the Ashbourne portrait in the Folger Library in Washington, we cannot agree with Mr. Spielmann that the expression of the eyes is "startled"; it seems, we should rather say, sadly, as it were reflectively, challenging. To one who knows the man's story and realizes the renunciation he was facing at the time this portrait was painted, the whole effect is profoundly moving and tragic.

It could well have been in this period of stress, 1597-8, when the name "Shakespeare" was unfurled before the world like a splendid banner, that Lord Oxford wrote, or at any rate elaborated, the great St. Crispin's Day speech of *Henry V.* (The play was published in 1599 "newly corrected," as by "William Shakespeare," the hyphen having special significance here.) He had a high gift for bringing vividness and immediacy to the "old tales" he loved so well, celebrating an eternal truth in the fervor of a personal crisis and the present moment. He himself had fought a battle, not with the French but

¹⁶ From *The Connoisseur*, April-May, 1910. Quot. by P. Allen: *The Life-Story*, etc., p. 380.

with the Philistines. He had his own dependable friends in the Privy Council; perhaps, like Henry, he wished "not one man more."

He was obliged to pit himself against Authority; he was to come through the battle, shaking his spear, his own name lost but with at least a name, Crispinus, the spear-shaker,¹⁷ Shakespeare. And he put far more into Henry's magnificent speech than merely a patriotic exhortation to soldiers upon a literal battlefield.

This day is call'd the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, "Tomorrow is Saint Crispian";
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, "These wounds I had on Crispin's day,"
*Old men forget: yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.*
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispian Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered.
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he today that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition;
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day. (IV.3.40-67.)

Crispin Crispian, or Crispinus, would be remembered "to the ending of the world"; that is to say, the Spear-shaker, because of whom the old heroes would be remembered, would have the immortality he craved and which was his due.

Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of *Crispin Crispianus*. (IV.7.89-90.)

But this name, Shakespeare, the Earl of Oxford had bequeathed to his son, whom he regarded as one with himself: this name confers the immortality promised in the Sonnets. And so he added four lines to the Epilogue for the "newly corrected" version of *King Henry the*

Fifth, published in 1599. And this is his statement to posterity, clear and unmistakable. He speaks in the now-familiar symbols. One is "Fortune"—the "Fortune" of Sonnet 111, which in making him a genius, was the "guilty goddess" of his "harmful deeds." Another is the "sword," his weapon, his rapier-wit, his spear. A third is the word "garden," widely used in Elizabethan days for a collection of poems, because verses were commonly signed with "posies"; anthologies of poems were called "garlands" or "gardens" of verse.

Understanding the symbols, we cannot fail to take his meaning—and he trusted us to do so—when he says:

Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
*This Star of England: Fortune made his sword,
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son immortal lord.*

¹⁷ *Bertram*. . . . I will never come
Whilst I can shake my sword or hear the drum. (*All's Well*; II.5.92-3.)