

SHAKESPEARE'S INDUSTRY

BY

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OF "SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS" (KING'S CLASSICS) etc.

"Plautus sighed, Sophocles wept
Teares of anger, for to heare,
After they so long had slept
So bright a genius should appear.

Where thy honoured bones do lie,
As Statius once to Maro's urn,
Thither every year will I
Slowly tread and sadly turn."
Samuel Sheppard's "Epigrams."

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PREFACE.

SHAKESPEAREAN writers are wont to make apologies for the books they add to the pile, pending the passing of the proposed Bill that the Censor should be given powers to stay for nine years at the printers, all Shakespeare books which have not taken nine years at least in the writing. My apology is this, that for more than nine years I had been collecting materials for a book, which I meant to appear in Shakespeare's Commemoration year. Fate has made it impossible to finish it in time (perhaps impossible to finish it at all). But in defiance I said to myself that a book there should be, and I have brought together a series of papers, new and old, all bearing to some extent upon our great Poet. I have always tried to specialise in studies relating to his personal character, so that I may as much as possible understand the man. For this purpose I had brought out a twin volume in 1914, called (for lack of a better title) 'Shakespeare's Environment.' This present one sticks more closely to its title of 'Shakespeare's Industry.' It was difficult for myself or my fellow-students to bring together my various papers, scattered in many periodicals, and it is the general idea which one requires to follow. Every one of the papers, at the time of publication, contained something new. These little new points are of some importance taken together, even to those who only borrow their work, for they may be used, fragments as they are, to design a beautiful mosaic. But to those who do all their work for themselves, these little points are found to be living seeds, which may be planted and bear fruit.

The introduction of some of the articles under the title may be criticised. I acknowledge this. The first part of my Macbeth paper, for instance, has no bearing on Shakespeare, but on Macbeth. But the second part of the paper, on the contrary, discusses Shakespeare and his Industry, and his conception of Macbeth. I have included fragments from the lost 'Book of Fortune,' and though the Metrical

Psalms were not likely to have appealed to his ear, he must have heard them, for attendance at the Parish Church was then compulsory. And they did profoundly affect his contemporaries. I have sought the author of most of the poems in the preserved fragment of 'The New Court of Venus'—because Shakespeare must have read these. So my last three articles dwell on my discovery that Sir Thomas Wyatt was the chief author of 'The New Court of Venus.' Shakespeare is associated with Sir Thomas in his sonnets, he trained himself upon his pionèer's models, and he gave a copy of 'Songs and Sonets' to Slender, to help him to express the inexpressible (M.W.W.I. i.). The "Introduction to Queen Elizabeth" is only imaginary as regards the one situation. The facts and characters are, however, real.

I trust that those of my readers who take the trouble to finish, may feel that they are a little more intimate with Shakespeare through considering some of his attributes, and dwelling leisurely over some of his labours, even though my papers are not associated with the higher textual criticism. Yet I have not rushed into print to express in superlative adjectives my wonder and delight at a first reading of Shakespeare (as too many have done). My studies, though always under difficulties, have been life-long. I called for Shakespeare before I was able to pronounce his name. There was an edition accessible, a four-volumed illustrated folio; and through it, by pictures and afterwards by the text, I formed strong views about Prince Arthur and his wicked Uncle John; I have worked in and around Shakespeare all my life since. If this prove my last effort in the field, I do it full of the desire to help to keep Shakespeare's flag flying during the Commemoration year, while so many of my fellow-students are torn away from their studies, to defend "This blessed spot, this earth, this realm, this England." In their name and my own I dedicate my work to Shakespeare.

CHARLOTTE CARMICHAEL STOPES.

1st January, 1916

DEDICATION.

TO SHAKESPEARE.

O FOUNT of Poesy perennial,
Thy Torrent of the rapturous Joy of Life,
Thy Lake of Calm, reflecting nature's moods.
Thy broad deep river of experience,
Ocean of Dreams reaching from shore to shore,
Thou dost unite what lesser seas divide,
Binding far nations in one common bond :
All those that love thee, come to thee and draw,
And gladly drink, with recognised content.

Thou dost pervade us.

The Metropolis

Haunted by memories of thee, records
Thy mighty makings, rendered by fit friends.
The Mecca for our pilgrims is the home
Where thy bright soul chose earth by Avon-side
To nurse its growth to ripe humanity.
Thy footsteps walk with ours through Stratford glades,
Ariel, thine own immortal, guiding them
That are akin to thee. Through perfume speech
Our flowers can trace their pedigree to thine,
Thy music echoes in the nightingales,
Who, whispering to each other through the years,
Date, by thy dates, their coming.

All who live

Within "this isle, set in the silver sea,"
Are somewhat moved by thy fine influence ;
Thy pregnant words enrich our common speech,
Thy thoughts help in the moulding of men's lives,
Ev'n when they are unconscious. Seeking souls
Reach to thy inner depths. They hear thee cry—
"When in disgrace with Fortune and men's eyes
I all alone bewep my outcast state,"—
Then, acquiescent in the after peace,
"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will." For thou hadst learned
Rebuffs of Fortune, disappointed hopes
Were tools for "shaping." Then the Shaper bade
Thee walk the proud earth in despised weeds,
Until thou gav'st them honour, bidding thee
Drink deep the cup of discontent divine
Till thou becam'st content to do the work,
And *shape Thy End, to show men to themselves !*

DEDICATION

ix

We have rejoiced upon thy natal day,
Which, half a hundred busy years and two
Three centuries ago, returned to mark
Thy steps through thy rich life, then bore thee hence,
To live for ever in the hearts of men.

We would "remember thee," thou glorious ghost,
Here, at our point of time, looking to thine.
O, from some starry corner of the sky,
What time "the young-eyed cherubins" take rest,
In making music with the rhythmic spheres,
Look down and see thy crowding lovers come
Together for thy sake; and bridge the space;
Hear our deep-throated quire of gratitude,
For to thy rich inheritance, thy Will
Makes all who love thee to be lawful heirs:
May every wind blow to thee our accord,
And in our hearts *Love* hath no *Labours Lost*.

In remembrance of 23rd April, 1616.

Shakespeare's "Industry."

ERRATA.

- P. 98, line 10, delete "in."
P. 99, line 24, *for* "Dibdsin'" *read* "Dibdin's."
P. 137, line 12 from foot, *for* "Jutice" *read* "Justice."
P. 170, line 3, *for* "Chapmant" *read* "Clapman"; line 12,
for "Malgreé" *read* "Malgré."
P. 199, lines 20 to 24, and p. 201, last line, *for* "de" *read* "di."
P. 202, line 2, *for* "Alhezen" *read* "Alhazen."
P. 203, line 6 from foot, *for* "Albuatharb" *read* "Albubather."
P. 220, line 14, *for* "to Earl Essex" *read* "to *the* Earl of Essex."

Among the many attributes applied to Shakespeare in words and phrases by his contemporaries, none is so necessary to our full understanding of his nature as that of Webster's "industrious." Let us glance at some of the others, beginning with Greene's scorn of "the Upstart," "in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a countrie;" others call him "honest," "sweet," "with facetious grace in writing," "Aetion," "the most victorious pen," "Adonis," "Will you read Catullus?"

Shakespeare's "Industry."

I.

"**D**ETRACTION is the sworn friend to ignorance ;
for mine owne part, I have ever truly cherished
my good opinion of other men's worthy labours,
especially of that full and heightened style of
Maister Chapman, the labored and understanding workes
of Maister Jonson, the no less worthy composures of the
both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont and Maister Fletcher,
and lastly (without wrong to be last named) the right happy
and copious industry of Maister Shakespeare, Maister Dekker,
and Maister Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by
their light, protesting that, in the strength of mine own
judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent
in my owne worke, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery)
fix that of Martiall, "Non norunt, Hæc monumenta mori."—
Preface to the "White Devil or Vittoria Corombona," by
John Webster, 1610.

Among the many attributes applied to Shakespeare in words and phrases by his contemporaries, none is so necessary to our full understanding of his nature as that of Webster's "industrious." Let us glance at some of the others, beginning with Greene's scorn of "the Upstart," "in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a countrie;" others call him "honest," "sweet," "with facetious grace in writing," "Aetion," "the most victorious pen," "Adonis," "Will you read Catullus ?

Take Shakespeare," "sweet Mr. Shakespeare." Meres compares him to Homer, Hesiod, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, to Plautus and Seneca, "Shakespeare the most excellent;" "Mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare;" "Shakespeare's fine-filed phrase;" "The most passionate to bewail the perplexities of love," "Shakespeare's honey-flowing vein," "Honey-tongued Shakespeare," "His sweeter verse contains hart-robbing life," "Brave Shakespeare," "The silver-tongued *Melicert*."

"He wanted Art, and sometimes sense," "Ingenious Shakespeare," "An elegant poet," "Friendly," "One of the most pregnant wits of our own time, whom succeeding ages may justly admire," "That made the dainty playes," "His song was worthy merit," "Our ever-living poet."

"Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport,
Thou hadst been a companion for a king."

"With good parts, and all good," "Yet generous ye
are in mind and mood."

"Shakespeare, that nimble mercury thy brain
Lulls many hundred Argus-eyes asleep."

"Among our modern and present excellent poets which
worthily flourish, William Shakespeare."

"Judicio Pylum, Genio Socratem, Arte Maronem."

"Shakespeare with whome Quick nature dide."

"Sleep brave Tragedian, Shakespeare, sleep alone."

"Be sure our Shakespeare, Thou canst never die,
But crowned with laurel live eternally."

"He was not for an age, but for all time."

"Sweet swan of Avon."

"Shine forth, thou star of poets."

"Which made the globe of Heaven and Earth to ring."

"Whom neither man nor muse can praise too much."

"Soule of the age."

"The applause, delight and wonder of our stage."

"Though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek."

"I loved the man," "He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped."

"Great heir of fame," "Spenser and Shakespeare did in art excel." "Dear Son of Memory."¹ "Gentle Shakespeare."

To all these attributes Webster here adds *Industry*, that is, the determined bending of a man's will to acquire those things he does not have. Genius is a rare *gift* of the Gods, and comes to few. Too often its developments are warped through vanity or self-indulgence, or starved through indolence. But when a genius hungers after further knowledge than comes by intuition, and after perfections, that are only given as the reward of labour, then indeed we see human powers at their highest. "Philosophy," says Novalis, "is properly home-sickness, the wish to be everywhere at home." Such a hunger, and such a home-sickness possessed Shakespeare. We could have *inferred* it from his work, but it is comforting to know it by *external* testimony.

"For a good poet's made, as well as born," said Ben Jonson, referring to Shakespeare himself. For thus was man's best combined with God's best, and we have received of his double inheritance.

We know absolutely nothing of his degree of industry in Stratford. We can base *nothing* on the oft-repeated lines, "Going like snail unwillingly to school"—"As You Like It," ii. 7. "As schoolboys to their books"—"Romeo and Juliet," ii. 1, a feeling which has been supposed to arise from an internal experience, but might as well have been something he had noted in *other* boys.

Professor T. S. Baynes published in Fraser's Magazine, 1879, "What Shakespeare learnt at school." That should have been put as, what he *might* have learned at school. He might have had the chance of all, but he might not have attended, he might have been dreaming of his future. And immediately after his school days there does not seem to have been for him much chance of systematic intellectual industry in Stratford before or after his over-early marriage. Even if he devoured all the books in the place that he could "beg,

1 See J. J. Munro's "Shakespeare Allusion Book."

buy, borrow, or steal" (and there were more than are generally supposed), the supply was limited.¹ But fate drove him to London, where books were abundant, and we are told by a friend there that he was '*industrious*'!

The industry may have been stimulated or even started by a desire to earn money, whereby to save his family from the debts and difficulties that his father's family had known.² And that in itself was a good motive, inculcated by holy writ. It might have been further stimulated by the desire to meet his rivals on more nearly equal terms, because most of the playwrights of the day had been at a University, and he had not. Therefore London became to him one great University where every man, and book, and circumstance helped him as a teacher.

The first "subjects" of his private course of studies were Plays, the play-books of his theatre and of other theatres; the second "subjects" were Histories, and the "feigned histories" of poems and novels, as foundations for plays; his third "subject" was Literary Criticism, which we can infer from that censorious old Greene who charged him, as with a fault, that he thought *he* could bumbast out a blank verse as well as the best of us. His chief national "Histories" were those of Holinshed, Grafton, Stow, Speed; his "feigned histories" were legion.

He had one immediate chance when he came to London, and it is evident that the Providence that shaped his ends determined that. The only man we *know* that *he knew* there was Richard Field, the apprentice, son-in-law, and successor of Thomas Vautrollier, the great French printer. He was allowed to keep six foreign journeymen printers in his pay, mostly French, and in his shop Shakespeare had a chance of acquiring at least colloquial French, sufficient perhaps to translate for himself some of the still untranslated works in that language. The treasures that lay in Vautrollier and Field's back shop—one can hardly realise them. He *must* have read

¹ See my "Shakespeare's Environment," p. 55.

² *Ibid.* p. 37.

them ; all his works bear traces of them. They had a monopoly of publishing all the most highly estimated classic books which Shakespeare best knows, all the translations which specially guided him to new lines of work and thought. Only look at the list of their books !¹ The new Ovid² from which the motto of "Venus and Adonis" was taken, and which gave him the subject for his first poem ; George Puttenham's "Arte of English Poesie" which advised him to use blank verse in plays, and yet gave him a liberal education in other rhymes and rhythms ; Sir Thomas North's translation of "Plutarch's Lives" from the French of Amyot, on which he based all his Roman plays ; and many another source of thought beside, the best music books of the time ; books on Logic and Philosophy, including Aristotle, Peter Ramus, and Giordano Bruno, some of them in selections, as "The Elegant Latin Phrases of Manutius," "Tully's Orations" ; medical books, among them, "Timothy Bright's Treatise on Melancholy, containing the causes thereof, and reasons of the strange effects it worketh on our minds and bodies" ; Cogan's "Haven of Health" ; works on religion of all shades, on Astrology, on the teaching of Languages, "The Flourie Field of the foure Languages" ; treatises on the discoveries of Science ; of Geography, of Francis Drake's voyages ; "The Book of Witches" ; Thomas Campion's poems ; and John Harington's "Orlando Furioso." Also a whole library of little books and pamphlets on contemporary history, chiefly relating to France and Spain, about the French King, the King of Navarre, the Duc d'Aumale, the Sieur Battagny, the Duc de Longueville, Philip of Spain,

1 See my "Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries," p. 16.

2 It is interesting here to note a coincidence. The 'copy of Speght's "Chaucer" printed 1598, containing Gabriel Harvey's marginal notes (long supposed to have disappeared), concludes the well-known reference to Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" ; but his "Lucrece" and his "Tragedie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," have it in them to please the wiser sort.

Or such poets or better, or none.

Vilia miretur vulgus : mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula castalia plena minastrat aquæ,
quoth Sir Edward Dier between jest and earnest, whose written devices
farr excell most of the sonets and cantos in print." Now *this* was the
motto chosen by Shakespeare for his first poem, 1593.

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motto chosen by Shakespeare for his first poem, 1593.

Admiral Coligny, and even "Giucciardini's History, containing the wars of Italy and the history of the Low Countries, in Master Geoffrey Fenton's translation."

It can be found that he was able to have gained by far the largest proportion of his learning from that one shop alone, and when he met his "Sweet boy," the learned and cultured young Earl of Southampton, is it not more than possible he was made free of his notable library too?

For thou art all my art, and dost advance
As far as learning my rude ignorance.

Field published also two books which testified to Shakespeare's "Industry," his "Venus and Adonis," and his "Rape of Lucrece." I do not agree with Professor Churton Collins as to his full and critical knowledge of Greek and Latin lore. Too many collections were abroad, too many quotations introduced into every day literature, too many translations made, published and unpublished, to permit us to assert that because Shakespeare knew a phrase from a rare author, he had mastered the whole of the productions of that author. His magnetic mind attracted new and striking particles to itself, unconsciously, and he interwove them with his own. The "Republic of Letters" had socialistic characteristics then; figures and forms were common property, only completed entities could be challenged as individual property, Heywood challenged Jaggard for his poetic Epistles "Paris to Helen," and "Helen to Paris," annexed by that voracious publisher in 1599 for the "Passionate Pilgrim," the volume for which some of Shakespeare's own poems were stolen to be published under his increasingly valuable name. Heywood in his "Apology for Actors," 1612, clears Shakespeare from any complicity in the theft, as he says, "But as I acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author I know much offended with Mr. Jaggard, that altogether unknown to him presumed to make so bold with his name."

One so absorbed in acquiring would be kept out of mischief even in London, thus his industry would be able to

confer a moral dignity upon his character. A curious suggestion that he noted this coincidence may be gleaned from his first poem. Adonis was so absorbed with the charms of the chase, he had no ears for the pleadings of Venus, no susceptibility to her temptations, overpowering to the indolent, and luxury-prepared.

It is not impossible that he might have even attended some of the Gresham Lectures, and thus really have been a member of that nucleus of the earlier London University.¹

"The lecturers began their readings in the month of June, 1597; whose names were Master Anthonie Wotton for Divinity, Master Doctor Mathew Gwyn for Phisieke; Doctor Henrie Mountlow for the Civill Law; Doctor John Bull for Musicke; Master Beerwood for Astronomie; Master Henrie Bridges for Geometrie, and Master Caleb Willis for Rethorick. These lectures are read dayly." Some of these names touch the poet's biography later. Shakespeare's memory must have been as marvellous as his industry and as his sympathetic insight.

He exposed, as it were, a *Tabula Rasa* to Nature. He understood the loves of the flowers, and the energies of the trees, and he introduced them always in due season; he knew the ways of the beasts of the forest, and of the birds of the day and night; the Sweet Influence of Pleiades fell on him, and moved him in his work. Music inspired his fancy, he felt it as he felt all Nature's thought transference from every sphere of her dominion to his own listening soul, but he borrowed and he had moulded from Pythagoras the thought,

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

'Merchant of Venice,' V. i.

Above all things Shakespeare understood human beings. He was the first dramatist to understand "What a piece of

¹ See Stow, ed. 1618, p. 123, "Of Schools and Houses of Learning."

work is man," and he was the first who understood woman. If any one doubts this, let him read the women's characters in other men's plays, and then come back to Shakespeare to understand the human beings that he creates. But he did not do this only by experience. He studied. Read the books that Vautrollier and Field printed, and you will be able to trace the thoughts he selected to dwell on. Read the books by other printers, and you will soon know which of them Shakespeare had read. Well for him that dramatic literature does not lend itself to footnotes of references, or the text of his work would be fringed with details. "He came, he saw, he conquered," in the fields of Literature, as in the hearts of men.

Hazlitt and Collier have collected some of the novels which Shakespeare must have known, in six volumes called "Shakespeare's Library," and many others have noted other books that he must have read. But I hardly think that the general public realise how very many of the current unclassified books of the period have left their traces on Shakespeare's thought, from Thomas Wilson's *Art of Rhetoric* to "resolute John Florio's" literary efforts. It would be impossible even to name them here, but perhaps I may be allowed to dwell a little, for various reasons, on some of the works of the last mentioned author. John Florio was the son of a Florentine, driven for religion's sake to England, where he supported himself by teaching Italian to the English and by preaching to the Italian colony on Sundays. John composed a book of Dialogues, in which he incorporated many of the best known Italian proverbs. He called this his "First Frutes," and dedicated it to the Earl of Leicester, 1578. Bound up with this is the *Induction to the Italian and Latin tongues*. In 1580, he published a translation of Ramuzio's travels, ded. to Edmund Bray, and in 1591, the "*Giardino di Recreatione*," containing over 6150 Italian proverbs, ded. to Nicholas Sanders and also, apparently another edition ded. to Sir Edward Dyer. His more important book, "The Second Frutes," came out in the same year, to which was annexed

his "Giardino di Recreatione," dedicated to Nicholas Sanders. This is a much more interesting volume than his "First Frutes" and there are many valuable suggestions associated with it. In his dedicatory address he speaks of his two books. "My elder I have married for preferment and honour. But this younger... hath voluntarily made her choyce (plainly telling me that she will not lead apes in hell), and matched with such a one as she best liketh," &c. A poem prefixed, by Phaeton to his friend Florio, has been conjectured to have been written by Shakespeare. Without any satisfactory testimony to the truth of this assumption, I can only say that it is possible. The date would suit well enough the beginning of Shakespeare's Sonnet Season.

"Phaeton to his friend Florio."

"Sweete friend, whose name agrees with thy increase
 How fit a riuall art thou of the Spring?
 For when each branche hath left his flourishing
 And green-lockt Sommer's shadie pleasure's cease;
 She makes the Winters stormes repose in peace
 And spends her franchise on each living thing,
 The dazies sprout, the litle birds doo sing,
 Hearbes gummes and plantes doo vaunt of their release.
 So when that all our English witts lay dead
 (Except the laurell that is euer greene)
 Thou with thy Frutes our barrenesse o'erspread
 And set thy flowrie pleasuance to be seene.
 Sutch frutes, sutch flowrrets of moralitie
 Were nere before brought out of Italy.—

Phaeton.

"A World of Wordes," 1598, a Dictionarie dedicated to the Right Honorable Patrons of Vertue, Patterns of Honor, Roger Earl of Rutland, Henrie Earl of Southampton, and Lucie Countess of Bedford, has exceedingly interesting remarks addressed to each, verses being prefixed by *Il Candido*, supposed to be Matthew Gwynne. This volume was re-issued in 1611, with a portrait, and dedicated to Queen Anne, who had made Florio a gentleman of her Privy Chamber, her Italian Secretary, and her teacher of Italian. He published a translation of Montaigne's Essays in 1603. A copy of this

in the British Museum bears the name of Shakespeare, but it is uncertain who put it there. There is no difficulty in believing that Shakespeare knew Florio personally, as they were both protégés of the Earl of Southampton. Some have suggested that the poet took off Florio in 'Holofernes,' but I cannot see the satire fitting him. It is clear, however, that Shakespeare had read Florio's works, and profited by them. One interesting point is that Bacon must have also read them, and taken notes of them in his 'Promus' or Note-book. The Baconians sometimes triumphantly assert that Bacon had been preparing these notes to write "Shakespeare," not realising that they both had borrowed from the pages of Florio.

The Dialogues and Proverbs in the 'First Frutes' contain many commonplace sayings as "I see sometimes that man doth purpose but God doth dispose." "It is always good for one to have two strings to his bow." "It is good to strike the iron when it is hote." "He robbeth Peter to pay Paul." "The burned child dreadeth the fire." "He putteth the cart before the horse." It is from Florio that Holofernes gets

"Venetia, Venetia,
Chi non ti vede, non ti pretio."

"One nayle is driven out by another." "Death is nought else but an eternal sleepe, a dissolution of the body, an uncertayne pilgrimage." He talks about Fortune, gives several chapters of philosophical disquisitions, and one in praise of Henry VIII. and his daughter Elizabeth. There are some conversations which may interest us,¹ though they would

1 "Shall we go to a playe at the Bull, or else to some other place? Doe Comedies like you wel?" "Yea, Sir, on holydayes." "They please me also wel, but the preachers will not allow them." "Wherefore? Knowe ye it?" "They say they are not good," "And wherefore are they used?" "Because every man delites in them."

"We will go into the Fields." "Let us go to the Theatre to see a Comedie." "What pastimes use they (in England) on holidayes?" "Of all sortes of pastyme; as Comedies, Tragedies, leaping, daunsyng, playes of defence, Baiting of Bears, &c."

p. 12. "O, Gentlewoman, whither go you?" "I go to the Schoole," "Where and with whom?" "With a Frenchman." "And what do you learne?" "I learne to read, to write, sow, play upon the Virginalls"..... "What pay you by the weeke?" "I pay a shilling a week." "Methinks that is too much," "So methink too." He also praises Queen Elizabeth's eloquence in Italian, and speaks of the gorgeoussness of the citizen's houses, and the magnificient clothes of the citizen's wives.

have taught Shakespeare nothing. Among them is one early reference to the Theatre in 1578.

The 'Second Frutes' 1591, also contains things worth noting.¹ Its form is also conversational, and proverbs are interspersed. p. 11. "Soft fier makes Sweet malt."

p. 29. "Put not thy confidence in any woman,
For like the moon she changeth to undoo men."

Again, "He that drinks wine, drinks blood, and he that drinks water drinks steam. . . . I love to drink wine in the Dutch fashion. . . . in the morning pure, at dinner without water, and at night, as it comes from the vessell." "Who loves content hath all the world at will." "Haste makes waste, and waste the worse speed." "Be Romane if in Rome you bide."

p. 99. "And he that will not when he may,
When he would he shall have nay."

p. 105. "The fairest and the sweetest rose
In time must fade, and beauty lose."

"One swallow does not make a summer, nor one devil hell."
"Thy wits are gone a wooll gathering." "Opportunitye makes a man committ larceny."

"Open chests do cause to sin
The holliest man that looketh in."

"Cat after kind will either hunt or scratch."

"Even of prickles roses do proceede,
And whitest lilies from a stinking weede."

There were many such wildernesses in existence for Shakespeare in which to let his industry run loose, that he might go a gleaming for phrases that would tell in later work.

¹ "The plaies that they plaie in England are not right comedies. "Yet they do nothing else but plaie every daye." "Yea! but they are neither right comedies nor right tragedies." "How would you name them then?" "Representations of histories without any decorum."

II.

SHAKESPEARE'S TREATMENT OF HIS ORIGINALS.

IF we may learn something of the industry of Shakespeare by noting the traces of his reading in his works, we may learn still more of his character, when we study his methods of utilizing his reading. He was not a pioneer in dramatic art, he was not always even the first to manipulate the materials that he used. He often borrowed plots, sometimes characters, and even language. In the *difference* between what he had received and what he gives, we can learn something of the thoughts and feelings and art of Shakespeare. "There is nothing new under the sun," said the preacher. *But there are new combinations* and new transmutations. To him had been revealed the two great secrets that the philosophers of the day vainly sought, the secret of the Philosopher's Stone, which would turn the baser metals into pure gold; and the secret of the Elixir of Life, which could secure to his work the gifts of immortal life and eternal youth. "Spirits are not finely touched, but to fine issues." His spiritual insight showed him how to vivify the processes by which he presented his thought to the world and to make even dry bones live. If it is true that he was a student before he was a writer, it is also true that he was an actor before he was a dramatist. Tradition has it that he was a "servitor," that is an apprentice, and probably what we would call an *understudy* at first. Dissatisfied with, or tired of some of his Company's plays, he altered them, to the satisfaction of the owners, and of their audiences, until he altered them so much as to remake them altogether, and they grew popular as his own work. All this we can read between the lines in the bitter tirade by which Robert Greene introduces him to us in 1592. He warns his fellow dramatists not to trust to the

"Puppits that speak from our mouths, those antics garnished in our colours," "*for* there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *'Tiger's Heart wrapt in a Player's Hide*, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shakescene* in a countrie. O, that I might intreate your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses, and let these Apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired inventions.... Whilst you may, seeke you better maisters, for it is pittie such rare wits should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes.... painted monsters" (Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit' 1592). It may be presumed that the early plays which he recast (most of them have now vanished) were treated in a manner somewhat similar to that by which he afterwards utilised the originals which he used in his own work.

When he faced the question of writing a play, he consciously or unconsciously, set himself at least four special laws or limitations, under which he must work, considering its probable effect, 1st, on the Censor, and on the Public, 2nd, Its suitability to the acting powers of his own company 3rd, Its satisfaction of his own critical taste, and 4th, Its truth to its originals, this the last and least important to him. To these at times might be added, "a second intention" such as Spenser elaborates in the explanation of the allegories in his "*Faerie Queene*," where he had both a general and particular meaning. For we have Shakespeare's own authority that he had at times "gored his own thoughts, made old offences of affections new" in his dramatic works. The very clue to much of this is now lost, but sufficient remains to make us remember the possibilities of other suggestions. These five determinants influenced him in different proportions at different times of his life, as by his work and experience he gradually

1 See "O Tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide," 3rd part, Hen. VI., I. 4, and compare Wyatt's "O Tiger's hert who hath thus cloked the
That art so cruel, covered with bewtie."

educated not only himself, but his public. By degrees he came to consider his public less, and himself more. He taught them what they ought to want. He could risk it. He laboured against what may be called the "sensationalism" of the pre-Shakespearean Stage, by throwing an interest into *character*, apart from, as well as through the plot. The blood and horrors which were supposed necessary to give force to a tragedy, were generally connected with feeble characterisation. Character was drowned in a great flood of action. He only once followed the people's tastes, in 'Titus Andronicus,' (if indeed he wrote it) and after that he made the prevailing taste follow him.

The special Censorship of plays had only been instituted in 1589, and was to our poet a staying and protective power, while the people, like those of Athens, were ever seeking after some new thing. Novelty, in their eyes, covered a multitude of sins, but it roused the suspicious attentions of the Censor.

He had to study the powers of his expressers. We can glean something of the changes in and comparative strength of his company from various external sources. We know that as Richard Burbage grew, his wonderful histrionic powers developed; his special genius for Tragedy became more pronounced,¹ and to that, I think, rather than to the "dark period" in the Dramatist's life, may we attribute a tragic period in his plays. We know when Will Kemp the broad humorist, left the Company, we know when Will Osteler, the chief actor of women's parts, died, and other changes are reflected in his plots.

When we imagine Shakespeare in his study, with his plastic material in his hand, he is more than Vulcan in his smithy. He does not only weld, he creates. "None merits the name of Creator," cries Tasso "save God and the poet." For the poet also can take of the dust of the ground, and breathe into it the breath of life. He was creating *characters* of men and women. It was necessary for him to change his stories by condensation, because only the doubly distilled

1 See my "Burbage, and Shakespeare's Stage."

interest of a novel can be given in a play. There we can only see the supreme crises of men's lives. Sometimes the compelling force of a character dragged him out of the ruts of his story, and he had to finish it off the lines, and try again, in some other situation, how he might alter it. We can, to a certain extent, trace the course of his development through changes in his thought, method, rhythm, rhyme, language, but we must not be too certain of our conjectures concerning him, for his thoughts are not our thoughts nor his ways our ways. I am aware that some writers of the day claim as a discovery that Shakespeare never gives us women's characters so great or interesting or complex as those of his men, *because* he was preparing parts which would not be played by women, but by boy actors. The discovery, if discovery it be, is at least as old as Queen Anne, a commonplace of thought to every student of Shakespeare. None of us forget that boys acted the parts of women, and that this had an effect on the scheme and working out of his Drama. Probably that is the reason why there are so few mothers, grandmothers, aunts, or other *superfluous women* in Shakespeare's plays.

We can see that Shakespeare creates a specially good set of women suitable for the Stage, none such came before them, and none even approaching such came after him, at least until very long after his date. Of the principal parts, it took the prophetic insight of a Ruskin to discover that "there are no heroes in Shakespeare's plays, only heroines," and that in spite of their being presented by boys. Another limitation affected Shakespeare as an author. He was painting nature as he saw it. It was the custom of his time to reckon women's highest duty and beauty that of obedience to some other will, to a father's in her earlier years and to a husband's in her riper life. How is it possible to see or understand a true human being, whose thoughts and words and actions are dominated by the will of another human being? Shakespeare saw *some* of it. Within these limitations, how well he understood women, and how well he expressed them, free of these limitations! Except when history or the ex-

agencies of a plot compels otherwise, he makes them dutiful to their fathers, faithful to their husbands, loyal to other women, courageous beyond the courage of men, when need be ; free and independent in action, when their souls recognise a higher law than mere man-made law. We see this most clearly in those women that the poet did *not* find in his originals, but created in order to fulfil a rôle that men feared to undertake. Though he paints the weak submissive women because such there were, his own ideal characters in women are always fearless, independent, and self-determining.

One is driven to study his originals in order to learn what is truly his own views. The proportion of his changes is very different in different plays. Sometimes he only polishes and strengthens, as in "Romeo and Juliet," sometimes he recasts, as in 'Hamlet.' It is sometimes the circumstances, more often the characters, that he alters according to the degree in which they satisfy his critical demands.

" Nothing of (*them*) that doth fade
But doth suffer a (*soul*)-change
Into something rich and strange."—*Tempest* i., 2.

And to all his changes in construction he adds the change of style. Rough and uncouth, heavy and lifeless, some originals might have been, but when he has touched them, his readings move us, "Like perfect music set to noble words." Not that he always eschewed the very phrases used in his originals, but he interweaves them with his own, till they become his own. There seems to have been a Republic of Letters in his time, everybody was ready to borrow from everybody else, and such "unconsidered trifles" as words and phrases were apt to be treated as common property.

In his Comedies Shakespeare generally contents himself with the ordinary poetic providence, of protecting the good, and punishing the evil. In his tragedies the chief characters are generally made to do some deed, great or *little*, which directly leads to their own destruction. But among the secondary characters the innocent often suffer helplessly with and because of the guilty leading characters. In his

wonderful tragedy of 'King Lear,' we watch the evolution of all his sorrows from his own act of folly ; other stories show this with a Cordelia to conquer evil and set him right again.

But here the poet, with his fine sense of the needs of high tragedy, and the causes that determine results, foreshortens her life, neglecting the three years Lear had to reign, and the eight years of Cordelia, so as to bring her lifeless body to her father's arms— slain in doing the duty of a daughter to him, slain, not for her own sins, but because he, in his passionate pettiness had neglected to do the duty of a father to her. He might, had he so chosen, like the old play based on the history, have made the climax come in her prosperous years.

That sense of Nemesis in the affairs of Kings and of nations is always present, when he deals with his English Histories, a stalking Nemesis, cold, stern, implacable, dominates the series, like the veiled Fate of the Greek Tragedies. The first History with which he was associated was that of Henry VI. From it he worked backwards into causes, and he sketches for the people the dealings of Fate in the chronicles of the reigns which followed the death of Edward the Black Prince. Even in the story of his favourite King-warrior Henry V. he does not forget to note the philosophy of things. At the triumphant conclusion of his heroic wars in France he shews him commit the incredible folly, for the sake of extending his dominion in foreign lands, of marrying the daughter of a lunatic. Hence comes the weak-minded Henry VI., a puppet for his nobles to fight about, and then to destroy. Meanwhile he paints a gallery of brave warriors that bear high the banner of England. What passionate and powerful life he puts into the stories of departed heroes ! And the effect they had upon the people is told us in the pages of contemporary writers, as Nash in "Pierce Pennilesse," speaking of their glory, says : "How would it have joyed brave Talbot to thinke that after he had lyen two hundred yeares in his tombe, hee should triumphe againe on the stage, and have his bones newe embalmed with the teares of 10,000 spectators at least (at several times) who, in the tragedian that represents

his person, imagine they see him fresh-bleeding." And he definitely tries meanwhile to keep alive the spirit of patriotism. Shakespeare *reads* his histories faithfully, and, to a very different degree than he does in his novels, keeps to their facts. But he does not bind himself as historians proper do, to such trifles as date, or place, or even sometimes of circumstances. He makes heroes arise from their cradles to fight the battles of their country, sometimes even from their graves, he foreshortens the events in time, so as to make telling pictures and a powerful scene; he sometimes colours facts to suit a purpose. This may be noted in the play of Richard III, who certainly was not quite so old, nor so deformed, nor so black, as he has painted him.

Into his histories he sometimes throws his inimitable original underplots, chief among which is always remembered that of the merry rogue in Henry IV., invention of his own brain, who was able to spirit away *two* sober historical characters, first Sir John Oldcastle, and afterwards Sir John Falstaff, into scenes of mirth and mischief so unbecoming their estate. The creation had life enough given it to be carried out of the real to the imaginary history of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' where Shakespeare combines a whole gallery of fresh interacting characters with the sordid love story of the genial old reprobate. If he had any originals for his plot, he washes away from them all the foul tales of loose-living women, and with the cleansing brush of a true artist records his belief that

"Wives can be merry and yet honest too."

In his Roman Plays, he is bound to follow his text more closely, 'Plutarch's Lives' (printed by Vautrollier and Field). His central point of interest is Julius Cæsar. But even there he shows some study and changes, and a strange selection of the incident at which he begins. Suetonius tells the story of Cæsar leaping into the sea. Plutarch does not give the incident of Anthony's oration. M. Guizot pointed out that Shakespeare found this in the text of Appian of

Alexandria, of which Newbury published a translation in 1578. He must have read and compared that authority, and to it he owed much of the life and *go* of his play.

Space makes it impossible that I should analyse, or even note all Shakespeare's plays, even if I were able in any wise to do so. But I should like to make a few points in regard to some of them. Shakespeare evidently best *enjoyed* dealing with real light comedy, that was his holiday-work. Perhaps the story which he borrows with least change for that purpose is that of Lodge's 'Rosalynd, or Euphues Golden Legacie.' Still he adds even to it his creation of Jaques, to moralise, Hamlet-like, over the words and actions of mere men; he introduces Touchstone and Audrey, for no very clear purpose, except to echo Armado and Jacquenetta, or to serve as an earthly balance among sublimated affections. He cuts down the literary effusions of William to reduce him to his due proportion in the secondary plot, and he converts, instead of killing, the usurping Duke, as he had done to the usurping brother. This was possibly because he could not have anything approaching tragedy in his lightsome play, but it seems to me that he also felt a little bit of sympathy with the tender-hearted Aliena. How could she join in the general chorus of happiness, if her heart was sore with the news of her father's cruel death? He knew that her broad cloak of charity was able to cover a multitude of sins, and that she would be able to heal and help both of the villains, (after they were converted). There was no risk of her reminding them of former sins, should they ever worry her with future *queer ways*. He could not have risked the situation with a Rosalind.

In the popular Drama of 'The Merchant of Venice' woven from at least three stories, separate and seemingly incongruous, we have the double plot, one entirely joyful, the other approaching very near to tragedy. He gives the choice of the caskets to a man rather than to a woman, as more congruous, and he makes the right man choose. But he feels, as most of us feel, that Bassanio is not good enough

for Portia, and he had to give him a little vicarious suffering, on account of his past extravagant ways, to deepen his nature, and teach him the meaning of sorrow, through the apparently unavoidable murder of his dearest friend before his eyes. The charming Portia has held the stage in triumph ever since she was created. She is made a little too conventional in her entire submission to the will of her deceased father, and to the power of her selected husband. (I think that Bassanio should be played as a little *older* than he is generally made, to account for this.) Shakespeare however puts her in the right at the very beginning of her married life, by letting her send off her husband to his paramount duty, and by making her outwit him, (as well as the Jew), save his friend's life, and spare the money he was flinging about. He shows, by the way, that all her meekness and submission was entirely conditional, as in the merry encounter of the rings, (a remembrance of the little ways of Beatrice). On the deeper side of the other plot, he paints a wonderful psychological character of his Jew. He tries to teach his contemporaries the effect of keeping Jews out of all power and interest in the state. It narrowed the field of their activities to the mere making of money. Through money skilfully used they acquired the only form of power to which they could attain, and, therefore, they learned to place on it an undue value. He also shewed that scorn, hate, insults perpetual, could not but embitter their souls and foster a desire of revenge. When, to all these general irritants, to Shylock was added the peculiar loss of his treasure and the destruction of all that his heart knew of human affections, a tragic cataclysm carried away his soul when he was outwitted and stripped bare. Shylock could only stagger home to die in the darkness of his deserted house, and Shakespeare pitied him. Had his daughter been a Cordelia of healing and support, how different a life had Shylock's been. The dramatist could have had no suggestive thought of the Jew, Dr. Lopez, supposed to have planned the murder of the Queen in 1594, when he drafted the psychologic characteristics of his Jew of Venice, to weave into this wonderful drama of

Friendship, Love, Hate, Revenge, Avarice, Liberality, Humour, and Bad Law.

At the beginning of his career, the time came when Shakespeare wanted to write a play of his very own, for he had something to say that he had not found treated by others. He was familiar with human nature in a little town, in the surrounding villages, and in the lonely farmhouses in the countryside. He had been at the Cotswold Games, he had seen many plays. But it was a new experience to be among the heroes, the wits, the rogues, and the fools of London. In the gossip centre of St. Paul's aisles, at the ordinaries where lawyer's clerks met to dine, and the taverns where scholars and poets went to sup, and boasted and quarrelled like ordinary men, in extraordinary language; in the noble houses where he with his company went to act plays, and to hear afar off the sharp aristocratic encounters which passed for wit; or in the rich houses of the burghers, who gave dinners to those above their rank, to gain glory and polish, and to those beneath them to secure flattery; he learned how differently they all looked at life, and smiled at the way they used and abused their mother tongue. It was not all admiration which was induced in him by metropolitan ways, and by the gibing criticism of some of the gay Lordings who sat at times in the Lord's boxes at the Theatre, to scorn the players and to laugh at their plays. He wanted to show them to themselves, and he drifted somehow into the construction of 'Love's Labour's Lost.' It was not bitter. He was saved from that by the friendship of one of themselves, with a heart of pure gold, but even he could laugh at their life, with its vanities and superficialities, its thin thought and strong euphuism. He had no plot. Hunter proved from the French Chronicles of Monstrelet, Ch. 17 that there was one very thin thread of history in it. At one time the King of France did have to pay money to the King of Navarre, when they made an exchange of territory. He knew for himself that the French Princess Margaret of Valois had gone to Navarre to become its Queen; he had read Sir Philip Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and the 'Lady of the May'; Lily's

'Euphues,' and 'Rabelais,' (where he found the name Holofrnes). The talk of Academies was in the air (see Dr. Furnivall's 'Queen Elizabeth's Achademy,' E.E.T.),¹ and through his friend Southampton had come adumbrations of the Areopagus, the Literary Society formed by Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Edward Dyer, Sir Fulke Greville, and Gabriel Harvey, to criticise the literature of the day. He transported an English "Academy" to Navarre, but he had no fear of using the names of living Frenchmen of note, as the King of Navarre, Longueville, Biron, and others, whose deeds were printed in Richard Field's shop. They slipped easily on his audacious tongue, when he composed in prose, rhyme, and doggerel, a light fantastic series of scenes, rather than a drama, its dialogues sparkling with verbal wit, breathing of youth, sunshine and satire. It was something new on the stage, and its underlying theme, if there were any, was the relation between the sexes, later, in a similar manner, but approached from the other side, treated by Tennyson in his Princess. 'Love's Labour's Lost' was full of contemporary allusion. Ambassadors had been sent from Russia to the English Court, bearing indeed a suggestion of marriage from the Emperor, which may be aimed at by the ladies turning their backs on their Masque of Russians, or perhaps he thought of the Masque of Russians in Gray's Inn Festivities, 1594-5. We must not think that we hold in the hollow of our hand Shakespeare's first play, when we read it in the quarto of 1598 "As it was presented before her Highness the Last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented." We can see traces both of the corrections and augmentations, and believe that they were improvements. Major Martin Hume, in an interesting lecture before the Royal Society of Literature (Proceedings 1909), on "Spanish Influences on English Literature," shows that the Armado of that date must represent Antonio Perez. He had been private Secretary to Philip II. of Spain, offended his Master, fled to England in 1593, where he was welcomed at Essex

¹ I know that Dr. Smedley has found the story of a French Academy, to which he thinks that *Bacon* had access.

House for what he knew. "He was overdressed, extravagant and inflated in his speech, making even 'Euphues' simple in comparison with his affected pedantry, and his posturings and gestures were ridiculous in the extreme." He had a wonderful fascination withal, the great ones of the earth vied with each other to try to attach him to themselves, though they could join in the laugh against him as soon as his back was turned. He deceived and sold everybody associated with him. In 1597 he had to return to France and Henry of Navarre, when he became despised as well as laughed at. "This Armado is a Spaniard that keeps here in court, a phantasm a Monarcho, and one that makes sport, to the Prince and his book-mates (iv. 1)." So Major Hume says that he could not have been fitted into this play before 1597. The rôle in the early play must have been filled by the English "Braggart," or the Italian Monarcho, "who wore crowns in his shoes," and made mirth in the English Court (see my paper, 'Elizabeth's Fools and Dwarfs' (*Athenæum*, August 30th, 1913). Holofernes calls Armado "too peregrinate," and "the Peregrino" (or pilgrim) was the favourite pseudonym of Antonio Perez. Several people have been suggested as the original of Holofernes. I think that there is some reason to believe that he was invented, as a skit on the rival poet Chapman, who had worried Shakespeare in his sonnet period. The magisterial ways, the pompous pedantry, the heavy humour, pointed by Armado's query, "Do you not educate youth at the Charge-house¹ on the top of the mountain?" "I do," v. 1. When Nathaniel consoles him for the flippant scorn, "Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so do my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you," iv. 2. Holofernes writes verses too, "a gift that I have, simple, simple, a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, resolutions. I am thankful for it." Shakespeare brings fun from him even out of his use of Lily's

1 Private School.

Grammar, which every school-boy was bound to know, and learned language out of the class-books used in the different forms. (It was the clown, however, who had got hold of and stuck to the longest word.)¹ Holofernes also played Judas Maccabeus in the Masque of the Nine Worthies, and was most mercilessly gibed and baited in the act, winning the sympathetic pity of the Princess. The group of young people are early sketches of types which he loved well enough to use again, deepened and strengthened in his later style. He did not succeed in plot-making so well as he expected, he attended to the unities, but he did not manage the gradual entanglement and disentanglement of the action. The end is no dénouement, but a cessation of speeches. The youth who took his lady love to see the play, found that it was "Love's Labour's Lost" to him, and believed that the characters did not feel what they talked about.² It was only words, words, words, to him. "Yet all was fained, it was not from the hart."

Euphuism had done its work. And 'Love's Labours Lost' helped to laugh it out of court, as Cervantes laughed away the artificial vagaries of decadent chivalry by the humours of his Don Quixote. The play was amended again, for when Sir Walter Cope was helping Lord Cranborne to arrange performances suitable to play before the new Queen in 1605, Burbage told him that he had "no new play, but that they had revived an old one, called 'Love's Labours Lost,' which "for wytt and mirthe he sayes will please her exceedingly. And thys ys apointed to be played to-morow night at my Lord of Southampton's." (See my "Burbage, and Shakespeare's Stage," p. 102.) The point of the satire would have died out of it by then. There was a moral in it, however, the moral of the nearness of death to all, and of the suffering of others which makes frivolity at times ghastly. Shakespeare,

¹ See my paper, "Honorificabilitudinitatibus in Warwickshire." "Athenæum," September 19th, 1908.

² See Robert Tofte's "Alba, The Month's Minde of a Melancholy Lover," 1598.

too, found for himself rather than for others, a key to the relation of the sexes, which he uses in his later plays.

I would fain dwell on a group of five plays. He borrowed a plot bodily from a classic poet the next time he wanted one. We all know the quibble as to whether he had borrowed this from W. W.'s translation while in MS., or whether he had read for himself the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus. The Baconians say that it would have taken a Bacon to have done the latter. But it is rather a remarkable thing that this is the only play which we can *prove* that Bacon did not write (see Art. 14.). I think that in spite of Ben Jonson's measurement of "a little Latin," that Shakespeare knew enough to have sucked out the spirit of Plautus from his Latin, for himself. (He was not trying to make a translation fit to take first-class honours in a University examination). Possibly a sight of W.W.'s manuscript before registration in 1594 put the idea into his head. He wanted a real good comedy. He had been talking somewhat over the heads of the bulk of his audience in 'Love's Labour's Lost,' and he wanted something that all could understand and laugh at. The story of Plautus made him safe in the unities of time, place, and action. But the plot did not quite suit him. His changes are significant. It was already so improbable, that it could not offend any one that he should add to its improbabilities. How Shakespeare changed the very spirit of his play will appear to any one who compares the two. He wraps the Latin story in an envelope of romance; the mother has been preserved mysteriously to await the climax, the misfortunes of the father threaten to make the comedy a tragedy. It is true that the *Ægeon* of many trials is so long-winded, especially in the opening scene, that one feels that if he cannot have his head cut off at once, he must have his speech cut short. But the poet knew that the mirth of life knocks at the very gate of tears, and so he doubles the *Dromios* to quadruple the fun. The men from Syracuse are made better men than they of Ephesus, so that their mission to save the Ephesian brother from his surroundings becomes a work of charity as well as of love. Yet Shakespeare makes even

the married brother a better man than the original of Plautus. He is not dishonest as well as unfaithful to his wife. He does not *steal* his wife's cloak and chain to give to another woman ; the chain he is having made is intended to be given to his wife, and only because he is refused admittance to his own house, does he take it to the courtesan to spite his wife. Not his the savage notion of selling the house over his wife's head, herself along with it. He even agrees with his companion, Balthasar, that he cannot make a row before her door, as it might blot her honour and dignity. His faults, like hers, are made to rise chiefly from the general confusion of identities. When we turn to the female characters, Shakespeare lifts the whole drama to a higher level than the original. He introduces a new reverence for woman upon the English stage. He makes Adriana a much better and kinder wife, " of wisdom, sober years, and modesty." She had evidently been a rich heiress, and the Duke had used his influence with her to secure her for his friend and follower, Menæchmus, hence his honour binds him to her service. The Abbess is the poorest addition Shakespeare makes to the cast. She is not only an anachronism, but she is also at times a discord. She tricks Adriana into saying more than she should about her domestic difficulties. She is fault-finding and unjust, and assumes too soon, without cause shown, the attitude of a mother-in-law. She is out in her family arithmetic. Ægeon makes it quite clear that his son had set out in search of his brother when he was 18, that was seven years previously, that he had set out in search of both of the brothers two years after (five years before the meeting), making them 25. She makes her twins 33, too old for their appearance, conditions, and behaviour. One Dromio says to the other, " I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth," much more fitting to Ægeon's date than hers. Yet she does the necessary duty of precipitating and crystallising the ferment.

Shakespeare's most important creation is his Luciana, sweet, modest, true, and brave, loyal to her sister, at present her sole protectress. She may, at first, have been only intro-

duced to equalise the doubles in the comedy. But she grew upon him as he wrote. She bears a strong family likeness to Adriana, though there is no possibility of mistaking the sisters. Though she lectures Adriana on the beauty of submissiveness, in tones suitable for Petruchio's converted Kate, she reproaches him whom she believes to be her brother-in-law in no measured tones : " Be not thy tongue thine own shame's orator ! " When the Abbess rates Adriana, she rises hotly in her sister's defence,

" She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demeaned himself rough, rude and wildly.

(To Adriana) Why bear you these rebukes and answer not ? "

Adriana : " She did betray me to my own reproof."

It is Luciana who advises her sister, " Complain unto the Duke of this indignity." " Kneel to the Duke before he pass the Abbey." It is Luciana who makes this possible, and with a cry, " Justice against the Abbess ! " surprises and arrests the Duke. His conscience is engaged to defend Adriana. He forgets all about Ægeon, whom he is leading like an ox to the slaughter, and summons the Abbess.

Luciana's charm and fearlessness had bewitched and conquered Antipholus of Syracuse ; her acute intelligence seems to have made her the first among them who divined that her wooer was another and a better man than her brother of Ephesus, when she yields in her little phrase, " I'll fetch my sister, to get her goodwill."

And here, before the Duke she moves Providence and fate, secures the opportunity of justice, and directs the paths of all the party, as well as of her own. The twins meet face to face, the knots unloose, the tangles disappear, the Abbess on the one side, and Ægeon on the other, act chorus and witnesses, and find *themselves*, Ephesian law is forgotten, the Duke takes absolute power over it. Adriana is no more jealous, nor her husband unfaithful, and Luciana makes odds even by pairing with Antipholus of Syracuse.

Shakespeare made of it a better play than Plautus did, but he did not do it as well as he himself was yet to do.

It is a long leap from 'The Comedy of Errors' to 'Much Ado about Nothing,' but there is a link. The serious part of the plot is based on a novel of Bandello and on the story of Ariodante and Ginevra¹ in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso' (5th can.) Harrington's translation was printed by Richard Field in 1591, and Shakespeare may well have read it in his friend's back shop. The dramatist somewhat lightens the plot. The waiting woman Margaret is made innocent of everything but stupidity in allowing herself to be imposed upon by her lover. The cruel and unnecessary suffering of Hero is not permitted too long to harrow the minds of the audience. It was the master-mind who could provide, through the heavy folly and humours of Dogberry and Verges, the knowledge which led to the salvation of the innocent victim of a foul crime. And out of the limitless wealth of his treasure-house the dramatist is liberal enough to give us another secondary plot, running concurrently with the main plot, in which Benedick and Beatrice were the chief characters, his very own. They have brightened the lives of men ever since they were invented, and they were, even in his own times, sufficient to draw a crowd on their own account under the title of 'Benedick and Betteris.'

It is true that he had first sketched them in Berowne and Rosalyne, but as Berowne and Rosalyne they would not have gained the mastery over us that Benedick and Beatrice have done. But if Beatrice was evolved from Rosalyne, in her sparkling wit, and her knowledge of its valuelessness before the sad mysteries of human suffering, she also derived some of her characteristics from Luciana of Ephesus, the loyal, fearless and protecting spirit. It is while she is part of the tragic plot that her true womanly heart finds its rôle. She stands by and encourages her cousin in the first shock. She waits her time, till she sees that all the men, friend, lover, father, could believe the slander even without questioning it, and her challengers could leave their tender victim, fainting

¹ "A history of Ariodante and Ginevra," was played before the Queen at Court, 1581-2."

neglected under their wrongs. She understands her cousin's soul, she knows that such slander *could not be true*, and flinging her strong protecting and loving arms round the maligned girl, she cries aloud, "O! on my soul, my cousin is belied." She does not move one of them, except perhaps the Friar, who was with her from the first. But Benedick pauses, bewildered at the turn of events, and meditates. He was naturally prepared to trust his friends, but he at least had a clue in his suspicion of Don John. He waits, casting in his lot with the afflicted, by the strange attraction of Beatrice in a mood new to him, as well as by the spell of injured innocence. He hears the simple plan to awake compunction in the heart of the bridegroom, and promises secrecy. That is not enough for Beatrice. If there is to be any reality in their strange wooing, Benedick must be her knight in danger as in peace, in sorrow as in mirth. He must be knight to all distressed ladies; he must be Hero's champion too, "Kill Claudio!" He recognises the justice of her claim on him, even against his friend. But he does not discover the secret. It was the Dogberry and Verges episode, kindling to laughter, which did the work of a knight. They were made the strange instruments of Providence, in revealing the truth, hidden from the wise and prudent, from the passionate complainant, and the helpless defendant. "What your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light" ('Much Ado,' v. 1) Beatrice forgives her knight his lack of success, because of his good will, and in the calmness after pain of the second celebration of the marriage solemnities, she drops back to her mirthful self, and accepts her fate with sparkling repartee, and inward content.

The story of 'Much Ado About Nothing' leads on to that of Othello. The story of Othello is taken from the Hecatommithi of Cinthio, Decad. III. Novel 7. There are no names given to any of the characters except that of Desdemona, the others are The Moor, the Lieutenant, and the Ensign. Shakespeare introduces the characters of Roderigo, Brabantio and Emilia. In the novel Iago is made a coward as well as a

villain. He hated Desdemona because she had ignored his advances, he poisoned Othello's soul against her, and tempted him to consent to her murder. They did this together, and brought down a beam in the house to make others believe that it had killed her by accident. Retribution came to Othello by the action of others.

How much does Shakespeare do to raise the story, and even the characters in it, to make of the feeble novel a great tragedy. He makes even Iago better, a good soldier, a capable man, as well as a scheming villain, Mephistophelean in his scheming, to account for his power over the simpler, nobler nature of Othello. Shakespeare raises the character of the Moor to grandeur. The story had made the strange pair live happily for some time in Venice before the crisis, so that the Moor was the more to blame in suspecting a tried and trusted wife, on the word of an outsider. The drama shows him in the first few months of wedded bliss, in the midst of the wonder and glory of it; an inner doubt of his own worthiness of her, once banished, rises again to weight the suggestions brought by Iago. The great pure tender love that fills his heart for his fair wife, so different from any he had ever known, is by its very force and humility the more susceptible to poison. He must needs have been a great man, with the magic spell of a great soul, to have won the love of such a lady. In Desdemona, Shakespeare paints the white-souled chastity of an Isabella, but he also paints "the little pitted speck," the weakness that feared to be always quite true. The story tells us that she had married against the wishes of her relatives, it says nothing of a father. Shakespeare gives her one in Brabantio. She leaves the grieved and angry old man against his will. It has been a runaway marriage. Hence the venom of the whisper, "She hath deceived her father, and may thee." We are made to feel that but for that remembrance Othello might not have altogether disbelieved her protestations. That thought blinds him to the generosity of Desdemona's attempt to take upon herself the blame for her death, to save him from the consequences. "She's like a liar gone

to burning hell. 'Twas I that killed her." The woman, Emilia, whom Shakespeare has given to her and to us, like Luciana and Beatrice, understands her lady, and fearlessly charges the General, "O, the more angel she, and thou the blacker devil!" Shakespeare's Othello does not let Iago tamper with his sacrifice, nor does he seek to shield himself behind any screen. Desdemona's death is the end of his life.

Emilia also had loved and trusted her husband too well. When she hears, to her horror, that he had been the deceiver of Othello, she reiterates with half-paralysed astonishment the words "My husband?" while her thoughts feverishly piece together past incidents in a new light, which makes the horrid revelation clear to her soul. She had been his dupe in procuring the handkerchief? He had intentionally deceived her, as he had deceived Othello? Her love dies instantly. Loyal to her mistress, fearless even after she had grasped the meaning of Othello's threats, she cries to the murderer,

"Thou hast not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt. O, gull! O, Dolt.
As ignorant as dirt. Thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword—I'll make thee known.
Though I lost twenty lives: Help, help, ho, help,
The Moor has killed my mistress, murder, murder!"

When they come to hear her testimony, though she had lost love for Iago, that sense of justice, mercy, and fairplay, so common amongst good women, makes her give Iago one last chance, "He says thou told'st him that his wife was false. I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain?" But when he barefacedly acknowledges this, and bids her hold her peace, he kills the last vestige of love and consideration, "'Twill out, 'twill out! I hold my peace? Sir, no, no, I will speak, as liberal as the north!" Iago's last crime ends her life,—

"O, lay me by my mistress' side,
What did thy song bode, Lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music, willow, willow, willow."

There is not in all Shakespeare a picture so terrible in its

intensity, as that of the deceived Moor, and these two loving women going together to their unearned death.

It is Shakespeare's way to draft his plays in pairs, so as to realise the different outcome of different lines of treatment of the same idea. 'The Winter's Tale' is the twin play to 'Othello.' He borrows the story from Greene's 'Pandosto,' a romance very popular in his time,¹ and long after. He follows the early incidents in the story very closely (for him), the characters too, until he comes to the reading of the Oracle, for which Bellaria had begged. Pandosto was conscience-struck by its ruling, and at once asked his nobles to persuade his Queen Bellaria to forgive him, which she was willing to do, but news coming that her young son Garinter had died, she dropped down dead on the spot. Pandosto lost his senses for three days and then would have slain himself, had not his nobles prevented him.

The baby, who had previously been cast away in a little boat had drifted to Sicily, was found, preserved, and brought up, as a shepherd's daughter, under the name of Fawnia; and the King's son Dorastus, when she grew up, met her, loved her, and ran away with her. They sailed to her father's kingdom, where Pandosto fell in love with her, would have married her, ill-treated Dorastus, and Fawnia also, when she refused him. Ambassadors from Egistus begged Pandosto to send back his son, and to destroy Fawnia and the Shepherd, who then told his secret, shewed the jewels, and Pandosto at once joyfully claimed his daughter. The young people were married, Pandosto slew himself, and they reigned in his stead.

How much did "this puppet who speaks from our mouths" improve upon Greene's work? Pandosto was King of Bohemia, Egistus of Sicily. The first thing that Shakespeare does is to send the hot-blooded heart and fancy-fed brain down to the warmer clime of Sicily as Leontes, and transports Egistus, the cooler spirit, to Bohemia as Polyxenes. He does not attempt to mend Greene's geography, and he has

1. This may be gathered from the number of its editions, 1588, 1596, 1607, 1609, 1614, 1629, 1632, 1636, 1664, 7 later and 2 French translations.

been blamed for "the sea-coast of Bohemia" ever since. What did such trifles as political or physical geography matter to a romancer or a poet? Shakespeare evolves the character of Antigonus out of one of the Chief Lords; on a very slender thread of association with one of Greene's people, Capnio, the servant of Dorastus, he crystallises the character of the merry rogue Autolycus, but Paulina is altogether his own creation. The character of Leontes, in its early stages, follows the copy closely, a lesser nature, however, to start with, than Othello's, untamed by affliction, unguided by philosophy, spoiled by flattery, lacking in dignity, he does not need the devilish lies of an Iago to poison his soul; his suggestions spring from his own brain, even after long domestic experience of Hermione's perfections. He seeks to shelter himself from blame behind the forms of law, it is he, not Hermione, who thinks of sending to Apollo's Oracle. But he hales his invalid wife into a public Court, without a witness, and without a peer, he, acting as judge, jury, and complainant, gives her his sentence, *before* she had her trial "So thou shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage, Look for no less than death." When the Oracle comes to clear her, and blame him, he does not at once accept its ruling, as Pandosto did,

"There is no truth at all i' the Oracle
The sessions shall proceed, this is mere falsehood."

Apollo's wrath at this contempt, strikes down his only son, then he believes, too late, for then the Queen dies too.

Shakespeare has really borrowed the character of Hermione from Greene's Bellaria, even some of her thoughts and phrases, as "'Tis rigour, and not law," but in taking her over, the dramatist adorns her with many of his precious pearls. Martyr to jealousy, she stands in quiet dignity, she has no fear of death, what was life to her?

"Adieu, my Lord, I never wished to see you sorry, now
I trust I shall."

When she is *De Profundis*, Shakespeare sends to her his great gift of comfort and blessing, a woman friend. Paulina is all Shakespeare's own, and one of his best. Intensely apprecia-

tive of her Queen, whom she believes in with the whole-heartedness of a Beatrice, and the self-forgetfulness of an Emilia, keenly sympathetic with her in her great wrongs and present trying situation, loving and loyal to the depths of her great heart, she knows the right thing to do, and the right time. She sets out single-handed, as a Lady-Knight, to beard the King in his den, and try to do alone what a whole Court full of mere men had feared to attempt in combination : "The office becomes a woman best," She gives the King his chance of softening at the sight of his innocent daughter, then, rejected, she tells him plain truths such as he never had heard before.

Leontes, eating his heart out in sleepless trouble, had just reached the lowest depths of his moral nature, and had made up his mind "for present vengeance, take it on her," when he hears the woman's voice "I come to bring him sleep!" Leontes bids her "Away!" Her husband Antigonus said he had told her not to come, and Leontes scornfully exclaims "Canst thou not rule her?" Paulina herself answers

"From all dishonesty he can; in this
(Unless he take the means that you have done,
Commit me for committing honour), trust it
He shall not rule me!

Antigonus: Lo you now! You hear
When she will take the rein, I let her run;
But she'll not stumble."

Paulina has come as the King's "loyal servant," "physician," "obedient counsellor," and the "good Queen's" Champion,

"And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst among you.

Leontes: Force her hence.... A nest of traitors.

Antigonus: I am none, by this good light,

Paulina: Nor I, nor any

But one that's here and that's himself."

She fears not to challenge the King himself as *traitor* to womanhood, childhood, justice, mercy, truth. And having thrown down her challenge, she leaves. Leontes bids Anti-

gonus burn the child, then after protest gives him the option of taking it to some desolate spot, "where chance may nurse or end it." Thus, in his jealous haste, he sends the infant off, before Apollo's answer comes to court.

After the Oracle scene Paulina has gone with those attending the Queen; she returns, not knowing that the King had yielded, "What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?" then, in trenchant words, she clears the moral atmosphere, as by a thunderstorm. His folly had cost him all he had, and cost her, her husband too. He acknowledges his sin, and she grows merciful.

Shakespeare does not allow Antigonus to cast the babe away in a small boat, to find Bohemia. He knew that an infant could not live so long without food. So he makes Antigonus take it in a ship, where, it is to be supposed, he saw the child fed. He left without knowing of the death of Mamillius and Hermione, and his vision of the Queen is a device to strengthen in the audience the belief that she had really *died*, as the novel taught. Why the dramatist should destroy the best Lord of the hatch, is not clear, unless it was to teach that he should not have kept his oath, when it led him into a greater sin than oath-breaking. And he had protested:

"I'll pawn the little blood that I have left,
To save the innocent, anything possible."

This pledge he is called on to redeem, and thereby really becomes the means of saving the innocent.

The dramatist follows the novel in the undramatic device, scorned by the classical Ben Jonson, of *Time*, as a Chorus skipping sixteen years, and the story of Dorastus and Fawnia is worked out for the play under the names of Florizel and Perdita, flowers of spring, twins of the Ferdinand and Miranda about to be.¹ Into the midst of the romantic tender light of their *Midsummer Day's Dream* Shakespeare flings the spirit of broad humour in the person of the quondam royal

¹ It is, perhaps, not generally known that "Florizel" was the Christian name of a man in Stratford, in Shakespeare's time. (See Corp. Misc. Doc.)

servant, now rogue and vagabond, Autolycus (a name borrowed from Ovid) mirthful, self-satisfied, life-loving, though he knew that a noose hung ready hanging for him at the end of every lane—

“If they have overheard me now—why hanging.” (iv. 3.)

Yet how he enjoyed his art of coney-catching,

“How bless'd are we that are not simple men.”

He might have been evolved from the Capnio of the novel, servant to Dorastus, combined with Thomas Newbery's “Dives Pragmaticus 1563” (as Dr. Furnivall suggested), where the pedlar sings a song, full of advertisement of such wares as Autolycus has. Heywood's ‘Tawny Coat’ in his ‘If you know not me, you know nobody’ Part II. is even a closer relative, and a better one, as he was honest.¹

Autolycus had a pretty good notion of what this company lacked, as he had just stolen the order. The Love of Florizel and Perdita, the craft of Polyxenes, the wisdom of Camillo, the knavery of Autolycus, and the simplicity of the old Shepherd, all combine to work out the prophecy of Apollo's Oracle, given sixteen years before. Shakespeare banishes all the unpleasant episodes of the conclusion of the novel—and makes a new conclusion for himself: He, the heart-searcher, makes it a high and holy thing, even the restoration of a human soul, through affliction, submission, and good guidance. And it was the Queen's Champion, Paulina, who becomes his guardian Angel. She has really brought back the fainting Queen to life, but, uncertain of Leontes' moods, had kept her secretly during the sixteen years, so that “the idea of her life should sweetly creep, into his study

1. Tawney Coat sings:

“Make up my pack, and I'll along from you
Singing merrily on the way,
Points, pins, gloves and purses,
Poking sticks and black jet rings,
Cambries lawns and pretty things.
Come maids and buy, my back doth crack,
I have all that you want, what do you lack,
What do you lack?”

of imagination." No doubt Paulina had kept the picture ever before him, of the lovely beginning and noble end of Hermione ; no doubt she had encouraged the Queen to try to live until Apollo's words were verified, to keep her place for her child in the court and to protect her, when she was discovered. The situation becomes increasingly difficult, no one but Paulina could have managed it. The nobles urge their King to marry again, to secure himself an heir. She reminds him of Apollo's power, insists that there is no woman alive worthy to succeed Hermione, and, as a sharp remedy for a sore need says, "She you killed, would be unparalleled." Leontes was a new man now, with his soul deepened by sorrow, shame, and self-searching through the years, he notes the phrase, questions it, accepts it, and adds gently "Say so but seldom." But he took no offence, even swears to have no wife except by her free leave, and she should choose for him. She guides him from the temptation of Perdita's beauty ; and the last scene is opened by Leontes' recognition of what he owes to her.

"O, grave and good Paulina, the great comfort,
That I have had of thee!"

She was to bring him more. The dramatist has a Hermione all his own, in preparation for the great dénouement. He does not tell us what she had been doing during the sixteen years. For her there had been no soul-searchings, for her no public duty to distract, but a strict seclusion, in which Paulina had been all her comfort too. Time was when she could not have gone back to him who had cast out her daughter, but in awaiting Apollo's time her heart had grown tender. What if the Oracle had been misread, and the lost daughter should *never* return, should she reveal herself and comfort her husband's declining years ? The whole air was electric with Apollo's presence, when, in the psychic moment, Florizel and Perdita appeared. We grudge that the poet should deny us the meeting of Leontes and Polyxenes, and the great unravelling, and bids us be content with second hand gossip. "I never heard of such another encounter, which

lames report to follow it, and undoes description to do it," says one courtier to another. Even to them, the most striking item, was "the noble combat of Paulina." "She lifts the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart, that she might no more be in danger of losing." And Perdita had her first taste of "mothering," to prepare her for what was coming. If there seems a little too much play-acting in the last scene, it is because Paulina had a great chasm to cross, and wanted to bridge it gently, and avoid shocks. It was all tentative. But her judgment was proved right, the memories of sixteen years before were washed away in the memories of older years, and the repentant husband and patient wife met in the long embrace that they owed to Paulina. She was the only one, who then, first clearly learned her loss. Even in his own overwhelming rapture, Leontes does not forget her. He finds a consoler and a husband for her in the good Camillo. Shakespeare thus completes his portrait of the only *Woman-friend* that Stage Kings had ever had, the sole example which even he gives of Platonic affection in a Court.

'Measure for Measure' claims a final word in this great group of plays, for Isabella is as the pinnacle of the grand pyramid that Shakespeare has reared to the glory of women. George Whetstone had borrowed the story of "Promus and Cassandra," from Giraldo Cinthio, converted it into a drama in two parts in 1578, and into a novel 1582. Promus was the representative of the King who governed Vienna, and he acted with great severity, so as to make laws obeyed. Andrugio the youth was condemned to be beheaded. Cassandra, his sister, pled for him, Promos became enamoured of her, and told her the only condition on which he would grant a pardon. The discussion between Andrugio and Cassandra ends by Cassandra promising to yield, because of her brother's fear of death. Promos, having secured his desire, deceives the girl, sending the order for Andrugio's instant execution. The gaoler took pity on him, helped him to escape, on his promise that he would live out of the town and unknown, and sent

Promos the head of a man newly executed. Cassandra would have killed herself too, but her wrath at the treachery made her resolve first to tell the King, so that Promos would receive his just punishment. The King came to the city and received petitions on his entrance, and Cassandra's was heard. Her truth was shewn in Promos's horror-stricken face. The King condemned him to marry Cassandra so as to save her honour, and then to have his head struck off, to revenge her brother's blood. Cassandra's heart had been softened, and she pled for her husband's life in vain. Andrugio, hearing of the intended execution, went to town, hidden among the friars, and was so much touched with the repentance of Promos, and the sorrow of his sister, that he revealed himself, and related the manner of his escape. He expected to be executed in his place, but was let off on condition of marrying Polina, the very thing he wanted to do. And Promos and Cassandra lived happily ever after. Shakespeare, while borrowing the skeleton, changes the very spirit of Whetstone's drama. The Duke, vexed with himself for not being able to check the immorality of his city, pretends to leave it in the charge of his trusted Angelo and Escalus, but he comes back in the guise of a friar to see how they work things. Thus his own eyes witness the truth. Shakespeare could not let one of his noble women sink like Cassandra, even by a temptation entirely impersonal, he creates Isabella, a pure white soul. Shrinking from the life around, she is about to become a nun. But her brother, Claudio, is arrested and condemned, though he had been formally betrothed to Juliet, only the church marriage had not been solemnized. He gets Lucio, the rough soldier, to go and fetch his sister. To Lucio, Isabella was "a thing ensky'd and ainted," but he does his friendly message shrewdly. She follows his advice and goes to plead, Lucio still prompting her. Inexperienced in pleading, shrinking because she seemed to plead for "the vice she most abhorred" her words gain in intensity, as she realises the cold severity of Angelo, the suddenness of her brother's impending fate, his lack of time for prayers. She pours forth the plea for mercy, not with Portia's oratorical

dignity, but with a stronger passion of pleading earnestness.

"Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once." But *He* who had the power found out the remedy. You who have the potency, think, what if *He* "should judge you as you are." The hard judge of her brother will not yield, not even for pity of the man first condemned for a fault that so many had committed, and as he bids her "be content," her soul warms to a "divine discontent" with man and man-made law, eloquence pours from her mouth, concentrated scorn and earnestness,

"Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.... Man, proud man
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence—like an angry ape
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep."

And as she implores, the vision of the cloistered life fades away, and Isabella feels herself more needed in the outer world to help. A new physical beauty, waked by enthusiasm, dawns upon her cheeks, and the waves of her pure passion, quivering on her voice through the air into his heart, wakes the foul passions hidden there, by the man who had hitherto deceived even himself. He melts, and bids her come to-morrow. He knows, she could not know, what that postponement meant. Lucio might have guessed.

Angelo awaiting her, speaks in the tones of Hamlet's uncle, who could not pray, "Heaven hath my empty words."

Then Isabella, innocent and ignorant, arrives. The private pleading becomes personal, Angelo bats round in phrases, the meaning of which is not grasped by his pleading listener, until he puts it in plain words, as of another. She would rather die than yield. "Then must your brother die." He speaks still plainer, then in Hamlet's tones, Isabella exclaims,

"Most pernicious purpose, Seeming, seeming?
I will proclaim thee, Angelo, look for't."

"Who will believe thee, Isabel?" If she refuses, he will further add torture to Claudio's death. For his own sake he gives Claudio reprieve for yet another day. Poor Isabella! Shocked by the revelation of the outward sanctity, crawling within with vice, in this man, fount of law, she goes to her brother to prepare him for death, trusting in his honour as in her own, and at first he echoed her. If he *must* die, he would die bravely. When he hears the condition at first he cries, "Thou shalt not." But the poison of lax morality was in his veins, he measures proportions amiss, the sudden death stalking so near loomed large to his young pulsing heart, and in a speech of horror, out-passioning Hamlet's, he visualises the terrors of the earthly grave. Nothing rose higher, and it shook his soul.

"Sweet sister, let me live."

Then Isabella flashed out her Ithuriel spear! Only the pure in heart can see God, can see truth, can see duty. The first duty of each soul is to itself, to keep itself unspotted from the world, and her second pleading is at an end. The shock to her overstrained heart makes her utter words that seem too fierce in their intensity. Yet it was cruel kindness, to let him realise there was *no hope*, and lead him to prepare for his great change. Be sure she fled, only to secure calm, and then to plead with Heaven more hopefully, to save his soul, than she had pled on earth, to save his life.

The Friar Duke arrives.

She "had no superfluous leisure." The Duke has breath to say to her brother the errand that she went to say, "Go, to your knees and make ready," and then he lets poor Isabella know that he knows the truth, and saves her further speech. He must have (since he had appointed him to his high place) ferretted out the fact that Angelo had jilted Mariana between her marriage contract and the solemnity, because she had lost her dower. Now it fits his plan. If Isabella spoke to the returned Duke as things are, Angelo would but say he only tested her, but if the Deputy was entangled further, he could

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not escape. Would Isabella help? "I have spirit to do anything that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit." Her first thought for Mariana was Death the Consoler, and her first for Angelo was Death the Avenger. The Duke's plan, well laid, clearly stated, clinched by the creed that "the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof," comes as a new temptation for Isabella! With her heart aching at her brother's danger, softened by the remembrance of her harsh farewell, desiring to do justice on the unrighteous steward, full of sympathy with the wronged woman, she could calmly measure rights and wrongs. Doubtless the influence of the friar's recommendation prevents criticism. She willingly consents to "do a great good, do a little wrong." What cares she for Angelo's opinion of her? She is *herself*. The Duke, while he had reigned, had loved retirement, philosophy, and self searching, more than politics. Now he has found how in a body politic, there is need of constant watching, constant governance by a governor all alive. In his "retirement" now he forgets himself, in trying to keep things straight. And in this labour he has involved Isabella. She has forgotten her cloister, and her duties there, she has found there are duties even in the world for her, and when the intricate process of the Duke's device is over, and the deputy convicted, there will be once more a Duke in Vienna, a Duke who has won her for a noble Duchess, wearing the white flower of perfect womanhood, so that her very presence would purify the hearts of men, and all would learn to look at her, as Lucio had done, as "a thing enskyed and sainted," though still dwelling on the earth.

Shakespeare evidently agreed with the author of "The Diall of Princes," Chap. 28th, "That women maye be no lesse wise then men, and though they be not, it is not through the fault of nature, but for wante of bringing up."

Contracted from a Paper read before Dr. Furnivall's "New Shakespeare Society" in 1890.

III.

THE AMLETH OF THE STORY AND THE HAMLET OF THE STAGE. WHY DO THEY DIFFER?

SHAKESPEARE'S method of treating his originals is nowhere more fully illustrated than in the tragedy of 'Hamlet.' The story of 'Amleth' is built upon various old Icelandic Sagas, and later, Danish ones. Dr. Gilbert Murray in his 'Shakespeare Lecture' at the the British Academy, dealt with this, its place in folk-lore, and its allegorical or inner meaning. But he did not connect his theory at all with Shakespeare's play.

The Danish Saxo Grammaticus, some time after 1177, compiled from various sources a history of the early kings of Denmark. The story of 'Amleth' is preserved at the end of his third book and the beginning of the fourth, as part of the story of Rorique. The third book ends with what should have been the dramatic conclusion of any play, and the fourth book carries on the account of "Amleth's" reign, his marriages, betrayal, defeat, and death.

We cannot think that Shakespeare's studies carried him to the original Latin pages of the Danish historian. There was, however, a French sixteenth century translation which closely followed the text, without the break which occurs in Saxo. A collection of tales and novelettes had been published by Bandello in Italian, which were partly translated into French by Boaistean and completed by François de Belleforest. The latter added some new tales, and began to publish them in Paris in 1559 under the title of 'Histoires Tragiques.' In the fifth volume (Lyon, 1576, and Paris, 1582) the third chapter contains the story of 'Amleth.' We

know no English translation before Bradocke's of 1608, but some have supposed there must have been an earlier edition, so that Shakespeare might have read it. I see no difficulty in believing that Shakespeare knew French sufficiently well to have been able to read Belleforest for himself. His known friendship with Richard Field, the apprentice, son-in-law, and successor of the great French printer, Thomas Vautrollier, who was allowed to keep six foreign journeymen printers, gives us a reason to believe that the poet learned French in the Blackfriars printing house, at the same time that he was acquiring his evident intimacy with the printer's craft.

Some think there was an earlier play of 'Hamlet' on which Shakespeare constructed his. This is an exceedingly difficult matter to decide, as there is no copy of that early forerunner extant. The belief in its existence is based on an allusion in Nash, another in Lodge, and on a reference to the play in 'Henslowe's Diary.' This belief is strengthened by the silence of Meres as to any play by Shakespeare on the subject of 'Hamlet.' In 1898 Dr. Furnivall, in his Forewords to Mr. Grigg's Facsimile of the 1603 quarto, accepts all the arguments in favour of the early play—not by Shakespeare, and disbelieves the supposition drawn from Albert Colln's 'Shakespeare in Germany,' that the early German play was a recension of this lost pre-Shakespearean 'Hamlet.' While I do not profess to speak with any authority in treating early editions, I acknowledge that the arguments brought forward in this case seem to me insufficient to *prove* anything. The lost play was supposed to have been known *too early* to be attributable to Shakespeare. In his Preface to Green's 'Menaphon' (said by Dyce to have appeared in 1587, though no copy is extant of an earlier date than 1589), Nash writes: "It is a common practice nowadays among a sort of shifting companions that run through every art and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarcely Latinise their neck-verse if they should have need: yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences,

as 'Blood is a beggar,' and so forth, and if you entreat him fair on a frosty morning, he will afford you whole 'Hamlets'—I should say handfuls of tragical speeches." But I do not think that Nash's words bear the meaning which has been put into them. Read with the *context*, they are seen to refer to *translators*, not to play-writers; the "trade of Noverint" was that of lawyer's clerks, those who followed it, used the corrupt and hybrid Latin of the law courts, and it would be audacity in them, from their knowledge of legal Latin, to attempt translations from classic sources. His reference to "English Seneca" was to exclude the scholars from the field of his censure, as he was there treating Heywood, Neville, Studley, Nuce, and Newton's work, rather as a set of translators, than as a set of plays; and the reference to Hamlet's tragical speeches *might* probably have been applied rather to the *story* than to the play of 'Hamlet.' Nash goes on to say, "but Seneca will not last for ever. . . . and these men renouncing all possibilities of credit or estimation, to intermeddle with Italian translations. . . . and spende two or three hours in turning over French Doudie." He gives a long list of respectable translators, among whom appear Erasmus, Sir Thomas Eliot, Gascoigne, Turberville, Golding, Phaer, Thomas Watson, Thomas Newton, Leyland, Gabriel Harvey. Now, Nash's voice is much too uncertain to prove that there was a play of 'Hamlet' written by that date, and, *therefore*, too early for Shakespeare. He might have referred to the supposed early edition of Bradocke's English translation of 'Hamlet,' which was not well done.

The other two references are later. On June 9th, 1594, Henslowe records his share in his 'Diary'—"The Lord Admeralle and my Lorde Chamberlen men. . . . received at 'Hamlet,' viiis." Lodge, in his 'Wit's Miserie and the World's Madnesse,' printed in 1596, describes the fiend Hate-Virtue: "He walks for the most part in black, under colour of gravity, and looks as pale as the Vizard of ye ghost which cried so miserally at ye Theator, like an Oister wife, Hamlet, Revenge!" Now, both of these are at dates at which it was

possible that Shakespeare *might* have himself written an early draught of 'Hamlet.' It was connected with *his company* and *his Theatre*, and it is just *possible* that Meres had not heard of that one play while he was in London.¹

I cannot attempt to decide that question, but it must not be forgotten that if Shakespeare did not write that early play, its author *may* have come between him and the original story, but unless a copy should turn up, we cannot be sure even of that. If the early play followed the story, it would have left Hamlet king; if the writer was the first to sketch the modern plot, then Shakespeare followed him and made him "Prince of Denmark."

Dr. Furnivall feels sure that, from its links of association with 'Julius Cæsar,' Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' was sketched in 1601, entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1602, printed in a pirated and imperfect copy in 1603 (the first quarto), and corrected and completed in 1604 by Shakespeare himself (the second quarto). The entry in the Stationers' Registers of July 26th, 1602, ran: "To James Roberts, A booke, The Revenge of Hamlett Prince of Denmarke, as yt latelie was acted by the Lord Chamberlaine his servantes." The first edition which we know to have appeared after that was the 1603 edition, described on the title-page as "The tragicall History of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, by William Shakespeare, As it hath beene diverse times acted by his Highnesse Servants in the citie of London; as also in the Two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford and elsewhere. At London, printed by Nicholas Ling and John Trundell, 1603." The name of Roberts, who had registered it, does not appear, and this supports the presumption that it was a pirated copy seemingly taken down in imperfect notes (sometimes out of order) from the acted performance or from the players. But it must have been taken from an earlier draught of *Shakespeare's* play.

1. I do not venture to bring it forward as pertaining to the domain of proof, but as a point to remember, that Gabriel Harvey, in his marginal notes to Speght's "Chaucer," classifies Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" (1593), "Lucrece" (1594), and "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark," together; omitting all mention of his other plays. This "Chaucer" was published in 1598.

Some of the situations and some of the names are different.

There was not *time* for the description on the title-page to be true, unless the "King's servants" carried over to the new reign their records under their previous "master." The Chamberlain's became the King's Company only on May 17th, 1603, just about the time the players would leave London for the summer. That year was a plague year, the King did not stay much in London, and "his servants" did not play before him until December 3rd, at Wilton. Apparently the piracy, if it was piracy, was compounded in the following year, when a quarto edition appeared, printed by the man who had registered it, James Roberts, for Nicholas Ling—"The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. By William Shakespeare. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copie." It had fifty pages, whereas the 1603 edition had only had thirty-two; it bears traces of much further work, and shows many great improvements in the text. It is at last 'Hamlet' as we know it, and the names are those we know—Corambus has become Polonius; Leonhardus, Laertes; Rosencraft and Gilderstone have become Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.¹

Therefore, we have to realize that before our 'Hamlet', in its complete shape, came the 1603 edition *by Shakespeare*, the supposed early play *not by Shakespeare*, a supposed early *translation* of Belleforest, and Belleforest himself. I believe firmly, however, that, whether or not there was another author for this unknown play, Shakespeare went to Belleforest for his original, so that it is well to turn to the French Belleforest's "Histoire avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarck vengea la mort de son père Horvendille, occis par Fengon, son frère, et autres occurrences de son histoire," &c. The Danish king Rorique had given the government of Jutland to a valiant man called Gervidille, at whose death

1. Dr. Leo discovered that there were two officials living at Shakespeare's time in Denmark bearing these names, which they signed together in a ducal remembrance book, as Jörgen Rossenkrantz, 1577, P. Guldens-tern, and I added some references to them in this country (see 'Atbenæum,' September 23rd, 1892).

succeeded his *two sons*, Horvendille and Fengon. Horvendille defeated the Norwegian king Collere (old Fortinbras), and sent most of the booty to Rorique, who thereupon gave him his daughter Geruthe in marriage. (Note that it was because of his marriage with Geruthe that Horvendille became the predominant partner or *king*.) He had one son called Amleth. Fengon, jealous of his brother's glory, tempted his wife to do evil, formed a party against him in the State, forced a quarrel on him, and treacherously, though openly, killed Horvendille at a feast. He excused himself by saying Horvendille was planning how to kill Geruthe, who was very much beloved by the people. "But she, who had been at first honoured for her virtues, forgot all duty and married her husband's brother and murderer."

Amleth knew that Fengon would have killed him also, along with his father, but for the fear of his grandfather Rorique, so, like Brutus and David, he feigned insanity, until he should come of age, and so be enabled to mature his plans. His uncle, to keep him out of his sight, sent him to be in the kitchen amongst the servants. There on one occasion he gathered a bundle of faggots, and began to sharpen their points. Being asked why he did this, he answered: "To make pointed javelins to avenge the death of my father." Some of the servants told Fengon of this. He, to try whether Amleth was really mad or no, placed in the woods near him a beautiful woman, who was to tempt him by her endearments and betray his thoughts to the King. The girl had loved Amleth from her youth, and might have deceived him, had not his foster-brother Osric warned him by a sign that he was being watched. He therefore did not respond to her caresses, and that was supposed to be a true sign of madness.

Fengon then pretended that he was leaving the court for a time, but he asked a friend to spy on Hamlet and his mother. In order to try to find out the truth about her son, the queen sent for him to speak with him in her closet, and the Chamberlain hid himself behind the arras, that he might hear what was said. Hamlet came in, and began crowing like a cock,

and flapping his arms up and down as if they were wings, until he felt some motion behind the arras, when he plunged his sword through it and struck some one. Believing it to have been his uncle, he dragged the spy out half dead, recognised him, but despatched him. Swearing his mother to secrecy he carried the body of the Chamberlain to the kitchen, put it into a cauldron, boiled it, and gave it to the pigs to eat, so that it could not be found. Then he returned and reproached his mother for having married Fengon. He said: "It is foolish to gather fruit before the season, but I await it. I desire to take such a high vengeance that it will always be spoken of. I shall not die until I have avenged myself of my enemy, until I quit myself of the obligation laid on me. Weep not for me, but weep for yourself." But as he spoke she forgot her mortification and anxiety, for joy that her son had become so wise. She dared not lift up her eyes to his, because of her shame, remembering his father, until ere long she embraced him, and told him that he ought to consider that she had had little means of resistance, and that the treachery of the people in the palace was over all. She had never consented to the death of his father. She advised Amleth to be prudent, and not to hurry, and promised to help him. She feared that this murder of the Chamberlain would be his ruin, but she would pretend that she knew nothing of it. Amleth answered: "It is necessary to me either that a glorious death should put an end to my days, or having my weapons in my hand, laden with triumph and victory, I should snatch life from those who make mine unhappy. What is the use of a life in which shame and infamy are the executioners which torment our consciences?" He gave her a year to wait until he should come of age, in which she might embroider the story of his life in arras, then celebrate his funeral.

The King, uneasy at the disappearance of his Chamberlain, hurried Amleth off to the King of England to receive the tribute, along with two companions, who bore letters ordering Amleth's instant execution. In the night Amleth secured these letters, substituted the names of his companions for his own, and

suggested that the English King should give him his daughter in marriage. Now Amleth had been taught the arts of divination, and he told the English King certain secrets which stirred trouble around, and caused great fear of Amleth.

Everything went as he had planned, and he returned to Denmark within a year, to find the courtiers carousing at his supposed funeral feast. He was single-handed among them all, so he went about to serve the company, and induced them to go on to a double measure in drinking, in honour of his return, until they were all quite intoxicated, and fell on the floor. Then he dragged down the arras over them, pegged it down with the skewers that he had sharpened for the purpose, and set the pavilion on fire, so that they were all burnt to death. He had noted that his uncle had slipped away from the feast before the end. He followed him, and found him in bed, with his sword lying by his side. Amleth took it up, and laid down in its place his own, which had been nailed into its scabbard by someone in the hall. He awaked his uncle, told him what he had done, and while Fengon was vainly trying to draw the blade out of the scabbard, Amleth struck him, and killed him with the very sword with which he had killed his brother, saying, "Go to Hell and tell thy brother, whom thou didst kill so wickedly, that his son sent thee to him, to honour his memory, and to appease his shade, and quit me of the obligation laid upon me."

Amleth then went out and addressed the mob which had gathered round the palace at the sight of the flames. He explained what he had done, and why. It was surely his duty to revenge the death of his father. He told them that now they had no one to look to but himself, and so they accepted him as their King. This is the dramatic ending, as it closes the third book of Saxo. Belleforest goes on to record the "other occurrences" as they appear in the fourth book, but as they have no relation whatever to the play, I do not here weight this paper with them.

Every one knows how *our* story of Hamlet runs. Why did Shakespeare (and with him I must combine the unknown author

of the unknown early play, if any such there were) ignore the dramatic possibility of the story as given by Saxo and Belleforest, non-suit the title, and alter the whole character-scheme, situation and *denouement*? I do not know of any critic who has asked these questions, nor of any who, without asking, has answered them. But it is necessary to answer them before we understand Hamlet, or Shakespeare in 'Hamlet.'

In his version of the story Belleforest occasionally moralises. He praises Amleth for his "ruse," his courage, and his success. But he adds apologetically, "All these things happened long before the faith of Jesus Christ had been introduced into Denmark." That sentence gives the clue to the cause of the difference. The introduction of *Christianity* was the pivot on which the changes turned. The dramatist brought the Amleth of the story a thousand years adown the stream of time, to a period long *after the faith of Christ had been introduced into Denmark*, indeed, into times contemporary with his own. Yet, by the strange method that he uses, he leaves the *history* at the old date, at a period when the Norse men made incursions into England and even occasionally levied tribute, the period when the Vikings ruled the waves, and Norway and Denmark were sometimes united, and sometimes at war. It was as if, in geologic terms, there had been an upheaval and a crumpling of the strata, a subsidence of one part alone, and a *fault* in the series, so that some of the circumstances of Hamlet's life did not fit into the others. After all, the mere chronology of *history* did not matter very much to Hamlet. But his whole attitude to life is *changed* by his change of faith, new characters are necessitated, new incidents and action for them, and the plot has to be altered.

It would be well to imagine what Hamlet was, a little over *four* months before the play opens. He was the idol of his parents and of the populace. He had been trained in all the manly exercises of the time, in all the courtly graces; he understood music, he could even write verses, and *manage* a theatrical company. He had been brought up in Roman Catholicism, but he had been sent to school at Wittenburg,

the great Protestant University. There he had studied, besides the logic of the Schoolmen, the moral philosophy, rhetoric, and literature of the Classicists, the metaphysics of the Theologians. The eternal discussions and disputations of the Sophists were then the University methods of sharpening young men's wits. He was young, just twenty, like his prototype in the story (bear that in mind against all the alterations made in the clown scene to thirty.) Youths went to the Universities early in Shakespeare's days, generally about twelve. He had evidently spent a good many seasons at Wittenburg before he came home, leaving Horatio there. He had begun to study law and politics at court. Ophelia gives the best description of him in her soliloquy, in words which do not seem to have been unpremeditated, but rather fragments combined from songs or sonnets, possibly composed by herself, or some other admiring courtier, for the table books of a select few :

What a noble mind . . .
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern had been the playmates of his earlier youth and lighter hours, but it was the Horatio who had worked with him in Wittenburg whom he had chosen for his *alter ego*, his very friend. He says himself :

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself. . . . Give me that man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—(III. 2.)

Here Hamlet paints himself, as a man is known by his choice in his friends.

His uncle adds a touch to the description :

He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving
Will not peruse the foils,

And again :

He 's loved of the distracted multitude.—(IV. 3.)

The dramatist endorses all these praises, and further gives him a sensitive heart, keen wit, manly courage, and metaphysical thoughtfulness beyond his years.

It is evident that there had been some special affection between Horvendille, here called the elder Hamlet, and his only son. He was probably being trained by his father in kingcraft as his assistant and successor. There was no cloud in all their sky.

Then fell a bolt from the blue ! His father was *found dead*, sleeping in the orchard, and it was said that he had been *stung by a serpent*. Overwhelmed by grief and amazement, young Hamlet took no note of passing events. His uncle retained naturally his own share in the government, and by some form of election by the people he seems to have slipped, gradually and unostentatiously, into that of his brother. He spared the weeping widow and mourning son all the trouble of arrangements, and neglected no jot or tittle of due observance in the funeral. He tried to comfort the widow, and did it with success ; he tried to comfort young Hamlet, and only the more repelled him.

The murderer, meanwhile, dwelling in "the castle of security," had suggested that it was the best thing possible for the state, that he should wed Gertrude, their overlord's daughter, and be her stay and protector against her country's foes, and the pagan origin of the story peeps in here. For so said they all, and so she agreed. The wedding festivities took place soon, and lasted long. Hamlet could not feast. His beloved father was gone, never to return. Not for him was the speedy consolation of the King and Queen and Court, not for him the easy settlement of the great troubles which burdened his soul, as suggested in Belleforest. For the first time in his life he had been crushed by a great sorrow ; had been faced by the awful realities of life and death. It was not only that the joy of his heart seemed dead, but the meaning

of his life had become obscured. His uncle had taken possession of his future: "Popped in between the election and my hopes." Awful suspicions had arisen when his mother had dried her tears, and fierce indignation had rooted itself in his soul when the suspicion became a certainty that his mother meant to disgrace herself and him, as well as the shades of his father, by contracting a hasty and illegal marriage with his uncle.

I do not think that it has been fully realised that all Hamlet's *distaste for life* had developed *before he knew of the murder*. It was his mother's shame, even more than his father's loss, which made him loathe it. He felt with Isabella, in 'Measure for Measure,' that there was no fear in death:

But shamed life a hateful.—(III. 1.)

He felt, further, pitifully alone. His former friends turned their faces to the rising sun. *How could they forget?* (Horatio, he thought, was at Wittenburg.) What was the use of his own broken life and frustrated desires? Why did he hate his uncle so? Was it only because he had taken his birthright from him? Or because he had spell-bound his mother? How had his father really died? He churned his griefs and shames and perplexities, his fears and desires, with aching throbs in the hollows of his heart. And his own life began to waste away.

At this stage the drama opens. The Christianity shed upon Hamlet is suffused upon all around him. Ophelia has had no mother to look after her, but she obeys the prudent counsels of her father and of her brother. She reads saintly books, and does not tempt Hamlet sinfully, though she loves him honestly. Her father, Polonius, is clothed in a loose robe of conventional Christianity, and a similar one sits even more lightly on her brother, Laertes.

The Queen, being christianised, had to be made innocent of any share in the murder of her husband, of any infidelity towards him while he lived. Her haste in marrying again was only *indecorous*. It was a very common practice in

Shakespeare's time, as lawsuits respecting widows' dowers abundantly show ; but the progress of civilisation had made that wrong which would not have been considered so in pagan times, the marrying of her deceased husband's brother. Hence arises Hamlet's intolerable sense of shame.

But it is the way in which Christianity has affected his uncle, which *necessitates the change to a new central action*. In the story, Fengon had killed Horvendille openly at a feast, before the court, probably in Hamlet's presence, certainly to his knowledge. But the fratricide of Christian times is perforce affected by the surrounding influence of a creed which he cannot assimilate. He could not *be* a Christian, but he felt it necessary to *pretend to be one*. He made a party only for friendly support, he "smiled" and ingratiated himself with every one, and with infinite cunning he tried to make the best of his opportunities. He killed his brother secretly, without requiring help from anyone, and *nobody knew* that *he* was related to the murder as direct cause to the effect. To Hamlet should have come the duty of investigation and punishment, had he known it to be murder ; but his bewilderment and grief had made him let slip the opportunity ; and how could he *revenge* himself upon a "serpent ?" He knew nothing of the real circumstances, and nobody was able to tell him, except one who would not tell—the King himself.

How, then, was Hamlet to be given the key which should unlock the mystery ? "Killing" had been "no murder" to the pagan Fengon, and he was not ashamed. But the christianised conditions which produced shame and secrecy necessitated the finding of some means of giving the necessary information. No action could move, no plot could be developed, *until Hamlet knew*. The dramatist found his means of communication in the ghost. The supernatural was a popular avenue for providing information which could come by no other way. There was no ghost in the story of Amleth, it was not needed then. Doubtless, it was suggested to the poet in reading the story of Belleforest, when he came to the passage in which "Amleth" reproaches his mother for marrying again,

“ sans respecter *les ombres* de mon père,” and “ les ombres ” became “ the shades,” and the shades became the ghost, who is, in reality, the moving spirit in the play.

Being a Christian youth, he is not made acquainted with the divination of his prototype. But he dwells on psychical questions. The dramatist is preparing him for the advent of the ghost. This is a very remarkable ghost. It was no subjective creation of an excited mind, of the pattern of those who appeared to Richard III. or to Macbeth. It was a sturdy, objective ghost, who wanted witnesses as well as a listener. It did not appear to *the criminal*, but to the innocent. It did not appear first to those *who cared*, but to the indifferent; not to his forgetful wife nor to his remembering son, but to the sentries who watched for the new King as they had watched for the old, and who were not thinking at the time of “ the Majesty of buried Denmark.”

The two watchmen must have been discreet ; they told no one but Horatio. He explained to them that long since the late King had slain Fortinbras, of Norway, and taken some of his inheritance, and that young Fortinbras was coming with his legions even then to ask reparation, and the spirit might have wished to give his countrymen warning. When Horatio came with them the watch gained courage to stay and observe the resemblance to the late King. They bade *him* speak, *because he was a scholar*. The ghost appears, but will not speak.

This bodes some strange eruption to our state....
But soft, behold ! lo, where it comes again !
I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion !
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me !

It does not obey, and the cock crows.

Let us impart what we have seen to-night,
Unto young Hamlet ; for upon my life
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Horatio and Hamlet would be sure to know all about apparitions. Reginald Scot, an Englishman, had written

a book about them in 1584. And James King of Scotland knew even more. He had published his book on 'Demonologie' in 1597, and classified the kinds of spirits which troubled people. "The second kind assume a dead body, wherein they lodge. They can easily open without dinne any door and enter thereat . . . to discover to them the will of the defunct, or what was the way of his slaughter."

The next day the King and Queen tried to persuade Hamlet to leave off his mourning robes, which he refused to do while his heart mourned: "I have that within, which passes shew."

They begged him to stay at home and not return to Wittenberg, as he wished to do. He agreed to obey in that, and the King arranged for that night carousals to Hamlet's health. Hamlet was then left to his well-known soliloquy. It was not only his intense grief at the loss of his father, which had burnt inwardly for lack of due expression, but there was the sudden check in the due course of his life, which hitherto had progressed in ordered sequence towards an understood end now frustrated; the scorn of those who changed so readily; the sharp awakening to his own relative unimportance, and yet the importance to himself of his honour. It was the galling sense of shame for a mother, who did not feel any for herself, which weighted him most heavily, and made him wish to slip out of a life where such things were. He recognised then that the Everlasting had fixed his canon against self-slaughter, and he submitted with a groan:

But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.—(II. 1.)

Interrupting these humiliating thoughts, into the deserted hall, entered, with the soldiers, Horatio, Hamlet's only friend. He was not very sure even of him just then. He had suffered so much. When he heard their news, "This troubles me," he said before the soldiers, but he let them go before he added:

My father's spirit in arms? All is not well,
I doubt some foul play.

The others had thought only of some possible danger to the state; he thought only of his father.

That afternoon Laertes bade farewell to his father and sister; that evening the King "kept wassail" to Hamlet's health; that night Hamlet went out to meet the ghost, though it was "bitter cold." They were talking of drunkenness when the apparition came:

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
I *will* speak to thee....O, answer me!....
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements....What should we *do*?

The ghost beckoned, the soldiers urged Hamlet not to go with it:

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,
And for my soul, what can it do to that?....
Go on. I'll follow thee....My *fate* cries out.

He goes alone to listen to the ghost. Evidently his father had never been sent to the school at Wittenberg, whither he had sent his son. There is not a trace of logic in his talk, nor a sign of attention to rhetorical or psychological effect. If he had been a sensible ghost, he would have tried to make the best of his case. Horatio expected some valuable State secrets, Hamlet being only obsessed by the crime of his mother, when the ghost came, had a sudden intuition that *murder* was in the air, but thought it was the murder of the innocent man, received at once to Paradise. Had the ghost delivered his message simply and directly, the plot would have worked out normally. He says, "Mark me," to one who was doing nothing else. He makes clear that he brought with him no "airs from heaven," that his intent was *not* "charitable": that he had not come with any advice to save the country, that he never thought of the country. Indeed, he leaves it to be argued that he did not *come* to say anything; that he was *doomed* to walk the night, and took advantage of his opportunity to try to satisfy the last of his human vices, the thirst for *revenge*. By this the ghost of Christian times is linked to the old Paganism from which the Amleth Saga had sprung. No wonder that Lodge scorned "The ghost which so miserably cries at the theator, 'Hamlet, re-

venge!’” He suggests that *he* had something to confess, and does not confess it, nor does he ask from his only son a Christian prayer for his suffering soul. With strange prolixity he dwells on what *he* is now suffering in Purgatory for his own “foul crimes,” though he had been “forbidden to tell the secrets.” It would have been more practical to have started at once, “List, list, oh list!” though even then he left Hamlet a miserable moment with the fear that his mother might also have been stained with his father’s blood. At last the truth came out clear :

The serpent that did sting thy father’s life
Now wears his crown.

Oh my prophetic soul ! my uncle !—(I. v.)

This, then, as a possibility, had been gnawing at Hamlet’s heart all along, too indefinitely to be shaped until Horatio had told him that his father’s ghost had come. Now, *he knows*. Though the ghost describes his love for Hamlet’s mother as holy, he does not paint himself otherwise as an innocent victim. He was “Cut off in the blossoms of my sins.” There is no clue given as to the nature of these sins, and we are left uncertain as to whether or not *he deserved to die*. With a renewed caution to Hamlet to deal tenderly with his mother, the ghost vanishes when he scents the morning air. The conversation must have indeed been long which lasted from the midnight hour till dawn, for it was evidently not midsummer then. “Adieu, remember me !”

Hamlet’s excitement, sympathy, wrath, revenge, break out when left alone. Yes, he will remember,

I’ll wipe away all trivial fond records.

This is the preliminary to the pushing aside of Ophelia. He *will forget all else*—

And thy commandment all alone shall live.

Thus, four months after his father’s death, begins Hamlet’s quest for *revenge*, and the Hamlet of the play becomes for a time the Amleth of the story, alone and unaided, determined to do what he thought his duty, cunning, secretive, patient,

and remorseless. He did not even tell his friends what he had heard, further than that it was "an honest ghost." He had already, "with wings as swift as meditation," planned the preliminary step in his "ruse," and he made them swear that they would never speak of what they had seen, even if he chose "to put an antic disposition on;" and the ghost echoed "Swear." Hamlet said "Rest, rest, perturbed spirit!" forgetful for the time that his father was going back "to sulphurous and tormenting flames," and that it was his father's own crimes which had disturbed his rest.

He let his followers think that he had been entrusted with some secret of State, for he cried—

The time is out of joint: O! cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right!—(I. 5.)

His uncle's crime had put the time out of joint for him, and Hamlet's revenge alone would lead to his own succession, and give him power to put things right. He seems at once to have "put his antic disposition on." When Polonius, the spy by nature, was sending Reynaldo after his son to watch him in Paris, the frightened Ophelia rushed in. She had been the first to witness the change in Hamlet. He had made up his mind not to seek help from her, or trust her who owed obedience to such a father and to such a King, even if she had been strong enough herself to wish to risk it. The King was making every effort to discover the cause of Hamlet's madness, if it were real, and if it were dangerous. He appoints Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to sound him. Polonius finds a possible and safe cause in his thwarted love for Ophelia, and suggests watching him in her company. The King agrees, for he would fain believe this.

Then follows the episode of the players. The dramatist drags in a bit of personal and contemporary life (or did Richard Burbage do so, Hamlet's first expresser?) when he tells of the wrongs of the tragedians of the Globe, who had been flouted by a company of children at the Blackfriars, "little eyases that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for it." He speaks of the old play of

'Hecuba' and the 'Fall of Troy,' which had been translated in Thomas Newton's 'English Seneca,' 1581, but not in Shakespeare's words. These were drawn from no known rendering of the drama, and we must take them as his own. Moved by the power and pathos of the players to a great idea, Hamlet asks the chief player if they could play 'The Murder of Gonzago,' interpolating a short speech which he should write for them. He agrees. He could not help reproaching himself for his doubts and his delay, for his coldness in the enterprise. The actor could put passion in his words, bring tears to his eyes, for Hecuba. "What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?" It may not at first be realised that the introduction of the players has also been necessitated by the christianising of Hamlet. The ghost had aroused feelings of revenge, the use of the players was an appeal to justice. There was always a *sous-entendu* of the black art, in dealing with things supernatural. In Hamlet's soliloquy we can read that he had been going over so often in critical thought his whole interview with his father's spirit, that he had begun to read new possible meanings into his words. At the best, their testimony would not be accepted in a court of justice as sufficient to exonerate him from blood-guiltiness should he kill his uncle on ghostly authority alone. It would not be fair to his enemy to do so. No one else *knew*. He must force him to become witness against himself. He had known in dramatic experience such scenes awake slumbering consciences. He could not act in such scenes himself, but he would watch the King under the actor's spell.

If he but blench

I know my course. The spirit I have seen

May be the devil' . . . yea and perhaps

Out of my weakness and my melancholy . . .

Abuses me to damn me: I'll have grounds

More relative than this. The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King.—(II. 2.)

1. Compare "Was it not some Demon in the likeness of a god who enjoined it, i.e., Orestes' revenge for his father's murder?" (Euripides, 'Electra,' 979).

No one else suspected ; the King is not afraid.

It is not until the beginning of the third act, while he and Polonius are preparing to spy on Hamlet and Ophelia, that we get the first hint that the King feels his life " a heavy burden." Hamlet enters, unaware of the intended trap, and in his meditations completes the chain of thoughts started in his first soliloquy (I. 2). Then he had only *wished* for death to relieve him of a life he found distasteful. But he had not then heard what the ghost had to tell him. Now he makes a deliberate estimate of the values of life and death and of the consequences of forcibly ending life, in sleep (III. 1).

But in that sleep of death what dreams may come.

In his first meditation God's command was sufficient as a deterrent, now the new terrors of the revelations of ghostly sufferings gathered round his soul. The consequences unnerved him. Whatever crimes his father had committed, *he* was innocent of the last and greatest crime of self-destruction. Hamlet could not face *that*. The plans and enterprises in the old Amleth story went on in ordered sequence. Amleth had no fear of a future retribution, he took up arms against his sea of troubles, to end *them*, not himself. But to the Christian Hamlet all things lag, being " sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." He then realises that what had seemed to be a duty laid on him had become too heavy for him *because he thinks*. He had thought of his father's death, of the ghost's words, of his uncle's crimes, his mother's heartlessness and shame, the people's changefulness, his own dissatisfactions in life, his normal duty, his abnormal duty at the present time, and the possible future consequences of each step, till his agonised soul whirled in a maelstrom of thought. Unlike Macbeth, who could jump the life to come so that he might be sure of this, Hamlet was willing to jump this life so that he might be sure of the next. His difficulties lay in the attempt to reconcile natural, human, ecclesiastical and spiritual law. Suddenly, he notices the fair Ophelia,

and thinking, as he had been, of responsibilities and punishment, he cries :

Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered. (III. 1.)

Her tactlessness, density, and blundering struggle between her filial obedience and her love makes the meeting but a scene of new friction. Supposing that some interference with Hamlet's wishes in regard to his love for her had bereft him of his senses, she offers him back his gifts, as if to rouse him more. Hamlet settles it another way. He tells her he did not care for her, and there was no reason that she should care for him. Hamlet says of himself :

I am very proud, revengeful, and ambitious....
Believe none of us.

He did not forget to remind her that she had faults too, she paints her life and her face. "Go to a nunnery, go!" To a nunnery, the shelter for disappointed lovers, the place of repentance for conscious sinners, the oubliette of undesired existences.

Left alone to her meditations and regrets, the artificial phrases in which she had painted Hamlet, soon gave way to tones of real feeling.

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with ecstasy; Oh woe is me! (III. 1.)

She believes in his madness; not so the listening King, and herein he differs from his prototype in the story, though his next step is the same. Hamlet must to England, "Madness in great ones must not unwatched go." Those familiar with the methods of treating madness in Shakespeare's time, may realise what "watching" meant. Polonius evidently does not approve of this, and suggests that they should first try what his mother could do with him.

Before the play-scene, it is evident that Hamlet had confided in his one friend the full story of the ghost con-

cerning his murder. Now he wants Horatio to help him to watch his uncle. He does not himself wish to be "passion's slave," nor measure his enemy by his own jaundiced eyes. If the King shows no sign of guilt, he is ready to confess that

It is a damned ghost that we have seen.

They separate in order to have different points of view. Apparently the King's eyes had at first been wandering, probably watching Hamlet. He does not seem to have noticed the dumb show which sketched the plot. Hamlet thought that the first scene should have stung his mother's heart, but she answers calmly and unsuspiciously. But the King was already aroused. "Is there no offence in it?" "No, no, your Majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not." Hamlet's "ruse" succeeded, so different from that of the story. The King rose, apparently ill. The Queen was anxious about him. Polonius calls for lights, the courtiers disperse, Hamlet and Horatio are left alone.

O good Horatio,
I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds,
Didst perceive? . . . Very well, my lord.—(II. 2.)

No one else had perceived anything peculiar in the play. They liked plenty of blood and murder in their tragedies then. But the "King liked not the comedy!" Rosen-crantz and Guildenstern came to tell Hamlet of the King's anger, his mother's perturbation and desire to speak with him in her closet. He laid aside his mantle of madness to his old friends. He was reckless then, and *certain*. He had shown the Court that the mere story of a murder could excite the King to such an extent. He could use this as proof ere-long, when his time came. What had he done to make an innocent man angry? Polonius came to tell him the same thing, and he was mocked. Hamlet's mind was clear at last. He felt ready for judgment and action.

'Tis now the very witching time of night
When churchyards yawn.

The prompting came of clear duty, he could do work *now*—at least he thought he could—which he might not do by

day. He believed that when he went to his mother's closet he would find the King with her, and that he would end his troubles there and then.

The King's anger had not dulled his wits. He had given his *orders*, and was left alone. His soul, startled into terror by the fear of a general discovery, now that he knew that Hamlet *knew*, acknowledged his sin :

It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
A brother's murder.—(III. 3.)

He wanted to pray, but could not. He knew that he had not confessed, nor repented, nor made restitution. Still he would try ; and in the semblance of prayer, trying to deceive his Creator as he had deceived his creatures, with words that should fly up, while thoughts remained below, Hamlet came on him. *This* is the *crisis* of the play. It is generally supposed that Hamlet's delay showed weakness of character. What could he do but delay ? How could one weak hand defy a nation, or even a crowding group of watchful courtiers ? The real *Amleth* delayed for a year ; Hamlet's delay can be counted in days. He had perforce to wait until the chance came to him to meet the King *alone*, as man to man. *Then Hamlet had his chance*. He had come to the hour when the Brazen Head would have said, "*Time is*," and he did not recognise the voice ; he forgot that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." He had his chance, as the *Amleth* of the story had, when his foe was at a disadvantage. The real *Amleth* took it, and so the tragedy ended triumphantly. But *the King prayed*.

The knightly feeling lingered into the sixteenth century. A Christian knight could not take his enemy unawares. He did not know that the King's prayers were as false as his smiles. But it was for no knightly feeling that Hamlet stayed his hand. The pagan spirit had invaded Hamlet's thought ; the poison of the ghost had entered into his soul ; he had fallen from the high creed of a perfect knight ; he

wanted more than blood for blood ; he wanted more than vengeance :

Am I then *revenged*
To take him in the purging of his soul ?

It seems strange to put it so, but in sparing the King *then*, we feel enforced to note how Hamlet evaded the principles of the Christianity in which he had been bred, and how Shakespeare meant it as a fault and not as a virtue in Hamlet. He had convicted the King in his own conscience. Had he waited till the poor prayer was ended, solemnly challenged him as God's messenger, after confession and restitution, he would have sent him for absolution to God's mercy. As lawful King he was above law, and the fount of law. The one sinner would have died, all the courtiers would have been spared. Things would have been made clear to them, had Hamlet struck *then*, with the echo of " the murder of Gonzago " in their memory, and they would have turned to their Prince meekly as to their rightful King. But he put up his sword, resolving to *choose his opportunity*, instead of taking that which was *given to him*, and went on to his mother's closet, to stain his own hands with blood, and make vengeance impossible. With the flush of triumphant discovery still on his cheek, he took masterful methods with his mother, who cried, " Help," and from the arras came the echo " Help." Here, he thought, he had his chance again, now perfectly suiting his dramatic plan. Without looking, he plunged his sword through the drapery, thinking to kill a spying King. He did not do what he willed then to do. But Hamlet had slain his man, his hands would never again be clean—" Blood would have blood." That which was excused in the Pagan Amleth fettered all future action in the Christian Hamlet.

His words to his mother fulfilled all his desires. He awakened her conscience, won her to his views. Then came the ghost, " to whet his almost blunted purpose " and to reawaken his tenderness for his mother. Was this the real objective ghost he had seen with Horatio ? Or a subjective

ghost evolved from his own inner consciousness? I am inclined to think it was the latter—that a concrete vision, born of memory, rose before his excited brain. It told him nothing now that he did not know. His mother saw nothing save Hamlet's countenance, she heard nothing save Hamlet's excited words. The vision past, Hamlet continued his reproaches till he "cleft her heart in twain." She promised him that she would not go to the King that night, and her son, "dragging in Polonius," left her.—(III. 4.)

But as soon as Hamlet left, she rushed to her husband to tell him of the death of Polonius. It put him in dire perplexity. He dare not give Hamlet a public trial, for he knew now that he would *speak*. He sent him at once to England.

By some means or other Hamlet "unwatched" encountered the army of young Fortinbras, diverted by his uncle's ambassadors from acting against Denmark, and now only seeking to pass through, to fight the Polacks.

His meditations on war bring him back to Christian thoughts upon the causes and consequences of war, and

The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
....for a fantasy and trick of fame,—(IV. 4.)

lead Hamlet to measure his delays, in such a duty as his. He has grasped the cause—

Some craven scruple
Of *thinking* too precisely on the event.
....O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody or be nothing worth—(IV. 4.)

and he reverts to Amleth's method, in signing the death-warrant of his two friends. He is not slow to take the chance of a pirate ship, and returns home unexpectedly in a few *days*.

Meanwhile had burst into the court the tempest of Laertes' wrath for the death of *his* father and the neglect of the honours at burial. Doubtless the humiliating discovery that there was a cloud upon the circumstances of his death made Laertes the more ready to fall in with the fiendish purpose of the King, and even to suggest the poisoning of the pointed rapier.

While they are scheming the Queen came to tell them that Ophelia, in her madness, was drowned. Why did Shakespeare drown her? Belleforest did not drown her prototype. The heroine of the German Hamlet flung herself from a cliff.

It may be for artistic reasons.

I may however note a strange coincidence. I found among the "Ancient Indictments" at the Record Office a roll of coroners' inquests for 1580-81. Among these is the case of *Katharine Hamlet*, who was found drowned in the Avon at Teddington, not far from Stratford. The question before the jury was, had she drowned herself? On evidence it was held that she had been going down to the river that she might fetch water, that she slipped in accidentally, met an innocent death, and might have Christian burial. Had the little incident floated through Shakespeare's brain from his youth, until it was recalled to his memory, amidst his study, by the name of "Hamlet?" This is much more likely than that he had read the Coroner's inquest on Sir James Hales, who drowned himself in 1561, as Dr. Aldis Wright suggests. Immediately after the description of the manner of Ophelia's death, we have the grave-digging scene, where the clowns quibble over the same question from their own standpoint. This scene is entirely unsuggested in the original; and though, in one way, it is an outcome of the Christianising process, it is not, as other changes are, essential to the situation. Other backgrounds might have been used for making up a scene where the chief characters are brought together for the last time, the dead, and those about to die. But this is profoundly suggestive. "Death is the market where all men meet." The clown business is allowed to intrude into the Hamlet action, partly for technical purposes to get the principal people off the stage and bring them on again. Somewhat of the detachedness of the life of men that are unconcerned in the general plot is afforded in the gravedigger's song, and heavy as is the humour of their talk it helps somewhat to relieve the strain upon the audience. This is the only attempt

at fooling in this melancholy play, and we feel an added incongruousness in that the fooling has been altered to suit successive contemporary audiences. It plays havoc with dates, and blunders about names. "The day our late King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras....the very day young Hamlet was born....I have been Sexton here, man and boy, 30 years.... Here's a skull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years....Yorick's skull, the King's jester." The day young Hamlet was born, is made 30 years ago, it has been said, to suit Richard Burbage, who had attained that age in 1603. Men were rarely called "*young*" then, so late in life. Hamlet was but twenty. Yet he is made to acknowledge that he had known and loved Yorick the King's Jester, who had died *twenty-three* years before. Commentators seek to attach contemporary significance to the statements and reckon for "Yorick" Richard Tarlton, who was probably Richard Burbage's godfather, and who may have taught him something of his skill in acting. We are made to stand among the graves in St. Leonard's Churchyard, Shoreditch. Near this the first theatre stood, and in this parish the Burbages lived and died. So did Richard Tarlton, but he was buried there in 1588, 15 not 23 years before, 23 would carry the dates on to 1611¹ Further, Tarlton was not the King's Jester, not even the Queen's Jester, but the great comic actor and chief of the Queen's own company of players. Yet he might have been named a Jester. Queen Elizabeth's male Jester was William Shenton. Curiously enough the last "King's Jester," William Somers, had died and had been buried in St. Leonards, but that was as far back as 1560, so that there would have been from his death an interval of 43 years. The discrepancies give point to Hamlet's own advice to the players, not to speak more than has been writ down for them.

Amid the Sexton's fooling Hamlet and Horatio enter, Hamlet moralising over the contrasts of life and death, in no mood for shallow wit, but for thoughts deeper than philosophy.

1 Had Hamlet's true age appeared in some earlier edition, the fifteen years would have left five for his acquaintance with the Jester.

"To what base uses we may return, Horatio." Into the midst of the horrors that lay around was borne the "one that was a woman." Hamlet had been *away* from court, he had not heard of Ophelia's madness nor of her death. He first learned this from Laertes, and his mother's, "I hoped thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife." Laertes fell into the ranting mood, and revealed the full truth to Hamlet, giving shock upon shock. Restrained at first by reason, memory and the solemn place, it was not until the King interposed, that Hamlet fell into ranting too. "Forty thousand brothers could not, with all their quantity of love, make up my sum." Meanwhile, there is no doubt, Hamlet was looking back. There had been revealed to him the meaning and the effect of his actions on that fatal night. Because he had *not* killed *his uncle*, he had killed *Ophelia's father*; and had raised between himself and the girl he had loved a chasm which could not have been bridged. He and we are intended to understand that the recognition of that, was the real cause of Ophelia's distraction. She had loved her father, but she loved Hamlet more. Brooding in her loneliness on the loss, and the consequences of the loss, the certainty that even if Hamlet ever came back from England he could never come back to her, proved too much for her heart and brain and they gave way together. And now that Hamlet knew all this, he seemed driven to the verge of madness too. In spite of his promise to the ghost, he had not been able to "wipe away all trivial fond records" (I. 5) so easily as he thought that he could, in order that *nothing* should come between him and his great quest of revenge. But now Polonius had come between him and his love for Ophelia, between him and his friendship for Laertes, between him and his promise to his father's ghost, between him and the fulfilment of his "revenge."

Hamlet had one good fortune, to have had his conference with his only friend Horatio, to whom he had disclosed his uncle's treachery to himself, "Is't not perfect conscience to quit him with this arm?"

To Horatio's suggestion that the King would shortly hear from England the issue of the business:—

It will be short; *the interim is mine*:
And a man's life 's no more than to say "one":
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myself.—(V. 2.)

He had reason to be sorry for himself as well as for Laertes, for even that *short interim* was *not his*, but was filled by Laertes, and *his revenge* for Hamlet's rash and unregarding stroke, Hamlet is willing to give Laertes "satisfaction." He is not afraid of fencing, he has been in practice.

But, like all highly sensitive natures, whether from mortal thought-transference, or the intuition of genius, he had *presentiments*, "Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my heart."

We next watch breathlessly all the rapid stages of the tragedy, exasperated only by the printer's blunder. "He's *fat*, and scant of breath." The word *must* have been "faint" and have been contracted in some transcript, to *fat*, whence the printer made "fat."¹ Hamlet never could have been fat, "he thinks too much, such men are dangerous," but are never "fat." Burbage never was fat.

Generous to the end, he and Laertes forgive each other. For *his own wrong* Hamlet stabs his uncle with the venomous point, for *his mother's death* he makes him finish the fatal cup, but *for his father's death he had no time to act, he had lost his revenge in his lost opportunity*.

Young Fortinbras draws near, to whom Hamlet left his "voice," and the coming King gave this noble prince "a soldier's funeral." A memory of Shakespeare's previous play of Julius Cæsar and of Mark Antony's oration, is awakened in preparation for the about-to-be oration of Horatio. For Horatio was the only one who knew the whole truth from the beginning to the end, the only one who had dwelt in Hamlet's heart of hearts; and the Hamlet we know to-day is the Hamlet whose story Horatio told, over his friend's

1 This has been suggested before.

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bleeding corse. Shakespeare has cut his life history short. He does not let him live to be a King, as the Amleth of the story did.

“The rest is silence.”

(Read before the Royal Society of Literature, Feb. 24, 1915.)

IV.

“HAMLET” AND “MACBETH”: AN INTENDED CONTRAST.

DR. FURNIVALL in the Preface to his ‘Leopold Shakespeare,’ points out that some of the plays are “linked together as with hooks and eyes,” he notes this relation between “Julius Cæsar” and “Hamlet,” but he does not allude to the much stronger links which bind “Hamlet” and “Macbeth.” They can best be realised by comparison with each other. In both, the poet deals strangely with the materials from which he wove his plot, and with the characters which he introduced into the action. “Hamlet” was planted in the native country of Queen Anne (to this day men point out the terrace where the ghost walked, though there was never a ghost in their national “Amleth” Saga of any date.) “Macbeth” was set in that other northern country, whence King James sprang, of wilder scenery and sterner character than Denmark, (where they still say that Duncan’s ghost haunts Glamis Castle, the place where he was *not* murdered, either by Macbeth, or by anyone else.)

These are the only two plays which treat directly of man’s moral responsibility, and his relation to the after life. The two tragedies seem the outcome of the same tide of mental

energy, each character the converse of one alternative hypothesis. Shakespeare was then painting on both sides of his canvas, in a way that he had often done, but never before in a manner so pronounced. The earlier play was the initiative. It was Shakespeare, not History that brought Hamlet and his circle down to Christian times ; made of the brave young pagan a thinker and a moralist, and in altering his standpoint, necessitated also a change in his plot and denouement.

He then brooded over the effects in art which he might have produced had he allowed Hamlet to have remained a man of action. It was Shakespeare, not History, who threw Macbeth back into earlier times, divested him of any religion capable of being named, of any saving ideal of a Creator higher and purer than himself, of any conscience above the “golden opinions” of other people, and laid on him, beside his own, the crimes of all his predecessors for ninety years.

“Hamlet” was a psychological study of the effects of modern Christianity upon an ancient hero. “Macbeth” had a double aim, the pursuing of the same psychological study, combined with a desire to please the King who had done so much for him and his friends.

Each play opens in countries where superstitions abounded, with an atmospheric preparation for a supernatural visitation. In Shakespeare’s time all relations with the supernatural were considered suspicious, all communications from the unseen world, perilous information, even when unsought. If they were *sought* by means of the black arts, the seeking was reckoned a crime, and considered worthy of death. Both heroes were unconsciously preparing a mental soil, suitable for the planting of seeds of temptation, Hamlet by over much brooding over his sorrows and suspicions, Macbeth by indignant and ambitious thoughts. Hamlet was conscious of his fault, of his lack of submission to God’s will, he *knew* that the violence of his grief was *wrong*. He had allowed his soul to lose its native courage by letting it dwell in abject misery. He wanted to die, because he had been disappointed in life, yet he knew that the Almighty had forbidden suicide. He

knew that the Devil hath power to assume a pleasing shape,
"Yea and perhaps, Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
As he is very potent with such spirits, Abuses me to damn me."

Macbeth was not so self-searching. The current of each man's life was deflected from its normal course by the words then spoken, innocent words seemingly, at least in Macbeth's case, but with the words, was insinuated into the minds of each an *intended temptation* from some external power. Neither *sought* the supernatural, at least Macbeth did not. Hamlet, after he had heard of the ghost, naturally did so. It had taken a shape dear to him. It was rashness rather than courage which made him follow it to solitude. "Be thy intents wicked or charitable . . . thou comest in such a questionable shape, that I *will* speak to thee."

"My fate cries out." The spirit was evidently not of the nature of the angelic messengers who impress holiness on all around.

The sole good word that the Ghost said to Hamlet was that he must deal gently with his mother (not that he had seemed at all likely to have chosen the mission of Orestes.) In all else the effect of the apparition was definitely for evil. If it had said quietly, "Thine uncle murdered me, save thy country, save thy mother, save thyself; publish my words to the people, free thy soul and their future"—good action would have been left possible to the young Hamlet. But it was a command, "Revenge *me*, me who bear the fires of purgatory in my heart"—which deteriorated Hamlet's moral judgments. Revenge was *not* a Christian virtue. An appeal to justice like Isabella's in 'Measure for Measure,' is not revenge. She appealed against Angelo to the Duke. But here the King himself was the criminal, the fount of justice was fouled, the appeal could only be made to Hamlet when he took his rightful place. But he did not take the direct steps for that, at first. His *meditations* on the terrible message of the ghost allowed the edge of his purpose to blunt, and he reverted more and more to his higher nature. He resolved to give even his uncle *justice* by the test of the play. He there saw that the

frightened king was clearly criminal, and in his baleful glances Hamlet knew that he knew he had been discovered by him. Mischief would follow. Hereafter it was a duel personal between the two men.

To Macbeth came nothing in appearance evil, a simple statement from the three weird sisters, of the dignity which came to him from each, the Powers of the *Past*, the *Present* and the *Future*. There was no command attached to the prophecy. Hamlet suffered by thinking too much, Macbeth by thinking too little. If he had rested on his own thought, "If Chance will have me king, why Chance may crown me, without my stir," he might not perhaps have sinned. But he was ripe for action in himself. Hamlet promised "Revenge" passionately, and cooled down slowly, Macbeth hesitated to begin,

"My thought,
Whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man." . . .

His wife translated his thoughts into action. Hamlet turned to the girl he loved, and found her unfit to share his awful secret. Macbeth turned to his faithful strong helpmeet and found she reflected his own soul.

Both these women, though from different causes, became mad. Ophelia effusively mourned the death of her father, but she mourned the more because *Hamlet* had slaughtered him, and had thereby raised an insurmountable barrier between her and him for ever. Lady Macbeth went mad because the murder which in prospect she had looked upon as policy, in close quarters she discovered to be *sin*, a sin for which *she* was responsible, for her husband as well as for herself. The dramatist could not associate the Christianized Hamlet with a holocaust of *all* the courtiers. Even Marlowe could only fit such actions to his "Jew of Malta." In the old "Amleth" this deed arouses no horror, but even evoked admiration from a Christian chronicler.

But Hamlet's Christianity was not vital and homogeneous enough to prevent him from falling from the level of its tenets.

He delayed killing his uncle because he wanted to make him suffer more than he could then do ; he killed Polonius rashly, not taking the trouble to see whom he struck ; he sent his former friends to the doom meant for himself, though there was no proof that they ever knew of the purport of the message they carried. These three acts no Christian knight should have done. Shakespeare knew that, and he shews how Nemesis follows them.

Hamlet and Macbeth both had friends, coadjutors so far, in their careers. Horatio like Hamlet, was a thinker and a talker, Banquo like Macbeth a man of action, Horatio reflected Hamlet, and was a comfort to him, being subservient, and survived him to praise him (Hamlet had already sacrificed *two* other friends who threatened him) ; Banquo was sacrificed by Macbeth because he stood in his way. The death of Banquo, rather than that of Duncan, was the destruction of Macbeth's better nature. He was ashamed to let his own wife know of that deed, and in all that followed, he acted independently of her. But she *felt* all.

To both Hamlet and Macbeth their *fate* called out, and a catastrophe followed, traceable directly in both cases to supernatural information.

Even from Holinshed Shakespeare might have divined that Duncan being gone, Macbeth was the *constitutional heir* to the throne, Malcolm being young. They risked no infant-kings in Scotland in these troublous times, when a strong hand was needed. The struggle of both was for a crown, through which all their desires might be fulfilled. Macbeth could truly say, “The Time is out of joint,” but he would never have added,

“O cursed spite,
That ever I was born to set it right.”

He would have felt himself the fit man in the right place, and so he was. It was only by the foreshortening of years that Shakespeare brings his catastrophe into line with Hamlet's. He did good work for his country till he destroyed Banquo, then he *sought* the witches, and was brought to ruin by “the

juggling of the friend who lied like truth." But the *end* of both was the same. Hamlet was the last of his line in Denmark, and his successor came from another, though kindred country, in peace, but with new aims.

Macbeth was the last of his line who *reigned* in Scotland, and a kinsman, moulded by foreign influences, through blood, waded to his throne, and changed all.

Hamlet was the more fortunate, in that he left a *friendly historian*. He had failed in everything that he had undertaken; Shakespeare has not enrolled him among the *kings* of Denmark, as fount of justice, and maker of good laws, living to be betrayed by his wife and destroyed and supplanted by his cousin, as was his story in Saxo and Belleforest, but he has left him ever young, an immortal *Prince* of dramatic shadows, and the pride of Denmark.

Macbeth was left to the criticism of alien and inimical scribes, and he is only made to live and die to be the background, not for Malcolm, but for Banquo and his race. The contrast between the two plays is vital, and yet a second parallel is possible, Hamlet's wicked uncle poisons his brother secretly, and the wicked Macbeth murders his cousin secretly, to win a crown. Malcolm may be made to take the rôle of Hamlet, and "revenge" his father's murder to regain the crown that Macbeth had seized.

But this second comparison cannot be carried far, without turning all to the advantage of Macbeth. Shakespeare was not wrestling with such petty souls as Fengon's, but following the evolution of great hearts under the stress of inharmonious and conflicting circumstances, great hearts failing, *under temptation*, to be true to their own selves.

And, let us not forget, both of these parts were written intentionally to be represented by the same great actor, Richard Burbage, whose feelings and whose suggestions must often have done so much to help the poet.

Contracted from article under above title, *Athenæum*, May 21st, 1904.

V.

THE SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH MACBETH.

FEW historical characters have had more varied portraits, painted with more contradictory and irreconcilable attributes, than King Macbeth. It is more than usually interesting in his case to trace the psychologic causes of the gradual darkening of the colours in which he is represented against the lurid background of his times. Most of the national records of his period which escaped the ordinary risks of time were destroyed by Edward I. of England in his merciless descents on Scotland. Fragmentary notices of his life and times may be gleaned from Norse historical tales, such as the 'Orkneyinga Saga' and 'Torfæus;' from English chronicles, such as the Saxon Chronicle, the Chronicles of Henry of Huntingdon, Florence of Worcester, and from Welsh histories. More consecutive accounts can be found in the different Irish Annals in their various rescensions, and from Irish poems. The close racial connection between the Scots of Ireland, called "Scotia" until the tenth century, and the Scots of Alba, now called Scotland, kept up the interest of the Irish Scots in Scotch history even after the final separation of the branches. Some few national records also escaped, chief among which is the Register of the Priory of St. Andrews. One series of records of all centuries from the fifth till the fifteenth were not destroyed by Edward I, but have been left, and are being left, more or less to the mercy of the elements. I mean the magnificent examples of carved crosses and sepulchral stones, fashioned by the hands of the old monks, and once scattered so widely over the country. Miss Christian Maclagan, the veteran antiquarian of Scotland, has studied these deeply, and has lately presented to the British Museum a splendid

collection of three hundred rubbings taken all by her own hands from stones and rocks, often most difficult of access. I have not been able to find from these any direct information regarding Macbeth, but there are certainly many memorials dating from his reign that might have revealed something regarding it, had earlier antiquaries taken anything like the trouble Miss Maclagan has done during this century. For instance, it has often been said that Luctacus, a son of Macbeth, died with him on the battle-field of Lumphanan on Deeside, and that a stone was raised to his memory on the field of battle. A monumental stone still stands there, but with its records obliterated.

From contemporary authorities we are more likely to learn the real facts than from later and more highly finished productions. Though we have only fragments of what once was, yet by piecing these fragments carefully together, as in a mosaic, we can see somewhat of the real man as he appeared to the men of his times. To understand Macbeth, we must also learn somewhat of those with whom he was connected. Dull as they seem to be when bereft of their associated ideas, pedigrees and dates are suggestive guides in the history of the long past; and to understand Macbeth I must refer you to the pedigree of his predecessors.¹ We must remember that before his days the royal succession was not settled as it is to-day. The strongest man of the royal blood was elected, or elected himself king, generally killed his competitors, and reigned until some other royal relative grew old enough and strong enough to assail him. This was not peculiar to Scotland. Ireland had more abundant illustrations of the same principle, and the England of the eleventh century was not without examples of kings who reached a throne by a path of blood. For many generations the succession in Scotland had been doubly unsettled by the fact that there were two rival lines, each producing rival aspirants for the throne. Historians are pretty nearly agreed as to the order of succession of these

1 Terminal Note 1.

from the time of Kenneth Macalpine, the first purely Scottish king, who united in himself the lines of the Pictish and the Dalriadic races. The secondary line died out with Constantine in 997, but the surviving family split into two branches.

King Duffe, the eldest son of Malcolm I, was murdered in 967 by one of his chieftains—a *sure date*, because of the eclipse of the sun that occurred at the time. Cullen, the claimant of the rival line, succeeded him for four years, when he was killed in a contest, and Kenneth II, the brother of Duffe and second son of Malcolm I, succeeded. Many praise him as a good king, more as a great king, but St. Berchan, the Irish poet, significantly names him “the fratricide,” under which title “more was meant than meets the ear.” It was he who drafted the new laws of succession, whereby a child of the king, adult or infant, male or female, should succeed in preference to other relatives. It was he who poisoned the brave young Malcolm, son of Duffe, whom public opinion had forced him to make the Prince of Cumberland as his heir apparent. This murder he committed to secure the crown on his death to his own son Malcolm. But in spite of these and other similar arrangements, Constantine, the last descendant of the secondary line, succeeded him, and reigned for two years. Then Kenneth III, or Gryme, ascended the throne. He was the son of the murdered Duffe and brother of the murdered Malcolm, and was the natural heir, even by the new laws designed by his uncle, if taken in the abstract. But very soon he was killed, and Malcolm II, son of Kenneth II, at last ascended the throne in 1005. Kenneth III had left a son, Bodhe, who seemed to have been willing to resign his claims for the sake of peace. Malcolm had only daughters. Bodhe had a son, Malcolm, and a daughter, Gruoch, who was married to Gilcomgain, the Lord of Moray. One of Malcolm II.’s daughters, Bethoc or Beatrice, was married to Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, the Primate of all Scotland. Celibacy in those days was not binding on the Culdee clergy, as Miss MacLagan’s rubbings from sepulchral stone can doubly prove. Bethoc had a son called Duncan, who probably owed his unwarlike

mildness to his clerical upbringing. Another daughter, we know from the Orkneyinga Saga, became the second wife of the famous Sigurd, and mother of the more famous Thorfinn. In the 'Chronicle of Huntingdon' (Skene's edition) Macbeth also is called the grandson of Malcolm. Later historians say that Doad, one of Malcolm's daughters, was married to Finlegh, the Thane of Ross, and was the mother of Macbeth. This is not definitely stated in the Irish records, but is consonant with information found there. The death of Finlegh in 1020 is there given as that of the King of Alba, the same word being used for a very great lord as for a great king. It seems to me possible that, after the death of Sigurd in 1005, Finlegh might have married his widow, and thus reconciled the records of Malcolm having only two daughters with the accounts of three husbands of Malcolm's daughters.

There were, therefore, four possible heirs to Malcolm II. Thorfinn, the son of a daughter; Macbeth, the son of a daughter; Duncan, the son of a daughter, and Malcolm, the grandson of Malcolm II's predecessor, Kenneth III. The king preferred his grandson Duncan, and probably knowing the youth's weakness, waded through blood to make his title sure. For his sake he attacked Gilcomgain, who favoured the line of Duffe.

The 'Ulster Annals' tell us he burned Gilcomgain alive in his castle, with fifty of his friends, in 1032. By some means the husband found an opportunity of escape for his wife, and Gruoch, with her infant son Lulach in her arms, fled to beg protection from their powerful neighbour, Macbeth, Thane of Ross. It was probably the royal lineage of these two that stimulated the massacre. We may imagine what the desolated widow felt as she fled regarding her relative, King Malcolm II, that St. Berchan calls "Forranach, or the Destroyer." Macbeth received her kindly and shortly afterwards married her, and the first trait of his character thus outlined for us is his generous and protecting love for a proscribed fugitive. The 'Ulster Annals' tell us that in 1033 "Malcolm, the son of Bodhe, the brother of Gruoch, was killed by Malcolm

the king," who thereafter persuaded his nobles to confirm the new laws of inheritance drafted by his father. We can imagine the doubly embittered feelings of that woman, (in whom new hope for her brother's accession had stirred since her marriage), at this proof of the "Destroyer's" success. Yet if that law meant anything, it meant that she and her child were the true heirs, sole representatives, after her brother's murder, of the main line of Kenneth Macalpine. The king's violent and unexpected end the following year, 1034, opened the way for Duncan's immediate accession. The Norse Sagas say that *Karl Houndson* succeeded Malcolm II, a name unknown in Scottish history. But it must represent Duncan. The Saga is a long series of illustrations of the Scotch king's folly and incompetence. He demanded tribute from Thorfinn for Caithness, who refused it, saying he had never paid tribute to his grandfather for his gift, and would not to him. The king sent by land against him, into Caithness, Moddan, who was defeated; and he fitted out a fleet to attack him personally by sea. The King of Scotland was ignominiously put to flight, and raised a new army against Thorfinn on land. This was also defeated, and Thorfinn scoured the country down to Fife. Historical objections have been made to the truth of the Danish invasions mentioned during Duncan's reign. Perhaps there was some confusion in the particular branch of the invading Norsemen, and Thorfinn's descents may be confused with those of Sweyn. The Irish Annals of Loch Cé' tell us that in "1040, Duncan, son of Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, King of Alba, was killed by his own people." The Irish 'Annals,' called "the Chronicle of the Scots," add the fact that he was of "*immature age*." That, however, probably meant only that he had not yet attained the prime of manhood. Marianus Scotus, a contemporary author, says that he was killed in the autumn of 1040, by his leader, Macbeth MacFinlay, who succeeded him. The continuation of the 'Chronicle of the Picts and Scots' gives the name of the place as Bothgowman; the 'Metrical Chronicle,' called the 'Chronicle of Elegies,' states that Duncan died near Elgin by a fatal wound given

by Macbeth. In the critical state of affairs, everybody seemed to think it was the best thing that could happen. Macbeth naturally succeeded.

The country needed a strong ruler. The English chroniclers did not think Duncan's life and death important enough to mention, though they record both the reign of his predecessor, Malcolm, and of his successor, Macbeth. Macbeth is famed as a good king, honoured by the Church, beloved by his people, and feared by his country's foes. His were good days for Scotland; the very weather seemed to improve, and the crops were plentiful, generally a sign of able and stable government. He evidently guarded and protected his wife's son, Lulach, though he had sons of his own. In the 'Chartulary of St. Andrews' a charter shows that Gruoch, the daughter of Bodhe, was the wife and queen of King Macbeth, and reigned along with him. Tighernach, a contemporary historian, tells us of a rising against him in 1045, in which "Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, the father of Duncan, was slain, and with him many, even nine times twenty heroes." It is very probable that the death of this Churchman touched Macbeth's conscience in a way that his cousin's death had not done; for the next fact we hear of him is from Marianus Scotus and the English chroniclers, "that he scattered silver abundantly among the poor in Rome in 1050."

Now this was the year that Thorfinn of Orkney went to Rome to be absolved by the Pope, according to the Orkneyinga Saga; so probably Macbeth either accompanied his cousin and friend (who may even have been his step-brother), or the one was mistaken for the other. There is no allusion to the existence of Banquo in any contemporary records; indeed, the very name is not Scottish. Some man, of course, might have filled his rôle. But no chief of Lochaber made his mark at the time. And Florence of Worcester says that King Macbeth received kindly, in 1052, the Norman exiles driven from England by the influence of Godwin, and that in 1054 Siward went against him, slew many Scots and all the Normans, and raised Malcolm III to the throne. The 'Ulster Annals'

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tell us of the "great invasion of the Saxons under Siward in 1054, when 3000 men of Alban died, and 1500 of the Saxons." But it was not until "1057 that Macbeth was really slain by Malcolm in battle at Lumphanan." There is no mention of Macduff or of his wife. The 'Elegiac Chronicle' says of Macbeth that in his reign were fertile seasons; but that *he* died a "cruel death," an epithet not applied to the death of Duncan.

The 'Duan Albanach,' an Irish poem of the succeeding reign, commencing, in a way one would not expect at the date, by an address to Scotchmen,

O all ye learned of Alban,
Ye well-skilled host of yellow-haired men,

mentions "Macbeth, the son of Finlay," as "the renowned king."

But it is from St. Berchan, an Irish monkish poet, a contemporary, that we get something like a concrete image of the man. He tells the stories of the Kings of Scotland in a style then fashionable, as if they were prophetic, naming each by a descriptive cognomen. Malcolm II, "son of the woman of Leinster," he calls "Forranach the destroyer," "the wolf-dog who shall eat up all Alban."

Then shall take after him without delay
A king whose name is Ilgalrach (much diseased).
The king was not young, he was old;
He will send for the hostages of the Gael,
Alban shall not be defended in the time
Of the many-diseased, many-melodied man.

(Mr. Skene's translation.)

Now this is the only remark that suggests old age in Duncan, which dates controvert; but it evidently does so as a poetic figure to illustrate a weakness suitable to old age. The conclusion of St. Berchan's *résumé* is distinctive:

Afterwards the diseased king takes,
Whose name was the Ilgalrach;
Of that disease he dies,
Such were his high tales.

This would suggest that he had not fallen in the fight, that his wound was curable, but that he died from the effects

of bad blood afterwards. St. Berchan on Macbeth is effusive, and gives no word of blame throughout.

Afterwards the ruddy king will possess
The kingdom of high-hilled Alban,
After slaughter of Gael, after slaughter of Gall,
The liberal king will possess Fortrenn.
The strong one was fair, yellow-haired, and tall;
Very pleasant was the handsome youth to me,
Brimful of food was Alban east to west
During the reign of the ruddy and brave king.
Seven and ten¹ years
Over Alban the sovereign reigned;
Then, on the middle of Scone, it vomited blood,
The evening of a night in much contention,
Afterwards the *Son of misfortune* will possess,—

that is Lulach, the son of Gilcomgain and Queen Gruoch.

“Donald Bane, the son of Duncan, governs Scotland now,” says St. Berchan, to date the conclusion of his work.

Lulach reigned but a few months, being killed by Malcolm in March, 1058, as the chroniclers all say, by “stratagem, treachery, or treason.”

Macbeth and Lulach were the last Scotch kings buried in Iona. The Archdean Monro, in 1549, gives an account of the island and of the tumulus or chapel in the sanctuary, “wherein lie forty-eight Scotch kings;” of the other tumulus where lie four Irish kings, and of the third where lie eight Norwegian kings. After that last royal burial in the Sacred Isle, which of itself proves Macbeth to be no usurper, “the old order changed, giving place to the new.” I do not wish to say anything against Malcolm the Great-Head, or his canonized Saxon queen, Margaret Atheling; but we must not ignore the historical position. The accession of Henry VII of England was an exact parallel to that of Macbeth; but if we could imagine a son of Richard III to have grown up to manhood, and to have come back to kill Henry VII and Henry VIII, and supplant their line permanently with his own, we should have to-day a very different account of the battle of Bosworth Field. Such was the position of Malcolm. It was easy for

¹ In original “twenty” in error for ten.

the successful survivor to beg the question of the righteousness of his cause by calling his predecessor a usurper and a murderer, and by appealing to the Acts passed by his grandfather for the succession. How little these really affected national custom was proved afterwards, when, on Malcolm's death, his brother Donald Bane succeeded him before his own son. Malcolm abrogated all Macbeth's laws, altered his customs, and removed his capital from Perth to Dunfermline. A new race of bards sang his praises, and they could hardly do that without spending their talents in dispraise of Macbeth. The king's new earls, and their trains carried home the Makers' measures to their castles to mould traditional history. But the influence of Malcolm's second wife, Margaret, was even more powerful than his own.

She collected round her, troops of Norman and Saxon friends, and of Romish priests. These all pronounced against the civilisation they found in the north, against the earlier form of Christianity introduced by St. Columba—more spiritual, and at the same time more human than the papal type. The new priests supplanted the old Culdees, and the new stranger clerics in the pay of Malcolm and of Margaret, ignorant of the old history of the land, became the transmitters of their tradition and the manufacturers of written history. But they tried to ignore how the national spirit rebelled against the foreign influences that affected the king, and how it looked fondly and sadly back to the good old days of King Macbeth, a king so powerful, so prosperous, so faithful, so hospitable, and withal *so national*.

The name and fame of Iona was gradually obscured in mist, and the traditions of St. Andrews were elaborated and pushed back in time, so as to antedate the coming of Columba. The daughter of the Scottish Malcolm and the Saxon Margaret, Matilda, became the queen of the Norman Henry I of England, and carried her traditions south with her. William Warner, in 'Albion's England,' says of Edgar Atheling, in heavy verse—

His flight Scotch-queen'd his sister, she regraded
English blood ,

and thus in both divisions of the island there was a reason to look unfavourably on Malcolm's predecessor. Nothing ever occurred to restore honour to the memory of Macbeth, though even after the death of Luctacus he was not childless. The signature of Cormick, a son of his, appears as witness to a charter of Alexander I in the 'Chartulary of St. Andrews.' A son of Lulach also survived. Strangely enough, the 'Ulster Annals' record in the year 1085 that "Malsnectai, son of Lulach, son of Queen Gruoch, ended his life *happily*," at the same time that "Domnal, son of Malcolm, King of Alban, ended his life *unhappily*."

The passion for pedigrees increased during the next century. The family of William the Lion was worked back to Noah; and when Walter, the Steward of Scotland, was married to Marjory Bruce, he also would have to elaborate a pedigree. And then probably Banquo was invented, or at least fitted in. After Edward I had destroyed all the authentic records he could get at, he attempted, by a collection of various allusions to Scottish history preserved in English writers, to substantiate upon paper the unfounded English claims, and a good deal of apocryphal matter became interpolated for that purpose.

The first two works that can properly be called Histories of Scotland were written about the close of the fourteenth century and the beginning of the next—just about the same number of years after the life of Macbeth as we are now after the period of Shakespeare. Difficult as we find it to-day to reach full and true particulars regarding the life of the poet, we may calculate how much more difficult it was to reach truth concerning a king against whose memory militated so many adverse circumstances. The authors were both trained in St. Andrews as monks: the one, John de Fordun, became Canon of Aberdeen, and was believed to have written his history about 1385; the other, Andrew of Wintoun, became Prior of St. Serf's, in Loch Leven, Fifeshire, and apparently occupied himself with his History from 1395 till 1424. John of Fordun had a passionate desire to reconstruct the

history of his country, and travelled far and wide with his precious manuscript in his breast, that he might add to or correct it at any likely source. His chronicle was carried on by Walter Bower to the death of James I. It was written, as most monkish chronicles were, in Latin prose.

Fordun tells how Kenneth II tried to change the ancient order of succession, and how his chiefs hated him for this, asserting that they were thus deprived of their ancient rights. Yet he takes an inimical view of Macbeth. He makes him "head of that turbulent family who had killed Duncan's grandfather." He blames Duncan for his weakness; notes that Macbeth killed him at Bothgownan, near Elgin, and took possession of the throne. He describes Macbeth as a usurper and oppressor. By his days the Romish doctrine of priestly celibacy had prevailed, and Fordun does not understand the marriage of Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld; so he alters, (or as he thinks) corrects, his title into that of the *Abthane of Dul*. He says nothing of Banquo, but records of Macduff that he was proscribed for his friendship to the late king's sons; and when he fled to England his property was confiscated. He says nothing of the murder of Lady Macduff. The story of Malcolm and Macduff stands nearly as we have it; but Fordun adds, rather bitterly, that the historian *William* ascribes to Malcolm no praise at all for the battle that unseated Macbeth, but all to Siward, Earl of Northumberland.

The chronicle of Andrew of Wintoun has a double value. It is not only the first history written in the vernacular language, but as it is arranged in rhyme it may be treated as a poem. Thus Wintoun appears first in order of modern Scotch historians, and third in order of Scotch poets, only Thomas the Rhymer, and Barbour, author of 'The Bruce,' having preceded him.

He does not seem to have consulted Fordun's work, and his history may be treated as a separate source. Though gossipy, it harmonises in all important points with other authorities, such as the English 'Foedera,' and with the Register of St. Andrews. He is quite clear that the *Abbot of Dunkeld*

married Malcolm's daughter, and became the father of Duncan. But he makes two strange slips. He makes Macbeth, Duncan's sister's son, which the dates controvert. He was of course his *aunt's* son. And he makes Gruoch the wife and widow of Duncan, and disapproves of Macbeth marrying her afterwards, because of the forbidden degrees of affinity. He must have misread some text about "the royal widow," or "the queen," not realising that the royalty allowed by Macbeth lay in Gruoch herself, and was not derived from her first husband. A writer in 'Notes and Queries,' second series, vol. xi, p. 25, is also confused by this.

Wintoun makes one strange variation in ordinarily accepted history, of which, however, he was perhaps the best fitted of his time to judge. He says that Duncan had two legitimate sons, but that Malcolm was an illegitimate son by a miller's daughter. He gives that as the reason for Macbeth's indignation when Duncan created Malcolm Prince of Cumberland. Then, after expostulating with Duncan in vain, Wintoun says that Macbeth killed him "by hope that he had in a *dream*" of his youth. He saw three women pass by: the first said, "I see the Thane of Cromarty;" the second, "I see the Thane of Moray;" but the third said, "I see the king." All this he heard in his dreaming, and thought the women were likely to be the three weird sisters. Wintoun is the first to call Macbeth's action ingratitude, and his killing murder. He says nothing of Banquo, and tells the quarrel with Macduff in a lively way. Macbeth had forced his nobles to help him in the building of Dunsinane. The cattle sent by Macduff were weak, and failed under their burden. Macbeth threatened that if such a thing happened again he would put Macduff's own neck into the yoke. Macduff fled to his castle at Kennacchy, in Fifeshire. Macbeth followed. Lady Macduff held the king in parley till she saw a sail upon the sea; then, pointing to it, told Macbeth that under that south-bound sail there sat Macduff, and that if ever he came back he would work the king trouble for threatening to put his neck under a yoke. Wintoun says nothing of the murder of the lady; and

of this he would have had an especial opportunity of hearing, as her castle was in his diocese, and local tradition lasts long. A deep cleft in the bold rocks of Kincaig, west of Elie, in Fifeshire, is still known as Macduff's Cove; and tradition says that an underground passage once communicated with the castle. The village between the cliff and Elie is still called "The Earl's Ferry," but there is no hint of murder in the humorous rendering of the story "how the lady laughed at the king."

Macduff fled to England; "the lawful two refused to come with him;" but Malcolm, "the stark and stout," at least listened to him. He, however, feigned himself to be guilty of all vices, which Macduff excused—all but falsehood. Then Malcolm explained that he only tested him. In all the scene there was no blame of Macbeth. Indeed, Wintoun's description of his reign runs—

All hys tyme wes gret Plenté
 Aboundand, baith on Land and Se.
 He was in justice rycht lawful,
 And til his Legis all awful.
 When Leo the Tend was Pape of Rome,
 As Pilgrime to the Curt he come,
 And in hys Almays he sew silver,
 Till all pure folk that had myser,
 And all time oysed he to wyrk
 Profitably for Holy Kyrke.

Wintoun then goes off to tell what he names "stories" about Macbeth. It was said he was the son of the devil and a witch. It is quite probable that Margaret's churchmen named him a child of the devil, and bardic imagination had elaborated the details. Wintoun says that Macbeth's mother told him that no man of woman born would be able to kill him, and he had a "phantasy" that he would never be defeated until Birnam Wood should come to Dunsinane. This was well known, hence Malcolm's order to cut down the branches and bear them on the march.

Wintoun makes a nameless knight, evidently not Macduff, pursue Macbeth closest in the cruel chase. Macbeth addresses

him as "Lurdan," which means a fool, and warned him off ; but he pressed on, killed the king, and cut off his head.

A hundred years later a new batch of historians arose in Scotland. John Mair, or Major, a Scotch tutor in the Sorbonne, spoken of as the Prince of Divines, wrote a history in Latin prose between 1518 and 1521, which was published in Paris. He follows Fordun fairly, rather condenses him, and adds no legends. He does not mention the name or story of Banquo. Probably stimulated by his example, as well as by the encouragement of his friend and patron Bishop Elphinston, Boece (1465—1536), the friend and fellow-student of Erasmus at Paris, the first Principal of the University of Aberdeen, wrote anew the history of Scotland in Latin,—based upon Fordun of course, but enlarged by the addition of Bishop Elphinston's collections and his own gleanings and imaginations. This was published in Paris, 1527. It was the credulity and want of discrimination of Boece that confused the true elements of Scotch history with fable, and made Lord Hailes bitterly say of him, "The Scots had been reformed from Popery, but not from Hector Boece."

In regard to our story, he first gives the name of Doada to the daughter of Malcolm II, who was mother of Macbeth, and describes her son as a man of power and genius, but by nature cruel. It is Boece who first invents the story of Banquo, or at least interpolates him into history. He even introduces him into Macbeth's private dream. Therefore the weird sisters had to step into the outer world, tell Macbeth of his father's death, which happened twenty years before, and hazard the prophecy to Banquo that his children should be kings. He does not give Banquo a very noble rôle to start with, however. The tax-gatherer of the king, he was defied, wounded, despoiled, and driven back in scorn to his weak master, who sent forth a small army to punish the rebels. This also was swept away ; and Macbeth had to go to restore order with all the more severity because of the weakness of his cousin. The story of Duncan's defeats ; of his cowardly treachery to the Danes, (poisoning them by mekil-wort or

deadly night shade when he could not fight them in the field), is expanded. Macbeth's indignation at the appointment of Malcolm Prince of Cumberland ; the instigation of his wife to seek revenge from the weak and incapable king for his ingratitude ; his summoning a council of his friends, Banquo among them, and the march forth to Bothgownan, where they slew the king, are all told fully.

All historians say that Macbeth made good laws, but Boece is the first who records the laws themselves. I am inclined for many reasons to think there is some foundation of truth in the draft given. No one had any interest in inventing anything that would tell in Macbeth's favour. It is true that among these laws appears the feudal doctrines that all inheritance shall be of the king's gift ; the knightly oath to defend women and orphans and the commonweal, sworn also by the king ; the inheritance of daughters, and the dowry of widows. But one special law, which may be said to concern itself with compulsory technical education, I would like to note : " Counterfeit fooles, minstrels, jesters, and these kind of juglers, with such like idle persons, that range abroad in the country having no special licence of the king, shall be compelled to learn some science or craft to get their living ; if they refuse so to do they shall be drawn like horses in the ploughs and harrows." Now by the very language of this law Macbeth would raise all the proud blood of the professional minstrels and story-tellers of the country against him, and such a state of feeling would combine with the courtly foreign influences to dethrone him from his true place in Scottish history.

Boece describes Macbeth's reign fully as wise and just up to a certain date.

In the story of Hamlet by Saxo-Grammaticus there comes a hitch, so difficult to be explained that some have thought there were two Hamlets. So in all later histories of Macbeth comes a hitch, as if there were two Macbeths. The earlier and better one is derived from the old records ; the later and worse one is woven out of interested statements and bardic " stories." The date given for his decline is interesting. After ten years

of good reigning he becomes smitten by a fury of cruelty and oppression. That would bring us to 1050, the very date at which he is believed to have gone to Rome to see the Pope. So all his wickedness must have happened after his absolution—a sad consequence of the rite if the authors only realised it. He killed Banquo then, and nothing ever succeeded with him afterwards. Boece invents the story of Fleance. He first says that Macbeth killed Lady Macduff and her children, and probably through poetic justice allowed Macduff to destroy Macbeth instead of the “Lurdan” of Wintoun. He mentions Lulach shortly as one of the “faction of Macbeth,” also killed by Malcolm, and speaks of Malcolm as if he succeeded at once, instead of after a three years’ fight.

Boece unfortunately wrote his history in Latin. John Bellenden, Archdean of Moray, was appointed to translate it into Scottish prose for the use of the young James V about 1533 (published 1540); and William Stewart, poet, and Master of Arts of St. Andrews, was directed by Margaret the queen, daughter of Henry VII, widow of James IV, and mother of James V, to translate it into Scottish verse for the use of her son. It seems to have been commenced on 18th April, 1531, and finished on September 29th, 1535.

Bellenden makes few critical variations from Boece. He says that Macbeth reproached Duncan for his weak government and his appointment of Malcolm as his successor, and only after his refusal to amend his ways slew him by the advice of the nobles. “He thought he had the best right to the throne after Duncan, because he was nearest of blood thereto by the tenor of the old laws, that where young children were unable to govern, the nearest of blood should reign.” This shows that Malcolm must have been a child then, as by dates we know he was. Bellenden is fuller than Boece about the influence of Macbeth’s wife, her desire to be queen, and her advice that he should consult with his friends. On Macbeth’s accession he says “he brought the country to great tranquillity. He was the safe buckler of all innocent people, and diligent punisher of all injuries done against the common-

wealth. And he endeavoured to make young men increase in good manners, and Churchmen to pay attention to divine service. In the beginning of his reign he did many profitable things for his country, but by illusion of devylls he became degenerate from his honest beginnings to most terrible cruelty."

It was from the prose translation of Bellenden, rather than from Boece's Latin, that Holinshed and Harrison translated the History of Scotland into English prose in 1577 (second edition 1587), as it was in Shakespeare's time. Though it is printed in black letter, Holinshed is more accessible for readers to-day than these others. We find in him naturally such errors continued as the misnaming of Duncan's father as Abbanath Crinan, and of Macbeth's father as Sinel instead of Finley. The story of Banquo is given in full, and its associations with Macbeth's life. But he rather contracts the allusions to Lady Macbeth; he sums her life up in three lines:

"But specially his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as she that was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen."

Even after Duncan's death, however, Holinshed repeats what all historians had said, "Macbeth began well." It was the murder of Banquo that changed his nature. Then he commenced to employ spies, to consult witches, and do the deeds of cruelty by which he is now alone remembered.

Macduff's visit to Malcolm, and the tests applied to him, are the same as we read in Shakespeare's play. But none of these vices, except cruelty and usurpation, were applied by Holinshed to Macbeth.

Buchanan's more critical history appeared in 1582. Though in Latin, I cannot but think Shakespeare read this special period at least; for the following reason. In writing of Macbeth, Buchanan says, "Some of our writers do here record many fables, which are like Milesian tales, and fitter for the stage than a history, and therefore I omit them." To this a note is added: "Milesian or nonsensical, for the inhabitants of Miletus in Ionia were infamous for telling tales so far

from being true that they had not the least shadow of truth in them."

All this, however, has no relation to Shakespeare, otherwise than that it traces the evolution of the materials, which Shakespeare further evolved.

II. But it brings me to the second part of my paper, which concerns the English portraits of Macbeth, and is practically a review of Shakespeare's treatment of his materials. The study of Shakespeare's methods of work rewards us by glimpses into the psychologic and æsthetic processes of his mind. None of his plays reveals so much of himself as does the play of 'Macbeth.' It is at once the antithesis and completion of the play of 'Hamlet,'—the contrast in thought, feeling, and circumstance.

All commentators assert that Holinshed is the sole authority on which Shakespeare built this play. I do not think this correct, but the reasons for my belief require to be given in detail. There is no doubt, however, that Shakespeare read Holinshed. The modifications of the history in the play arise from—

1st. Suggestions from study and experience.

2nd. Deliberate alterations of historical events.

3rd. The exercise of Shakespeare's poetic invention.

We cannot be certain of any connection where the earlier literary works are not extant; but it is worth naming some that might have given suggestions.

Between the 14th day of July, 1567, and the 3rd day of March, 1567–8, Elizabeth's Master of the Revels spent in preparation for seven plays, one tragedy, and six masques, £634 9s. 5d. One of these was "a tragedie of the King of Scottes; to ye which belonged the scenery of Scotland and a gret castle on the other side" (Harl. MS., 146, f. 15). From Lansdowne MS., ix, ff. 57 and 58, we learn fuller details of these; also that they were played before the Queen "in the hall upon Shrove Sondag and Shrove Tuesday at night." And from the account of the Treasurer of the Chamber we glean the payment "to William Hunnyes, Master of the Children

of the Queen's Majesties Chapell, upon a warrant dated at Westminster, the 3rd of March, 1567, for presenting a tragedie before her Majestie this Shrovetide vith xiii^s iiird." This first play, presented before Elizabeth, by William Hunnis as successor to Richard Edwards, might have been, of course, of any other King of Scotland. It might even have represented the death of Darnley, which had happened on the 9th of February in the year before. Only for that there would not have been necessary the scenery of Scotland above referred to—a mountain on the one side, and a castle on the other.

A story of Macbeth was known by, and probably before 1596; for on the 27th August of that year "Thomas Millyngton was likewise fined at ii^s vi^d for printing of a ballad contrarye to order, which he also presently paid. Md.—the ballad entituled the 'Taminge of a Shrewe;' also one other ballad of Macdobeth" (Arber's 'Stat. Regist.'). On April 15th, 1598, George Nicolson, the English political agent, writes from the Scotch Court to Burleigh: "It is regretted that the comedians of London should scorn the king and the people of this land in their play, and it is wished that the matter be speedily amended, lest the king and the country be stirred to anger" (St. Pap. Eliz., Scotch series, lxii. 19). This might refer to Greene's Scottish 'History of James IV,' an extraordinary and unhistorical fantasia, to some lost play, or to a preliminary draft of 'Macbeth.'

In Kempe's 'Nine Daies Wonder,' 1600, there is an allusion to a "penny poet, whose first making was the miserable stolen story of Macdoel, or Macdobeth, or Mae somewhat, for I am sure a Mac it was, though I never had the maw to see it." Kempe would never thus have written of a play written by his "fellow" Shakespeare.

The manager of the Earl of Nottingham's Actors had "paid at the apoyntment of the Company, 18th April, 1602, unto Charles Massey for a Playebooke called 'Malcolm, Kyng of Scottes,' the some of v^l," according to 'Henslowe's Diary' (Collier's edition), and there was "lent unto Thomas Downton, the 27th April, 1602, to buye a seut of motley for the Scotch-

man, for the Play called 'Malcom the Kyng of Scots,' the some of xxx*."

The contemporary incidents of the tragedy of Gowry might have also suggested ideas of treatment of 'Macbeth.' The conspiracy and tragic end of Gowry, on August 5th, 1600, were the conclusion of troubles started years before. An account was printed in Edinburgh by Charteris the same year. Chamberlain writes to Dudley Carlton on November 4th, 1602, moralising on the fact "that three men in three several countries had suffered in the same way—Essex, Gowrie, Biron" (State Papers, D. S. Eliz., 185, 48).

In December, 1604, the king's players—that is, Shakespeare's company—brought upon the stage the 'Tragedy of Gowry,' introducing the real names of the actors (see Winwood's 'Memorials of State,' vol. ii, pp. 41–64). Chamberlain to Winwood writes from London, December 18th, 1604:—"The tragedy of 'Gowry,' with all action and actors, hath been twice represented by the king's players, with exceeding great concourse of people; but whether the matter be not well handled, or that it should be thought unfit that princes should be played upon the stage in their lifetime, I hear that some great councillors are much displeased with it, so 'tis thought it shall be forbidden."

Uncertain as we must be concerning the effect of these forgotten Scottish stories upon Shakespeare's work, we are in a very different position in regard to the performance by the students of St. John's, Oxford, when the king in his royal progress approached their gates in 1605. There are descriptions of this by Isaac Wake the public orator, by Philip Stringer, by Anthony Nixon, and others. It is mentioned in Nichol's 'Royal Progresses.' All note that "the conceipte whereof the king did very much applaud."

So many writers have alluded to this as a Latin play of 'Macbeth' that I took some trouble to find the original and have given a translation in the notes.¹ The Latin words are to be found printed at the end of the play 'Vertumnus' by

¹ Terminal Note 2.

the same author, Dr. Matthew Gwynne, 1607. 'Vertumnus' was also performed before the king during the Oxford visit. Gwynne seems to have given much more satisfaction by the short interlude than by his longer play. Though we may see at a glance that it does not refer to Macbeth at all there is no reasonable doubt that it affected Shakespeare's conception, especially in the show of the eight kings and the reference to James (Act iv, sc. 1).¹ 'Macbeth' probably did not appear until after this "Progress," but not long after, because in the play in of 'The Puritan,' 1607, there seems to be an allusion to it:—"We'll ha' the Ghost i' the white sheet sit at the upper end of the table;" and we may, therefore, take it for granted that nothing after that date stood in the relation of "material" for Shakespeare's play.

But, as a part of "material," I must consider the strong evidence of Shakespeare's acquaintance with the scenes he described. No Englishman who had not visited Inverness, and experienced the unexpected mildness of its northern climate, would have thought of describing it as "pleasant," "delicate," or of noting the martins and their nests. "The heaven's breath smells wooingly here," Banquo adds, in Act i, scene 6.

Nor would he have changed "the green lawn" of Holinshed and "the pleasant wood" of other writers into "the blasted heath" near Forres, as the spot where the witches appeared, unless he had seen some such moors lying gaunt and terrible, as witnesses of past winter storms. I can hardly imagine an Englishman who had not visited Scotland dreaming of using the peculiarly Scottish idiom "How far is't called to Forres?" It is possible, and even probable that Shakespeare visited Scotland early in the seventeenth century. After the execution of Essex and the imprisonment of Southampton for supposed conspiracies in 1601, the Privy Council examined the players whom Essex had employed to play 'Richard II,'—it was said with a sinister intent.² They

1 Terminal Note 2.

2 State Papers, Dom. Ser. Eliz., cclxxviii, 78, 85.

seem to have been let off for lack of evidence of complicity ; but the company completed as quickly as possible their London engagements and went to travel. Lawrence Fletcher and his company, we know, went to Scotland, where Shakespeare very probably joined them.

There is no record of "Shakespeare's Company" playing in London between March, 1601, and December, 1602. Manningham's note-book says March, 1602, but that was "old style." King James had long been much attached to Fletcher, the English actor and manager. Nicolson, from the Scotch Court, wrote to Bowes at the English Court, March 22nd, 1595 : "The king heard that Fletcher the player was hanged, and told him and Roger Aston so in merry words, not believing it, saying very pleasantly, that if it were true he would hang them also" (State Papers, Eliz., Scotch series, lv, 59). The "English" players were highly honoured by the king in Edinburgh in 1599, and again in 1601. The treasurer of the city records in his accounts payments to 'The English Comedians' " in that year. After staying in Edinburgh some time, James sent them to Aberdeen to amuse his subjects there with "plays and comedies and stage plays." He gave them a letter of recommendation to the magistrates, who conferred on Fletcher and his company the freedom of the city. (See Dibbsin' 'Annals of the Edinburgh Stage'). This is getting very close to Inverness. It is quite likely that if Shakespeare got as far as Aberdeen he went further. For the spell of the hills seemed to have been on him when he wrote 'Macbeth.' There is at least nothing to disprove that he was there.

We know that he was associated with Fletcher shortly after, and that it was but a few days after James's arrival in London that he signed with his privy seal the patent for "the king's players, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare Richard Burbage, &c., 17th May, 1603."

2nd. Why was it that Shakespeare altered history, so as further to darken the character of Macbeth, already, as we have seen, clouded by later historians ? Why heap on him the sins of a hundred years ?

For more reasons than one. It seems clear that Shakespeare acted as Poet Laureate in this play. The claims of a king who had highly honoured his company in Scotland ; who had made it one of his first cares to appoint them his royal servants on his arrival in his English metropolis ; who had given them robes to appear in his Coronation Progress ; who had set free from the Tower, with all speed and grace, Shakespeare's early patron and friend the Earl of Southampton, and had done many other kindly acts,—the claims of such a king were strong, whether or not he did, as has been said, invite a play, expanding the suggestions of the Oxford Triumph. Shakespeare could not degrade himself and his art by the gross flattery of a Bacon ; but he flattered, nevertheless, with delicate taste and artistic skill. The combination of such flattery with his poetic conception was the triumph of a Laureate's inspiration. He never meanwhile forgot his patriotic sympathies as an Englishman. The subject of the play was associated with the king's family history, the scenes cast in his fatherland, but at a period too remote to suggest national jealousies,—indeed, on one of those rare occasions in which the English could be shown in friendly relations with the Scots.

Duncan, Malcolm, Banquo, James, were the characters he was expected to honour. His poetic instinct showed him that the simple story of Macbeth, after fighting all Duncan's battles for him, being doubly defrauded by his cousin and being encouraged to rise against him and kill him on the field, would not inspire the initial horror needed to carry over the sympathy of the audience at once to Malcolm, who afterwards won his crown from Macbeth in the same way as the latter had done from Malcolm's father. Therefore Duncan's weakness was dignified by his being made a gentle *old* man ; Macbeth's national duty rendered unnecessary by the presence of Malcolm as a brave youth instead of a helpless child ; inheritance treated on modern lines, and the details of the murder of Duffe by Donewald, seventy-three years before, carried over to the credit of Macbeth, with the added horror

of making him bear the knife himself, instead of employing murderers as Donewald did.

Neither Donewald nor Macbeth in Holinshed was troubled with remorseful visitings for what he had done. And though in Duffe's murder nature and the kingdom mourned, and the sun itself grew dark (it was really eclipsed), at Duncan's death Nature kept her thoughts to herself, the people rejoiced, and historians unanimously wrote, "Macbeth began well." It was Kenneth II, who had secretly slain by poison the son of this same murdered Duffe that his own son might succeed, who dreaded sleep, saw visions, and heard voices of God's judgment. The murderer's son was Malcolm II—also a murderer—the grandfather of Duncan. The superstition of Duffe, the revenge of Donewald, the guilty imaginations of Kenneth, the vice of Cullen, the covetousness of Gryme, are all added by Shakespeare to Holinshed's picture of Macbeth, as well as "the manifest vices of Englishmen," a phrase that Shakespeare was too patriotic to quote. When Malcolm charges himself with all the seven deadly sins, to test his visitor, Macduff in Holinshed does not apply to Macbeth more than cruelty and usurpation.

The character that Shakespeare saw looming out of the seething and chaotic past of Scottish history was a national representative of the kings preceding Malcolm Canmore, made clear by a foreshortening of history; a generalised idea of race, worked up, like the superimposed photographs of Galton, which bring out the generic peculiarities. Only Galton's become representative of general characteristics in a faint, blurred way. Shakespeare's generalised ideas became a real man, with character clearly outlined, distinct, and individual.

Holinshed wrote in three lines what he had to say of Lady Macbeth; but Shakespeare also combines with hers the story of Donewald's wife. In her remarkable ending one sees traces of Shakspeare's study of Timothy Bright's 'Treatise on Melancholy, containing the causes thereof, and reasons of the strange effects it worketh in our minds and bodies' (1586), one of the publications of Shakespeare's Stratford friend,

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Richard Field, the apprentice and successor of the great printer, Vautrollier.

The story of young Siward Shakespeare took from Holinshed's 'England' (borrowed from Henry of Huntingdon). The dates are run together to increase effect. Young Siward died in 1054, old Siward in 1055; *Macbeth* in 1057, the same year as Thorfinn of Orkney, and Lulach in 1058.

But I have long been convinced that Shakespeare's inspiration was further assisted, and that he consulted another history of Scotland than Holinshed, and one, too, that was not published until long after his date, Stewart's "*Croniclis*," first printed in the Rolls Series, 1858. If he did so, the probability that he wrote the play by royal request is immensely increased. Master William Stewart's poetical translation of Boece, already noticed, had been finished by 1535. There were doubtless many manuscript copies at one time. Most certainly King James would have the original manuscript, and it is quite possible that he lent it to the poet of his royal company of players, or employed a clerk to read it to him. Various divergences from the original, various amplifications of the text, either based on tradition or poetic invention, with a tendency to aggrandise the Stuart line for which the poet sang, give a distinct character to this work. Stewart, probably hampered by rhyme, dwells much longer than Boece did upon actions, thoughts and feelings. Whole conversations are introduced that have no place in the original. It very largely supplements the shorter stories of *Macbeth* and his wife. In every case in which Stewart differs from Holinshed, Shakespeare follows Stewart! Of course we must select from his rendering the characters that Shakespeare combines in *Macbeth* and his wife.

It is Stewart who makes Donewald's wife bid her husband look up clear, and leave all the rest to her. It is Stewart who turns the conversation after supper to Donewald's indebtedness to the king; (*Macbeth* had nothing to be grateful for).

It is Stewart who suggests the idea of a swoon, not in the lady, however, but in Donewald himself :

Dissimulat syne, for to fall in swoun
As he wer deid thair to the erth fell down
Sone after syne quhen that he did retorn
Out of his swoun he stood lang in ane horn.

It is Stewart who expands the feelings of the Kenneth who murdered Malcolm into visions similar to Macbeth's. It is Stewart who represents Macbeth brooding over the king's injuries, and who suggests the opinions of others as to his character before his wife induced him—

For til destroy his cousing and his king
So foul ane blek to put into his gloir,
Quhilk halden wes of sic honour befoir.

It is Stewart who sketches the character of Lady Macbeth fully, and speaks of her scolding her husband, and calling him a coward. It is Stewart who describes Macbeth as a fatalist throughout, and who sketches the picture of him standing, paralysed by the forest having moved, refusing to fight, while his followers desert him who would not defend himself. It is Stewart who broaches the idea of perpetuity to Banquo's race, who should reign "til the warldis end." So many other suggestions, phrases, and words even, given only by Stewart, are followed by Shakespeare, that I can only believe that he either directly consulted Stewart's work, or some other play based on that work. Shakespeare's "right copious and happy industry" was famed by his contemporary, Webster, in his preface to 'Vittoria Corambona, or the White Devil,' and we need not shrink from the idea because it required labour.

The supernatural element in Macbeth was also distorted from its natural colouring and due proportion by royal influence. Holinshed and Stewart distinguish, what Shakespeare does not, the stately figures of the three weird sisters, that reveal unsought, the truth, and the witches, dealers with Satan, whom the falling king afterwards sought, when he learnt, to his cost, that "they keep the word of promise to our ears, and break it to our hearts."

Both historians had suggested, in the description of the sickness of King Duffe, some of the characteristics of the witches. Others are suggested in the trial of Dr. Fian, 1591, supposed to have been in league with the witches, who were said to have tried to drown the king crossing from Denmark. In the description of this trial called 'Newes from Scotland,' it is said that the "witches sailed in sieves." A pamphlet on the subject, with additions by Archbishop Harsnett and Thomas Baker, the Antiquarian, appeared in 1595. 'Summers last Will and Testament, 1600,' says "Witches for gold will sell a man a wind;" but there is no time now to linger over the many minor details that enrich our conceptions of Shakespeare's work.

Reginald Scot's 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' had appeared in 1584. But another volume had affected Shakespeare more than all these, one even yet too scantily noticed by commentators. King James himself had published in Edinburgh in 1597, and in London in 1603, a 'Book on Dæmonologie.' A book written by a king under any circumstances was not likely to pass unnoticed; but a book written by the king whom Shakespeare was planning to honour might not be ignored. The king had proved the existence of witches and evil spirits against Scot the Englishman, who had denied them, and asserted their wickedness against Wierus, the German physician, who had excused them. He analysed the motives of those who sought to pry into the forbidden future. Such evil practices, he said, were generally begun "from curiosity, revenge, or greed of gear;" (the first witch shows revenge in Act i, sc. 3). The king divided sorcerers into two classes: powerful necromancers, tempted by desire of knowledge, who could command Satan; and witches of inferior power, who served Satan for reward. The king informs us that witches are ugly and old, and hence Shakespeare's ghastly picture of those "that should be women."

The introduction of Hecate to the other three witches has been accounted for by the romantic nature of Shakespeare's genius. But if he had intended the first group to represent

the inhabitants of the eldern world, or had studied the classic attributes of the Parcæ, Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, he would have found to these often added a fourth, called Proserpina, Diana, or Hecate. R. Scot, in his 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' says, "The witches believe that in the night-time they ride abroad with Diana, the goddess of the pagans" (b. iii, c. 16); and the king states that "the fourth kind of sperites, which by the Gentiles was called Diana and her wandering Court, and by us called Phairie," Diana Triformis, or Hecate, might thus naturally enough mingle with other uncanny things of darkness.

In the 'Hamlet' as acted in Germany, 1626, Phantasma says, "O Hecate, thou queen of witches." In the prologue to the same play also, the three Furies address Night by the name of "Hecate."

"The Witch" of Middleton was later, and borrowed from Shakespeare. Macbeth's were not called witches at the first. Dr. Simon Forman, describing the play on the stage in 1610, says, "There stood before them three women, fairies or nymphes."

King James had fully described the four different kinds of spirits that follow and trouble certain people. The first were Spectra, or Umbra Mortuorum, haunting houses and solitary places. Another kind assume a dead body, wherein they lodge; "they can easily open without dinne any door or window and enter thereat.....where they appear..... either to forewarn people or to discover to them the will of the defunct, or what was the way of his slaughter, as it is written in the Book of the Histories Prodigious." Was the vision of Banquo one of these embodied spirits sent to convict Macbeth? King James might well think so, if he pleased, remembering what he himself had written. And therefore I think that a real ghost must have appeared on the stage in the original play, so as to be visible to the spectators, the other actors being supposed not to see it, rather than that the audience should be forced to imagine Macbeth's vision as his fellow-actors did. The triumph of Shakespeare's art lies in

his power of satisfying the two conceptions. Let the king please himself and see his ghost; Shakespeare reserves to himself his kingdom in the world of psychology. Only his imaginative characters see either witches or ghosts, only his most imaginative character in its highest states of tension sees visions and hears voices—sees the dagger and hears the voice, “Sleep no more.” Macbeth’s conscience having become hardened gave him no terror before Banquo’s murder, till at the feast he said, “Would he were here,” and his imagination woke! The vision of Banquo rose, not as he saw him last, but as the murderer described him, “with twenty mortal murders on his crown.”

King James says, “I think it is possible that the devil may prophesy to them when he deceives their imaginations in that sort, as well as when he plainly speaks unto them at other tymes for their prophesyings.” The falsehood of the witches’ words are proved to Macbeth, who sought them; and proved true to Banquo’s issue, who sought them not.

Incongruous with the northern spirit as is the semi-supernatural suggestion regarding the genius of Banquo, it acts as another delicate compliment to the king, and shows traces of Shakespeare’s reading of his Plutarch for his Roman plays. “Under him my genius is rebuked, as it is said Mark Antony’s was by Cæsar’s” (Act iii, sc. i).

3rd. When the industrious Shakespeare had prepared his material, the poetic Shakespeare elaborated his conception of a contrast to his Hamlet. Macbeth was thrown back in time, and cast loose from Christianity. His weakness in good, and his strength in wickedness alike, are shown to arise from his having no elevating ideal, no inner saving faith outreaching to the Beyond. He had no wakeful conscience of his own, keen-sighted and ready to detect the first movements of great sins; but only a jumble of customs, desires, and fancies, a utilitarian creed based on love of approbation, its highest standard being “the golden opinions” of others. That lost, he had no internal moral force to support him in his high duties, and he fell from bad to worse. He was quite willing to commit

murder if he thought he would not be found out. His lower self, tainted by sin, sought out wizards and witches, and he tried to secure his throne by blood. His imagination was the concrete and limited imagination of a savage, who feared the supernatural, yet would jump the life to come to attain his earthly ends. He was brave and determined, and his physical courage never failed, though for a moment his manhood quailed before the terrible vision of the murdered Banquo, and at the mortal sight by which he discovered "the juggling of the fiend that lied like truth." But the poet carries back our sympathy to the vanquished man, who, alone and deserted by men and spirits, willed to die with harness on his back. And this is the mission of the true tragic poet. Full of crime as Shakespeare made Macbeth, he painted of him a picture grand in its lurid colouring, equalled only in power and in interest by the "Satan" of Milton's 'Paradise Lost.' And from the stories he contracted into Macbeth's life, Shakespeare evolved a play on broad elemental lines, a picture of Destiny, stern as a Greek tragedy, or rather as three Greek tragedies, a trilogy of crime, triumph, and punishment; a play in which romance and love-making, by-play and fun, have no place; in which even the pure matronly love of Lady Macbeth was clouded from the very outset by ambition; and yet, taken all in all, it remains, after Hamlet, the play most widely read and deeply studied of all.

The character of Lady Macbeth is even more Shakespeare's original creation than that of her husband. There is nothing in literature that one can note as a parallel. The character of *Rossa*, painted by Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke, in his play of "Mustapha," seems modelled after hers, but lacks all Shakespeare's finer touches. Through the early scenes of the play comes a faint whisper of the hidden wrongs of Macbeth and his wife, that induce them so readily to yield to the temptation of opportunity, showing Shakespeare's suppressed study.

Hasty readers are apt to blame Lady Macbeth for being the temptress of her noble husband. But even in the play

Shakespeare shows that the thought had occurred to Macbeth before he spoke to his wife :

Stars, hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done to see

Act i. sc. 4.

His hesitations arose only from doubts of the prudence of present action, through the dread of losing these precious "golden opinions." The admiration his wife awakened in him by her bold counsel stimulated him to try to keep *her golden opinion* and risk the others. When she urged, not the crime, but promptness and decisiveness in action, he hesitated ; but when, descending to his lower level, she showed him how he might do it, and yet evade suspicion, he yielded at once. She was more fearless and impetuous than her husband ; more direct, more self-sufficing, and more interiorly simple. Her imagination was of a colder, more intellectual type. Warm in her affection for her husband, she was proud of his kingly qualities, and wished him to be free to exercise them. The weak, indolent king, whose sole prop Macbeth had been and was, had ungratefully slighted him by making the juvenile Malcolm the centre of attraction at the time that Macbeth was the true hero, and had given the untried youth the inheritance the brave man so well deserved.

The weird sisters had said that Macbeth in spite of all would be king. Let him become so now, while the country honoured him and needed him, while Duncan was weak and Malcolm was young. They would go away to their southern capital, and it might be at the risk of his own life were Macbeth to follow him and attack him there later. Regardless of other considerations, she drove towards her end. It was only after it was attained that her conscience awoke, and waking, never ceased to gnaw. She at last recognised the moral elements of responsibility and retribution, and in her bitter remorse stands on a much higher plane than her husband. Her clear intellect recognised their united action to be *sin* ; and acknowledged that she, the sharer in the one, shared all

the other sins of her husband that flowed from that one. Macbeth deadened his imagination and blunted his feeling by repeated crimes; his wife thinned the veil of sense, and let her late-born imagination reign, while brooding over the terrible past, until it made her mad.

Shakespeare, with consummate art, restores somewhat of sympathy for her, as he had done for her husband. He never could have written the speech of Malcolm with which the play closes, as it generally is printed. He would never have cast away his labours, or demeaned his art, by recalling the thoughts of his listeners to the evils of "this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen"; but would have left them to go to their homes with the tragic feeling aching in their hearts, and the lesson of his play moving their souls, that in the beginning we must stay evil and avoid crimes, and that we ourselves are not sufficient so to do without a standard higher than ourselves. Other scenes show alteration by an inferior hand, such as the second scene of Act I; but these last words are an addition, similar in nature to those historic glosses that I have tried to show you have been added through the centuries to the contemporary portrait of the brave king¹ whose strong hand sustained eleventh century Scotland during seventeen years.²

1 Dr Garnett kindly suggested to me that it may be worth noting that Milton, who, in spite of his Puritan predilections, honoured Shakespeare even to reverence, seemed to have been dissatisfied with his treatment of Macbeth. Among the list of the subjects that he drew up in his youth, as plans for his work, he notes for tragedies "Scotch Stories, or rather British of the North Parts." 2. 'Duffe and Donewald,' a strange story of witchcraft and murder. 3. Kenneth, who, having poisoned Malcom Duffe, is slain by Fenella. 4. Macbeth. The matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost." Thus he separates the two main elements of Shakespeare's story, and seems to think another conception than that of Shakespeare's desirable (see Masson's 'Milton,' ii, 115).

2 My views are criticised in "Palaestra" v. 39. "Die Saga von Macbeth." Ernst Krögers.

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VI.

IS LADY MACBETH REALLY A "FIEND-LIKE
QUEEN?"

TO answer this question, we must first glance at the four portraits which we have of Lady Macbeth: that of the old contemporary records; that of the Latin histories which provided Shakespeare with his materials; that of the dramatist himself, and that of the present epilogue to his play.

Gruoch and her infant son Lulach were the sole survivors of the *ancient* royal line of Scotland in the time of Malcolm II. He had only two daughters, the elder of whom had married the Abbot of Dunkeld, and was the mother of the weak Duncan, the younger of whom had married Finlegh Thane of Cromarty, and was the mother of Macbeth, older, braver, and more popular than his incompetent cousin Duncan. His grandfather, however, wished the succession to go in the elder line, and for Duncan's sake he slew Gruoch's father and her brother, and burnt her first husband Gilcomgain and his friends alive in their castle. So that she had the blood feud of many against the rival race. By some means she escaped alone in the snow, and fled with her baby in her arms to seek shelter from Macbeth, who risked offending his grandfather to give it to her. He afterwards married her, to ensure protection. Thus she at least was no usurper. Her position was the same as that of Elizabeth of York; she might not have been selected as sovereign, because she was a woman, but, as Elizabeth married Henry VII. who secured the crown by conquest, she carried her *right* to him, a right he had not in himself. It was exactly so with Queen Gruoch and King Macbeth.

Few records of her are preserved, but there are sufficient to show that she was a faithful and liberal daughter of the early Scottish Church. Her charitable gifts were many. On one of her gifts of land to the Priory of Loch Leven was a well, which has ever since been venerated by her name as "Gruoch's Well." Her eldest son Lulach, the baby she saved under such terrible circumstances, as well as her children by Macbeth, were well brought up. But it was Lulach who succeeded his stepfather, until Malcolm the third killed him too.

Something of this old story can be also gleaned from the later histories written under the influence of the conquerors. But we cannot expect Shakespeare to know it. Holinshed said very little of Lady Macbeth, only that she urged her husband to destroy Duncan, as she burned with unquenchable desire to bear the name of Queen. Shakespeare naturally follows the later history, though he never wronged characters as he wronged Macbeth and his wife. He cannot hide the fact that Duncan was incompetent, and that Macbeth had to fight all his battles for him. Though he knew that his grandfather had settled the crown on Duncan, Macbeth had the constitutional right to be considered his heir, since the brother of Gruoch had been slain. Therefore the folly of Duncan is nowhere more clearly shown than in choosing the time when Macbeth had saved his country from the Norwegians to announce that he had determined that he should not have his right of being nominated the Prince of Cumberland, but that it would be granted to the child Malcolm, who had done nothing, following an innovation in the old laws of succession; and giving a public expression of contempt, instead of the expression of royal and national gratitude. No wonder that the hearts of Macbeth and his wife were hot within them, and that of many friends, so that Macbeth went out to fight with his ungrateful cousin and slew him on the open field. It is only Shakespeare who lays the crime on them that Donewald committed on Duffe, his master. Character is not a constant unity, neither are its rates of development constant. Lady Macbeth's character as created by Shakespeare,

passed through several phases during the rapid action of the play, but in none of these can I find it, at any time, deserving the epithet "fiend-like." Mrs. Siddons is well-known to have believed that she (Lady Macbeth) was small and fair, though her own physique forced her to render a second possible impersonation. I fancy her to have been painted as by nature a sunny little woman, bright, dainty, graceful, tender, with a strong and clear intellect which she felt, but did not recognise, and that never prevented her from winning the affection of those around her. We are left to guess the colour of her hair and eyes, but the poet suggests the fair fresh complexion, the "ruby cheeks," the "little hands," the natural courtesy, the splendid intellect, with its incisive simplicity, the passionate self-forgetting heart, devoted to her idolised husband, not only a true woman, but a great one. Altogether the last person one would suspect of crime and guile, she "looked like the innocent flower." But it was into Eden the serpent stole. Shakespeare paints her character in strong contrast to that of her husband, whose weakness is curable, and to that of Duncan whose weakness is incurable. Great in herself she has not the dependence on other people's opinions, which was her husband's bane; she had a determined value for her word once it was given; for a course of action, once she had embarked on it. She respected herself and her mental resolutions, and shrank from wavering and hesitancy. She adored her husband even while she recognised his weak points, but she would fain cure him.

Macbeth, the brave strong man, the man the country needed, had gone forth to save it, when Duncan had brought it to the gates of ruin, and was coming back triumphant from Fife to Forres to greet the King, and then he would come on to her. He must have sworn by the spirits of his fathers, that he would stand no more subjection to this cowardly incapable, if he did not, at least, now acknowledge him as his heir apparent. And he did not. Duncan could not understand the characters of brave men, neither could he read their faces, as Lady Macbeth did. He gave his generals paltry

honours, and offered himself to come as a guest for one night to his cousin's house as a further honour. We may be sure Macbeth had his thought of a private revenge burning in his heart, as he sped in advance to warn his wife. They are brought together, it may be realised, just after temptation has been suggested by external psychic influences.

Lady Macbeth comes before us in Scene 5, Act I. Yet innocent of word or deed, she gazes longingly from the high window in the castle of Inverness, awaiting the return of her hero. She looks for consolation to her little packet of letters, so often read, the good news of victory and safety, the endearing terms, the hopes for a speedy reunion. But she pauses over *the last two*. Macbeth had easily been able to subdue foes that the King had feared to approach ; he had been advised to be King in name as well as in reality ; indeed he had laid a plan for becoming so, if things would but fit. But this letter, the last received, the oftenest read, that she had kept under her pillow while she slept, and in her hand while she waked, tells her that fate had ensured success. " Hail, King that shalt be ! " Good omen for his half-formed plot ! *He* hastes to tell his dearest partner of greatness of what was promised *her* ; she thinks it over triumphantly as good fortune in store for *him*. From their perfect unison of souls, she reads between the lines of his letter, and finds there more than was written. Womanlike, she utterly believes in fate ; he *shall* be King, but how ? Her intellect questions the dimness and indefiniteness of the oracle, and longs to throw into it decision. Skilful in analyzing character, even her husband's and her own, she sees the future in the instant. She fears he will not catch the nearest, promptest, simplest way. The plans he suggested were too clumsy for her. He would require a grand outcome of the power that makes men Kings. She fears his nature, with its warring elements, courage, ambition, kindness, dependence on the opinion of others. Even now she puts her finger on the weak spot in Macbeth's character—he would have what required evil for its winning, and yet would not do the evil. Thou

"wouldst not play false, and yet wouldst wrongly win." She does not despise him for it, she is utterly unconscious that she is mentally so far his superior. The greater simplicity of her character, and unity of her aims, add force to her strength of will. His courage is the warrior's valour, rising from physical strength, contempt of mere bodily pain, love of approbation, and impulsive excitement in the heat of action ; hers is the intellectual form that can scorn opinion, and face foreseen danger and difficulty calmly, to work its way. She delights in her husband as the physical completion of her idea of strength, and admires the Kingly qualities in him. He is "Great Glamis" to her, even when she thinks of him. Yet she knows his weakness well. She longs for him to come. She knows the kindling effect of the enthusiasm of her soul, and the marvellous effect of her tongue upon his feelings, and she wants to pour her spirits into his, and weld his valour with hers, for *both* were needed for the coming time. She lives only in him and for him. She is going to labour to crown him, and "*fate* and metaphysical aid" will have it. When he and she and fate work together there will be flood tide in their united power. She is evidently thinking of a difficult piece of State-craft, a *coup d'état*, an oration, civil war, success.

Thinking of this she hears the messenger who intrudes to tell her of the King's approach. "Thou'rt mad to say it!" impulsively bursts forth, then, with her woman's wit she veils the cause of her excitement in sufficient reason for a clown. The messenger gone, she thinks again. Her quick intuition reveals to her that Fate was even more prompt than she would have been, and worked with her even now. *This* was the meaning of the foreboding raven's note ? Superstitious as she was, she takes it as a sign ; it is *intended* that Duncan should be killed at once, "under my battlements." She must make ready. She knew that "there is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood leads on to fortune," but which being missed leaves men stranded high and helpless. The vague becomes clear, the indefinite becomes definite.

The evil purpose takes form. It does not suit her nature. She, too, like her husband, "is too full of the milk of human kindness," to be willingly cruel even to this man. She wishes that everything could be sunny and bright and pleasant for everybody; but since it could not be, since this Duncan kept (or she fancied he did) some of the sunlight out of the lives of her husband and herself, he must be put out of the way. But she has to call on the dark spirits of murder to take away her feminine tenderness; to *make* her cruel; to *make* her will strike unflinching through unconcern. And all this struggle with her own nature was not against the thought of the moral responsibility of the step, but against her kindly disposition and sensitiveness of feeling. It was the cruelty, "the pity of it," that moved her. Yet it must be done, and done at once; and done, evidently, in her first thought of it, by *herself*; so that her husband's character might not be wronged, so that what he would "highly," that would he "holily" receive. She would sacrifice her very nature for him, his interests and wishes. And then he enters. With pride and joy she welcomes him. "Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!", She is transported with delight. Her mind's eye sees the future in the instant. His face is troubled, his soul perturbed with agitating thoughts, delight is far from him; he cannot answer her, he has but one idea, "My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night!" "And *when* goes hence?" "To-morrow—" Then all his thought is revealed in the gleam of his eye, as he adds the hesitating words "*as he purposes.*" "O, never shall sun that morrow see!" If his visit is to be so short, his doom must be sealed that night. Fate and opportunity must not be let slip from the league. She had read all that her husband's expression meant, she warns him that others must not spell out his countenance also. He is not a good actor, she, as a spectator of his gestures, must give him advice. She must, as a wife, share his crime. It is wiser so, and she asks him to "put this night's great business into her despatch," that he may be free. Still tremulous, he says, "We will speak further!" He wants to tell her what

Banquo said, and other men advised, and to consider what would *tell* best. She could not wait ; she could not lose all by hesitation. She knew that something equivalent to the fire of battle was needed to rouse his spirit to action ; she knew that his anxieties always looked too clearly through his face. She could trust her own. People do not readily suspect lovely little women. How much better for him and simpler for both, that he should not be tried too much. " Only look up clear, leave all the rest to me." Lady Macbeth is generally reviled as the mean temptress to crime of a noble nature. I utterly deny that she tempts him to this sin. The thought was his, the temptation his. He had evidently " broken this enterprise to her," in one of his letters. He had had it sketched before he met the witches, and he started when the third witch " harped his thought aright." In the midst of Duncan's gracious gifts and thanks, when Malcolm had been named Prince of Cumberland, he had said to himself,

" Stars, hide your fires,
Let not light see my black and deep desires.
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be,
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see !"—

And this before he had sent his messenger to his wife to warn her of Duncan's approach and his own. She knows his thought, she accepts it, and makes it her own. " He that's coming must be provided for." She did not tempt him to the deed, but to the when and how of it. We are glad to know they had not invited the King thither. He had come of his own will, they took it as Fate's decree.

We are relieved for a while from these black thoughts, by the description of the sunny northern home, in which this " fair and noble hostess " received Duncan ; the recognition even by the King, of the " great love " Macbeth bore his wife, and the honour and affection their natural character won for them. But the next scene opens upon what may be called their *unnatural* character. Macbeth is thinking apart " If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly "—doubtless the refrain of Lady Macbeth's words

when, as he wished, they had "spoken further." His soliloquy shows the justice of his wife's analysis of his character. If he were sure of success, now and afterwards, if he were sure that he would escape judgment in this world, he would not mind the next. He has gone a step further than his wife in this; it is not merely the cruelty, but the moral and retributive consequences of the deed that he considers. His is, however, at best, but a utilitarian theory of morals; it is not so much his own, but the universal conscience he sets to judge him. He pictures the causes of this "judgment here," what people would say of him, and how they would pity the murdered Duncan. He himself becomes softened at the thought. He acknowledges that he has no motive but ambition, and this might fail. Just then, Lady Macbeth enters. He had left his post to do his thinking apart; she, ever watchful, must after him and warn him of his danger should suspicion arise.

"We will proceed no further in this business." We can imagine the sudden check to her plans, the change of her expression as he said this, increasing as he gave the reason. Duncan had honoured him of late, and the people too, and he would not cast aside their praise "so soon." What she had feared in his nature revealed itself. He would let this easy opportunity pass, and then go on regretting it, until he made for himself some other chance so hazardous that he might lose himself even in victory. She would save him from this; she would, "chastise, with the valour of her tongue, all that impedes him from the golden round." All the scorn and satire and bitterness she uses to her husband, are but means to work him, what she thought to be his good. She has no bitter thought, and he knows it. He trusts her love and loves her through all. Notice that all the taunts of his love being insufficient, of his courage, of his resolution as compared with hers, have *no* effect upon him, until she goes back, to answer practically his reason for proceeding no further in this business, by showing how the world might be deceived and blame others for the deed. Then breaks forth his burst of admira-

tion for her courage and skill. Then and then only, she really *tempts* him, and it is only to do what he *wishes to do*. The instant he sees that he can escape opprobrium, his "compunctious visitings" are scattered to the wind, and he cries,

"I am settled and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat,
Away, and mock the time with fairest show ;
False face must hide what the false heart doth know."

This scene is usually quoted as proof of Lady Macbeth's wickedness, of her fiendish taunting, driving an unwilling noble nature into sin. But did this Eve really make her Adam fall ? We have every reason to believe that this parley with ambition would only have resulted on his part in postponement ; for the ambition remained to spur the sides of his intent. Her hot tongue uses strong language, for she is excited and would excite him too, as on the battlefield. Her sarcasm does not wound him ; with her taunts she mingles praises. It is because everything is made too easy for him that he does not choose to complete his design. To her, decision, even in wrong, is better and nobler than hesitation. It is only her last resource to show him her plan. His burst of admiration shows that it was no moral repugnance that had unhinged him. She stripped his shuffling self-deceivings bare, and showed him what he was and what he wanted. In this she acted as a moral purifier ; it was neither God nor conscience that he feared but the loss of "golden opinions from all sorts of people." Hers is a direct character. There were other means than daggers, there were other times than the present ; but "if it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly" and quietly, trusting no stranger hand or tongue.

In his next soliloquy, Macbeth's excited nervous organism, his kindled imagination, perturbed with thoughts of horror, brings before his eyes the bloody dagger. But there is no longer a sign of wavering. He has "jumped the life to come," since the present life is ensured him. "I go and it is done !" Lady Macbeth has given him drink, and shared it, to make

her bold. She was but a timid woman after all, and physically weak in action. "The mind is its own place," and it was there that she was strong. But the "mortal spirits" had not "unsexed her" altogether yet. She meant to have done the deed and spared her husband, but Duncan resembled her father as he slept, and her hand was stayed. She could not kill him, the "pity of it," still moved her; but she willed his death. The "owl's shriek" and her husband's voice alarm her; not in her nervous imagination, but in her anxious intellect. She fears still the nature of Macbeth and the instability of circumstances. The "attempt and not the deed" would really confound them. She had not calculated upon that. It had been. "But screw your courage to the sticking place, and we'll *not* fail." He had screwed his courage thus far, had he failed after all? Her courage only returns at sight of her husband, and she tries, with short incisive sentences to still his feverish excitement. When he asks why he "could not say Amen?" she breaks out with—

"These deeds must not be thought

After these ways; so, it will make us mad!"—

She had forcibly kept herself from thinking out the whole bearing of the act; she had recognised only the advantage (and the cruelty of it), and had ignored the penalty, and responsibility to a higher Being. The instant the deed was done, and it was too late; this simple prayer had shown the shallowness of his Utilitarianism, and of what may be called her agnosticism. She knows that if once she begins to think she must work it out, and would surely think herself mad. The deed that had to be done, was done, and there must be the end of it. When he perseveres in speaking of "the voice," again she uses the language of scorn. It is to bring him to himself, and save him from danger. He is wrapped in the present, she still thinks of his desired future. He dared not go back to the chamber with the tell-tale bloody daggers that he had thoughtlessly brought hence. He has forgotten even his "golden opinions." So, though the old man should resemble her father as he lay in death, she *must* nerve herself

and do what must be done for both. Though noise and discovery might ensue ; though all the impalpable terrors that spring from "thinking on these things after these ways," might dog her steps, the daggers *must* be returned ; the faces of the sleeping grooms *must* be smeared with the King's blood. Her will conquers her nature now.

Hardly had she accomplished this, and returned to Macbeth than the knocking commences. Careful about every trifle, she makes hasty arrangements to baffle suspicion, while Macbeth, still quivering with excitement, is lost in painful thoughts. She has done all this without drawing attention to herself or her feelings, but the strain it had entailed upon her slight sensitive frame is shown by her fainting amid the Lords, while Macbeth, roused by the sight of his old comrades in battle, and sharpened by a present danger, has become once more bold and self-possessed.

She is *Queen* now, and her husband *King*. A kind pleasant Queen is she willing to be. She has attained her end, she would make herself forget the means, and live out her *natural* life. She had no wish to kill, she feared none, she felt able to guide her new power by policy. But Macbeth's nature was different, and had been opened to other influences. He was not able, like her, to content himself in an even round of royal duties ; his ambition required new food, his restlessness new excitement. He was smaller-minded too, and more suspicious than she was, from his very love of "golden opinions;" and he found fear and jealousy in silent friends. He had taken to himself the reins of government, and independently, untempted, he planned a second murder, darker and fouler, more treacherous to the waking man than he had been to the sleeping king. Whatever the cause, whether to show his spirit or not, he wishes his wife to be innocent of it until afterwards. Their oneness of feeling and identity of interests makes him sure she will applaud whatever he chooses to do. She had not known the time or circumstance of Banquo's murder, and so, in the Banquet Scene, it is evident she thinks the unseen apparition which appals Macbeth, is the ghost of Duncan. All that a wife can do she does, to save her

husband's dearly-loved credit. She is sweet and explanatory to the guests to make them feel that she is not alarmed ; she uses stinging sarcasm aside to her husband, as a sharp remedy for a sore need. When his excitement rises too high to be explained, she abruptly stops all chance of question, and sends the guests away with a kind good night. The instant they are gone, wondering at, yet half understanding her imaginative husband, she drops her sarcasm, listens patiently, answers simply, and provides excuse, " You lack the season of all natures, sleep ! " She is so tired herself, so worn and weary, with her long-overstrained feelings ready to burst from her control ; so sleepless, too, though she does not draw attention to herself, that we are left with this self-forgetfulness in our mind, to guide our thought to the last scene where she appears.

Henceforth he is King alone. He has a servant fee'd in every house, she would never have thought of needing such a thing ; he goes to seek the witches, she wishes to know no more of the future ; he steeps his hands in the blood of Lady Macduff, her children, and many another subject ; she would fain have drawn back, and washed her hands of the stain in forgetfulness. Dissatisfaction with life, remorse in soul, precedes the end. She had tried to do what she had advised him to do, to " let the thoughts die with them they thought on," but she could not. Her anxieties had told upon her health, her will had worn out her too feeble frame, and suffering from nervous exhaustion, and the physical weakness that accompanies it, she has no longer power to keep back her thoughts from rising. Better than she would be, in spite of her will, the remorse she would not yield to conquers her. Too late she sees that the murder of Duncan was not only policy, not only vengeance, not only cruelty, but that it was an ever-living crime, a sin that cried for retribution. Her own nature had been outraged, and now rose against her. Her husband's nature disappointed her, and yet she dares not blame him. She knows she once had power sufficient to prevent him from murdering Duncan, and instead of doing that she had encouraged him ; and that one sin had led to all

others with him. Therefore though these others had been planned by him alone, executed by him alone ; she shares the guilt of all, because she had been one with him at the turning point of his life. Doubtless Lady Macduff had once been her friend, and she would have shrunk from such a thing as murdering a defenceless woman and her babes. But she does not blame her husband, or excuse herself. She is silent. Her husband can speak more freely of his feelings, act more energetically, throw himself into excitement that can dull thought, and his stronger physical nature is not so overstrained by the burden of a moral conflict. Her struggles are solitary. Faithful to his interests to the last, she seals her lips, and masks her expression, lest suspicions should arise in her husband's subjects. Her frail frame fails in the double struggle. Her sleep is no longer sleep, but only partial unconsciousness. The thoughts that have burnt into her brain by day, burst forth from her unconscious lips at night. Spite of her determined will she had "thought on these things after these ways, and they had made her MAD!" Most writers think Lady Macbeth devoid of imagination. She has not the concrete, sensuous imagination of the poet, or the artist, or of her husband ; she hears no voices, sees no visions. But she has evidently the higher abstract imagination of the thinker and the philosopher. In her last illness, however, her intellectual imagination becomes more concrete, as it is less controlled ; more like Macbeth's. She is "Not so sick, my Lord, as she is troubled with thick-coming fancies, That keep her from her rest." The sleeping old man so like her father, with whose blood she bathed the faces of his grooms ; the recollection of the part she took in urging his death ; the wife of the Thane of Fife ? The smell of the blood yet makes her sick heart shrink and faint. Why did her husband see apparitions, and mar all with his starting ? Yet her own imaginations wear out her life, as Macbeth's more superficial ones never would have done to him. Poor Lady Macbeth. One feels a strange longing that there should have been some sign of hope and pity and pardon, for her dark death bed. Was there nothing

but Cain's curse in the air? Was there no ghostly help, when ghostly horrors came and went? Is remorse never repentance? Her doctor could

"Not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,"

but was there no physician to bring the Balm of Gilead that could heal even the chief of sinners? the play is silent. "The Queen, my Lord, is dead!" And her women weep and wail, her husband moralises, and the world is far away. She has judged herself severely and condemned herself hardly, and there rises to my mind a sentence like this: "If ye would judge yourselves, ye would not be judged!"—"So may she rest, her faults lie gently on her!"

"She should have died hereafter," said her husband, for he was left alive. Betrayed by the juggling fiends, deserted by all else, with a final outburst of his old warrior self, Macbeth dies too.

Lastly, let us look at Lady Macbeth's crime. Murder is fortunately a comparatively rare crime, and few of us are tempted to it. It is quite right and just that it should be reckoned the *capital* crime, for the safety of the individual and of the State. But is it not also conceivable that, except when it is an outcome of a general moral leprosy, murder in itself should not deteriorate a character so much as many lesser crimes. It carries with it its own retribution, Eugene Aram can tell us that. "He that hateth his brother is a murderer," says Holy Writ. The sin, therefore, lies in the *hate*. The sudden blow of murder, an act in one moment of passion-blurred time, makes irrevocable the *hate* which is the murder, but if the blow *misses* is not the man forgiven? The murderer does not even wrong his victim so much as some other sinners. If the victim be good, he is sent the sooner to God's peace, if he be evil, he is restrained from piling up more sins. Greater a thousand-fold are the crimes of vice which ruin the victim's soul and body. Ye who would judge Macbeth hardly, remember that many people can by nature put from them the

consideration of the means toward their end. The angler, in desire to catch his dinner, puts from him the thought of the pain he causes the fish and ignores the torture and death he causes the worm to catch the fish ; the speculator ignores the suffering he causes to his victims ; the politician abstracts his thought from the intervening stages of good or evil to others in the pursuit of his one great aim ; the despot drives his people forth to war for his own glory, and forgets their wounds, their agonies, their death. Thus Lady Macbeth thought only of the crown of *her* Scotland for Macbeth (perhaps also somewhat of securing Macbeth as protector of Scotland). She looked upon Duncan as an *obstacle*, and removed him by the speediest means. She refused to think of the moral responsibility of the deed until too late, and then it gnawed her heart out.

Would any call such a woman a "fiend?" What is the definition of a "fiend?" "The tempter, ere the accuser of mankind." A being who has no will to repent and no place for repentance ; no feeling but hate and scorn for his victims, one who revels in evil for its own sake. In the course of the drama, Shakespeare had shown us the beginnings of sin, its unsatisfactoriness, its productiveness of new evil, in its effects upon two noble minds warped thereby into courses not natural to them. But he did not paint them "fiend-like," the accusers as well as tempters of each other. He had showed how mutual love and trust remained. He had awakened our pity for the lady in her rooted sorrow and sleepless remorse, and restored somewhat of sympathy for Macbeth, when he had cast off the fiends that he had trusted, and his old brave spirit woke in him, when he had nothing to rely on but his own right arm in the final struggle. The poet did not wish to increase our tragic pain into horror. Is it possible that the poet, after having so skilfully treated our excited feelings, should have so inartistically dragged us back into the horror of the mid-action, and shocked the sensibilities he had awakened? Having led up to this triumph of his art, he was too true a psychologist, too keen

a sympathiser with elemental human nature, to have called such beings "fiend-like." Could he complete his wonderful picture of Rembrandtesque power and pathos, of the Lady-Queen suffering remorse by adding such words—

"Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like Queen,
Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands
Took off her life?"

I, for one, cannot conceive *the master* writing these words, and feel sure they must have been some interpolation, by one who could not understand his ways.

Critics have tried to compare Lady Macbeth to characters in Classic and in Modern Literature. None succeed. The one that seems to me most nearly in touch with her is the "Miriam" of Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Transformation.'

A Discussion. Printed in the *Ladies' Edinburgh Magazine*, 1877.

VII.

JUSTICE SHALLOW

NOT INTENDED AS A SATIRE ON SIR THOMAS LUCY.

THE untrustworthy nature of much of the traditional gossip that clouds the true life of Shakespeare may well be illustrated from the associations that have clustered round the character-sketch of "Robert Shallow, Esquire," the Gloucestershire Justice. Tradition gives a story concerning young Shakespeare, of deer stealing, punishment, imprisonment, a satirical ballad hung on Charlecote Park gates, a flight to London, and a stage revenge on the Stratford-on-Avon Justice. Ordinary methods of determining authenticity, when applied to these traditions, elucidate their genesis.

In regard to the deer-stealing story, it is quite possible that Shakespeare may have chased many a forbidden deer, as that was supposed to be an accomplishment necessary to every youth of spirit. Sir Philip Sidney in his 'May Lady,' describes deer-stealing as "a pretty service." The Oxford students had always been notorious poachers. Dr. Forman relates how two students in 1573 (one of them John Thornborough, afterwards Dean of York and Bishop of Worcester) "never studied or gave themselves to their books, but to go to schools of defence, to the dancing schools, to steal deer and conies, and to hunt the hare."

But it is quite impossible that Sir Thomas Lucy could have acted in the way he is supposed to have done. In the first place he had no Warwickshire deer park to steal deer from, as may be proved from his father's will, and from Leland's account of Charlecote in his Itinerary. He had a warren, it is true, but that could not count, as some writers suppose. Manwood, the chief contemporary authority on the Forest Laws, says: "The hare, the conie, the pheasant, the partridge, and none other are accompted beasts or foules of warren." Even Fulbrook Park, which the Traditionalists fall back upon as a possible scene of the exploit, was at his time disparked, and belonged to Sir Francis Englefield, a Recusant, abroad without leave from the Queen. It is true Sir Thomas Lucy had charge of it. The park of Sir Thomas, however, was of his wife's inheritance in Worcestershire. He never presented deer to the Corporation of Stratford-on-Avon, as other neighbouring park owners did.¹ He may have brought over some for his own use to Charlecote Warren; but the Act of 5 Eliza. 11, only concerns deer taken from a "statutable enclosed park." If Shakespeare had had one of these, he would likely have managed it in such a way as to be able to defy the forest laws. There were so many loopholes of escape in them. The law allowed that "men may kill such wild beasts in their wildness, when they are found wandering, being out of a forest, parke, or chase,

1 His grandson *did* present a buck to the Tower after he had his park.

yet no man hath any property in them until they have killed them." In the second place Sir Thomas would never have defamed the honour of a noble race, and the credit of the bench by *illegal* action in taking personal revenge over such a matter, even if it had occurred. Still less likely was he to do so in relation to the eldest son of one of the chief burgesses, a past bailiff of the town. I do not *think* it possible, and I *know* that there is *no trace* of any *legal* action in the extant records of Stratford-on-Avon, or of the county town of Warwick, or of the Lucy family!

The ballad needs only to be analysed to be discredited. Even in his youth Shakespeare could not have written it, and certainly could not have affixed it to the Park-gates, seeing there were none to bear the burden. The ballad is evidently of a later date. My own opinion is, that it was based on the play of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' by some realistic romancer of other years, and thus associated with Shakespeare in a manner sufficient for gossip. I do not believe that Sir Thomas Lucy was the providence that drove Shakespeare to London for the fulfilment of his ideals, though

There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will,

Matter of bitterness there may have arisen through the over-zealous action of Sir Thomas Lucy in the Somerville-Arden case, whereby the head of the ancient family of Arden was brought to a cruel end in 1582. But such a feeling, if it existed, could not have led to a light satire.

Archdeacon Davies of Saperton is the originator of the gossip, unsuspected even by Aubrey, that Shakespeare caricatured "Sir Thomas Lucy as Justice Clodpate!" The inaccuracy of this writer, in referring to "Justice Shallow" under another name, given to another character, in another play, by another writer, has not been sufficient to prevent successive critics from accepting both his facts and his conclusions. Writers on Shakespeare, even up to date, insist that "the reference to the dozen white lues on his old coat

fully establishes Shallow's identity with Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote."

It is this *identity* that I try to disprove in the arguments that I now bring forward.

Ben Jonson said that Shakespeare "wanted art." But he had the highest art possible to a dramatist, that of homogeneous and harmonious characterisation. Caricature arises out of disproportion in art; and satire introduces a discordant and destructive element into literature. For either, some points of resemblance are necessary to sharpen the sting of the bitter humour. If we could throw back our minds, without prejudice, into the close of the sixteenth century, and imagine ourselves laughing over the new character that Shakespeare had created as a foil to his wonderful 'Falstaff,' and if we knew the true life of Sir Thomas Lucy, I do not think any association between the two *could* have occurred to us.

Justice Shallow's life, as told in 'Henry IV., Part II., and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' is fairly complete. He was of comparatively low origin, at best but a younger son of a younger son, out of Society, as his boastful fussiness shows. He had been brought up so poorly that Falstaff remembers him as "the very genius of famine," "a Vice's dagger," when, having apparently intended to earn his livelihood by the law, he studied in Clement's Inn.

Through some late and unexpected inheritance, great to him, though it would have been a trifle to a Lucy, he had acquired "lands and beeves," and had become the representative of an old family that had farmed a small estate in some solitary corner of Gloucestershire for a considerable period, which he magnifies into three hundred years. The petty cares of house, farm, and market, the constant society of his few and many-dutied servants, only relieved by that of his near relatives who had not been even to Clement's Inn, produces his special type of character. Falstaff paints it for us with contempt. He boasts of a wild youth to suit his company, "every third word a lie." Proud of the lately

earned distinction of Justiceship, his one great ambition was to rise higher than any of his family or neighbours by *becoming a knight*, a dignity of considerably more value then than now. For that he was willing to honour this upper-class old reprobate, to give him his best wine and best cheer, even to lend him £1,000 in order to have some one bribed to introduce him to court favour and help him to reach his heart's desire. His fortune had come to him too late in life to suggest matrimony. He was still a bachelor, and likely to remain so. He was a lean and slippered pantaloon, "a bearded hermit-stave," now over eighty years of age, with no heir nearer than his nephew Slender, probably his sister's son. His mode of altering justice to suit and propitiate his useful servant Davy was only possible where the justice hall was in his own house, and the Quorum consisted of himself and "Silence." His vain repetition of words was a fault of declining years; his common oath, "By the Mass," would certainly not have been like that used by Sir Thomas Lucy, the Puritan.

On the other hand, the Stratford Justice was the eldest son and heir of his father, Sir William Lucy, representative of a distinguished family that had dwelt at Charlecote over four hundred years, and had given commanders, counsellors, high sheriffs, and knights of the shire to the service of the country. Attendance and leisure had surrounded him from his birth. Possibly because of the troublous times, he did not go to the University or to the Inns of Court for his education, but had private tutors, one of them the famous John Foxe, the martyrologist. He was born in 1532, sowed no wild oats in his youth, but was married at fourteen years of age to Joyce Acton, a rich Worcestershire heiress of twelve, whose father died within six months of her marriage, leaving her all his possessions. Sir William died when Thomas Lucy was nineteen, and he succeeded to many broad acres, and in the same year his son Thomas was born. The new owner of Charlecote became an important influence in the social and political life of his county, a member of every commission

of peace and war, even to the Marches of Wales, a Knight of the Shire in Parliament more than once. Equal in degree at least to a Sir John Falstaff, an adherent and friend of Leicester, he needed no bribery or backstair influence to introduce him at court, or to further a claim for knighthood, for, if the story is to be believed, knighthood came to him by the hand of the Queen herself in her private visit to the great house at Charlecote that he had built to commemorate her name and her accession. A man given to generous hospitality, surrounded by friends and relatives, attended by numerous servants and gentlemen, he had all the social and intellectual advantages of the best county society, and frequent visits to the Court. He had a good name as a careful administrator of justice, severe perhaps at times, through the excess of his loyalty, as in the Arden case, but a stickler for precedent and rules of justice. His very portrait seems pointed at in 'As You Like It' as the Justice :—

With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

He died at the age of 68, before old age had laid his withering hand upon him. Look upon this picture and on that. Truly, it would be difficult to see where any caricature could be traced of him in the portrait of "Robert Shallow, Esquire."

It is true that both were Justices, but so were many "substantial householders" in England; both were interested in "the preservation of grain and game," but so were all the landowners of the country; both were interested in archery, but so were all loyal subjects. Both wore the Luce in their three-hundred-year-old coat; but so did some other old families, as the family of "Way," and the family of "Geddes." So also did the Company of Stock Fishmongers. I will discuss the Coat of Arms later, but I have surely been able to show, that, *apart from this*, there are no points in common in the *portraits* of the two men sufficient even to suggest a satire. Neither is there in the action.

Supposing the tradition had been true, Shakespeare would

have been more hot and angry, while his remembrance of the cause of bitterness was fresh. On the contrary, he brings in Sir William Lucy quite pleasantly in the early play of 'Henry VI.,' Part I., and allows an interval of twenty years to elapse between the supposed date of the wrong and the Ballad, and the "public revenge on the stage."

I believe the whole story arose from early misreading of Shakespeare's plays, misrepresentation of his character, and misunderstanding of his art. He really created "Justice Shallow" to add new touches to the popular character of Sir John Falstaff, familiarised to us in 'Henry IV.,' Part I. In Act IV., Scene 2, Falstaff had aired the rags of his conscience as to his misuse of the King's press. In 'Henry IV.,' Part II., he is sent on another campaign, to separate him from Prince Henry; and it may be remembered, that he asked the Lord Chief Justice, Act I., Scene 2, "to lend him a thousand pounds to furnish him forth." This was denied. On his recruiting tour in Gloucestershire he meets Justice Shallow. Each sees in the other a means to advance his private ends. Falstaff is a Knight of good descent, once page to the chief Nobleman in the land, and despite his bad habits, still on the fringe of good society, and known to be on familiar terms with the young Prince. Shallow was of meaner descent, more limited opportunities, of the cheese-paring economy that steadily gathers capital, with a gnawing hunger for the glories of Knighthood. He prepares his servants to do their best. "Yes, Davy, I will use him well. A friend in the Court is better than a penny in purse." To Sir John he says: "Let our old acquaintance be renewed—Peradventure I will with you to Court."

His mean money-grabbing must be given up awhile. Davy, his general servant, who has acted as housekeeper, butler, valet, and Land Steward for eight years past, must be propitiated, so he had to pardon the knavery of Davy's friends against the ordinary rules of justice that he tried to practise. He secured the best men that he could find for the service of the King. It was Bardolph and Falstaff who received the money to free Mouldy and Bullcalf, but Shallow was not

sharp enough to find them out. He knew that Falstaff had been called a scapegrace, and he boasts of his wild youth, more than half a century ago. He had no London news of later date. He had played Sir Dagonet in Arthur's play, 'The King's Fool,' then made the emblem of folly and cowardice. These characteristics, as they appear in the two men, Falstaff and Shallow, are compared and distinguished. There is no conscious humour in Shallow as there is in Falstaff. The audience laugh at him and not with him. When Falstaff sends off his motley selection with Bardolph, he gives the whole situation in his soliloquy, "I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow....I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring....forlorn, ever in the rearward of fashion....Now is the Vice's dagger become a squire, now hath he land and beeves. Well, I will be acquainted with him if I return....if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature, but I may snap at him." (Note here that Falstaff symbolises *himself*, not Shallow, as the Pike or Luce).

In Act V., Scene 1, he continues his musings: If sawn into quantities, he would "make four dozen of such bearded hermit-staves as Master Shallow," who has grown like his servants through association with them." Therefore, let men beware of their company. "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions!" Shallow's laboured and rustic hospitality opens the mouth of Silence, whose drunken song gives the key-note of his host's ambition, "Do me right, and dub me Knight, Samingo." When Pistol brings news of the King's death and his son's accession, Falstaff replies to the thought: "Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine....Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt! I am fortune's steward! Get on thy boots. We'll ride all night!" Evidently, ere the riding, Falstaff borrowed that thousand pounds of Shallow, refused him by the Lord Chief Justice. They travel together post-haste to London.

"Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow I will make the King do you grace....If I had had time to have made new liveries I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you !"

Alas ! for the hopes of the two. Banishment from the King's presence for the fat Knight until he reform, with a competence of life allowed him. In vain poor Falstaff protests, "this that you heard was but a colour." The Lord Chief Justice himself ordains : "Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet, Take all his company along with him." Thus Master Robert Shallow tasted of *imprisonment*, the like of which never befell Sir Thomas Lucy.

The plot of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' is a thing apart from the 'History of Henry IV.,' in which Falstaff flourishes, and that of 'Henry V.,' in which his career ends, with that of all his followers. If it was not written between the two histories it was made to fit in. I am inclined to think that it was really written and performed before the Queen at least, earlier than 'Henry V.' At the close of 'Henry IV.,' Part II., the Epilogue says : "If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story with Sir John in it !" But his death only is described in 'Henry V.' If the tradition be true that Elizabeth desired to see Falstaff in love, the author picked up the dropped threads of his story as he had left them in 'Henry IV.,' Part II., and gave us an interlude. Shallow, doubtless, had quarrelled with Falstaff on that memorable occasion when he discovered that he had lost his thousand pounds without the chance of taking it out in Court patronage. Probably the imprisonment was short, but it was imprisonment, a discomfort and disgrace all the more galling because he could not complain of it, or even speak of it in public.

During his period of banishment and attempted reform, it had apparently occurred to Sir John Falstaff that he had not sucked his orange dry. He had acted on Shallow's old invitation, and had gone to see him, had been refused admission to the house, and without permission, had gone to hunt in

the Park. This was an actionable offence, and it was quite creditable to the dignity of a justice to complain of it, and thereby pay off old scores. He would bring Sir John into a fine of three times the amount of the damage, and three months' imprisonment, that is, if he did not repay him the thousand pounds, on the threat of telling the King of this sign of the hopelessness of the restoration of the banished man. This action would bring him revenge, honour, and profit at once. Therefore he tore after Falstaff to London, scorned advice and mediation—"If he were twenty Sir John Falstuffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire!" "Knight! You have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge."—"But not kissed your keeper's daughter." This probably had been entered on the formal complaint that Shallow had prepared to lay before the council. It was a custom of the time for lawyers to say to prisoners, "You must plead to the indictment as it stands, aye or no." Sir John knows that, and evades the whole on this one point. Then he laughingly allows the whole indictment, and advises Shallow to forbear, or he would be laughed at. He knew what Shallow evidently did not, that at that time such cases must be tried in some open Court of Records, in the county where the offence had been committed. Falstaff also knew the old proviso in the Forest Laws, that any one called to the service of the King might take a deer in any park by the way, if so be he blew a trumpet. And he knew his power of ready wit would outface any Justice Shallow in any court. One wonders what were the names of Shallow's "men." Then comes Slender's charge against Bardolph and Pistol for stealing his purse when he was drunk, giving rise to Falstaff's airy arbitration.

Falstaff seems to have carried out the humour of the thing by presenting Justice Shallow's poached venison to his host Page, who, on the angry plaintiff's arrival, thanks him courteously for it, as if it had come as a gift direct from himself. He is evidently somewhat mollified thereby, but grunts, "It was ill-killed!"

Even in Windsor Shallow is poorly attended. His nephew and his man seem sufficient for him. Childless as he was, he seemed on affectionate terms with his sister's son, his prospective heir. The idea of a rich marriage for him changes the current of his thoughts, his sense of importance is satisfied, his wrath cools, and he afterwards sinks into a perfectly subordinate place in the play.

Is there anything in the action that could be attributed to Sir Thomas Lucy in relation to Shakespeare? The deer stealer was a social superior, the Justice did not take law in his own hands, but fled wildly and helplessly after the delinquent to London.

I frankly confess I do not *know* how and why the "Luces" got into the heraldic dialogue, but I give several suggestions. They may only have been flung in accidentally, as a means of pleasing the groundlings, or they may have been inserted to illustrate a point in Heraldry. It may be remembered that just at the time that Shakespeare was writing this group of Falstaff plays he was making application for a coat of arms for his father, in 1596-7-8. Now it is quite possible that Sir Thomas Lucy may have been at the back of those who objected to this grant, and who, finding they could not maintain their objections, shifted their ground, in complaining that "they were too like the old Lord Mauley's." The Herald maintained that Shakespeare's "spear made a patible difference."

Shakespeare may have taken this opportunity of showing what constituted a "patible difference," by trying if the substitution of "twelve Luces" for "three" could do so. There has been much discussion of Shallow's remark, "The Luce is the fresh fish, the salt fish is an old coat." This may have been introduced to show the justice's ignorance of heraldry in using "salt" instead of "haur." Or there may be intended an allusion to the Company of Stock Fishmongers, whose coat of arms bore "two Luces in saltire argent!" Did the poet mean to suggest that the justice, in earlier years, had followed the trade of a stock fishmonger?

Another possible cause of the introduction of the coat of arms I must deal with later, because here I must record my opinion that the allusion did not refer to the Sir Thomas Lucy of Shakespeare's youth at all. I have found something to support my opinion in an unexpected quarter. Turn to the history of Editions. The acting copy of the play of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor' is taken from the Folio of 1623. But a quarto edition was allowed to Busby in January, 1601-2; this was printed by Creede in 1602, as it had been "divers times acted by my Lord Chamberlain's company, both before Her Majesty, and elsewhere." A second issue appeared in 1619. This is acknowledged to be pirated and imperfect, probably taken down as notes by men who listened to the actors. While one would not therefore depend on it for purity of text, or accuracy of detail, it is much more than likely that all the points that pleased the groundlings would be seized and introduced even if heavily garbled. But the remarkable fact remains in type, that these early renderings of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' *do not contain the slightest allusion to either coats of arms or "Luces."*¹

1 (1) The opening lines of the pirated *Merry Wives of Windsor*. There are no acts and scenes.

SHAL. Ne'er talk to me, I'll make a star-chamber matter of it,
The Councell shall know it.

PAGE. Nay, good M. Shallow, be persuaded by me.

SLEND. Nay, surely my unkle shall not put it up so.

SIR HUGH. Will you not hear reasons, Mr. Slender?
You should hear reasons.

SHAL. Though he be a knight, he shall not think to carry it so away.
Master Page, I will not be so wrouged. For you,
Sir, I love you, and for my cousin
He comes to looke upon your daughter.

PAGE. And here's my hand; and if my daughter
Like him so well as I, wee'll quickly have't a match.
In the meantime, let me entreate you to sojourn
Heere awhile; and on my life
I'll undertake to make you friends.

SIR HUGH. I pray you, M. Shallow, let it be so.
The matter is put to arbitruments.

The first man is Master Page, *videlicet* Mr. Page;

The second is myself, *videlicet* myself;

The third and last man is mine host of the Garter.

All the intervening passages, except the complaint against Falstaff, are omitted.

This may be explained, of course, in two ways: it may have appeared in earlier, and have been omitted in later representations. But in that case the interested pirate would have been on the watch to seize and secure any such passage thus rendered doubly important. Or it must have been inserted at some time *after the date of 1601*, when the notes were sent to the printers.

But Sir Thomas Lucy died in 1600. Can we imagine Shakespeare interpolating a clue to a bitter satire on a man after his death?

While I consider my arguments strong enough to prove that Sir Thomas Lucy was not intended to be hit when 'Justice Shallow' was conceived, I am not yet in the position to advance another theory; but I would like to put forward some suggestions germane to the inquiry.

I think that it is quite likely that Shakespeare intended a mild generic satire on the effect of country training, especially in a Gloucestershire atmosphere. In support of this view, I may bring forward a remarkable letter, from the State papers at the Record Office, addressed by Sir Charles Percy to Mr. Dudley Carleton, from "Dumbleton, county Gloucester, December 27th." The Record experts add the date as 1600 (?) in the calendar. In it he says:—"I am so pestered with country business that I cannot come to London. If I stay here long, you will find me so dull, that I shall be taken for Justice Silence or Juntice Shallow; therefore take pity upon me, and send me news from time to time, the knowledge of which, though perhaps it will not exempt me from the opinion of a Justice Shallow at London, yet will make me pass for a very sufficient gentleman in Gloucestershire."

It must not be forgotten that Sir Thomas Lucy had a son of his own name, born in 1551, and knighted in 1593, so that there were for seven years at this very period two knights of the same name in the same family. I find from a Lansdowne MS. that on 28th November, 1595, there was entered among "the gentlemen of account living in London," in "the Tower Ward, Sir Thomas Lucye, of the County of

Gloucester, Knight." This is, of course, the son, not the father, styled so because he had married a Gloucestershire heiress, Dorothy Arnold. This association of the name with the county is curious, and has never been noted in this relation, but nothing can be based on it. He was therefore in London when fame was coming to his countryman, Shakespeare, but we know nothing of his relations to the poet, man of literary tastes as the second Sir Thomas was. He had two wives and many children, one, Thomas, died young, another succeeded him on his death in 1605.

This third Sir Thomas was a patron of many poets, and a friend of Lord Herbert, of Cherbury.

But it is also worth remembering that he was more interested than any of his family had been both in horses and in the *preservation of game*. He it was who bought Fulbrook Park, united it to Hampton Woods, and had it empaled. Only since his time has there been a "Statutable Park" of the Lucys at Charlecote.

And it is also noteworthy that he did make a Star Chamber matter of a deer-stealing case from his Worcester estate of Sutton Park, that had been brought into the family by his grandmother, Lady Joyce. On July 10th he petitioned the Privy Council against those who had unlawfully taken his deer from his enclosed park, praying punishment on the offenders, that pernicious example might be checked, as had been decreed in 3 James I. He also prayed that the severer punishment for contempt of law might be added. He indicted William Wall, of Rooke, in the County of Worcester, gentleman, Rowland Harnage, of Kynlett, in the County of Salop, gentleman, and other abettors. William Wall pleaded "not guilty," June, 1611, and nothing seems to have followed. The extremely bitter form of the petition has suggested to my mind the possibility that some of the parties concerned may have written the 'Satirical Ballad,' may have affixed it to *his* park gates, and may have pointed the resemblance to the opening action of 'The Merry Wives of Windsor.' It is possible that Shakespeare, then of much influence, *may*

have sided with them, may even have dashed in *then* as a merry retort the suggestions of the coat of arms, which have come down to us as associated with the Lucys when spoken of at Stratford. There would be some patent humour in that, at least to the men of his time. It is not usual that three knights of the same name succeed each other so closely, and their names and acts are apt to be confused by later gossips interested in them. Or, on the other hand, the interpolation may have been merely that of a performer of the popular character.

The Fortnightly Review, February, 1903.

VIII.

‘THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.’

THERE are several peculiarities in this play which make it difficult to classify among Shakespeare’s works.

Others are comedies ; this, called a history, is nearly a farce. Others have a Prologue or Chorus to introduce the action, or an Epilogue to sum it up ; but this is the only one that has an Induction, one which seems totally unconnected with the main action, and does not in any way illustrate its meaning.

The Induction is a humorous fragment rather than a play, but it is worth all the comedy it nominally initiates. The story was based on an incident in the life of Philip the Good Duke of Burgundy, who carried into his house an artisan whom he had found lying drunk in the streets. He offered his visitor many more amusements than were laid before

Sly, "after which they played a pleasant comedy," the name of which is not given, and the conclusion to the waking dreamer is the same. If, for a moment, we treat the Induction as the play in itself, we may find some parallels in it to 'Hamlet.' By the flourish of trumpets the players announce their approach in both cases, as distinguished travellers would—

Belike some noble gentleman that means,
Travelling some journey; to repose him here.

Ind. Sc. i.

The travelling players come to offer their services in a fortunate hour. In 'Hamlet' "the tragedians of the city" are forced to take to the less reputable exercise of their calling in the provinces, because the "aery of children," "little eyases," are now the fashion in the metropolis (a curious incongruity, seeing Hamlet was *in the city*, and *at the Court*). In both plays they are cordially received. They have acted well before. "The Lord" and Hamlet each discuss some well-known parts, to prepare them to decide which play should be performed. "The Lord" has some sport in hand, and wants a comedy; Hamlet has a terrible secret, and wants a tragedy. "The Lord" tells them, "Your cunning can assist me much"; Hamlet talks indefinitely to the players while others are present, recalling one play by its mentioning "savoury sallets," and straining his memory to fix the lines about 'Pyrrhus and Hecuba' to confuse Polonius. As soon as the Chamberlain goes, Hamlet bids the chief player fix "The murder of Gonzago" for the next night, adding, "you could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in it, could you not?" Then he meditates—

The play's the thing

Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the King!

"The Lord" tells his servants, "Let them want nothing that my house affords"; Polonius says to Hamlet, "My lord, I will use them according to their desert." To which Hamlet replies, "God's bodykins, man, much better!"

Hamlet's play within the play is introduced by a dumb show, an induction to the performance, the King's conscience is awakened before he has heard all. "The Lord" is not so particular, and lets the players choose; but it is to be supposed that before a liberal patron, they would perform their newest and their best.

'The Taming of the Shrew' is a play complete in itself, and would only suffer *in length* by being separated from the "Induction." The question naturally arises, Why were they so connected? As far as regards Shakespeare, it may be only because they are combined in the old play which suggested his. On June 11th, 1594, Henslowe notes receipts at performance, by "my Lord Admeralle and my Lorde Chamberlen men," of 'The Taming of A Shrewe,' which, curiously enough, immediately follows a similar entry on their playing 'Hamlet,' which must have been the old version. In that same year was published "A pleasant conceited historic called 'The Taming of a Shrew,' as it hath been lately performed by the Earl of Pembroke's servants." This was a rival company. Could it be the same play? Mr. Charles Knight suggests that the two sets of performers might have separate renderings from some older source now lost, probably, from the style, a play written by Greene. The printed version is that of Pembroke's servants. In Shakespeare's (which may have been that of the Chamberlain's men in 1594) all the names are changed except that of Kate, and the language is modified to such an extent that the editors of the First Folio saw fit to include it among Shakespeare's works, though it does not appear in the lists of those copies entered to them or to any other publisher, neither does Meres mention it.

Had he thought it necessary, Shakespeare might have changed the situations fundamentally. As he accepted them, we may discuss the play as his own. While he changed the scene with much advantage, from Athens to Padua, it must not be forgotten that he also changed the scene of the Induction from *anywhere* to *somewhere*. The old Induction, though using the name of Sly (the name also of one of Shake-

speare's company), might have represented London or anywhere else. The new Induction belongs clearly to Warwickshire. Christopher was son of the old Sly of Barton-on-the-Heath, the home of Shakespeare's uncle and cousin Lambert, who foreclosed the mortgage on his maternal inheritance. There was a Stephen Sly, labourer, working at Welcombe at that very time. Marion Hacket was the fat ale-wife of Wincot. The Hackets were well known in the district, and some of the family did keep an inn. It was quite possible that there was a personal dig at some hostess who "did bring stone jugs and no sealed quarts," who deserved to be presented at the Leet. "The Lord" is nameless now, but it is not at all certain that he was not recognizable then by his characteristics. Shakespeare changes the tapster of the old Induction into a hostess. Falstaff had said "glasses are your only drinking," but Christopher Sly had broken the glasses. She has evidently had within the house a hot discussion, and had not yet concluded it when she gets him out of doors. His first words seem to be a repetition of what she has just said to him, "A pair of stocks, you rogue!" The acceptance of this question-begging epithet would put him at once in danger of the statutes concerning "rogues and vagabonds," and he was sober enough to claim immunity, because he was a man of ancient family. The substitution of "Richard Conqueror" for William was probably a bit of byplay complimentary to Richard Burbage. Why the drunken tinker should be made to use a Spanish phrase "*paucas pallabris*" to a country alewife is not clear, unless it was intended to suggest that during his pedlar experience, his cardmaker education, or his transmutation into a bearherd, he had been to London and picked it up at the bear-baiting or bull-baiting. The same remark applies also to "not a denier" and "Jeronymy." This is generally read as "Go by," a phrase from the old part of Hieronimo. But it is quite certain that Sly at the time felt like swearing, and that he would have a special oath of his own, though as hazily founded as his "Richard Conqueror." I read it that he was ordering the hostess back

to her house: "Go! by Jeronymy, go! to thy cold bed and warm thee!"¹ The hostess retorts that she must rather "go fetch the third borough!" or constable. Sly, confident that he could answer *him* in law, disdained to fly at the threat, and lay down where he could be at hand. There he was found, not by the thirdborough, but by "the Lord," who must have lived near, as he thought of carrying the drunken man home, rather than bestowing him in the inn. "The Lord" paints a rough sketch of him: "O monstrous beast, how like a swine he lies." He seems in his condition "foul and loathsome." Then the Lord begins the transformation scene.

Sly took a good deal of persuading to believe that he was a lord, and only accepted his position with Prince Henry's reservation in regard to his love for a pot of small ale. The season seems to have been December, not only from allusions to the cold, but because he asks if the *commonty* is to be 'a Christmas gambol or a tumbling trick.' The page describes it as more pleasing stuff, a kind of history. Sly had said to his hostess, "Let the world slide." Now, again he says to his dream-wife, as he settles down by her side to watch the play, provided with cates and surrounded by lords and gentlemen, "Let the world slip." For this strangely assorted audience, and not for us, as the play in 'Hamlet' is not for us, but for the King, *the history* that they had selected is performed by the travelling actors. If it had really been selected for Stephen Sly, it is hard to say why the scene should have been laid at a university town in Italy, among gentlemen and scholars. Did Shakespeare, or his players, aim at "the Lord?" Was there anything personal or satirical in it?

The plot or underplot is essentially Italian. Lucentio comes to the University of Padua to study, as he states, chiefly the higher philosophy of Epicurus, but before he ever matriculates, Romeo-like, he falls in love, and becomes not a student, but a tutor in the *art of love*, wins Bianca, in spite

1 Cp. 'King Lear' III. iv. 49.

of his rivals, and secures her by a stolen marriage. The character of Kate is only possible to English comedy. Her unladylike violence of temper is, however, accounted for in the first scene. A motherless girl of high spirit, she had always taken her own way with her foolish father, and her younger sister. She had never been guided by anyone possessing dignity and decision. Capable among incapables, she had expressed her mind freely among her equals, and domineered over her inferiors, even to the using of her fists.¹ She had hitherto thought of nothing but the mood of the moment. Now a crisis had arrived in her life. Her father had made her mind bitter by a pronounced preference for her sister. Two men had come a-wooing to the house. She had not thought of a husband until then, but the idea was naturally suggested, just as she discovered that *both* of the men desired her sister. The awkwardness might have passed over; she might have consoled herself on the sour-grape theory that Gremio was too old and Hortensio too weak for her, that she would have no rival at home were but her sister married; but her unwise father, not content with having discoursed openly of her vile temper, repeats before her and others his desire to get rid of her by any means, and offers her to either of her sister's suitors, without consulting her taste or theirs. Their insolent refusal shows them to be no gentlemen, and prevents her regretting their loss, while it shows her they reckon her influence in the house as naught, seeing she was not worth conciliating even with a show of courtesy. When her father secludes her sister, ostensibly to give *her* a chance, he apologizes—

Good Bianca,

For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl!

He bids Kate stay back, as he wished to commune with her sister; but the embittered girl follows in a passion. The two suitors see it their policy to find her a husband to get rid of her, as her father desires to do.

¹ Not so uncommon then as now. Queen Elizabeth freely used her fists to her waiting women, and once at least to the Earl of Essex.

Here "the Presenters above speak." In the first scene Sly had said to the hostess "*paucas pallabris*." He now found the "commonty," supposed to be played for his pleasure, *nothing but words*; he finds it dull, and wishes it were done. Did Shakespeare allow him then to sink into his second sleep, or did he merely leave the part to Kemp's inspiration? We cannot help wishing that we had more of this Sly business. Akin to Grumio, to Sancho Panza, and to Autolycus, he was a fit follower for Sir John Falstaff.

Scene ii. introduces Petruchio's violent temper and his severity to Grumio. He has come to Padua not to study, but "to wive and thrive." He cares not whether his bride be ugly, old, diseased, be curst or shrew,

Wealth is the burden of my wooing dance.

Hortensio tells him of Kate, young, rich, beauteous, cultured but curst. Petruchio cares not, money covers all. The other gentlemen speak roughly of the girl; Tranio is the only one who treats the question like a gentleman, and recognizes Baptista's

Firm resolve. . . .

In the preferment of the eldest sister.

The painful scene in which Kate has bound her sister, and then strikes her through envy and jealousy, comes to a climax when her father intervenes to protect Bianca:—

She is your treasure, she must have a husband.
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And for your love to her, *lead apes in hell*.

Many illustrations might be given of this curious phrase, commonly used of those who died old maids. But the only reference I know to the converse is from a fragment of Capt. Cox's 'Old Book of Fortune':—

Thou a stale bachelor wilt die,
And not a maiden for thee cry,
For apes that maids in hell do lead
Are men that die and will not wed.

Kate goes off to weep violently, and think of revenge, just before Petruchio comes in to ask Baptista for her hand. The

mock-tutors are sent to their pupils, Baptista invites the others to the orchard. Petruchio detains him. His suit is pressing—"Every day I cannot come to woo." His haste awakes Baptista too late to his duty, or a pretence of it—

When the special thing is well obtained,
That is, her love, for that is all in all.

Petruchio, secure of all that *he* wanted, exclaims "That is *nothing*." He felt sure he could win any woman's love, if so he chose, and cure any woman's temper. He knew that he had a disposition, called politely among men "peremptory," among women impolitely "shrewish." It is only the amount of friction or opposition which determines the degree of noise made. Hortensio comes in with his head broken. Lucentio had secured Bianca with his books; Kate, in her wrathful mood had discovered either stupidity or *sham* in the music-master. Possibly she recognized him, and had a part of her revenge thus. Petruchio is delighted. She had done just what he would have liked to do himself. A genuine feeling of admiration is awakened, and a desire of mastering her high spirit. Henceforth the action must be read, as Justice Madden points out in 'The Diary of Master William Silence,' through the light of the language of falconry. Petruchio meant to "man a haggard" for himself rather than teach an "eyas." He has the advantage over her in being prepared. Baptista asks him whether he would come within to be introduced formally as a suitor, or whether he would like Kate sent to him—a most unfatherly suggestion. One wonders how the excited Baptista worded the message to Kate that at last a suitor had come for her, and whether he stirred her anger, pride, or joy. She had at least curiosity enough to come, doubtless slowly and with dignity, and with a fierce modesty covering her heart-hunger to hear words of love. He does not even introduce himself, but with a cool effrontery says, as if she had been a milkmaid, "Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I hear." Her temper blazed, but she controlled it courteously as she checked him justly. He rudely said she "lied," broke into nonsensical exclamations, and wound up by saying he wooed her for his wife.

Thereafter a dialogue of sharp repartee, until Kate strikes him. Then, apparently, he caught her by the wrists, and let her feel his strength : “ I chafe you, if I tarry : let me go ! ” After mock praise of her gentleness, he cunningly suggests : “ Why does the world report that Kate doth limp ? ” She could not walk away as if to answer this, and therefore bids him begone. More praise, and then to business. She had not been consulted—was not to be consulted. Her father had already consented, everything was arranged :

And will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Baptista did not come alone, as he ought to have done, to inquire how matters had gone, but with a total stranger on one side, and the old Gremio, who had so scornfully refused her, on the other. Petruchio had at least not insulted her in this manner. She might have been advised, but her father's words rubbed her the wrong way, and she broke forth into reproaches for his desire to see her wed a man half lunatic. Petruchio out-talked her and belied her words, skilfully interwove suggestions about finery and a feast next Sunday, and his audacity and lies, his praise, and perhaps his appearance, restore her maidenly pride. Here was a chance for her of taking the higher social level of a bride, and of leaving for ever the little daily irritations of her present life. Doubtless she was thinking deeply when she let her last chance of protesting pass, and she found herself betrothed, with due witness, before she knew what she was about, and Petruchio had gone to prepare for the wedding on Sunday. Having thus got rid of his tiresome daughter to the first man who would have her, Baptista is free to sell the daughter he loves to the highest bidder. She is settling affairs for herself. Meek as she seemed beside Kate, there is a spice of the same self-will in her (shown in Act V. sc. ii., l. 130)—

I'll not be tied to hours nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lesson as I please myself.

She had been tired of Hortensio before she offered him to her sister. She prefers literature to music, associated as it was

with a new face. She bids Lucentio "presume not, but despair not."

After the whirl of preparations for the ceremony on Sunday, the "taming of the haggard" began in earnest. The bridegroom did not arrive in time, and, enforced to wait, on poor Kate there dawns a fear that she was about to be mocked in a more galling way than her father or Hortensio or Gremio had ever done. She had "been forced to give her hand without her heart," and now her betrothed did not trouble himself to come for her. Passionate tears flowed, and for the first time her father showed a kindly sympathy with her. Then the expected Petruchio comes without the garb of even a gentleman, without the manners of a gentleman, irreverent not only to his bride, her father, and their friends, but to Holy Church and its officiating minister. Well might Kate be daunted, who had never known fear before. She soon learnt the folly and ridiculousness of violence through her husband's explosions. She came to long for ordinary world-like ways and peace at any price. Her family resemblance to Bianca begins to appear. She had not exercised her violent temper without a purpose. She had used it as a means to an end. She wanted her own way, and, like other spoiled children, she had hitherto found that noise secured it. Now, amid her husband's storms, she found she must try another method: she must spoil him, as she had been spoiled, by humouring him. That was not sufficient. She must do that through hypocrisy and falsehood, alien to her direct nature. Petruchio made her a time-server. She had to agree that black was white, the sun the moon, old age fair youth, and then two was seven, and they started homewards. She wanted home, and thus she had her way. Then came the famous wager, and Kate's more famous speech. The old "Kate" based her argument for women's submission on the popular derivation of "woman," for by her came woe to man in the creation. The change in Kate's argument is curious, or rather in her two arguments: one because a man is stronger than a woman, and the other because he toiled

for her that she might "lie warm at home secure and safe." Kate's clear brain knew that *strength* was a variable quantity, and that the argument could not therefore *universally* apply, and in regard to the second argument, in her own case at least, that she was talking as arrant nonsense as when she praised old Vincentio as a young maiden. For she knew that Petruchio had not married her in order to toil for her, but to save him from toiling for himself; that if any were *bread-winner* it was her father, who had given her sufficient to supply all her needs, without any self-sacrifice on Petruchio's part. If this argument had any force, if the *bread-provider* was to rule, *she* was more entitled to pre-eminence than he. But she outdid patient Griselda in her speech, though any critical listener might have thought, "The lady doth protest too much methinks" ('Hamlet,' III. ii.). There is no real thought of such submission in Kate any more than in the young tree, that bends till the blast be past and strengthens itself meanwhile to withstand future ones.

A touch from the old play is missed in Shakespeare's. Sly said at first, "I hardly think that he can tame her"; and again, "For when he has done, she will do what she list," a suggestion caught up by John Fletcher, who was probably "the second hand" in this production, and who elaborated a continuation in his 'Woman's Prize; or, the Tamer Tamed.' The old Sly felt happy in the experiences he had gained. He knew now how to tame a shrew, and he named his wife one when she reproached him for his evil ways. But Sly had vanished from Shakespeare's action; the moral of the play, if moral there was, seems to have been a lesson to, or a satire for, "the Lord." Did he represent some real gentleman of Warwickshire, known to the audience who heard the play performed there? It might have suggested Ludovic Greville, of Milcote, had not his violent life been closed by a tragic end in 1589. There might have been some other. But I have often thought that *this*, and not Justice Shallow, was intended as a dig at Sir Thomas Lucy. His marriage had been so long ago that few would remember the circumstances,

but there might have been some amplified tradition of the action of the country-bred bridegroom of fourteen who sought his bride of twelve, as Petruchio did his, for her wealth. He might have thought it necessary betimes to assert his marital supremacy in a way which seemed only to himself to succeed. But two *facts* are certain—that the Lady Joyce Lucy was declared, on the testimony of her son-in-law,¹ Sir Edward Aston, of Tixhall, to be a *veritable vixen*, and that when she died on February 10th, 1595/6, her laudatory epitaph reads as an apology and defence against charges known to have been made “by the envious.” If it were so, the play must have been completed by 1595 at least.

It is curious that Meres does not mention it, and that there is no contemporary praise of the comedy. But there is a reference to the Induction, which shows that it was popular, in Sir Aston Cokaine’s ‘Poems,’ published 1658. Addressing his friend Mr. Clement Fisher, of Wincot, he says :—

Shakespeare your Wincot ale hath much renowned
That foxed a beggar so (by chance was founde
Sleeping) that there needed not many a word,
To make him to believe he was a Lord.
But you affirm (and in it seem most eager)
'Twill make a Lord as drunk as any beggar.
Bid Norton brew such ale as Shakespeare fancies
Did put Kit Sly into such lordly trances,
And let us meet ther (for a fit of gladness)
And drink ourselves merry in sober sadness.

The play of ‘The Taming of the Shrew’ differs entirely from Shakespeare’s usual treatment of character and argument, in the basis for the providence of the *dénouement*. It distinctly suggests some *sous-entendu* meaning, some satire, understood rather than to be explained.

Therefore it is hardly surprising that it is the only one of Shakespeare’s plays which had what may be termed “a counterblast” written against it by a contemporary hand. I have noted my belief that John Fletcher was associated with the play as it appears in the First Folio, and his hand

¹ He had married, as his second wife, Anne only daughter of Sir Thomas Lucy. But the partial testimony of sons-in-law is not always to be accepted.

was therefore the most fit to point out the errors of the "morale" of the play. In his 'Woman's Prize; or, the Tamer Tamed,' he shows that Petruchio had never really tamed Kate—that her temper remained the same—because he had never tamed *himself* and had remained a violent tyrant all his married life. He had worried Kate into her grave, and he seeks a new wife, Maria, who had always been meek and modest, and wins her from her father, for now through Kate *he* is rich. But the second wife, sympathetic with the wrongs of the first one, and warned by her fate, rebels at once in defence of her freedom. Bianca backs her up in her schemes; and the women of the town rise *en masse* to support her. Petruchio reproaches himself for marrying again:—

Was I not well warned.
And beaten to repentance in the days
Of my first doting?

When as a ruse, he feigns to be dead, Maria pretends to weep, not for his loss, but

To think what this man was, to think how simple,
How far below a man, how far from reason,
From common understanding, and all gentry,
While he was living here, he walked among us.

The Epilogue tells men that

In their lives
They should not reign as tyrants o'er their wives.
..... it being aptly meant
To teach both sexes true equality
And, as they stand bound, to love mutually.

Fletcher died in 1625, so this was written about the date of the First Folio. It was performed before the King and Queen on November 28th, 1633, as an old play, revised by Sir Henry Herbert, and "very well likt."

Athenæum, June 11th, 1904, p. 762.

IX.

THE KENILWORTH FESTIVITIES.

THE only great true fairy tale of Elizabeth's reign was that which was chanted in many parts at the wonderful entertainment given to her in 1575 by her most magnificent and ambitious subject. In preparation for this he had planned, that during her Summer Progress her visit to him should excel those paid by her to any of her other subjects, as the grandeur of a sovereign excels that of his people, as the glory of the day puts out of consideration those of the night. To aid his designs, music and poetry became inspired, the powers of nature and of art were taxed, the linings of his coffers were scattered far and wide ungrudgingly. For his was a great quest to create a story of romance—*how a Lord wooed a Queen*. He had hitherto played high to attain his object, but he now played his highest, desperately, for he was determined to reach certainty. He was not even yet hopeless. If the progress of the suns had somewhat marred her beauties, *she* did not know it, and he did not greatly mind. Time had not aged her feelings, the one real love of her life still held sway in her heart, in spite of occasional disagreements, displeasures, discontents, and jealousies. She had forgotten or forgiven the mysterious death of Amy Robsart; she did not know of his secret marriage to Lady Sheffield (whom he afterwards disowned along with his son and hers, Robert Dudley). She had not yet heard of his intrigue with the Countess of Essex even then, while her husband was away serving his Queen in Ireland. Robert Dudley, twin sharer in Elizabeth's royal horoscope, was willing to barter all his secret loves for the place and power that a union with her would bring to him. He understood her well. He had to create *glamour*. He had

to exert all his love spells, exercise all his magical powers over her, in the hope that in some unregarding moment of sensuous delight, she would at last forget her state, her ambitions and her duties, and fling herself into his arms as a woman seeking her mate.

Some rumours or suspicions of his intention had spread abroad, and the hearts of her people seemed moved to an extraordinary fervour in their welcome to her.

Leicester had completed his alterations and decorations at Kenilworth Castle; he had created a lake from the little stream in the park; the whole of his domain was beautified by preparations for scenic surprises; he had sent far and wide orders and requests for all manners of provisions and delicacies, the larders of Kenilworth were stocked to overflowing, and the cooks were labouring in preparation to be able to produce costly dishes in perpetual succession. For the expected company was great. There were the Earl's own invited guests, the nobility and gentry of the shire, all, save one, willing to wear the Earl's livery and increase his glory, that a foothold within the charmed circle might be won. The Queen brought with her a noble train, all her Privy Council and the chief state officials, selected members of her chapel royal, her guard and her servants of every degree. Outside of the circle to whom hospitality was extended were those to whom permission to enter the domain was accorded, large groups of local people, the bailiffs and those who had been bailiffs of the Warwickshire towns that had helped to send provender, and their wives, local guards, and officials, and, hovering around all, careful, anxious, ill at ease, was the High Sheriff of the county for the year, Edward Arden of Park Hall, the man who scorned to wear Leicester's livery for its temporal advantages. He had no wish the Earl should prosper in his suit, he groaned in spirit at the insult to the Queen, as well as to morality, in the secret assignations of Leicester with the Countess of Essex at the Digby's home even then. Yet how much had he to suffer for his coldness ere his life was done!¹

1 See my 'Shakespeare's Warwickshire Contemporaries,' p. 89.

"I know the way she went," because of various entries in the Record Office. The Ushers went in advance with attendants, to prepare the places at which she was about to rest, in the manner she preferred. Their charges and the number of days they spent in each house were of course entered in advance of the Queen's steps (see the Dec. Acc. Treas. of the Chamber, Audit Office). Her Privy Council signed and dated their letters from successive *addresses*; and other incidental notices complete details. The Queen went through Middlesex, Hertford, Buckingham, Northampton. She stayed in Hertfordshire at Theobalds, Broxbournebury (a good deal out of her direct way), and she was at Hatfield in June. Probably through early delays she disappointed the people of Leicester, where the Mayors and those that had been Mayors were to meet her, but she pushed on so as to go direct into Warwickshire. No important stoppage is recorded in that shire until she reached Long Itchington. Even to Kenilworth her path-preparers went, and with most meticulous care prepared the Queen's apartments in the way she best liked. Extensive as the Castle was, it does not seem to have been sufficient for all the court followers. Some had hospitality in the neighbouring manors, others had to go as far off as Warwick. One entry may be given as a sample of others. "To twelve ordinary grooms of her Majesty's chamber, for their board wages for six days, at Killingworth, where they did not have meat or drinke, by reason there was no great chamber kept." The amusements that Leicester had prepared for the occasion were manifold, receptions, masques, plays, games, reviews, fireworks, dancing, hunting, riding, boating in the placid lake, and everywhere music.

There is special interest in both of the accounts of these which have been preserved. The one by George Gascoigne concerns itself more directly with the literary matter. His pamphlet, published 1576, has been described by many writers, as if he had been the author of the whole scheme and plot. This is an error. Gascoigne was honest, though he

had been unlucky, and he gave honours where honour was due, in "The princely pleasures of the Court at Kenilworth, that is to say, the copies of all such verses, proses, or Poetical inventions, and other devices of Pleasure, as were there devised and presented by sundrie gentlemen before the Queen's Majestie in the yeare 1575."

The printer himself, Richard Jones, writes a preface in which he seems to imply that he had done what printers then rarely did, *bought the copy*. "Being advertised (gentle reader) that in this last progresse, hir Majestie was (by the Right Noble Earl of Leicester) honourably and triumphantly receyved and entertained at his Castle of Kenilworth, and that sundry pleasant and poeticall inventions were there expressed, as well in verse as in prose. All which have been sundrie tymes demanded for, as well at my hands, as also of other printers, for that, indeede, all studious and well disposed young gentlemen and others were desirous to be partakers of those pleasures by a profitable publication. I thought meete to trye by all means possible, if I might recover the true copies of the same, to gratifye all such as had required them at my handes, or might hereafter be styrred with the like desire. And in fine, I have with much travayle and paine obtayned the very true and perfect copies of all that were there presented and executed, Over and besides, one moral and gallant Devyce which never came to execution though it were often in a readiness, March 26th, 1576." Gascoigne tells us "Her Majesty came there, as I remember on Saturday, the 9th of July last past. Somewhat nere the Castle Sybilla, being placed in an arbour in the Parke, nere the highway where the Queen came," stepped out and prophesied that she should have a happy reign. The device was invented, and the verses of welcome written "by Master William Hunneys, of her Majestie's Chapel." They are not very striking to us now, but they suited the time and the occasion. One line should be noted, "You shall be called the Prince of Peace, and Peace shall be your shield," because this title, which appears here before the style of James I. was

invented, is generally supposed to have been a special cognomen of his. As a prophecy it was not strictly true of Elizabeth's succeeding reign, for the Armada threatened at least a very serious war which was only prevented by a special providence. Gascoigne tells us of the huge trumpeters, of the Porter Hercules and his verses, devised and pronounced by Master Badger of Oxford, M.A.

The Latin verses on the tablet on the bridge addressed to the Queen by the gods were by Mr. Mulcaster. When the Queen had entered the gate, and come unto the base court, the Lady of the Lake came over the pool, as if she had gone on the water, and welcomed the Queen to her Lake. The words were penned by Mr. Ferrers. On the 10th of July as they came from hunting, a savage man clothed in ivy appeared, and there was rehearsed the Device of Echo, the words written by Mr. Gascoigne. The next thing that was presented before the Queene was the deliverie of the Lady of the Lake. "Triton in the likeness of a mermayde came towards the Queen as she returned from hunting, passing over the bridge and declared the cause of the wofull distress, wherein the Lady of the Lake did remain because she was evermore pursued by Sir Bruse sans pitié in revenge of his cosen Merlin, whom she had enclosed in a rock for a just punishment for his deeds." She was forced to live always in the water for protection, and the prophecy was that she should never be delivered from Sir Bruse, save in the presence of a better maid than herself. Therefore the Queen was entreated only to show herself and the Lady of the Lake would be freed. Triton tells the Queen not to be surprised at his coming thither, who generally dwells with the Gods in the Salt Seas. But Neptune sent him, and whatever Neptune bids him do, he does.

Her Majesty proceeded, and the Lady of the Lake, attended by two nymphs, came to her upon heaps of bulrushes, floating to give thanks. Then Proteus appeared, sitting on a dolphin's back, and the Dolphin was conveyed upon a boat so that the oars seemed to be his fins, and within the Dolphin a concert of music was secretly placed, and Proteus sang his song of con-

gratulation as well in the behalf of the lady distressed, as in the behalf of all the nymphes and Gods of the sea, excusing himself

For heardmen of the seas
Sing not the sweetest notes.

(This would seem to have been the first form of "Shepherd of the Ocean," afterwards applied to Sir Walter Raleigh).

"The devise of the Ladie of the Lake also was Master Hunnis: and surely if it had been executed according to the first invention, it had been a gallant shew." It would have more clearly led up to the part which was presented, the earlier passages would have been more effective as they were intended to have been represented at night with fireworks. The uncertain weather destroyed the effects of many planned phantasmagoria.

George Gascoigne clearly gives this device, as the main device of the reception, to William Hunnis, but he says nothing about the music; no one has ever claimed it. Is it too much to suggest that it is possible Master Hunnis wrote that also, as well as the words? Music was a part of his necessary equipment. I cannot prove it. But, just at the time of preparation, Mr. Hunnis was very busy over some score, and received payments such as he never received on any other occasion. "To William Hunneys M^r of the Children of her Majesties Chapell, for 20 quires and a haulf of paper all at 2s. the quire 40s.; for bynding the same into 17 bookes, whereof 14 at 2s. 6d. the pece, and three at 20d. the pece, 40s.; and for wrytynge and pricking 210 shetes in the sayd 17 bookes at 12d. a sheete £11 10s. in all by her Majesty's especiall order, declared by a bill signed by the Lord Chamberlain £15 11s. 6d. (Dec. Acc. Treas. Chamber 1574-1575.)

The verses of this laboured piece were penned, some by Master Hunnis, some by Master Ferrers, and Master Harry Goldingham wrote the words which he himself sung as Arion. Gascoigne's own great Masque of Goddesses and Nymphs was not performed, though everything was ready for repre-

senting it on three separate occasions, so there was lost to all possible beholders the intricate conception. All the goddesses and nymphs were related somehow to Zabeta or Elizabeth, who was advised to leave the service of Diana, and to follow Juno instead. Poor Gascoigne's "Luck was loss" on that occasion, as on others. Leicester, himself a loser, did what he could for him by giving him the part of Sylvanus to say farewell to the Queen on her departure. Under the name of Deep-Desire he recited the verses; it is not clear whether they were Leicester's or his own.

O Strange affects ! I live which seem to die
Yet die to see my dear delight go by.
Then Farewell sweet, for whom I taste such soure;
Farewell delight, for whom I dwell in Dole.

Farewel, Farewell, Farewell, my fancy's flower,
Farewell Content, whom cruel cares control.
O, Farewell Life, delightful death Farewell;
I die in heaven, yet live in darksome hell.

But the calm distillation of the courtly pleasures of the scholar, the poesies, and the record of events a year old, do not carry the conviction, nor awake the visual imagination so fully, as does the other record of the same events, written in the first heat of excitement, or struck from still glowing memory by Master Robert Laneham, to his friend, Master Martin, Mercer of London. Laneham had no stake in the festivities, he wrote none of the devices, sung none of the songs, acted in none of the plays. But he was all eyes and ears, and his receptive powers were strung to their highest pitch. He can tell us all that occurred within the radius of his senses, and he tells us what interests him, in words which create interest in us. I rather think that his letter, so long, and so carefully written, was intended for publication. Possibly the printers of his day did not think it stately enough for the occasion. But the nineteenth century appreciated it to the full, and Dr. Furnivall brought out a new edition with notes in 1907 for the "New Shakespere Society."

It is almost worth going over the whole thing again.

Laneham begins a little earlier in the story than his rival. He remembers that the Queen was received on the 9th July at Long Itchington, seven miles from Kenilworth, "a town and lordship of my Lord's." Here "his Honour made her Majesty great cheer at dinner, and pleasant pastime in hunting by the way after, that it was eight o'clock in the evening ere her Highness came to Killingworth." He too speaks of the Sybil, not giving the literal words, but creating a general impression of the mystic and wonderful effect; as also the device of the Porter, awed by the Queen; and the trumpeters, each one eight feet in stature, with their silvery trumpets five feet long, "harmonious blasters," their music delectable. At the inner gate the Lady of the Lake was waiting for her, who gave up her office and duty. "The pageant was closed up with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shawms, cornets, and such other loud music." He describes the fair bridge and all the gifts from the Gods on every post, and a table recording the glories of Elizabeth, of which he had made a careful copy "at leisure and pleasure." A poet had to read this Latin poem as the Queen passed—and at the end was a fresh delicate harmony of flutes. Passing into the inner court her Majesty (that never rides but alone) there set down from her palfrey, was conveyed to her chamber, "with a great peal of guns," as if Jupiter wished to honour her.

On Sunday the forenoon was occupied as the Sabbath day in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service. "The afternoon in excellent music of sundry sweet instruments and in dancing of lords and ladies."

At night late, Jupiter, as if he had not given all his welcome the night before, began with a piece or two and increased "till at last the Altitonant (*i.e.* High Thunderer) displays me his main power, with blaze of burning darts flying to and fro, beams of stars coruscant, streams and hail of fiery sparks, lightnings of wildfire on water and land, flight and shoot of thunderbolts, all with such continuance, terror and vehemency that the heavens thundered, the waters surged, the earth shook, and in such sort surely, as, had we not been

assured that the fulminant Deity was all hot in amity, and could not otherwise witness his welcoming unto her Highness, it would have made me . . . vengeably afraid."

Monday was hot, and it was not until five o'clock in the evening she went out to hunt the hart of force. About nine o'clock on the return there appeared the savage man whose questions Echo answered satisfactorily, the savage man broke his tree asunder, and it nearly fell upon her Highness's horse's head. "No hurt, no hurt," called out her Highness to relieve her followers' fears. On Tuesday she went on foot upon the bridge to see the decorations, and on a barge "*fine appointed for the purpose* to hear music."

We may be sure that Leicester had seen that her barge was richly coloured and gilded. Elizabeth herself knew how to dress in the gorgeous style, and of her the beholders would know how to report, as was afterwards reported of the Queen of the Nile,

The Barge she sat in, like a burnished throne
Burned on the water; the poop was beaten gold
Purple the sails and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster
As amorous of their strokes . . . at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers . . . From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs.

On Wednesday she hunted again. On Thursday, the 14th July, there were bears and bandogs "debating" of which Laneham said, "It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts." That was by day.

At night there were abroad cunning and strange fireworks in the air and burning under water. "Now within also in the mean time, was there shewn before her Highness, by an Italian, such feats of agility, gambols, summersaults, caperings, flights . . . windings, gyrings and circumflexions . . . I began to doubt whether it was a man or a spirit." He then refers to Diodorus Siculus for explanation.

Friday and Saturday there were no open shows abroad, because the weather inclined to some moisture and wind.

On Sunday the weather was fine again. They went to the Parish Church and had a fruitful sermon. The afternoon was spent in the worship of God and St. Kenelm in the Castle. Then there was a solemn bridal of a proper couple. All the lusty lads and bold bachelors of the parish attended on the bridegroom, ill-favoured enough, but with "a pen and ink-horn at his back, for he would be known to be bookish," and with peculiarities piled on in gentle satire by Mr. Laneham sufficient to suggest a rustic Don Quixote. Marvellous were the martial exercises then displayed.

"The bridegroom had the first course of the Quintain and broke his spear with true hardiment . . . but his girth burst, and he lost his pen and inkhorn, "that he was ready to weep for." After the country games of the ill-favoured bride and bridegroom, followed as good a sport, "an historical play by certain good-hearted men of Coventry." It "was wont to be played in *our City* yearly," but of late the preachers had put it down, and these men had come to make their petition to the Queen "that they might have their plays again." Their leader was Captain Cox, a master mason of antiquarian tastes, a collector of old books, a list of which Laneham was sensible enough to procure and give us stories, ballads, books of philosophy both moral and natural, plays and jests, some of them referred to later. This is the fullest bibliography I know of the people's books of the time, such a library as young Shakespeare would have delighted in, and to which he might have had access.¹ Captain Cox came on valiantly before "all fresh, in a velvet cap (Master Goldingham lent it him)," and they enacted the fierce struggles of the Hock Tuesday play of Coventry—*i.e.*, how the Coventry men repelled the Danes. But the Queen saw so little of it that she told them that they were to repeat it again (when she gave them two bucks and five marks in money to make merry together.) "Their play was never so dignified, nor ever players before so beatified."

1 See Note p. 5, also Article "The Book of Fortune," p. 181.

After supper there was a play of a very "good theme, so set forth by the actors' well handling, that pleasure and mirth made it seem very short, though it lasted two good hours and more." (Was this the Earl of Leicester's new patented company, afterwards to mean so much in dramatic literature?) After the play there was an "ambrosial banquet." To this banquet had been appointed a masque, but it had become too late that night for more. Monday the 18th of July again was hot, and the Queen kept the Castle for coolness till about five o'clock, when she went hunting. On her return there was rendered the most important part of the *Lady of the Lake*, which is worth reproducing, as Laneham's language was euphuistic before Euphues had begun to write. "They came there upon a swimming mermayd (that from top to tail was an eighteen feet long) a Triton, Neptune's Blaster, who with his trumpet gave sound in sign that he had an embassy to pronounce. Anon her Highness was comen upon the Bridge, whereunto he made his fish to swim the swifter, and he then declared how the supreme salsipotent monarch Neptune, the great God of the swelling seas, Prins of profundities, and Sooverain Segnior of all Lakes, fresh waters, rivers, creekes and Goolphs, understanding how a Cruel Knight, one Syr Bruse Sans Pitié, a mortal enemy untoo Ladiez of estate, had long lyen about the banks of this pooll, in wait with his bands here to distress the Lady of the Lake whearby she hath been restrayned not only from having any use of her ancient liberty and territories in theez parts, but also of making repayr and giving attendaunce unto yoo, noble Queen (quod he) as she would, shee promist, and also should; dooth therefore signify; and heerto of yoo, az of his good leag, and deer friend make this request, that ye will deyn but to sheaw yoor parson towards this pool, whearby yoor only prezens shall be matter sufficient of abandoning this uncurtess knight, and putting all his bands too flight, and also of deliverauns of the lady out of this thralldom." . . . "Mooving herewith from the Bridge and fleeting more into the pool, chargeth he in Neptune's name both Eolus with all his windez, the waters with hiz springs, his fish and fooul, and all

his clients in the same, that they ne be so hardye in any fors too stur, but keep them calm and quiet while this Queen be prezent. At which petition her Highness staying it appeared straight hoow Syr Bruse became unseen, his bands skaled, and the lady by and by, with her too nymphs, floting upon her moovable Ilands (Triton on hiz mermaid skimming by), approached towards her highnes on the bridge : Az well too declare that her maiestiez prezens hath so graciouslye thus wrought her deliverauns, az allso to excuse her not comming to coort az she promist, and cheefly to prezent her maiesty (az a token of her duty and good hart) for her highness recreation, with thiz gift, which was Arion, that excellent and famouz Muzicien, in tyre and appointment straunge, well seeming too hiz parson, ryding alofte vpon his olld freend the Dolphin (that from hed to tayl waz a foour and twenty foot long) and swymd hard by theez Ilands : heerwith Arion, for theez great benefitez, after a feaw well couched words vntoo her Maiesty of thanksgiving, in supplement of the same, beegan a delectable ditty of a song wel apted too a melodious noiz, compounded of six severall instruments at coouert, casting soound from the Dolphin's belly within ; Arion, the seauenth, sitting thus singing (az I say) without. Noow Syr, the ditty in miter so aptly endightet to the matter, and after by voys so deliciously deliuerd : the song by a skilful artist intoo hiz parts so sweetly sorted : each part in hiz instrument so clean and sharpely tooched, euery instrument again in hiz kind so excellently tunabl, and this in the ee-en-ing of the day, resounding from the callm waters: whear prezens of her Maiesty, and longing too listen, had utterly damped all noyz & dyn ; the hole armouny conueyed in tyme, tune, & temper, thus incomparably melodious : with what pleasure (Master Martin), with what sharpnes of conceyt, with what lyuely delighte, this moought pears into the heerers harts, I pray ye imagin yoor self az ye may ; for, so God judge me, by all the wit and cunning I haue, I cannot express, I promis yoo. *Mais ieo bien vieu cela, Monseur, que forte grande est la pouvoyr qu' auoit la tresnoble Science de Musique sur les esprites humains :*

perceiue ye me ? I haue told ye a great matter noow. As for me, surely I was lulld in such liking, & so loth too leaue of that mooch a doo, a good while after, had I, to fynde me whear I waz. And take ye this by the way, that for the smal skyl in muzik that God hath sent me, (ye kno it iz sumwhat), ile set the more by my self while my name iz Laneham, and grace a God. A ! Musik iz a noble Art ! ”

Laneham is very appreciative of the work of Master William Hunnis, and shews that he was the enchanter who had woven the spell upon the place. He knew him in London, at the Court, a *persona grata* there. He was not only a master in words and elocution, he was also a master in music, and if he had really composed the delectable music which Laneham had here apostrophised, he was blessing the composer in his heart, as he glorified his music.

Five gentlemen were knighted that day, Sir Thomas Cecil, Sir Henry Cobham, Sir Thomas Stanhope, Sir Arthur Basset, and Sir Thomas Tresham. And the Queen cured nine of King's Evil. Tuesday was the Hock-Tuesday fight again, and on Wednesday the Queen was to have supped at Wedgnall, (Wedgenock Park), a goodly park of hers. There was a fair Pavilion raised for the purpose, but the weather was not satisfactory. Had she come she would have seen a device of goddesses and nymphs, “which as well for the ingenious argument as for the well handling of it in rhyme and enditing would undoubtedly have gained great liking and moved no less delight.” Laneham also tells us of the Minstrel and his song which was also put off because of the weather, but he heard it elsewhere. The Queen tarried until Wednesday, 27th July, the 19th day of her visit. He had made few notes of these later days, and thought it wiser not to say anything than to say anything unlikely.

Possibly there had been more struggles with the weather, but some of these days had been evidently spent in flirtation. Laneham, to fill up his paper, gives an account of his education, his classical studies, his trade as a mercer, his travels, his acquisition of foreign languages, the patronage of the Earl of

Leicester, which had been sufficient to raise him to be Clerk of the Council Chamber door, and keeper of the same, so that now he can live in comfort, and wear silk and satin as he will, and his father had no need to work at all. His gratitude to the noble Earl nearly flows into poetry. He considers him equal to the Macedonian Alexander, or the Roman Charles. He then moralises over the Queen's glory, "A Prince so singular in pre-eminence;" on the amplitude of his Lordship's mind, his artistic taste, his magnificent liberality, his benignity, &c. There was a ring of sadness in his note, without uttering the thought that lay beneath, for not only were the famous festivities over, but they had passed away without attaining their end. In spite of all Leicester's efforts and expense, in spite of his adoring glances and his alluring tones, in spite of Gascoigne's farewell speech of "deep desire," something preserved Elizabeth to herself. Was it a similar power foretold in her horoscope, to be able to cast off the weaknesses of love, in order to retain her sole undivided sovereign power? Was it a memory of Philip of Spain, and the paralyzing power he exerted over his wife's will? Was it a recognition that all this glamour was like fairy gold, which would vanish if she yielded to grasp it? Perhaps it was a sense of satiety. She had always had all this adoration from her most charming subject, as well as from others. But she could always have it without committing herself, or at least so she thought. And so Lord Leicester got his lesson that one woman could withstand his blandishments. He was bitter in heart, for he knew that he could not hope for such a chance again. And some of the bitterness he shed on those around, especially on the High Sheriff of the County. His consolation lay in the lures of the Countess of Essex. But the glory had died out of the gala, not only to him but even to Laneham.

That communicative writer has told us so much, that we unthankfully wish he had told us more. For instance, why was he silent about his brother John, for brother he must have been, evidently his younger brother, who had been wild and unsettled in his youth and had joined the players? Probably

because he felt it might not commend him to his friend Master Martin, Mercer, member of a Corporation who thought players vagabonds, and plays sin sufficient to call down the wrath of the Almighty. He had, it is true, only a year before, taken a stride upwards, when his Master Leicester had secured a Royal Patent to play comedies, tragedies and interludes within the liberties or freedoms of any borough in England for his servants, James Burbage, John Perkyn, John Laneham, William Johnson, Robert Wilson and others ; the first patent ever granted to play actors.¹

But still, even with that high honour, players were not relatives quite respectable enough to boast about. Yet it is perfectly certain that brother must have been at Kenilworth in Leicester's service helping his chief, James Burbage, in finding the *personnel* of the various devices, producing indeed that mysterious play of a very good theme which did not seem long, though it lasted two hours, on Sunday the 17th of July. Why did he not tell us its name, and give us a cast of its plot ? And why did he not tell us of a " merry cheeked man," who had been Bailiff of Stratford, and had friends at Kenilworth Village, who was a good man " to crack a jest withal," and who had a boy of 11 years old whose eyes grew round with amazement at all the glories, and whose ears were spell bound so that he, with Laneham, could not always think just where he was. It would have been pleasant to know this certainly by *report*, though I, for one feel certain by *inference* that *he* was present. Think how such an event would modify his life !

It is not generally understood what a keenly dividing line in literature this year of grace 1575 marked. There had been poets before Wyatt and Surrey, but greater poets had not followed. " The Paradise of Dainty Devices " (possibly a *title* invented from this very festivity) was to come out in the following year, as a reliquary of the remains of past poets. Lyly had not yet written his two parts of Euphues, which were to modify Court language for a time, nor had he begun the

1 See my ' Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage,' p. 13.

series of Court plays which were to pave the way from the old to the new school of the drama. Sir Philip Sidney had not published his literary dreams, no man was *great* enough in any walk of literature to stand in the light of another. There was no *crowd* in any department.

There had been mysteries and moralities, but they were going out of fashion. Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, had written the first English blank verse tragedy; Udall had produced "Ralph Roister Doister," the first comedy. There were others, like Captain Cox's four plays. Thomas Heywood had designed a series of Court performances, and Jasper Heywood had translated some of Seneca's plays. Richard Edwards Master of the Children of the Chapel, had performed his "Damon and Pythias," and his "Palamon and Arcite" to the rapturous delight of the Queen and the Court. His successor Master William Hunnis had gone on producing Court plays of which we have only many titles, and some praise; his "Lady of the Lake" is the only one which has been definitely described. Gascoigne that very year sent to the printing press two translations, his "Supposes" and another.

The other dramatists had not yet been born into recognition, and the English drama was only trembling into fluid being, like a drop of dew when the sparklets of the early dawn coalesce. But it was to become a mighty river during the last quarter of the sixteenth century. And James Burbage, by building the theatre in 1576, with Laneham's brother, was to help to bring all this about !¹

I wonder if *they* saw that Warwickshire boy then ?

The glamour faded into the light of common day. The Queen's luggage was packed and sent forward. She went on to Lichfield, Middleton Hall, Stafford Castle, and on 5th August, to Chartley, the Earl of Essex's seat, the Countess with her. She then turned south and visited Dudley Castle, 10th August. She stayed some time with the Bishop of Worcester (14th to 20th August), where Robert Laneham found time to complete and address his letter to his friend.

1 See my 'Burbage and Shakespeare's Stage.'

Thence by Sudeley Castle, 23rd, Langley, Cornbury Park to Woodstock, where she was from 30th August to 28th September. There a letter carrier was paid for bringing letters about the affairs of the Queen of Scots from Sheffield, and the Queen's holiday was over.

X.

THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

SEVENTEEN years after the Kenilworth festivities, we know from a jealous rival that Shakespeare was not only an actor, but that he had dabbled in play-writing until he thought he could "bombast out a blank verse as well as the best" of them. He must have been at it for some time, and with some success, before he could thus have stirred Greene's jealousy. But the *data* of the plays are hard to fix. Dr. Elze, Professor Dowden, and others think that "A Midsummer Night's Dream" was written for the marriage of the Earl of Essex in 1590. I cannot think so, not only because it is too early in Shakespeare's dramatic life to fit it, but because the Earl of Essex's marriage was too distasteful to the Queen to be unnecessarily glorified. The Queen was not likely to be present on the occasion, and a play addressing such delicate compliments to her would have been unsuitable. Others think it was written for the marriage of the Earl of Southampton in 1598. Surely such critics neither think of the sequence of Shakespeare's plays, nor of the circumstances in which the marriage of Southampton took place.

Without being absolutely certain, I *believe* the play was very probably written for a wedding feast, and that the wedding most likely to fit it, in date and circumstance, would

be the marriage of Sir Thomas Heneage, Elizabeth's Vice-Chamberlain, to the long since widowed Countess of Southampton, the mother of Shakespeare's Earl. Sir Thomas was an official thoroughly trusted by the Queen, and charming in manners to her Court, a patron of poets, and a poet himself. The Queen was nearly certain to have been present at such a wedding, and to have heard the delicate allusions to herself contained therein. The marriage was in May, 1594, it was old style then, and there were twelve more days to ripen summer blooms, so that the title need not have been incongruous. Though it is called "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Theseus says, "No doubt they rose up early to observe the Rite of *May*" (IV, 1.)

But Midsummer Eve in the country was popularly considered a night of Spells, when the fairies had more power than usual. Midsummer Eve in the city was the night of "The Midsummer Marching Watch," when the Corporation marched out by their wards, with lamps and cressets, banners and pageants, and suggested a night of dreams.¹ I do not wish to dwell on the Bridegroom and Bride, charming though they might have been, with a ripe dignity akin to the chief human characters in the play. But if it were to be for this wedding, the person who would be most interested in the play would be the young Earl, who had befriended the poet. That very month Shakespeare had issued the promised "graver labour" of "Lucrece," and the frigid style of his first dedication had been warmed to the blood heat of the second. "The Love I dedicate to your Lordship is without end." The youth would enter into the fun of the cross purposes caused by Puck among the lovers, perhaps was gently satirized through them, for already he was dangling after the fair Mrs. Elizabeth Vernon, and was being scowled at by Elizabeth Tudor for the predilection. So he probably pretended other adorations. This youth, Shakespeare's first critic,

"Thou art all my art,"

would pass the Fairy Scenes as worthy Spenser; the artisan

¹ See the fourth volume of Dr. Furnivall's "Shakespeare's England" last article.

scenes as recalling Chaucer, but he would have an unexpected chuckle in the midst of the "play," when he gathered that Shakespeare meant another dig at the "rival poet," Chapmant whom he had already gently satirized in the sonnets when he envied

"The proud full sail of his great verse," &c.

Whether it was the result of this marriage, or the play, or the Queen's desire to hear it, or his young patron's coming of age in October of that year, it was at the Christmas festivities following, that Shakespeare's name was first recorded as having played at Court, with Burbage's Company, (and it was spelt in the modern way) *malgré* the Baconians.

It is evident that Shakespeare had read and gloried in Spenser. Which of the two poets first wrote "Over hill, over dale, thorough bush, thorough briar?" Shakespeare has first created Oberon and Titania, and given them and their little people the gift of immortality. The story of the fairies forms the main action, the enduring element in the play, the other groups cross their paths, three varieties of mortal men. To the fairies, "Lord, what fools these mortals be!"

How did the poet think of combining in this way, the apparently incongruous elements of the play? A hero and heroine of classical lore; heroes and heroines of ordinary life; a group of artisans dense and dull, with the fairies "of imagination all compact." The commonplace treading on the heels of the Imaginative? He accounts for everything as much as he is willing to account for anything by calling it a dream.

There is no doubt that the poet had often gone to the Wier Brake in his youth at eventide, like Thomas the Rhymer, and surely the little people had encircled him in their dance and carried him off with them to fairyland, and there anointed his eyes and ears so that he could see and hear ever after, things hid to common mortal's sense. Now, this, if not the result of a dream, the poet means to show us as his conception of what a dream might be, upon the spell-bound Midsummer Eve, when the fairies are abroad, and the twilight is charmed

to last all night until the dawn. A dream, or a conglomeration of dreams, but it is not necessary that the poet meant to represent himself as the dreamer.

His puppets dream. The very moon seemed to be dreaming, it was sometimes full, while Theseus waited for new moon, rather, did not wait. Oberon, speaking of Bottom, says that he may

“Think no more of this night’s accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.”—(IV. 1.)

Bottom, in his bewilderment managed to speak of his dream. (iv. 1.)

“The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man’s hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report what my dream was.”

Yet it got into the Stationers’ Register as “Bottom’s Dream.”

The lovers too had dreams which they had told.

Dem. : “It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream.” (IV. 1.)

Hippolyta herself is impressed—

Hip. : “’Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of

The. : More strange than true. I never may believe

These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,

Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends . . .

Hip. : But all the story of the night told over,

And all their minds transfigur’d so together,

More witnesseth than fancy’s images,

And grows to something of great constancy.

But, howsoever, strange, and admirable.”—(V. 1.)

Theseus had had no dreams himself just then, it is evident, there should have been more of the lover in him. Even in fairy-land the fairy Queen had had her dream and a bad one; a dream imposed on her by the ungenerous plans of Oberon, who was not ashamed to press Puck into his counsel and his service to humiliate his Queen to gain his ends.

Tit: "My Oberon! What visions have I seen!

Methought I was enamoured of an ass."

Ob.: "There lies your love." (IV. 1.)

But the poet's dream? I want to suggest¹ that it is based on *memory*, that the far away festivities of Kenilworth in 1575 when he was but eleven years of age had been his first introduction to Royalty and greatness, to gorgeous display, artistic fantasias, concerted music, acted poetry, scenes of nymphs, goddesses, and Ladies of the Lake in the twilight hours. Thus on many pegs there hung suggestions. Two stately central figures then shone out as now. Laneham had likened his Master to Alexander the Great, and it is quite possible others had likened him to Theseus.

It is known that Elizabeth had been likened to Hippolyta, and had been pleased at the comparison. Her troops of courtiers were sufficient to suggest the few who appear here. It is most likely there was abundant giving and taking of love, and changing the objects of the same, during the long charmed evenings of those luxurious days, and the little lad might have heard enough to make his fancy run riot. We have got there the description of the rustic bridal, and of other rustics who wanted to play, and who give us the class of Englishmen from whom Shakespeare drew his Athenian artizans. From Laneham we know of the fairy like figures ready in every bosky dell to do romantic pageants for the Queen. We know of the agile Italian whom he was not sure was a man or a spirit, as active as Puck himself. Fireworks shed magic over all. But the being most evidently inspired by the Kenilworth festivities was the King of the Fairies himself. He and Puck had both been there.

Ob: "Thou rememberest

Since once I sat upon a promontory

And heard a mermaid on a Dolphin's back

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,

That the rude sea grew civil at her song;

And certain stars shot madly from their spheres

To hear the sea-maid's music?

Puck:

I remember."

¹ Gervinus suggested this theory before I did.

That was the occasion so poetically described by Laneham, who confessed himself spell-bound. Then Oberon goes on to describe the situation at the time, the true position of Elizabeth and Leicester, as far as was understood by the outer world. Shakespeare here paints it in the quintessence of poetry :—

“That very time I saw (but thou couldst not)
 Flying between the cold moon and the earth
 Cupid all arm'd ; a certain aim he took
 At a fair vestal, thronéd by the west,
 And loos'd his love shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts ;
 But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
 Quench'd in the chaste beams of the watery¹ moon ;
 And the imperial votaress passed on
 In maiden meditation fancy free.
 Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell ;
 It fell upon a little western flower,
 Before, milk white ; now purple with love's wound,
 And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
 Fetch me that flower ; the herb I shewed thee once,
 The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this herb, and be thou here again,
 Ere the Leviathan can swim a League.
 Puck : I'll put a girdle round about the Earth
 In forty minutes.” (II. 2.)

At that rate Puck would not take long time to fly between Athens and Warwickshire and back again. Meanwhile there were Chaucer's Knight's Tale ; the ballads of Robin Goodfellow, and of Huon of Bordeaux well read. Into all the debris that lay ready to his hand the poet entered, and *Order* rose from *Chaos*. The play is classical in that it follows the unities of Time and Place ; Theseus even forgets the number of the days he meant to wait, to reduce their number to their proper limit. The scene changed only between Athens and the Wood where hunters, lovers, players, fairies wandered “some time o' the night.” The action is Shakespeare's own. No one else had yet thought of interweaving characters and incidents

¹ Why watery ? Is it because there had been a good deal of rain at Kenilworth.

so diverse into a homogeneous whole. Yet each set of characters has its own little story.

There is no *plot* for the principal personages. They are both people who have had a past. Their energies and fervours are over; their characters are completely formed. They are about to be married. How dignified and courteous they are, especially Theseus. Yet he can condescend to

"Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
I will wed thee in another key
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling,"

and Bottom's play is the only representative of all this. They have to wait four days for the new moon. The first day's dulness is relieved by the hearing of the little case brought by Egeus against his daughter. The next is left without remark by Theseus, but the third day was to be awakened by the hunter's horn, and the music of Theseus's hounds "matched in mouth like bells"

But the principal personages find the lovers asleep in the woods under mysterious circumstances. Glad of any excuse for hurrying the action, Theseus said.

"Our purposed hunting shall be set aside,
For in the temple, by and by with us
These couples will eternally be knit."

Apparently they are knit that very morning, without waiting for the new moon after all. They plan an after supper jollity to wile away the lazy time, and in relation to that, Theseus talks upon the players' craft as intimately as Hamlet afterwards did, but it was as a sympathetic listener to efforts made by men unfit to use the vehicle they chose; a wide charity hides the faults, and appreciates the intention.

"In the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most to my capacity."

So "Pyramus and Thisbe" was chosen for the great Duke's great feast! But, the first verse of Prologue sets them all criticising, Theseus among them. The actor, probably

Quince, did not mind his points. Shakespeare here was borrowing from Ralph Roister Doister the effect of the passage introduced into the *third edition* of Thomas Wilson's *Art of Rhetoric*. Though Theseus goes on criticising like the others, when Hippolyta said. "This is the silliest stuff that e'er I heard," he is recalled to his creeds, and says, "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination mend them." Hippolyta reminds him, "It must be your imagination then, and not theirs. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men." At the end Theseus is generous enough to say that it was a fine tragedy, "and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask, let your Epilogue alone." Yet this very Theseus, who urges the gracious aspect of imagination, had been the preacher of common sense, of the real against the ideal. It was he who refused to receive "those fairy toys" as

"More than cool reason ever comprehends,
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling
Doth glance from heaven to earth from earth to heaven,
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing,
A local habitation and a name
Such tricks hath strong imagination." (V. 1.)

And thus the poet gives an excuse for himself out of the lips of the critical Theseus, gifted with "cool reason."

The secondary personages have more interesting experiences, in that they are passing through the crisis of their lives. Their party consists of a hard-hearted father, who wants his own way even if it costs his daughter her life; the daughter Hermia and her well-matched Lysander; Demetrius, another lover of Hermia's, and Helena, the unhappy lover of Demetrius. The four young people go to the wood overnight, for various reasons, and there their free will is interfered with, by beings of another kind than mortal. People knew all the stories of Robin Goodfellow's tricks, they fully

believed in love philtres in Shakespeare's day, it was not too extraordinary for an audience to believe that the juice of any plant squeezed on the eyes could produce the same effect. I may note that it was only the men who required such treatment, the women knew their own minds about the mates they wanted, without any love essence being put on their eyes. Their short period of love trouble was ended by matrimony with honours from their Duke. It was hardly to be called a denouement, as it was the conclusion expected all along. Among the artisans there was a little action, effort, surprise, renewed effort. The hero was Bottom.

"If he come not, then the play is marred."

"You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he."

"No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens."

Yea, and the best person too ; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice.

"You must say paragon ; a paramour is, God bless us, a thing of naught."

It was therefore Bottom whom Puck selected to make an ass of, to trick the Fairy Queen ; it was Bottom who wanted to take all the parts, who had the last word in his fellow's play. The fun and nonsense in that merry tragedy within the comedy must have made many a sixteenth century audience laugh. But had it not a double meaning, as it sprang from the poet's brain, as a drama apart from its actors ? For it seems to me, as I said above, that there is satire woven into it, and a satire of the rival Poet, "The most lamentable comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe."

Chapman was a classicist, and already had begun to dabble in dramatic literature ; he was also one of the "poets of the night," and hence there are a good many grotesque allusions to "the night with hue so black," and Pyramus, says, "O night which ever art when day is not." That of course only affected the matter of the play. As for the manner, was there not some lively humour spent on a suggestive remembrance of the early beginnings of James Burbage and his

company ? Was there a gentle quip against himself, in making Snug the joiner have the Lion's part, who had nothing to do but to roar ? If so, Bottom would be meant for Will Kemp. Shakespeare's contemporaries would know all that as they sat or stood laughing over the "mirth" at Theseus's wedding. But the fairies ? It is difficult to enter into a full discussion of them. The old Welsh legends would tell him of their ways. Chaucer's "Wife of Baths Tale" assures us—

"In olde dayes of the Kyng Authour...
 Al was this land fulfilled of fayrie
 The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye
 Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede."

Tradition floated around the forests, stories filled broad-side ballads, and it was Shakespeare the genius who wove them into one and made a new creation. There were supposed to be many kinds of fairies, Shakespeare only gives us three well known types, and a background of obedient subordinates. The best known type was that which was familiar to the people as Robin Goodfellow, here called "for short" Puck, though he sometimes acknowledges his popular name. He was not wicked, but very mischievous ; while he sometimes did kind deeds, he was easily offended, and then he could be very unpleasant

Fairy : . . . "Robin Goodfellow, are not you he
 That frights the maidens of the villagery ;
 Skims milk and sometimes labours in the quern
 And bootless makes the breathless housewife churn,
 And sometimes makes the drink to bear no barm,
 Misleads night wanderers, laughing at their harm ?
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck
 You do their work and they shall have good luck.
 Are not you he ?

Puck : Fairy Thou speak'st aright
 I am that merry wanderer of the night.
 I jest to Oberon and make him smile." (II. 1.)

He goes on to dwell with relish on his practical jokes, not pleasant to the sufferer, a fairy of no sympathy and all whim. The other type, his king, of higher breed, more stately, more poetic, more learned, more powerful, had still some fairy flaws. He is self-willed, determined to have what he himself

wants, not free from the taint of spite, willing to punish those who ruffle him. He wants the lovely boy that his wife cherishes, she will not yield it to him, and he recklessly quarrels with her, tracks her steps when she flies from him, breaks up her pastimes, and finally resolves to play a humiliating trick upon her to secure his end, a trick that was just the kind of service that Puck would delight to perform, and laugh at ever after it was done. Oberon has not chivalric feeling enough to keep his quarrels to himself, "and chastise with the valour of his tongue" the fairy wife who had a will and a spirit of her own. Even Puck could judge his master's faults, for he says, "And *jealous* Oberon *would* have the child." Yet he was kindly enough and sympathetic with the sweet Athenian maids in a new situation which interested him.

Shakespeare makes Titania the very best type of fairy. She is not mischievous like Puck, she is not jealous like Oberon. Her tendencies seem to be pacific, hers is the beneficent ideal of fairy character. A daughter of Ceres, she helps agriculture, she watches the woods and the flowers. The sports of her Court keep Nature healthful. She appeals to Oberon to cease troubling. He had disturbed their sports with brawls, *therefore* in revenge the winds have sucked up fogs, and the rivers have overflowed; the ploughman had lost his sweat, the green corn has rotted, the folds stand empty in the drowned fields, crows are fattened with the murrain flock. Human mortals want food. Games and music cease, therefore the moon, pale in her anger, washes all the air, rheumatic diseases abound, the seasons alter. Titania sympathises with all who suffer, and in her sympathy strikes the highest note that all the realm of fairies had conceived; and only Theseus in the play could have understood. She also realises something of responsibility.

"And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension,
We are their parents and original.

Oberon: Do *you* amend it, then, it lies in *you*!
I do but beg a little changeling boy!"

But Titania had also the higher gift of love, even for

humanity, and of fidelity to love. She was faithful to her mortal friend.

“And for her sake, I will not part with him.”

She was quite willing to forgive Oberon his past quarrels, if he would come and “*patiently* dance in our round.”

Nothing would satisfy Oberon but *that boy*. Titania will not yield in what she thinks is right. So Oberon determines if he cannot have his will by fair means he will get it by foul, for which he gets little blame from the audience ; or even from the critics, because it all works out on such amusing lines. But Titania, who had been in the right in the dispute, now being wronged, is made to be in the right in Oberon's ruse. *After* he had got his own way, he had some heart of grace for his bewildered Queen, and releases her, and how gentle she is. “My Oberon, what visions I have seen.” She, a fairy, did not know this juice of love-in-idleness. For awhile the spirit of knowledge triumphed over the spirit of Love. But not for ever. Her train were like her, all beneficent.

Fairy : “I serve the Fairy Queen
To dew her orbs upon the green,
The cowslips tall her pensioners be ;
In their gold coats spots you see ;
These be rubies, fairy favours,
In their freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.”

Again when Titania is about to sleep she sends her train to their accustomed duties.

“Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,
Some war with rear-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats ; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits.”

And her fairies sing her to sleep, and it seems to me there is a note of real affection in their tones. But they were not acute enough to warn off Oberon just at the critical moment.

Puck was the only being who was happy all the time because he did not care enough to suffer for the sorrows of

others, and he had none of his own. The fairies remain the permanent possessors of that wood where the mortals had intruded for a while. They are left in possession in the palace of Theseus, by the glimmering light of the drowsy and dead fire, to dance throughout the hallowed house and bless the owners all. Puck does not trouble himself with blessing, he is anxious to know what the audience thought of him and his.

"If we shadows have offended,
Think but this and all is mended
That you have but slumbered here,
While these visions did appear,
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream.
"Gentles, do not reprehend,
If you pardon we will mend . . .
We will make amends ere long,"—Epilogue.

We wonder what play was deemed worthy to follow and improve upon 'A Midsummer Night's Dream.'

It is wonderful how differently this play has been judged, even by professed critics; "a medley," "a merriment," say some, and think a word sufficient. Horace Walpole is, I think, the unkindest critic of them all. "Garrick has produced a detestable English Opera to regale us with sense, it is Shakespeare's 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which is forty times more nonsensical than the worst translation of any Italian Opera books. But such sense and such harmony are irresistible."—*Letters*, Vol. III. p. 288. Dr. Furnivall, on the other hand, in his *Leopold Shakespeare* appreciates it to the full. Poets have delighted in it through the centuries since it came into being; dream or no dream, it is to them the work of a poet for poets.

XI.

CAPT. COX'S "BOOKE OF FORTUNE."

THE thirty-seventh volume mentioned in Robert Laneham's List of Capt. Cox's books at Kenilworth in 1575 was 'The Booke of Fortune.' The various editors of Laneham's 'Letter,' even Dr. Furnivall's, say that there is no trace now of any book of that title, save Sir Thomas More's poem. In the 1557 folio edition of More's works, by John Cawood, some verses are preserved, before which it is stated: "These fowre thinges folowing Mayster Thomas More wrote in his youth for his pastime," and one of the four are "Certen Meters in English written by Mayster Thomas More in hys youth for the Boke of Fortune, and caused them to be printed in the beginning of that Boke." There are seven folio pages concluding "Thus endeth the Preface to the Boke of Fortune." A small edition of this, with introductions, woodcuts and title page, was printed separately (and very carelessly printed) by Robert Wyer some time between 1527 and 1555. A unique copy is in Lambeth Palace Library. Lowndes calls it 12mo, but it only consists of eight leaves, sign "A" not numbered and "B" in fours, no date. The full title is:—"The Boke of the fayre gentylwoman, that no man shulde put his trust or confydence in: that is to say Lady Fortune; flaterynge everye man that coveyteth to have all, and specially them that trust in her, she deceyveth them at laste." There is a rough woodcut of the Lady Fortune with a lamp in her hand, astrological stars in the background, and an entwining serpent. The Prologue on the next page runs:—

"As often as I consydre these olde noble clerkes
Poetis, Oratours, and Phylosophers, Sectes thre,
Howe wonderfull they were in all theyr werks;

Howe eloquent, howe inventyve to every degre,
 Halfe amased I am, and as a deed tre
 Stonde styll ouer ende for to brynge forth
 Any frute or sentence that is ought worthe.

Nevertheless though rude I be in all contryving
 Of matter, yet somewhat to make, I need not to care,
 I se many a one occupyed in the same thyng
 So unlerned men nowe-a-dayes will not spare
 To wryte, to bable, theyr myndes to declare
 Trowing themselfe, gay fantasyes to drawe
 When all theyr cunninge is not worth a strawe.

Some in French cronycles gladly doth presume,
 Some in Englyssche blindly wade and wander,
 Another in Laten bloweth forth a darke fume
 As wyse as a great hedded Asse of Alexandre,
 Some in Phylosophie lyke a gagelyng gandre,
 Beginneth lustely the browes to set up,
 And at the last concludeth to the good ale cup.

Finis Prologus.

On the second page appear some untitled lines in French :

" Fortune perversse
 Qui le monde versse
 Toult a ton desyre
 Jamais tu n'as cesse
 Plaine de finesse
 Et y prens plaisir.

Par toy venient maulx
 Et guerres mortaulx
 Touts inconveniens.
 Par mons et par vaulx,
 Et aulx hospitaulx
 Meurent tant de gens."

A wood cut follows of a scribe writing.

On p. 3 verses begin in another measure :—

" Fortune, O myghty and varyable,
 What rule thou claymest, with thy cruel power
 Good folke thou stroyest, and louest reprouable.
 Thou mayst not warount thy giftis for one houre.
 Fortune unworthy men setteth in honoure
 Thorowe fortune thinnocent i wo and sorow shrieketh,
 The iust man she spoyleth, and the uniust enrycheth.

Young men she kylleth, and letteth olde men lyue
 Unrighteouslye deuvydyng tyme and season.
 That good men lefeth, to wycked doth she gyue,
 She hath no difference, but judgeth all good reason,
 Inconstaunte, slypper, froyle, and full of treason,
 Neyther for ever cherysshynge whom she taketh,
 Nor for ever oppressynge, whom she forsaketh."

Another woodcut of Fortune follows, without the snake, and holding a wooden cradle instead of a lantern in her hand. On page 4 commences what may be called "The Poem." Except for printers' variations, this part of the Lambeth tract is the same as the 1557 edition.

The wordes of fortune to the people.

Qu. Tho, Mo.

Myne hyghe estate, power and auctoryte,
 If ye ne knewe, inserche and ye shall spiye
 That rychesse, worshipp, welth and dygnygte,
 Joye, rest and peace, and all thyng fynally,
 That any pleasure or profyte maye come by
 To mannes comforte, ayde and sustenance,
 Is all at my deuise and ordynance.

Without my favoure there is no thyng wonne,
 Many a matter have I brought at laste
 To good conclusyon, that fondly was begonne,
 And many a purpose, bounden sure and faste
 With wise provysion I have overcaste
 Without good happe there may no wyt suffyse,
 Better is to be fortunate than wyse."

Twelve pages follow in the same measure, of very unequal poetical value. Perhaps the verses most worthy of note are the following, which suggest Sackville and Spenser :—

Fast by her syde doth wery laboure stande,
 Pale fere also and sorowe all bewepte,
 Dysdeigne and hatred, on that other hande
 Elke restless watche, fro slepe with trauayle kept,
 His eyes drowsy, and lokyng as he slept,
 Before her standeth Danger and Envy,
 Flatery, Dysceyte, Myschyfe and tyrannye.

Aboute her cometh all the world to begge.
 He asketh landes and he to passe would brynge
 This ioye and that, and all not worthe an egge.
 He would in love prospere above all thynges,
 He kneleth downe, and wolde be made a kynge,
 He forceth not, so he maye money have,
 Thoughe all the worlde accompte hym for a knave.

So thus dyvers heddys, dyvers wyttes
 Fortune alone, as dyvers as they all,
 Unstable here and there amonge them flyttes,
 And at a venture downe her gyftes fall.
 Catche who so may, she throweth great and small,
 Not to all men as cometh sonne or dewe,
 But for the most parte, all amonge a fewe.

And yet her brotell gyftes maye not last.
 He that she gave them, loketh proude and hye
 She whyrleth aboute, and plucketh away as fast,
 And gyveth them to another, by and by.
 And thus from man to man contynually
 She useth to gyve and take and slyly tosse
 One man to wynnyng and of an other losse.

And when she robbeth one, down gothe his pryde,
 He wepeth and wayleth, and curseth her full sore,
 But he that receyveth it, on that other syde
 Is glad, and blesseth her a M tymes therfore,
 But in a whyle when she loveth hym no more,
 She glydeth from hym, and her gyftes to,
 And he her curseth, as other fooles do."

The 1557 ed.

More mentions the philosophers by name, among the rest Democritus.

Of this poor sect it is common usage
 Onely to take what nature may sustayne,
 Banishing clene all other surplusage,
 They be content and of nothing complayne."

After 37 Stanzas he says "Thus endeth the preface to the Booke of Fortune." At the end of Gabriel Harvey's copy of Speght's Chaucer, he notes in MS. "The fine poesies of Sir Thomas More....His meters for the Book of Fortune, prefixed before that book.

The words of Fortune to the people	} His preface
To them that trust in Fortune	
To them that seek Fortune	

}	to the book
	of Fortune."

This is one of the few allusions even to Sir Thomas More's 'Book of Fortune,' and it seems to make clear that 'The Book of Fortune' itself was a separate book from that of Sir Thomas More's at Lambeth; that it was not written by him; and that it was a book which had appeared at some indefinite date *before* his Preface. It is also very evident that this "Preface" would not be the volume so prized by Laneham and Captain Cox, unless it was only a part of something lighter, and more lively than itself, something more like a fit companion for the 'Book of Riddles.'

In the Registers of the Stationers' Company, Feb. 6th, 1560, there is the entry "Receivved of William Powell for his lycence for printing the book of Fortune in folio, 8*d*." This may have been the book for which Sir Thomas More's Preface was written, or it may have been an ordinary fortune-telling book. (William Powell was also the printer of 'The Kalendar of Shepherdes,' 1556, folio, another of Captain Cox's books.) There was also a book licensed in 1566 to Purfoote, "Fortune, a playe to Knowe eche one hyr condiciouns and gentle manors, as well of women as of men. 4*d*." I am inclined to believe that this is not a drama though it has been sometimes classed as such, but that the word "play" is used in the sense of a game or amusement. A contemporary parallel to this use of the word may be found in 1569:—"The pleasant and wittie play of the Cheastes reuewed with instructions both how to learn it easily, and to playe it well, translated by James Rowbotham. Octavo. Thomas Marsh." If used in the sense of a game, then this "Play of Fortune" may be represented by the earliest fortune-telling book in the British Museum, "A merry conceited Fortune-teller, prognosticating to all trades and professions their good and bad fortunes," 1662, printed by John Andrews, 12mo, mentioned by Lowndes as sold in Sotheby in 1856, for five guineas. This is an insignificant little book however, and clearly cannot be related

to John Powell's folio. There was a 'Play of Fortune' brought before the Queen in 1572-3, probably written by William Hunnis, Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, and performed by his boys. There is no record of its publication, and no contemporary notice which might guide one to an opinion whether or not it was based on Sir Thomas More's Preface or Powell's Folio. It is known however that William Hunnis was well acquainted with Sir Thomas More's 1557 Folio Volume and possessed a copy.

There seems thus no clue to Captain Cox's book. The next entry is in Lowndes. "The Booke of Fortune, Folio 1672, with a reference to Perry, Part I. 651. £4 4s." (This I found later to refer to one of Evan's sales, in 1822.)

The lateness of the date naturally put me off the scent at first; but on referring to R. Clavell's 'Catalogue of Books' printed between 1670 and 1680, I found, as I had faintly hoped, that this book was not newly printed, but *reprinted*. It may therefore be of *any date*. Under the section of November 21st, 1672, "Books reprinted this year were 'Cotgrave's Dictionary' and 'The Book of Fortune' stitched, 2s. Folio, "being marvellous for the invention" &c. both printed for Thomas Williams, Hosier Lane."

That was an end of my quest. For I had been fortunate enough to have seen a copy of an incomplete 'Book of Fortune' some 10 years before, in the possession of the Antiquary, Mr. Davies of Wallingford, who allowed me to show it to Dr. Richard Garnett of the British Museum. He agreed with me that the date of the type and paper seemed seventeenth century, and that of the text much earlier. But he could do nothing with it, because it wanted, both title page and colophon; both the beginning and the end. For the same reason I let the matter drop for a time, till, finding so very much interest shown by literary men in the hunt for Captain Cox's 'Booke of Fortune,' I have taken it up again to see if, by piecing two and two together, I can collect all that can be known now concerning it. The running title on each page is 'The Booke of Fortune.' The text is quite the

class of literature that Captain Cox would have delighted in, just the companion for his 'Book of Riddles.' It is more than likely that it represents the 'Booke of Fortune' licenced to Powell in 1560, delighted in by Laneham and Cox 1575, and revised and expanded up to date in 1672 by Clavell and that this copy was that sold by Evans in 1822.

The strangest point about its popular style perhaps is, that it has an echo of Sir Thomas More's phrases about the sects of the poets, orators and philosophers, as if it had been written at the same time and had been associated somehow with his 'Book of Fortune.' It may be remembered that Laneham classes it among books of philosophy. As to its Introduction and Preface, I can give no information, but it is clear that the book was divided into groups of verses under various titles of philosophers and other learned men supposed to have *opinions* and entitled 'Juries.' The verses are in no case related to the special sect of philosophy under which they are classified. The fragment begins at the 8th verse of the 7th Jury, that of "The Stoicks," and runs on to the 57th Jury or The "Plotinists." The names of the Intervening sects are The Juries of "The Academicks, Graces, Origenists, Platonists, Sorbonists, Rosicrucians, Philologers, Fantastics, Laplanders, Florists, Astrologers, Smectymnians, Grotianists, Aristotelians, Copticks, Flamens, Adamites, Endorites, Jansenists, Vertuosi, Ingeniosi, Particularists, Paracelsinans, Projectors, Zilphids, Manichees, Pricianists, Lancastrians, Seraphicks, Angellicks, Molinists, Talmudists, Cabalists, Garturians, Millianists, Gnosticks, Therapheuticks, Machevilians, Hipocratists, Enthusiasts, Pythonists, Eutychians, Galenists, Demoniacks, Solifidians, Empirics, Sages, Gushmanites, Bengorionists, Plotinists." We have nothing to suggest how many more there might have been. The *Juries* seem in some cases as new as some of the fortunes. The plates repeat themselves in cycles. The Register runs from E.I. to N.I.

Some of the Roman Catholic phrases suggest the older date, and also such lines as

"King Harry Groats thou hast gude store,
Or else he'd never see thee more."

I may note here that I only gave classified selections in my *Athenæum* article, but I now print all that I took from the fragment, which begins with running secondary title of

THE SEVENTH JURY OF THE STOICKS.

8. Ah War a day! I plainly see't,
With many crosses thou shalt meet,
And though it may be past belief,
Thou at the last shalt die with grief.
9. By land, my Barn thy self assure
From danger thou shalt be secure;
But for the water trust it not,
For if thou dost thou'lt go to pot.¹
10. He still will be thine enemy,
Yet by the Mass he knows not why,
And should he love thee in the end,
He is not fit to be thy friend.
11. Whichever wins thou mayst conclude,
The end of it can ne'er be gude.
The latter of the twain must dye,
And then the little man will flye.
12. When that unhappy year doth come
That one and seven make all the sum,
Our neighbours strive to break the yoke,
And so the treaty will be broke.

THE EIGHTH JURY OF ACADEMICKS.

Of thy Relations thou hast had
But little Reason to be glad,
Then try abroad and thou wilt find
Strangers more friendly and more kind.

A deal of Wealth brings store of friends,
But sike are so for their own ends:
Thou never above three shalt make,
That will be friends for Friendship's sake.

¹ Suggesting the prophecy made to Suffolk in Henry Sixth's reign.

THE NINTH JURY OF THE GRACES.

1. Thy lugs my barn thou must not lend
To all that friendship do pretend,
Remember well and bear in mind
A faithful friend is hard to find.
2. By Marriage thou shalt be allied
To those in whom thou mayst confide.
But for the kinsmen of thy bloud
They are not born to do thee gude.
3. Gang happy wight and be at rest
With many friends thou shalt be blest
But among these of one beware
That Carrots wears instead of hair.

* * *

While the sun shines do thou make Hay,
The next may be a rainy day.

THE TENTH JURY OF ORIGINISTS.

To the wood more ways there are than one
But to her stubborn heart there's none.

* * *

Really ? "No;" he does but glaver
And never does intend to have her.

* * *

THE ELEVENTH JURY OF PLATONISTS.

* * *

8. Full oft my Grandam has me told
A friend is worth his weight in gold,
Of sike a bargain thou wilt miss
For thou'st not get a groat by this.
9. Though at the present thou doest hate her
E'en as the de'el does Holy water
Yet once again you tway shall love,
And as it were be hand in glove.
12. Thy friends shall cry, Ah, war a day !
And hourly for thy Soul shall pray.

* * *

THE TWELFTH JURY OF SORBONISTS.

* * *

10. As men by drawing back the bow
Do make the Arrow farther go, ^{and}
So you by quarrels strike love's dart
Deeper into each other's heart.

* * *

THE THIRTEENTH JURY OF ROSICRUCIANS.

* * *

2. A mickle truth it is I tell
 Hereafter thou'st lead Apes in Hell :¹
 For she that will not when she may,
 When she will, she shall have nay.

* * *

5. Marry, out on him ! he a friend
 That will one groat refuse to lend !
 He is a real friend indeed
 That helpeth thee in time of need.

THE SEVENTEENTH JURY OF FLORISTS.

5. I have observed it well my son
 What's long a'doing's seldom done.

* * *

11. With a knight's favour thou'st begin,
 One that is neether Cuff, nor Kin
 He to a Lord shall thee commend
 Who many ways will be thy friend.

THE EIGHTEENTH JURY OF ASTROLOGERS.

11. Where thou hast done the greatest gude,
 Thou'st find the most ingratitude.
 But from a village in the west
 Shall come thy greatest Friend and best.

THE NINETEENTH JURY OF SMECTYMNIAIS.

5. Her nose is sharp, and I am told
 Thy wife is like to prove a scold ;
 Then get a house neer to a Pool
 Whereon there stands a Ducking-Stool.

7. I ken no rule in all the way
 That can put off the Wedding-day.

* * *

THE TWENTIETH JURY OF GROTIANISTS.

- Thou muckle Lout, can't you not know
 Whether thou'st marry, yea or no.

THE FOURTEENTH JURY OF PHILOGERS.

4. Desire not friends of High Degree
 For they may slip and ruine thee
 So oaks that are both big and tall
 Do crush the Bushes in their fall.

¹ See Much Ado, II. 1. Also "The Wit of a Woman," 1604, and Carey's "Chrononhotontologus."

THE FIFTEENTH JURY OF FANTASTICKS.

4. My pretty Barn be not afraid
That thou shalt ever dye a maid,
For thou shalt have two husbands deer
And both the best in all the shire.
5. To shelter underneath the wing
Of great ones will no safety bring ;
They are like pines, beneath whose shade
All kinds of shrubs decay and fade.

THE SIXTEENTH JURY OF LAPLANDERS.

6. Great men (like Rocks) do shelter some,
And shipwreck others as they come,
Do thou of such defense take care,
Thoust find but little favour there.

* * *

Something for this, ere thou canst sip,
Shall come between the cup and lip.

THE TWENTIETH JURY OF ARISTOTELIANS.

10. Midsummer Eve at Midnight go,
And thou the truth shalt quickly know
To Yarrow make thy Curchee right
And thou shalt see thy love at night.

THE TWENTY-SECOND JURY OF COPTICKS.

12. I shall esteem thee far more wise,
If great men's favour thou despise ;
Danger on greatness still attends,
And all are foes to fortune's friends.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH JURY OF ENDORITES.

1. Lend not thy lugs to all that's new
For this report is most untrue.

* * *

2. As I'm the daughter of a Scot.

THE TWENTY-EIGHTH JURY OF INGENIOSI.

4. The news at last will true appear
As sure as God's in Gloucestershire.

THE TWENTY-NINTH JURY OF PARTICULARISTS.

3. If anything thou undertake
Of Fryday observation make ;
Begin it not that day my barn,
Remember I do thee forewarn,

* * *

10. There will be old keeping after.

THE THIRTIETH JURY OF PARACELSIANS.

1. Gude Kitchen Physick soonest cures
Those pains the patient now endures
Tis onely weakness I do find
Caused by a melancholy mind.

THE THIRTY-THIRD JURY OF MANICHEES.

3. Thou never wilt preferment gain
Except thou venture cross the main,
And there a Lord of Brittish Blood
Shall hear of thee and do thee good.

THE THIRTY-FOURTH JURY OF PRICILIANISTS.

8. When some Apostle's festival
Doth next upon a Thursday fall ;
Thou shalt be sure to prosper in,
Whate'er thou doest that day begin.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH JURY OF LANCASTRIANS.

1. We shall have no intemperate weather
Until three sevens come together.
Then woe to them that live to see
The Dearth and famine there shall be.
9. I like not superstitious ways
For those that have regard to days.
Whatever wisely is begun
And honestly, will well be done.

THE THIRTY-SIXTH JURY OF SERAPHICKS.

On any day throughout the week
Do what thou wilt 'tis all aleek.
Thou no design to pass shalt bring,
Nor prosper in the smallest thing.

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH JURY OF ANGELICKS.

1. Deel take me if I think they'll fight
I'm sure they'll get but little by't,
But you will find when they come out
They'll end it in a drinking bout.
2. This peace will break into a warr
As pimples rise upon a scarr ;
Our neighbours a short truce did make
That they might more advantage take.
3. When six, seven, eight at once appear
To come in order the same year,
Such times of plenty shall ensue,
As happy England never knew.
6. An eastern Berry ground to dust
Bitter in taste like burned crust,
Whese name I know not, but 'twill be
A profitable thing to thee.
11. *Gang* when thy business does thee call,
And never mind the days at all ;
Be wise, and thy own fate decree ;
What have the days to do with thee ?

THE THIRTY-EIGHT JURY OF MOLINISTS.

3. Three Nines will be a fatal year,
A Blazing star shall then appear ;
The Crescent from the East shall come,
And cenquer part of Christendom.
4. Cold March, wet April, and hot May
Will make a fruitful year they say,
These three this year will happen all,
Our Harvest then cannot be small.

THE THIRTY-NINTH JURY OF TALMUDISTS.

2. Had ever mortal wight to do
With sike a froward peevish foe :
He's so Malicious and so fell
The De'el will car him quick to Hell.
4. Before three ciphers come again
A Prince with golden locks shall reign
Over this island and subdue
Mere kingdoms than we ever knew.

5. Candlemas Day observe it right,
If it be frosty, clear, and bright,
The summer's plenty shall recruit
The land with Corn, with Grass, and Fruit.
11. Your doubtfull question makes me smile,
Decide the strife by Cross and Pyle,
A Tester let the Father toss,
And if he be not, 'twill be cross.

THE FORTIETH JURY OF CABALISTS.

5. When ere four two's in order stand
There shall be war in every Land ;
That year once ended, all shall cease—
There shall be neither war nor Peace.
6. A dry and frosty janivere
Is like to make a plentious yeare,
Then look but up into the sky,
And you may judge as well as I.

THE FORTY-FIRST JURY OF GARTURIANS.

5. Let 'em alone, fight Dog, fight Bear
For by the mass I do not care ;
They are so mischievously willed,
One will be hanged, the other killed.
11. A knight whose father was a Lord
Will mickle favour thee afford,
A Lord in time himself will be,
And always prove a friend to thee.
10. De'el and St. Andree take the lad.

* * * *

THE FORTY-THIRD JURY OF GHOSTICKS.

1. Unless thou wed by twenty-one
The fault is thine that 'tis not done ;
For every seventh year we find
Some change in body or in mind.
9. This year the seed time will be bad—
The fields in white will all be clad—
And though the Harvest be but thin,
Yet we shall scarcely get it in.

THE FORTY-FOURTH JURY OF THERAPEUTICKS.

8. The little man by valour great—
The pygmy giant doth defeat.
So Bevis prospered in the fight
O're Ascapart that man of might.
9. In eighty-two that fatal year!
Of mighty wonders shall we hear;
Of things so terrible and strange
As if the world itself will change.
10. Corn will be scant, and if we starve
'Twill be no more than we deserve;
Of plenty we have made complaint,
Now we shall see what 'tis to want.

THE FORTY-FIFTH JURY OF MACHEVILLIANS.

10. When units at each end we find
Tway sevens in the middle joyned
Sweet peace the mother of all good
Shall stop the current of our blood.
11. Lay by your jollity and mirth
For I foresee a general dearth;
The Murrain, mildew, rot, and blast
This year shall fruit and cattle wast.

THE FORTY-SIXTH JURY OF HIPOCRATISTS.

12. Take husbandmen what pains they will
Bestow their care, and shew their skill,
Dame earth this year will barren be,
In spight of father husbandry.
4. By sea or land no matter which,
Thou'lt call thy mother Shipton witch
For whether thou dost sail or ride,
Thou'st go against both wind and tide.
12. Till the next Commet does appear
No news of war shall England hear;
Then with a foreign Prince we joyn
To bring to pass a gude design.
6. When next tway Sundays come together.

* * * *

THE FIFTY-FIRST JURY OF DEMONIACKS.

4. Thou a stale Batchelor shalt dye
And not a Virgin for thee cry;
For apes that maids in hell do lead
Are men that dye and never wed.

THE FIFTY-SECOND JURY OF SOLIFIDIANS.

9. If Kite or Magpy cross thy way,
 Turn back again and do not stay;
 Unless tway crows thou chance to see,
 If so, gang on and happy be.

THE FIFTY-THIRD JURY OF EMPIRICS.

- [10. At Doomsday in the afternoon,
 Just at the changing of the moon,
 Thoust have thy choice of handsome men,
 And marry one, but not till then.

* * * *

11. Besides King Harry Groats enough.

THE FIFTY-FIRST JURY OF GUSMANITES.

1. Get thee a new-lay'd moon-calf's Egg,
 And a large congers hinder-legg;
 When thou canst find them, not before,
 These lost affection can restore.

THE FIFTY-SEVENTH JURY OF PLATONISTS.

3. 'Tis an old Proverb and a true
 That quarrels oft do love renew,
 But here 'tis otherwise, I doubt,
 One flame will drive another out.

Here the fragment ends.

One can see how "answers" might have been given on love, matrimony, fortune, trade, husbandry, could we but have had the *key* to their connection with the inquiries. As Literature they have a double interest. They are like a palimpsest with the original writing shining through. The dates of various recensions seem to be imbedded running through the century and a half which elapsed between King Harry and the Coffee-houses. More may yet be learnt of the book elsewhere, but the copy which I have seen, which I take to have been the four guinea copy of 1822, has vanished. Its owner Mr. Davies has died, and a young nephew going to South America took the book with him to amuse himself on the voyage. Though I had offered to buy it I have heard nothing since of either. So comes another example of the

fickleness of Fortune, that *her own book* has vanished even from the memory and the knowledge of men, leaving but this cobweb behind.

(Expanded from *The Athenæum*, May 19th, 1900, p. 625.)

XII.

THE ITALIAN AND ENGLISH BOOKS OF FORTUNE.

ENGLISH Literature of the Sixteenth Century is so frequently translated from, or based on, Italian originals, that it becomes habitual to the student of the period to refer back new books or ideas to some possible southern source. When, some time ago, I put together in *The Athenæum* (May 19th, 1900) all that I had been able to glean concerning the English "Booke of Fortune," owned by Captain Cox in 1575, I hoped that some scholar would be able to add further details as to its source. None have as yet come to hand. A friend agrees that it might have been suggested by the "Triumpho di Fortuna di Sigismondo Fanti Ferrarese, 1527." At first sight there may seem nothing in common, but Fanti's book is so interesting, not only in itself, but in relation to astrological beliefs and fortune-telling methods of the period, that it seems worth while analyzing it, before comparing it with its more modest English successor.

Little seems to be known of the author. He was born at Fano in Italy towards the close of the 15th Century. Apostolo Zeno says that he was not only a poet, but a philosopher and mathematician. He published an Italian Grammar in 4 books at Venice in 1514, and other works are believed to have been written by him. He is however chiefly known by the

"Triumpho di Fortuna." Rare as the book now is, there is one copy in the British Museum, and another in Mr. Huth's Collection.

According to "La Biographie Universelle" it is written in the style of Marcolini, and Brunet compares it to the "Sorti di Lorenzo Spirito." It is in large Folio, and profusely illustrated. The larger illustrations are high-class work both in conception and manipulation, but the smaller ones, which appear among the verses and "Domandos," seem to be by another hand and are crude little cuts almost fit for chap-book literature.

The Title page is entirely covered with a rich allegorical Frontispiece. Atlas supports the globe, but a good angel on the one hand and an evil angel on the other, turn it by means of a wrench. An equinoctial band with the signs of the Zodiac girds it. This globe is surmounted by a figure in papal robes and tiara, turning his back on the attractions of "Voluptas," and inclining towards "Virtus." To the left an athlete holds a dice box and a philosopher an astrolabe; to the right a large solar clock of 24 hours adorns a Cathedral tower; castles and palaces make a background vista. A canal runs across the front of the picture, on which floats an uncurtained gondola. A square frame lies on the water, on which are plain initials, generally believed to be I.M.; but they seem to me more like T.M. The Count Cicognara thinks that the I M on the tablet may be the mark of Giovanni Bonconsiglio, who also bore the name of Marescalco, but he admits that there is nothing to support this conjecture. Nagler says that the initials are those of an unknown Venetian artist. On the reverse of the page is the licence granted by Clement VII. to his "dilectus filius Sigismundus Fantus Ferrariensis" on 3rd July, 1526; *cum gratia et privilegio*, &c. The third page bears "Proemio del Triumpho di Sigismondo Fante Ferrarese al Sommo Pontifici Clemente Papa Septimo nel quale Trattati delli Accidenti del Mondo, et de Molte discipline, con varie Questioni, Casi, et conclusioni, Pieno de gravissime sententie et maturi Documenti si per scienza naturale come

per Astrologia, Opera a ciascuna utilissima et sollazzosa" (A.A. ii.). There is a long list of errata. After an introduction, the author goes through the rules for working and applying the tables, giving with each rule sundry examples to illustrate its application. Marco Guazza concludes with one Sonnet addressed to the Reader, and another to the City of Ferrara in praise of the author.

The next page adds to the sub-title "*Tavola del Triompho di Fortuna di Sigismondo Fante Ferrarese...come per astrologia da Mercurio Vannullo Romano, Fedelmente esposita opera utilissima et iocosa.*" Then follow seventy-two questions of the kind usually asked by those who wish to know their future, "*Domando Primo.*" In che tempo si de cominciar la guerra, o fare il fatto d'arme." The questioner is directed in the first place "*Va alla Fortuna d'Oriente alla lettera A,*" under which letter are found further directions, "*Della Significatione delle Figure documento primo.*" A Key follows. Four spirited woodcuts adorn each of the following pages,—The goddesses dominating the winds, who represent "*Fortuna de Oriente, Fortuna de Occidente, Fortuna de Septentrione, Fortuna de Austro, Fortuna de Aquilone, Fortuna de Africo, Fortuna de Cauro, Fortuna de Euro; Fortuna de Volturmo, Fortuna de Argesto, Fortuna de Libico, Fortuna de Borea;*" and three further pages represent the great Italian Houses.

The new series which follows contains two wheels on each page, the one above giving a representation of its title, surrounded by ciphers, dice, and directions; the one below containing a Horologe for fixing the natal hour and other dependent dates. The upper corners contain on either side a bust, and the lower spaces full-length representations of distinguished individuals, to whom names are generally affixed. But as the same wood-cuts are frequently repeated associated with different names, only a very generalised idea of any characteristic is rendered possible. Some of these figures are very fine as works of art. They do not seem associated in any way with the "*Rota*" round which they

are grouped. The reasons for the selection of the characters illustrated would have merited attention had there been more space to dwell on them. They represent people distinguished, at the time, or in history, a sort of "Who's Who?" in the minds of Venetians in 1527. They are sometimes strangely grouped. The first two are Campeggio and Lucio Tarquino. Alexander the Great and Cleopatra are paired. Most of the Greek Philosophers, the Roman generals, and writers are mentioned; Italian Poets and the characters from their works, such as Orlando, Rinaldo, Griselda, Paris de Viena; Painters, Sculptors, Architects are well represented; and well-known women, such as Portia Bruta. Some odd pairs are brought together, as "Attila Flagellum Dei, and Helizabeth Regina," who seems to have been an eminent female Astrologer. Lancilotto Famoso, Mandeville, and some other names suggest Britain. The wheels themselves seem named by chance. They run in the following order—"Rota del Liofante, del Camello, della Giraffa, della Panthera, del Bufolo, del Cervo, del Cavallo, del Asino, del Dracone, del Cocodrillo, del Lupo, del Poreo spino, della Lepora, della Capra, del Cane, della Scimia, del Hidra, del Coniglio, della Testudine, della Rana, della Balena (a whale drawn with a trunk and tusks like those of an elephant), del Delphino, della Sirena (a double-tailed mermaid), del Aquila, del Struzo, del Griphone, della Cicognia, del Cigno, delle Equo Volante, del Pavone, del Barbagianni, del Gallo, del Vespertiglione (the last animal), della Palma, del Pino, del Giglio, della Corona, del Triangolo, de Lira, della Ara, della Scala, della Sagitta, del Bombardo, della Balestra, Rota di Cepheo, di Orione, di Vulcano, del Dio Baco, del Coro, del Dio D'Amore, della Luxuria, della Gulla, della Avaritia, della Accidia, della Invidia, della Superbia, della Ira, della Grammatica, della Rethorica, della Dialectica, della Arismetica, della Musica, della Geometria, della Astrologia, della Speranza, della Carita, della Fede, della Prudentia, della Temperantia, della Forteza, della Justicia (the picture of Justice is crowned, has her eyes *open*, and bears scales in one hand and a sword in the other). The last is "Rota della Fortuna."

Then comes a change in the designs. Instead of two wheels one circle occupies the centre of each page of astrological import, but the surrounding figures remain in similar groups. The Circles are the "Sphera del Paradiso, S. di Saturno, di Iove, di Marte, del Sole, di Venere, di Mercurio, della Luna, del Ariete, di Tauro, di Gemini, di Cancro, di Leone, di Virgine, di Libra, di Scorpione, di Sagittario, di Capricorno (who is represented as a biped with a convoluting tail), dei Aquario, di Pesce, dei Ursa Maiora, di Boetes, di Herchule, di Cassiopeia, di Andromeda, di Perseo, di Serpentario, del Auriga, del Fiumme Eridano, della Nave, di Philleride, del Foco, de L'aere, de L'acqua, della Terra, de L'Inferno."

The last section of the book contains the replies to the 72 questions, worked according to the rules given through the tables and the wheels and the Spheres. Each folio gives in the name of some Astrologer 22 4-lined verses, 11 on each page, illustrated by rough woodcuts with astrological figures contained in frames.

Now it is this section which reminds one of the English "Book of Fortune," and I think we can there trace the origin of the English "*Juries*." The Italian book runs "Atlanti degli Astrologi Principi"; (of 2 pages, and all the others the same;) Albategno Astrologo, Dorotheo. A.; Abadon A.; Ptholomeo A., Sybilla Persica, Haly A.; Sybilla Cumana; Azoroen A.; Sybilla Libyca; Beheco A. Sibylla Tiburtina. Albumazar A., Sibylla Delfica, Alphragano A., Sibylla Samia, Alchindo A., Sybilla Troaica, Alfabetico A., Sybilla Frigia, Zael A., Sybilla Europa, Hermete A., Leopoldo A., Thebit A., Guido Bonato A., Albubather A., Sybilla Almathea, Julio Firmico A., Hiparco A., Ragiell A., Peccatrice A., Anthiesis A., Haomar A., Messehala A., Acebari A., Ullelio A., Iginio A., Zephar A., Sybilla Erithrea, Almeguerra A., Alhasen A., Zaradest A., Alfayat A., Alfadal, A., Atabari A., Herdedi A., Bianchino A., Alfonso Rege A., Helisabeth Regina Astrologica, Plenio Romano A., Pietro d'Abano A., Ceco D'ascoli A., Joanne de Monte Regio A., Zacuto, A. Nufil

A., Albumadi A., Hericos A., Harzeth A., Anticos A., Conofil A., Alhezen A., Mahomaht A., Azaroni A., Tisil A., Hyrechyndo A., Noci A., Alyhar A., Merphil A., Alazimini A., Zoffie A., Azarafat A., Alhazel A., Licha A.

The last page is interesting. It contains an explanation of the signs used, and the Colophon "*Impresa in la inclita Citta di Venegia per Agostin de Portese, nel anno del Virgineo parte M.D.XXVII, Nel mese di Genaro, ad instantiæ di Giacomo Giunta Mercatata Fiorentino. Con il privilegio di Clementi Papa VII et del Senato Veneto, a requisitione di l'Autore. Come appare nelli suoi registri. Cum gratia et Privilegio.*"

The Register runs A.A. B.B. A. B. C. D. E. F. G. H. I. K. L. M. N. O. P. Q. Tutti sono quaderni excetto A.A. chi e terno et BB. P. et Q. che sono Quinterni."

A final Frame encloses a device and large initials I.A. which I cannot explain any more than I can explain the T.M. of the Frontispiece.

It is very probable that all the followers of the Italian Renaissance were acquainted with the book, but there does not seem to have been any English reproduction, or there would surely have been some allusion to it. A mere translation would fail without the illustrations, and the plates would be very expensive to have recut. It is quite possible that Sir Thomas More may have seen Fanti's "*Triumpho di Fortuna*"; that he or some of his friends had meditated a translation, and that for this he wrote the verses which he entitles "*Preface to the book of Fortune.*" The more homely English "*Booke of Fortune*" does not appear to have been illustrated, or some reference would have been made to this, either in the Stationers' Registers or in "*Clavel's Catalogue.*" The lack of illustrations would of itself necessitate a fundamental change in the character of the book, and strict attention to astrological rules would have to be waived. But beyond these distinctions the English book bears some resemblance to the Italian, other than the similar desire of satisfying the hunger of the people for the news of the future. The Italian book required

the large Folio size because of its illustrations, the English "Book of Fortune" was also Folio (of a smaller size), an unusual size, for works of the kind in this country. The allusions to learned men, philosophers, and scholars, to the "Juries" as they are called, seem suggested by the Italian model. Fanti had written to a cultured public; the unknown compiler of the English "Book of Fortune" attempted to make his verses intelligible and interesting to the larger, simpler public for which he catered. One does not see how the replies were fitted to the questions in the English book, though that may have been made clear in the missing pages. It is probable that a few simple rules, modified by age, sex, rank of the enquirer, by the throw of dice, might serve sufficiently to find in one of the verses something intelligible and amusing enough to serve as a reply.

The taste for Astrology pervaded the century, there are many English translations of books on the subject. There are also many references to people who got into trouble by prying too deeply into such mysteries. To the censors a book of the nature of Fanti's might have seemed too dangerous to pass, but the simpler English book might have slipped through without notice. There are few references to astrology of such nature as continually appear in Fanti.

As examples of the measure we may give

"Le errante stelle e del quarto il signore
Giro, dinotan quando il sommo Giove
In che reggia con Mercurio si troue
Ricco serai e non con puoco honore."
(Haly, Astrologo, f. 61, vi.)

"Quando finito haura l'ottava sphaera
Il longo corso per estremo effetto
La machina del ciel convien che pera,
Se li Astronomi ne hanno el vero detto."
(Albuatharb, Astrologo f. 81, vi.)

In Gemini la Luna in Libra Marte
Signor d'Artico pol, Virgine poi
Ascendente, dimostra quiui a noi
Tal furto star in le pennose parte."
Ragiel, Astrologo, f. 85, ii.

Se in quest' anno Saturno il fin consente
 Eclipserasi nel signo della Luna
 Un Re picotente a morte la fortuna
 Condanna nelle terre di occidente.
 Iisil Astrologo, f. 109^b. xvii.

There are 73 leaves or 146 pages containing these, 11 to a page; the 12th place being filled by a woodcut. That represents in all 1606 quatrains.

(*Athenæum*, Aug. 25th, 1900, p. 249.)

XIII.

ELIZABETHAN STAGE SCENERY,

I.

THE stage in Shakespeare's day was not fitted into a recess over which scenes or curtains could be dropped.

His actors played on a proscenium, which projected itself into the pit, with uncovered wings. At the back was the player's house, through the doors of which the performers made their entrances and exits, and the upper windows served for balconies, castles, palaces. Above was a projection acting as a partial roof over the stage, technically called "The Heavens." The front of this was generally supported on pillars rising from the stage, which were utilized for various purposes by the actors.

Plays were not originally cut up into acts and scenes as they are now; the story, or two sets of stories interwoven, occupied the attention of the audience without intermission, the skill of the dramatist being devoted to the due alternation of secondary incidents (which always advanced the main

action), and to the clear illustration of points to which attention ought to be paid or on which imagination should be employed.

By the introduction of modern methods of scene-shifting, theatrical managers bring before our notice pretty pictorial effects, sometimes fine ones, but it is at the cost of losing or misunderstanding the significant hints to imagination given in the dialogue, and by the diversion of time intended to have been spent on watching the progress of the play, into an "interval" used by the scene-shifter in preparing new backgrounds, and by the listener in forgetting the facts and getting rid of the fervours which may have been aroused in him by high thoughts and fine acting.¹ The modern manager, in order to regain the time spent on what he considers the *necessary* shifting of the scenes, *cuts the play*, not always with the best judgment. He may flatter himself that he is able to collaborate with Shakespeare, and even improve on him, but he cannot deny that he comes between Shakespeare and the audience, and he is not always able to gauge the amount of "eclipse" he causes by this intervention of himself. We cannot understand Shakespeare's complete conception without seeing the whole of his play. In *his* work the action progresses from step to step; the idea evolves from conversation to conversation. To cut out anything, therefore, is to create a hiatus, irreparable by the stop-gap of mere scenery.

The manager, again, in deciding which passages he must retain, and which he may cut out, is guided, not always by their intrinsic or relative value, but by their relation to the "parts" of the leading actors. The scenes which he considers important to their success must at all risks be performed. Often the manager himself is an actor. Whether he is or not, he judges as an actor of *one* part, and not as the artist who conceives the whole. The star-system is fatal to any clear understanding of Shakespeare's conception—not that he would have disapproved of star-performers. He would like all his translators to be stars, but he would like them duly propor-

(1) Southey writes to Scott condemning the Introductions in *Marmion* as producing the "*same unpleasant effect*" as the intervals for music and conversation in stage plays.

scholarship and absorbed the romance of Italy and France through translations, and they had created in their drama a new form peculiarly their own, which was fresh and new, yet full of enlarging possibilities which were enriched rather than impoverished by opposition.

The spread of printing had multiplied books at low prices. Nobody except the great was forced to learn to read ; hence the power of reading was often voluntarily acquired, with an earnestness unknown to-day, by those who longed to learn. New books did not appear in bewildering profusion, and there was time to read them.

The relation of the English of the sixteenth century to the arts was peculiar. They had founded the art of church-music, afterwards developed on the Continent ; they had, as we have seen, evolved the drama. They had acquired from abroad a knowledge of most of the sciences and manufactures known, and practised them, sometimes triumphantly. But they had not mastered pictorial art. If they wanted their portraits well painted they had had a Holbein from abroad. Elizabeth had to content herself with lesser men. They managed to do without landscape art, looking on their own parks and gardens when they wanted a fair view. English art, such as it was, might be seen in architecture and landscape gardening, in metal and leather work, in woollen tapestry and silk embroidery. The ordinary wood-cuts of the time can hardly be placed under the head of English art. Drawing and painting were not even usually taught as courtly accomplishments, as were the arts of making songs and of singing them to the lute. The first author to advise the teaching of drawing to the young was the famous Richard Mulcaster, in his *Positions*, 1584.

In this general lack of pictorial art we can well understand why an English audience neither needed nor expected paintings when they went to *hear a play*, and they were not disappointed. It is, however, quite probable that it was the very absence of pictorial representations from their culture which gave the power and vitality to the concrete repre-

sentations of the poetic art of the romantic English drama. Much of the charm of the old masques lay in the pictorial grouping of figures, generally gorgeously dressed. When the drama of everyday life arose to combine the charms of the poet and the story-teller, it also combined the peculiar development of pictorial art of the masque. It was a period when men dressed gorgeously as well as women; dresses for the stage were naturally rich and showy, and, guided by sumptuary laws, they expressed degrees of rank and differences in office. The moving groups would often form memorable pictures, *tableaux vivants*. Anachronisms did not disturb the Elizabethans; a knowledge of history was not one of their strong points. Doubtless they got up Cæsar and Pompey, King Lear, and even King John, regardless of the canons of criticism; and, on the authority of *Henslowe's Diary*, we know that Tamburlaine wore red velvet breeches. But they saw concrete representations of real human beings, who lived and acted, and moved a sympathetic audience to remember ever after their heroes as they had seen them on the stage. When men spoke of Richard III., they thought of Richard Burbage; when they spoke of Dogberry, they thought of Kemp.

Their dramatic teachers were their *educators*, and *drew out* of them all that was necessary to complete their ideal. Their managers were not handicapped by considering what they could or could not "set upon a stage." If they could satisfy the court censor on the grounds of politics and morals, if they could find actors for their parts and clothes for their actors, the audience set the scene for themselves, and *did not find the process dull*.

We all know the contrasts in the spirit of our own times. We have developed on all lines of culture, but we have specialised on that form of literature we still call the *novel*, in which character and life are treated dramatically with scenic backgrounds. Compulsory education has multiplied the number of readers indefinitely, and by lowering the standard of the average demand has lowered the level of the average supply. The overwhelming rapidity in the production of

novels excites their readers to demand ever more and more some new fillip of variety, which is sometimes given even to absurdity, and more powerful sensationalism, which occasionally reaches impossibility.

Meanwhile our art-instincts have been also developed. We have not only scoured the Continent to study and to copy fine pictures, but have secured many noble examples for our own galleries. We have evolved a respectable school of British art, and we teach all our infants to draw. We have developed our taste for pictorial representations into vulgarity ; we have made low merchandise of it. Everything that wants to sell must have its illustrated hoarding, with or without associated ideas, something striking enough to arrest attention. Our imaginations are so *over-instructed* by our teachers that they never have acquired the habit of personal activity.

When we go from our novels to our plays, the art of the scene-painter has become not only a direct minister to our sensuous pleasure, but almost a necessity as an illustration of their meaning. The dramatist has written down to the level of his conditions. He knows that it bores us to listen to poetry, however well declaimed : we have no patience to follow the evolution of character ; we have no attention to spare to leading words and phrases such as Shakespeare used. We only seek amusement in original device, swift action, terse language, surcharged with wit or passion. It saves us mental trouble to have our actors set in a harmonious background, and we believe as much as ever in the power of clothes. We have become, through our universal instruction, sensitive to anachronisms, or at least what we believe to be so. It would jar on us to see Cæsar and Antony clad in sixteenth-century doublets and hose, though it is still *de règle* to receive Hamlet in them.

To our unlimited reading of sensational novels and our love of "illustration," then, we may trace our sense of dulness in unmounted plays. Our jaded imaginations do not respond to the invitation of the old dramatist to co-operate with him, and our modern dramatist has forgotten how to invite us to

do so. We are glad that the scenes should be shifted, so that our attention may have a rest, and we forget to notice the lacunæ caused by cutting. Collier says, in his *History of the Stage*, iii. 170 : "The introduction of scenery, we apprehend, gives the date of the commencement of the decline of our dramatic poetry !" At what date, then, did the drama become a *mixed art*, and fail in its prime end ?

III.

Nevertheless, I should like to be allowed to ask, before I reply to this, though it may seem somewhat retrogressive in the argument, *Is it strictly true that the Elizabethans had no scenery ?* Spenser, in his *Tears of the Muses*, 1591, makes Thalia mourn :

Where be the sweete delights of learning's treasure,
That wont with Comic Sock to beautefie
The *painted Theaters*, and fill with pleasure
The listener's eyes and eares with melodie.

In a following verse he says :

And he the man, whom Nature selfe had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate
With kindly counter, under Mimick shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah, is dead of late.

This is supposed by some to refer to Tarleton, the comedian, who died in 1588. He was at first a performer in the public theatre, and was then selected, in 1583, as a member of the Queen's company. Others think it refers to Sir Philip Sidney, who died about the same time.

We know very little about the *property* of the public theatres, but we can gather that there were some appliances and aids to illusion beyond dresses, and some rudimentary scenery. From the contract for building the Hope Theatre, 1613, we find that it was to be built after the model of "The Swan." There were to be "turned columns upon and over the Stage," and "the Heavens over the Stage to be borne and carried without any posts or supporters to be fixed on the stage."

We have some idea of the appearance of the stage of the Swan Theatre by a drawing taken by John de Witt, about 1596, copied into Arend Van Buchell's *Commonplace Book*, preserved in the University Library of Utrecht, published by Dr. Gaedertz in a pamphlet in 1888, and reproduced by Mr. H. Wheatley in the new Shakespeare Society's Transactions, in Mr. T. F. Ordish's *Early London Theatres*, 1891, and in other works since then. This precious sketch shows the proscenium supported on a frame, "the turned columns," the actor's house, with windows and doors of entrance and exit.

A portable bench is all the furniture represented, and there are three actors rehearsing to empty galleries. "The Heavens" alluded to above are not represented at all.

It is evident, however, that at some parts of the back of the stage there was arras or tapestry, and some hangings. It may be remembered that Shakespeare makes Hamlet kill the spy Polonius when listening "behind the Arras," and the trick upon Malvolio could hardly be played without some curtains or shrubbery for the conspirators to hide in.

Ben Jonson, in *The New Inn*, published 1629, definitely mentions the tapestry called arras cloths, and faces represented in the hangings.

When the drama revived, after the hiatus in the development through the Commonwealth, this use of tapestry is remembered. Flecknoe, in his *Short Discourse on the Stage*, in 1664, by which time scenery was fairly introduced, says, "Now for the difference between our theatres and those of former years, they were but plain and simple, with no other scenes nor decorations, but only old tapestry and the stage strewed with rushes." Cory said, in the prologue to *The Generous Enemies*, 1672 :

Your aged fathers came to plays for wit,
And sat knee-deep in nutshells in the pit,
Coarse hangings then, instead of scenes were worn,
And Kidderminster did the stage adorn.

We may, therefore, jot down "tapestry" and "the player's house" as permanent parts of scenery. The frequent

occasions in which characters are made to speak from walls, battlements, towers, and balconies show that they had some contrivance for representing these by utilising the player's house. Yet any such representation might justly be called further scenery. The stage was also evidently furnished with trap-doors. In Lupton's *All for Money*, 1578, it is directed, "Pleasure rises from beneath the Stage." In Lodge's and Green's *Looking-glass for London and England*, 1594, there is the stage direction, "The Magi with their rods beat the ground, and from under the same riseth a brave arbour," and, later in the same play, "a flame of fire appeareth from benath, and Radagon is swallowed."

There were also mechanical contrivances by ropes and pulleys to raise gods and spirits to "the heavens"; sometimes the chariot of Phaethon and other similar properties are stated thus to have been elevated.

In Ben Jonson's *Poetaster*, 1601, "Envy" rises from the ground. Marston, in his *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602, uses the same device, and doubtless "ghosts" entered in this way from beneath the stage. Yet Ben Jonson girds against the practices of the romantic dramatists in general when he puts forward his own play of *Every Man in his Humour*, 1598. Speaking in the character of the poet :

He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be,
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking Throne comes down the boys to please
... nor rolled bullet heard,
To say it thunders: nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come.

In *Henslowe's Diary* there is an inventory of stage property about 1596, which includes, beyond dresses, "Rocks, cages, tombs, Hellmouth, a pair of stairs for Phaethon, a wooden Canopie, and the Cloth of the sun and the moon." We know that the sudden fire which destroyed the Globe in June, 1613, was caused by a salvo of cannon fired for the rejoicings during the performance of *All is True, or Henry VIII.* The Puritans of the day thought it a judgment on the iniquities

of the players ; perhaps Mr. Poel might find in it a punishment for their departure from their earlier and simpler tradition in regard to aids to imagination.

If we have only these few references to bring forward in relation to public theatres, it is very different when we turn to the records of the plays performed before the Queen. Incomplete as these are, they are quite sufficient to show that there really was what might be called "scenery." The expense laid out on them is surprising, for we must remember that all money of that time must be multiplied at least by ten to find its equivalent to-day. Every Christmas and Shrovetide a great room in whatever palace Elizabeth happened to be staying had to be fitted up for a temporary theatre. To supervise this duty a high official as Master of the Revels was appointed with two assistants, and innumerable workmen were employed by them. Notes of their expenses have been preserved in the Revels Books, in the Declared Accounts of the Audit Office and the Pipe Office, the State Papers, and in many scattered manuscripts in the British Museum. From these and from contemporary tracts and histories we may glean many surprising details. There were at times elaborate devices to produce a sense of realism, such as when in the representation of Richard Edwards's play of *Palamon and Arcite*, in September, 1566, at Oxford, they let loose a real fox in the court, followed by real dogs and real hunters with their horns. In 1571 there was a "device for the counterfeyting of Thunder and lightning at the play of *Narcissus*, being requested thereto by the Mr. of the Revels." On another occasion there was a shower of comfits to represent snow. Besides these, which may be called *appliances*, there was always a set of permanent scenery equivalent to "the player's house." In Harl. MS. 146, f. 15, it is shown that during the season 1567 and 1568 there had been "the some of six hundred foure and thirtie pounds nyne shillings and fyve pence, ymployed upon theis playes Tragidies and Masks following, viz. Imprimis for seven playes the first named 'As playne as can be,' the second 'The paynefull pilgrimage,' the third 'Jack and Jyll,' the

fourth 'Sixe fooles,' the fivethe called 'Wit and Will,' the Sixte called 'Prodigallitie,' the seventh of 'Oreste,' and one 'Tragedie of the King of Scotts,' to ye which belonged divers howses for the setting fourthe of the same, as Stratoes howse, Dobbyn's Howse, Orestes House, Rome, the Pallace of Prosperitie, Scotlande and a gret castle on the other side." To the Audit Office Sir Thomas Benger, Master of the Revels, sent in his bill "from Shrove Tewsdaie 13 Eliz. to Shrove Tewsdaie 14 Eliz. for apparelling, disgyssing, furnishing, fitting, garnishing, and orderly setting forthe of men, women, and children in sundry tragedies, playes, maskes and sportes, with their apt howses of paynted canvas and properties incident, suche as myghte most truly expresse the effect of the histories, plaies, and devises, in maskes shown this yeare at the Courte for hir Majesties Royall disporte and recreacion." Among the subordinate bills are: "To John Carow for sparres, halters, boords, pincheons, nayles, vices, hookes, hinges, horsetayles, hobby-horses, pitchers, paper, branches of silk and other garniture for pageants, fetters, flag-broches, tow, Trenchers, gloves, scepters, wheatsheaves, Bodyes of men in timber, dishes for devil's eyes, devices for hell and hell-mouth, staves for banners, bowls, bells, daggs, targets, swords, daggers, fawchions, fireworks, Bosses for bitts, spears, paste, glew, packthread, whipcord, Holly, Ivy, and other green boughs, strewing erbes, and such like implements by him employed at the court." William Lyzarde, the painter, is paid for "gold, silver and other collours spent by him in painting the howses that served for the plays and players." In the next quarter of the same year the Master enters particulars concerning—

"Six playes being chosen owte of many and fownde to be the best that were then to be had . . . thoroughly apparrelled, and furnished with sundry kinds and sutes of apparell and furniture, fitted and garnished necessarily and answerable to the matter, person, and part to be played. Having also apt howses made of canvasse, framed, fashioned, paynted, accordingly as might best serve their severall purposes.

Together with sundry properties incident, fashioned, paynted, garnished and bestowed as the parties themselves required."

Among the works produced by the "property" maker was—

"a chariot 14 feet long and 8 brode, a mountain with a roeke upon it, and a fountain therein for Apollo and the nine Muses.

"To William Lyzarde for painting a castle, the Rock in the Castle, pillars, Arcaterye frieze, cornisshe, the roof gilt with gold and fine silver, the armes of England and France upon it, &c.

"To Arnold the painter for Andromeda's picture."

For Christmas, 1573, the Master had to pay for many planks of wood, frames, and joists, and—

"To Henry Callaway for provision and carriage of trees and other things to the Court, for a Wilderness in a play, tymber for the forest, fir poles, and to one that gathered moss."

In 1574 there are similar entries, and one strange bill :

"To John Carow in his lyfe tyme not long before his death £6. And to his wyfe after his death, in full satisfaction for all the wares by him delivered....Monsters, Mountaynes, Forrests, beasts, serpents, weapons....moss, flowers....nayles, hoopess, horsetayles, dishes for devils eyes, heaven, hell, and the Devill, and all the Devils I should say but not all, £12 14s."

Another entry runs : "To John Drawater for carrying of frames and paynted cloths for the player's houses to Hampton Court."

In 1579-80 William Lyzarde was allowed for the paint used "in the payntyng of seven cities, one villadge, one Country howse, one Battlement, four axes, a Braunche, Lillyes, and a mount for the Christmas plays."

In 1580 the children of St. Paul's played *The Story of Pompey* wherein was employed "one great cittye, a senate howse and eight ells of double sarcenet for curtains."

In 1584 there was "An invention called Five playes in one, on Twelfth day at night in the Hall at Greenwich, wherein

was ymplayed a great cloth, and a battlement of canvas, and canvas for a well and a mount."

I have kept last the simple-seeming entries which impress me most. Beyond such items as are given above, there is an enormous amount of paint every quarter, and, extra to the catalogued "Houses and battlements," large purchases of canvas, sometimes amounting to 140 ells in a season. If the payments to the workmen were only on account of the application of paint to this extent of canvas for "the howses," it represented considerable orders; but if it were entirely over and above these, as it frequently seems to be, it represents a large possibility for scenery for one end of a room. Beyond each quarter's payments, there were also always large supplies of things new and old in the office of the Master of the Revels which were annually brought out, aired, and, where possible, used as they were or "translated," *i.e.*, altered.

Therefore it might almost be said that the Elizabethan stage *was* fitted with scenery. One distinction, however, I can be perfectly clear about is that, except for "pulleys for the drawing up and down of the cloud," and of Phaethon's car, the moving of furniture, or similar moving devices, there is *no trace of any change of scene during the action of one play* throughout the reign of Elizabeth, and *that*, after all, is the main question at issue.

The earliest allusion that I have been able to find to a *change of scene* lies outside of her period, but as it lies well within the Shakespearean period, it may be worth transcribing, as it gives the *date* of the first commencement of the new theatrical method. The "Account of the King's and Queen's entertainment at Oxford, 1605," may be read either in Hearn's edition of 'Leland's Collectanea' or in Nichol's 'Royal Progresses,' 'James I.,' vol. i. 538:

"The stage was built close to the upper end of the Hall, as it seemed at first sight, but indeed it was but a false wall, fair-painted and adorned with stately pillars, which pillars would turn about, by reason whereof, with the help of other painted cloths, their stage did vary *three times* in the acting of

one tragedy. Behinde the foresaid false wall, there was reserved 5 or 6 paces of the upper end of the Hall, which served them to good uses for their houses and receipt of their actors."

Thus, though in the greater luxury of court representations we find that there was a considerable amount of scenic setting, and even the beginning of scene-shifting, in Shakespearean times, we may consider Mr. Poel's treatment of the Shakespearean drama as a justifiable deduction from the practice of the public theatres during Elizabeth's reign.

The Fortnightly Review, June, 1907.

XIV.

THE EARLIEST OFFICIAL RECORD OF SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

IN the Declared Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber (Pipe Office Roll 542) we find the earliest Official Record of the name of our great dramatist. There are earlier personal notices of William Shakespeare the Stratfordian's baptism, marriage and paternity; of his association in his parent's case to recover his mother's lost inheritance of Asbies, of his suit against Clayton, see p. 259. But this is the first notice of William Shakespeare the Actor.... "To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, scrvauntes to the Lord Chamberlayne upon the Councelles warrant dated at Whitehall XV. die Marcij 1594, for twoe severall comedies or enterludes, shewed by them before her Majestic in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz. upon St. Stephens daye, and Innocentes daye xiiij. vis. viiij., and by way of her Majesties rewarde viij. xiijs. iiijd., in all xxli."

Collier, when writing the 'History of the Drama,' was not aware of this entry. In noticing the petition of the inhabitants of the Blackfriars district against the allowance of the theatre there in 1596, he says that he found a paper pinned to this, containing a counter petition of the Players, in which Shakespeare's name appears 5th in order, and he says that "this entry is anterior by seven years to any official notice of Shakespeare's name." This paper of Collier's has not been accepted as genuine; but his words concerning it shew that he had not seen this earlier and incontestably genuine record. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps notices it; but even he does not see its full bearing. There is something to be gleaned from the name of the Treasurer of the Chamber; and something to be suggested in regard to the title of at least one of the Christmas plays of 1594. The study of the Treasurer's Books teaches us a good many things; but they require to be read in the light of other facts. They shew that there was a fashion in Players as well as in Plays, and that the same Players frequently appeared in connection with different companies. It may be worth noting that the Queen's Company was selected in 1583, that "Lord Leicester's players" had ceased with his death 1588, and that "The Lord Chamberlain's Players" had taken their places. (There is a gap in the Revels Book here.) The person who rendered the Bills from 29th September 1592, till 16th December 1595, was Mary Countess of Southampton. She did this as widow and executrix of Sir Thomas Heneage, vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household, and Treasurer of the Chamber. But on reference to other sources of history, I found these dates were impossible. It took a long time to unravel the puzzle. But it grew clear that either through ill-health, pressure of business, poverty, or indolence, Sir Thomas Heneage had allowed his accounts to fall in arrears, and that his widow as executrix had to work them up to the date of her resignation. It is worth noting some of the events that had occurred before this period. Mary, the daughter of Anthony Browne, Viscount Montague, was the widow of the 2nd Earl of Southampton, who had

died on 4th Oct. 1581, and the mother of the young Henry, 3rd Earl of Southampton, who had been born on the 6th of October 1573. In a curious book called 'Honour in his Perfection,' 1624, the author, G. M. (Gervase or George Markham) gives the character of the Earl Southampton with high praise. "He spent his younger times in the study of good letters....and after confirmed that study with travel and foreign observation." He had matriculated at Cambridge Dec. 11, 1585,¹ had taken his degree there on June 6th, 1589, and was afterwards incorporated of Oxford.² By June 14th 1589 "The Earl of Southampton's armour has to be scoured and dressed up by his Executors."—See State Papers Domestic Series of that date. On 2nd March 1590-1, though still in the Wardship of Lord Burleigh, he writes to Earl Essex from Dieppe, professing his will to serve him though he has nothing to give but himself. (See Cecil Papers.) In the same year Lord Burleigh thought of marrying him to his granddaughter. (See Sir Thomas Stanhope's letter to Lord Burghley about the arrangement, 15th July, 1590.) But apparently the young Earl did not agree to his guardian's proposals.³ On his return to London, he carried on his studies at Gray's Inn. After the Plague year, on April 18th 1593, Shakespeare's 'Venus and Adonis' had been registered as his copy in the Stationers' Books, by Richard Field, Thomas Vautrollier's Stratford apprentice, son-in-law and successor. It was dedicated with timid respect by William Shakespeare to the young Earl of Southampton, then only in his 20th year, a suitable soul, thought the author, to appreciate the poetry that was in him. And so it proved. Kindly offices warmed his grateful heart to admiring friendship. In November 1593 Sir Thomas Heneage, a disconsolate widower, wrote, to Lord Burghley, deploring the death of his wife, from "his woful house at Copthall in Essex." Six months later he had consoled himself by marrying Mary, Countess of Southampton,

¹ He was admitted to Gray's Inn February 29th, 1587/8 by William Cecil Lord Burleigh.

² On 19th August, 1592.

³ See my Preface to my edition of "Shakespeare's Sonnets."

in that very same month of May 1594 in which Shakespeare fulfilled the promise made to his young patron by writing, (or at least completing), by dedicating in a new and loving style, and by publishing the fruits of his "graver labours" in 'Lucrece.' This marriage materially increased Southampton's power to help his friend the poet. His polished and courtly stepfather was trusted by Elizabeth, and all-powerful in the Court. He as Vice-Chamberlain helped to select the plays, and the companies. 'Lucrece' made Shakespeare famous at once. It gave the key to his first poem in a way that disarmed future criticism. It was noticed by contemporary poets even in the same year. By the 3rd of September, 1594, there was entered at Stationers' Hall, "Henry Willobie his Avisas" in which Shakespeare is strongly suggested, and in which his new book is named—

"Yet Tarquyne plucked his glistening grape,
And Shakespeare paints poor Lucrece rape."

Sir William Herbert, in "the Epicedium of Lady Helen Branch 1594," says, "You that have writ of chaste Lucretia, whose death was witness of her spotless life." And Drayton also, in his 'Matilda,' which appeared in 1594, adds

"Lucrece, of whom proud Rome hath boasted long
Lately revived to live another age."

The following year, Covell in his 'Polimanteia'; Thomas Edwardes in his 'Cephalus and Procris,'¹ and Edmund Spenser, in his 'Colin Clouts come home again,' refer to Shakespeare, and George Markham in his tragedy of Sir Richard Grenville, addresses Southampton thus—

"Thou, the laurel of the Muses hill,
Whose eyes doth crown the most victorious pen."

But I must not forestall the dates. We may well imagine Southampton's mother shewing greater approval of Shakespeare now, and Southampton's expressing even warmer sympathy. The youth came of age on 6th Oct. 1594.

Seven months after the Registration of 'Lucrece' by the Stationers' Company, the author was summoned to play before the Queen at Greenwich twice, on St. Stephen's Day

¹ *Envoy* to "Narcissus."

26th December, and on Innocents' day, 28th December, 1594. And in this year, once more payments are recorded to "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants," but not indiscriminately, not generally. For the *first* and *last* time, it is noted that "William Shakespeare" was among the players, and among those that received the payments. It might have happened before and afterwards, but it was not thought important enough to notice, save by Mary, Countess of Southampton, the mother of Shakespeare's friend, in the 'Lucrece' year. And I am glad she spelt his name correctly, in the form it appeared in his dedications, the natural way, according to the Court spelling of the period, "Shakespeare." Poor lady. She was to lose her affectionate husband on 17th October 1595; to have sad worries over his accounts, receiving an unpleasant letter even from the Queen herself¹ about the deficit, just when her hopeful son had plunged over head and ears in love with the fair Elizabeth Vernon, the Queen's maid of honour, a love that roused the wrath of Burghley and of the Queen, and resulted in a marriage that thwarted his fair prospects, and finally landed him in prison. His power to help Shakespeare was materially decreased, after that year.

Having shewn thus to whom we owe this first record of Shakespeare's name, I would like to consider the probable title of one of these two Christmas plays of 1594. Greene's 'Groatsworth of Wit 1592,' and Chettle's apology in 'Kind Hart's Dream,' in the same year suggest Shakespeare's earlier relations to the drama. Through the winter of 1593-4 'Titus Andronicus' was being acted, and by 6th Feb. 1594 was registered in the Stationers' books to John Danter as 'A Noble Roman History of Titus Andronicus.' But this

¹ "At the decease of your late husband, Sir Thomas Heneage, he had £1314, 15, 4 in hand as Treasurer of the Chamber . . . You, as Executrix have paid up £401, 6, 10, and £394, 9, 11, to the guard and others . . . We require immediate payment of the balance £528, 18, 7 to the Treasury of the Chamber, on which you shall receive acquittance for the whole sum" a draft, damaged. (See State Papers Domestic Series Elizabeth.) Sir William Killigrew steps into the post, and she renders her last bill for "1 year and 62 daies from 36. to 16th Dec. 38. Eliz." His first account is rendered from 16th Dec. 1595, till the 3rd July, 1596.

could not have been one of these two plays, whose light character is shewn by their being named 'Comedies or Interludes.' 'The Revels Book' fails us during Shakespeare's most critical years. The accounts of the Chamber chiefly concern themselves with the moneys spent, and ignore the literary hunger of posterity. There is no mention of these plays and no clue to a title for either of them save through a strange scene where William Shakespeare was in a peculiar manner associated with Francis Bacon, and men had, for the first time, to decide upon their rival merits.

At Gray's Inn, 1594, there were to be extraordinary Christmas festivities, to make up for the dullness during the time of the Plague. The Students were to represent a King, a Court, a State, with all the gorgeous ceremonies connected therewith, a good training for young ambitious law-students. The Prince of Purpoole and his selected officers chose all the revels of that Christmas week. They had selected Innocents' Night Dec. 28th, as the date of their first special Masque, and a great stage had been erected in their Hall. But the goodly company of real Lords and Ladies whom they had invited were too numerous for the space they could utilise, and were not amenable to the mock Prince's discipline. They all seemed to have aspired to a post of honour on the Stage, and the throng was so great, that, after much uproar and disorder, in default of "the very good inventions and conceptions" which had been intended for the delectation of the guests, they had "to content themselves with ordinary dancing and, revelling, and, when that was over, with a Comedy of Errors like to Plautus his *Mencechmus* which was played by the players." This performance seems to have been considered the crowning disgrace of the evening. Next day a "conjurer" was arraigned on the charges of having caused the confusion by magic; and of having foisted a company of base and common fellows to make up our disorders with a play of errors and confusions." Justice prevailed in this trial, however, and the officers of the Christmas Court were sent to the Christmas Tower for neglect of their duty. The

members held a consultation "how to recover their lost honour with some graver conceipt." Spedding feels certain that Bacon aided them, for in the rival show that was brought forward on the 3rd of January ('Divers Plots and Devices,') the "speeches carry his signature in every line." The Councillors treat of the Laws of Chivalry and the enrolment of Knights; of the glory of war, the study of philosophy, of virtue and good government; on procuring "eternizement and fame by buildings and foundations." The Sixth Councillor was the first to suggest sports and pastimes, feasting, music, dancing, triumphs, comedies, love and ladies. Whom the Prince of Purpoole answered and set his company to dancing. "The performance of which night's work, being very carefully and orderly handled, did so delight and please the nobles and the other auditory, that thereby Gray's Inn did not only recover their lost credit, quite take away all the disgrace that the former night of errors had incurred, but got instead thereof so great honour and applause as either the good reports of our honourable friends that were present could yield, or we ourselves desire." The reconciliation between "Gray's Inn," and "The Temple," (whose friendliness had been further disturbed by the "night of Errors,") was complete. (See 'Gesta Grayorum, or the History of the High and mighty Prince of Purpoole, who reigned and died 1594,' by W. Canning; and Nichol's 'Royal Progresses,' vol. iii.) It is generally allowed that this 'Comedy of Errors' was Shakespeare's play of that name, and that the company who played it were his, as no other would have a right to do so. I made a point of this in my 'Bacon-Shakespeare Question answered,' but I did not then realise exactly this entry in the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber. It was the *same date* as the play before the Queen at Greenwich! But here we see the importance of noting trivial details. Generally the plays are said to have been shewn on "New Year's day *at night*," or "on Innocents' day *at night* last past"; this particular entry was for "Innocent's *day*." There was quite time for the players to return after a day

performance from Greenwich where the Queen was spending Christmas that year,¹ to London, there was time for them to take some rest and food together, but there was not time for them to have separated and gone to their own homes, bag and baggage, before they must have been summoned by one who knew where they were to be found. 'The Comedy of Errors,' was necessarily a new play at that date; but it may be held as certain that the *first* performance of a new play would not have taken place on an unexpected opportunity such as this. My own opinion is that the new play was written specially to be produced that Christmas before the Queen, who loved not to be put off with "printed plays"; and that, when the call came the Chamberlain's servants were ready with their speeches, and their clothes, ready to seize the opportunity, made by Fate for their advantage. It is more than likely that the Earl of Southampton escorted the party returning (on horseback doubtless), from Greenwich to London, that he supped with them, either at an inn or at his own house, that he left them carousing, and went on to the Gray's Inn Revels. What more likely than that he saw the opportunity of quieting the confusion, and of advancing his own special Poet, at the same time? No one would have been allowed to reach that stage without the guidance of some one well-known in the place. It is more than probable he summoned them personally on this occasion. Was it not Christmas-tide? I like to picture Shakespeare and his fellows taking possession of that stage, bravely acting through the confusion, until interest arose, and the audience listened in silence, to the well-rehearsed play they had shewn that day before the Queen. Southampton, no doubt an unwearied and appreciative listener, shared his friend's triumph in the situation, and likely presented a suitable "Reward" to the company for their special services. Because among the various indignant questions asked at the "Enquiry" next day, no one concerned himself with "Who paid the Players?"

¹ See the expenses of the Treasurer of the Chamber, as to the preparation of the Queen's Chambers for her there at that date.

Southampton doubtless thought they richly deserved a reward. They would go home happy. Bacon, with many others, went home, perplexed and mortified, brooding anxiously how to retrieve the lost honour of Gray's Inn, where "base fellows" had usurped the very stage they had destined for themselves.

I emphasize this proof that Bacon could not at least have written 'The Comedy of Errors,' because it is one of the plays most triumphantly claimed for him because of its source. It is one of the hackneyed *cruces* that Baconian claimants propose to good Shakespeareans—'How could this man be scholar enough to find the plot of the 'Comedy of Errors,' in the untranslated play of the *Menœchmi* of Plautus'? Though I believe Shakespeare's Latin was sufficient to allow him to find a plot where he pleased, our opponents do not generally know that a translation of this special play was registered in the Stationers' Books on 10th June 1594, by Thomas Creede. It is easy to suppose that the Earl of Southampton had an early copy, might even have seen the translation in manuscript, and might perhaps have suggested the Plot as suitable for the Royal Play. "A Booke entitled *Menœchmi*, being a pleasant and fine conceited comedy taken out of the most wittie poet Plautus, chosen purposely from out the rest as being the least harmefull and most delightful." And Shakespeare, as usual, improved on his authorities. How busy he must have been, in that memorable year amid his other occupations, to have had the Play in acting readiness six months after the translation.

Exactly eleven years later, "on Innocent's day at night 1605," the King's Company, played "The Comedy of Errors by Shakespeare," before a new Sovereign and a new Court. Bacon and Southampton likely saw it together again then. Did they remember 'The Night of Errors,' in old Gray's Inn, when Shakespeare heroically filled the gap in the Prince of Purpoole's Festivities? And did that remind them of the following 3rd of January, when Bacon was for the first time pitted against Shakespeare? A careful study of 'Divers Plots and Devices,' is quite sufficient to educate those who

claim too much for Bacon, into a recognition of the distinction between the literary and artistic styles of the two great men, so different in genius and in aspiration.

The sixteenth century legal students and their friends, or some of them, pronounced in favour of Bacon's 'Councillors,' posterity has preferred Shakespeare's 'Errors.'

German Shakespeare Jahrbuch. Band 32. April 1896.

XV.

THE INTRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE TO QUEEN ELIZABETH.

GREENWICH, DEC. 28TH 1594.

AFTER AN AFTERNOON PERFORMANCE OF A COMEDY.

Persons present : THE QUEEN.

THE EARL OF ESSEX, the Royal Favourite, Master of the Horse.

THE EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, the friendly rival.

WILLIAM LORD BURLEIGH, Prime Minister.

HENRY, LORD HUNSDON, the Lord Chamberlain, and other
Lords.

SIR THOMAS HENEAGE, Vice Chamberlain.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Captain of the Queen's Guard.

SIR ROBERT CECIL, Privy Councillor, and other Knights.

MASTER EDMUND TILNEY, Master of the Revels.

MASTER FRANCIS BACON, and other gentlemen.

THE COUNTESS OF SOUTHAMPTON (married in the May previous
to Sir Thomas Heneage) and other Ladies.

MISTRESS ELIZABETH VERNON and other Maids of Honour.

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The chief players who had performed on this occasion, and also on the 26th,¹ William Kemp, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, &c, standing in a group below the stage, waiting for orders.

It is suggested that they had played on the 26th 'A Midsummer's Nights Dream,' and on this afternoon of the 28th the 'Comedy of Errors.'

THE INTRODUCTION OF SHAKESPEARE TO QUEEN

ELIZABETH.

SCENE I.

The Great Hall in Greenwich Palace.

The Queen having moved from the Chair of State in which she had viewed the play, seats herself at the other end of the Hall, Lords and Ladies gather round her, standing,

The Queen. My Lords and Ladies all,

We fain would have your judgment on the play,
Before we give our sentence.

Lord Burleigh. Let it pass

It was but meant for pastime.

Lord Hunsdon. It is sure

My servants strove to please Her Majesty
And brighten Christmas Revels.

Mr. E. Tilney. 'Twas the best,

That I could find among those offered me
And varied from the other.

Earl of Essex. Sovereign of Hearts,

I think that it is witty, for the wise.

W. Raleigh. A thing to make us laugh.

Lord Hunsdon. When we should laugh.

F. Bacon. Filched! from Ægeon unto Dromio.

Earl South. Hear him not, Sovereign! Judge it royally.

¹ To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, Servautes to the Lord Chamberlayne . . . for two several comedies or enterludes shewen by them before her Majestie in Christmas tyme . . . upon St. Stephen's Daye, and Innocentes daye, £13 6, 8, and by waye of her Majesties rewarde £6 13 4, in all £20.

(Pipe Office Declared Acc. Treasurer of the Chamber R. 542, f. 207 b), 1594-5.

- The Queen.* Ha ! Didst thou write it ?
South. Nay, my Liege, you jest.
The Queen. Sir Thomas ? Dost thou know the author's name ?
Heneage. I know, yet ask another, who knows more, The author is in presence, let him speak !
All. In presence ?
The Queen. Let us guess . . . We oft have heard That Francis Bacon helps the mummeries At Gray's Inn Hall, whiles he doth read in Law. Will he confess to this ?
Bacon. Nay, my great Queen, I did not, by translating, mistranslate, I could not write the thing. It wanteth art, Grace, Dignity, and all Magnificence ; Nor doth it teach men wisdom.
Lord South. He would have brought some higher theme than mirth, For he's a preacher born.
Queen. Peace, malapert. For Master Bacon can well speak himself.
Bacon. 'Tis true what Lord Southampton saith, great Queen. The Stage being emblem of the life of man Should ever lead to better purposes—
T. Heneage. Our Master Bacon is too critical ; His logic robs him of our gaiety.
Lord South. For Master Bacon never sees aught good In other people's work.
Bacon. My Lord, you mock.
South. Nay Francis, I have heard you read the Law And heard you talk at dinners in our hall I've seen your Masques performed, but never knew You praise the wit of other wits—
Essex (aside). My friends, For my sake cease, and let the talk run smooth.

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Bacon (aside). As Thames doth by thy Twick'nam Paradise.

The Queen. My Lords, cease all contention ! Can it be
Our "Shepherd of the Ocean " maketh plays ?

Raleigh. Nay, verily ! Between two voyages
My mind hath other things to make than plays,
I think Sir Thomas wrote it, by his eyes !

Heneage. Nay ! By my staff of office, nay, not I !

The Queen. Thou couldst, if so thou wouldst, we know thy
verse.

Sir R. Cecil. My Lord Southampton ever turns and smiles
Nodding, *I could an if I would.*

The Queen. My Lord
Didst thou prepare this plot ?

South. Nay, gracious Queen,
And yet—I own to some relation to't.

The Queen. Confess your interest, and we'll forgive.

Lord South. Being commanded, I confess the truth.
Menœchmi was translated by one friend
And now lies at the printers. Thence this plot
Was woven by another friend, *for me.*

The Queen. The Earl of Essex ?

South. Nay, your Majesty
Not by that Prince of Poets, Lord of Men.
By one of meaner rank.

Essex. One higher far
In favour on Parnassus !

South. By my friend
And Poet, who, as patron, honours me.

All. Not by " *Adonis* " ?

South. His the flowing pen,
'Tis not the first.

Lady South. He bore him well to-day.

The Queen. You know him, Madame ?

Lady South. Gracious Mistress, yes.
He served me well when my Lord Burleigh
wished
My peevish son should wed his granddaughter.

The Queen. He who wrote sonnets wooing him to wed
They should have moved a gentle heart to ruth.

Lady South. He worked them well, the fault lay in the ears
That would not listen !

South. (mischievously). But my mother heard,
She did what she would have me do.

The Queen. My Lord

Pray check your saucy speech to reverence,
Be a good son ; for you are highly blest
That such a mother wedded as she did
And gave you such a father. You need one.
Now let us see the actor who can write
For our amusement.

Burleigh. Bring the players near !

Lady South. (aside to him). With grace, my Lord, as guests
of our great Queen !

(Lord Hunsdon makes a sign and a gentleman
Usher advances leading Burbage and
Kemp, while Shakespeare lags behind.)

Heneage. Dick and Will Kemp fall back, the Queen
desires

To see which is your poet.

R. Burbage (aside). Now good Will
Put all your mettle into mighty words,
And heaven inspire your tongue !

Lord South. Will Shakespeare 'tis.

The Queen. Come nearer, Master Mimic ; with your art
You made us merry. Wherefore stole ye this
From Latin Plautus ?

Shakespeare. Dread Sovereign, on my knees
I cry your mercy. Call it not a theft,
Who borrows from a foreigner is *just*,
And sits in fashion's sunshine.

The Queen. If I choose
To call it *theft*, and choose now to indict
One for example, just to stop the trick,
Who shall prevent me ?

Shakespeare. None has power to stay :
 None but the gracious spirit in thy breast
 That turns to mercy, as flowers seek the sun.
 Though in thy Courts the wheels of justice grind,
 Yet Mercy opes our Sovereign's equal eyes
 To read the plea the poor defendant brings.

The Queen. What is thy plea ?

Shakespeare. I have to earn my bread,
 Fortune hath narrowed in my lines of life
 To this path only ; and I take, and make
 Plays for my fellows. Give me one more chance.

The Queen. An if we did, what were your argument ?

Shakespeare. My argument should spring from thy desire.
 I do not always steal, or pilfer so :
 As,—thou hast seen—the day before the last,
 I wove the scattered memories of my youth
 In scenes whose brightest light was my Queen's
 face

When first it shone into my life and me.

The Queen. Your youth ? My face ? How didst thou see
 me ? When ?

Shakespeare. I saw thee ride upon Lord Leicester's Lake—
 And reign in Fairyland at Kenilworth.

The Queen. Your years belie you.

Shakespeare. Youth doth not forget.

The Queen (sighing). Was thine that Interlude of Summer
 Dreams ?

Shakespeare. Yea ! It was mine, and *thine*.

Heneage. Your Majesty !

Will wrote it for my wedding Feast, and I
 Felt sure 't was better than the other books
 Were brought before us : Master Tilney too,
 'Twas of his liking for St. Stephen's Day,
 And this of Errors for the Innocents
 To be a contrast.

The Queen. This indeed it was.
 A double plea to give the poet praise.

- (The Knave should have been gentle by his looks) :
- What *now* Lord Burleigh should you counsel us
To think of either play, or of the man ?
- Burleigh.* I think, being Christmas, that whatever mirth
Doth please her Majesty should please her train.
- The Queen.* We do not catch Lord Burleigh wasting
praise,
Can none of you say more ?
- Heneage.* This, Mistress Queen
A broken prentice in poetic art,
I hail a *Master* in this "Vagabond."
- Lord South.* And he *is gentle*, both in race and mind.
- The Queen.* I think with you, Sir Thomas. How reward
The Poet of the Playhouse ? It may be
That we may grant it ?
- Shakespeare.* Let us play again !
And minister to mirth another day !
- The Queen.* A modest wish, and such as may be won,
(A game of give and take) full many a time !
My face shone on your youth ? Good poet,
thanks,
I did not miss your pretty compliment.
Farewell good players ! God be with your wits
Sir Thomas, bid them serve our evening meal,
Lord Essex will escort us to our chair.
(Exeunt all but Southampton and players.)
- Southampton.* Hist ! Will, you have done well, she won't
forget,
But Dick, Will Kemp, I have a plot in hand.
Haste ye to horse, get ye to Holborn Bars,
Go to the Bell Inn there, and sup your fill,
You and your company, at my expense
Until you hear from me.
- Shakespeare.* Give us a note
Of what you mean to do, what tune you'll play
For us to dance to, for I lay my hat
There's mischief in't ?

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- Southampton.* True, Will, *some mischief in't*
 But not for you and yours . . . Perchance 'twere
 well
 To let you know my jest. At Gray's Inn Hall
 They have not made me "Lord of Misrule" yet,
 I now elect myself, though Master Helmes
 Sits at the helm, and doth usurp my names,
 Rights, title-deeds, and Suzerainties, all,
 He shews no triumph in misruling wit.
 To-night I shall outrule him.
- Shakespeare.* Good, my Lord,
 Be careful, for your mother's sake, lest you
 Should vex the Queen, and thus disfavour her.
- Burbage.* Be careful too, for us. Our foes aye watch.
- Southampton.* There is no danger in the plot for you.
 They have arranged a noble Masque to please
 The Templemen. No mirth in it, a thing
 Of *art and dignity and gorgeous clothes*.
 But this is Christmas tide, Feast of Misrule.
 I'll hasten up and mingle with the crowd
 Whisper the Dames their place is on the Stage
 To crowd the actors off. I'll make the scene
 Filled with confusion, as Misrule should do :
 Then Dick, when I have framed the Stage aright
 I'll send my man for you, come on pell-mell,
 He'll show you how, in at the pantler's door ;
 And Will shall act his 'Errors' in Gray's Inn !
- Burbage.* A merry jest, my Lord ! Would it were o'er
 And I were sleeping soundly in Shoreditch !
- Southampton.* I'll be your bail in Law, your purse in costs,
 I'll pay your father well, so you keep mum.
 Bethink you, we shall triumph all the three ;
 The jest shall go down time, how at Gray's Inn
 The players beat the benchers in their craft,
 Till then, have care and caution, fare you well !
- Shakespeare* (aside). Were it not Christmas, Hal, I should
 rebel,

But being so, and you being you, my Lord
I shall obey the master of my life.

Burbage. My Lord, farewell, we shall await your will.

[Exeunt Players.]

(Re-enter the Queen and others)

The Queen. What spake ye to the players, here so long ?

Southampton. Gave them advice, as how to mend their ways,
How to make money, how to speak their speech !
I crave your pardon, Royal Mistress mine,
I knew not I was missed.

The Queen. I came again
With my Lord Essex, both to give you thanks,
For having brought your poet and his plays,
And bid you come to supper, sitting near
That we may talk about his women's parts.

Southampton. My gracious Queen, forgive, I fain would beg
Permission to set forth for Gray's Inn straight
I care not now for supper, there's a plot
In which I should be actor !

The Queen. Some fair Dame
Who drags you from your duty ?

Southampton. Nay ! I swear
No lady lives who doth distract my thought
From thee and thy fair Court. I know no name
To bind my faith to, save *Elizabeth*.
But my fleet horse must carry me this night
To Gray's Inn Revels, where I am bespoke
To help our legal mirth on holiday.

The Queen. I see there's more than meets the outer ear
In your design.

Southampton. There is, great Queen. I find
None may deceive thy wit. But this I know
Surprise is ever the best sauce to jest,
An if I make an end of my conceit
I'll speak the Epilogue in Greenwich Court.

1. Written as an excuse for Fancy Dresses at a Shakespeare Commemoration Entertainment.

SCENE II.

GRAY'S INN HALL, CROWDED WITH FESTIVE GROUPS.

A hubbub of many voices. "Buzz!" "They should have come!" "Here!" "Where? When?" "Get the people off the stage!" "Where is the Prologue?" "Stand by for the Templars," "Let them pass," "They go." "Buzz!" "Helmes!" "Where is the Ruler?" "All is now misrule!" "But they said we should have a play?"

Southampton masked and dressed as a Prologue speaker goes up on the platform, and whispers in the ears of those crowded there. "They say that an earnest of the feast begins below. They scatter comfits fine!" One by one they slip down. Then, raising his voice, he cries "Room for the players! Ho!" In a thin line the players come by the wall and ascend the Stage, while Southampton descends and distributes comfits. A party of the prepared Gray's Inn actors try to charge the stage, Southampton drags them back. "Gentlemen, you missed *your cue*. Wait till it comes again!"

Player above as *Ægeon*.

"Proceed Solinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death, end woes and all."

A hubbub below, "That's not the true play, drag the fellow down."

Player Duke. "Merchant of Syracuse plead no more,
I am not partial to infringe our laws;
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your Duke."

Hubbub again, and through the whole of Scene I.

"What does he mean? That is not in our Bill!"

"Played at the Queen's Court?" "What says he?"
"Who knows?"

"Ho, here's Dick Burbage!" "Waiting for his cue?"

"We must hear Dick, whate'er he's got to say!"

Partial silence ensues, which, by the second scene becomes complete, and the 'Comedy of Errors' is performed in Gray's Inn Hall by the "common players" on the night, long after known as 'The Night of Errors.'¹

XVI.

SHAKESPEARE AND WAR.

ALL Shakespeareans love to put their imagination into positions whence they may follow the processes likely to have taken place in the poet's mind, before he evolved his materials into some new creation. Among the long lists of Shakespearean books at the British Museum, there is not one dealing with this subject, and I can get no help from previous writers. The chief questions before me, seem to be—what *could* Shakespeare know of war? And what uses did he make of his knowledge? The answer to the first query takes us back to the days of his youth. There were no school history-books then, unless they were written in classic tongues on classic wars. But the memories of men were long, and were frequently strengthened by the taking stock of their contents. The memories of the old were held in respect, and utilised as testimony even in important lawsuits about property. And each generation hoarded its store of memories and handed them down as heirlooms to their successors. "My father told me so, and his father told him that his father said," was a recognised means of preserving local history. Two long lives before Shakespeare's time would have stretched back into the Wars of the Roses! We may take it for granted, then, that

1. Added when this was planned to be a Prologue or Dialogue scene introducing 'The Comedy of Errors.'

Shakespeare in his early youth heard many a story of what the ancestors of the people round him had lived through in that stormy time, and every road and farmhouse and hill on the way to Warwick, and Coventry, and Bosworth Field would have special associations. Thus the horrors of *civil war* would be the first to appeal to his youthful imagination.

And not only through his neighbours. We know that his mother's ancestor, Ralph Arden, of Park Hall, had sided with the Yorkists, and had been executed by the Lancastrians in 1452; that Ralph's son Walter was restored in blood and to the remainder of the property, and that his grandson John had sheltered King Henry VII., and, besides various other grants, had received a "cap of maintenance" to add to the family coat of arms. We are told by the Heralds concerning John Shakespeare (and I do not see why we should always start by doubting everything that tends to the honour of the Shakespeares) that Henry VII. had also rewarded his parents and late antecessors for their valiant services by a grant of lands, not necessarily mythical because they had disappeared. Could a trace of them have been found in a mysterious debt of £30 rent for which John Shakespeare was sued during his difficult years by Henry Higford, Seneschal of the borough of Stratford? Or had they all been swallowed in the dark fogs of the dealings of Empson and Dudley? At least we may be sure that John Shakespeare would believe the fairy story, and that his son William would be fed upon it in his childhood. We do not know the age of John's father, Richard, when he died at Snitterfield in 1561, but *his* father, and his father's father, might well have fought on Bosworth Field in Leicestershire, where these terrible wars were ended in 1485 by the defeat of Richard III. There were Shakespeares (and Burbages too) living at this date quite near the *field*, which was not very far from Stratford-on-Avon. In the painting of the character of Richard III., as in that of Macbeth, its parallel, Shakespeare used the brush and colours of the *partisan* who had read the meaning of character and action through the feelings and fancies of conquering opponents.

It was not so easy to hear of contemporary wars then, as it is to-day. There were no newspapers in Shakespeare's days, and rare news letters, but from the gossip centre at St. Paul's rumours of the chief events ran through the country. He would hear all that there was to hear, because Stratford was on a main thoroughfare of the Midlands, and all who passed would give and carry news. His father would bring home the clearer details which reached the members of corporation. Some of the soldiers pressed by their town for royal service came home maimed. There was no public provision for old soldiers, but they generally had a licence to beg on their way home to their own parish, and they would be sure to bring back news of their own limited experiences probably magnified as the years went on, when they found their incomes from charitable sources increased by the tallness of their stories.

There was a running commentary of foreign wars upon the politics of Elizabeth's reign. There were sporadic wars against the Turks and the Pirates. War was always simmering in Ireland, occasionally boiled over to Scotland, and in the form of religious risings even disturbed the peace of England itself.

When Elizabeth dreaded a war with France, she made love to some of its princes, as we may learn from "The Love Stories of Queen Elizabeth," by Major Martin Hume. When she was not afraid, she took, fitfully and ineffectually, the side of the Huguenots.

Spain and England dwelt in a special volcanic area of their own. Occasionally there were only growlings, sometimes there were earthquakes, at other times there were high-pressure volcanic eruptions at which the whole world gazed in awe.

Elizabeth was steady in refusing the marriage overtures of her brother-in-law of Spain, but she held interminable conferences with his representatives about his dealings with the Low Countries. That little country over the sea was the first, then, as now, to stand up against the great military and naval power (of Spain). Shakespeare would not know then, if he ever knew, how often the States had appealed

to Elizabeth for help, had appealed even to be annexed to England, nor of her delays, double-dealings, and meanness, as revealed by Froude. But he could realise the danger of helping the little country against its tyrannical rulers, and the almost equal danger to England's freedom of allowing the harbours of the Netherlands to remain peacefully in the hands of a powerful and pitiless rival. Even to Stratford ears would come the story of the terrible Siege of Antwerp in 1576; again, in 1584; of the tragic death of the Prince of Orange, and of the ill-fated mission of the Earl of Leicester. The Low Countries became the training ground for English soldiers, and Shakespeare would hear, through some survivor, of their hardships, deprivations, and ill-success.

He would certainly know that the young Fulke Greville, son of Fulke Greville, the Recorder of Stratford, afterwards Recorder himself, with his beloved friend, Sir Philip Sidney, had stolen away from Court down to Plymouth meaning to ship away with Sir Francis Drake to settle in the west, with great schemes of colonisation. But the Queen had heard of the little plan, and sent post haste messengers to stay them on their allegiance, and their castles in the air were shattered. To make up somewhat for his disappointment, Sir Philip Sidney was allowed to go over to his uncle Leicester in the Netherlands, and there, in a rash exploit near Zutphen, he received his mortal wound. The whole nation mourned for his loss, but to Fulke Greville it was a peculiar pain, because he believed that if he had been allowed to go with him his dear friend would not have died for lack of nursing.

Meanwhile Sir Francis Drake had gone to the coast of Spain, inquiring for the English mariners, prisoners there; had taken towns and spoil wherever he chose, then dashed across the ocean, took St. Domingo and Carthagena, and held them to ransom. The only foe which drove them home was the dreaded yellow fever. The Spaniards sank in their own conceit, and, had Drake's will been followed and liberal supplies sent out to him, there would have been no Armada left to attempt the Enterprise of England. Europe was ringing with his deeds, and the news must have reached even Stratford.

His parents had hoped that young Shakespeare would have dwelt on the maternal property of Asbies, and bring up his children on it, as was the way of his kin. But Apollo and all the Muses laboured to defeat these fettering plans, and they troubled his feet on every path that did not lead to London. He would never have been *the world-poet* had he stayed quietly where he had been born.

The date which is most generally accepted as that of the poet's departure from Stratford is 1587, driven thither, say some, by the severity of the irate Sir Thomas Lucy's revenge for his stolen deer. There is not a shred of contemporary evidence to support this assertion in the records of Stratford or Warwick, or in any other papers, and Sir Thomas Lucy had not a Warwickshire park from which deer could be stolen. (It was his grandson of the same name who first bought the park at Charlecote.) The poet was much more likely driven south through stress of circumstances.

The wool trade of the town had decreased, John Shakespeare had been imprudent and unlucky, and had mortgaged his wife's inheritance to her brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, who, by sharp practice, foreclosed, though he seems to have promised opportunity for a later redemption, on certain conditions.

Those people who write critically about Shakespeare too often consider him as apart from his times. Just pause for a moment to note what was happening in that particular year. By September, 1586, the Babington conspiracy had been discovered, and the trials commenced. In October the Queen of Scots was examined (there were well-known sympathisers even in Warwickshire). Exciting news came of the preparations of the King of Spain for the great "Enterprise of England"; and in January, 1587, the rumour spread that he had already landed at Milford Haven (a false report, to serve some purpose). But the number of English ships were reckoned in every port, and estimates made of the cost of provisions; grain was collected in the Midland counties, especially in Warwickshire; men were being mustered everywhere. On

February 8th the Queen of Scots was executed, which made Scotland and France furious, and gave Philip a new personal interest in the Crusade. Joy-bells rang in most of the churches, but grief at the deed and anxiety for the result filled many hearts. Trained bands were raised in Herefordshire, Monmouth, Worcester, Shropshire. The trained men of Gloucestershire were told off to defend Wales ; the men of the Midlands to go to London and defend the Queen ; the men near the sea to defend the coasts.

The poet's uncle, Edmund Lambert, died on March 1st that year, and the redemption money of Asbies had apparently been offered to his son John, who refused it. But he seems to have yielded so far as to promise to pay £20 further for it, to make up its money value. While this was being discussed, news came that over a hundred Spanish ships were ready to sail, and that Drake was preparing his own squadron at Plymouth to go and trouble them. A wave of patriotism rolled over the face of the country. Is it too much to believe it possible that, with the fresh spring blood coursing through his veins, a similar thrill would pass through young Shakespeare's heart at the great news, as has moved the hearts of the young men of the country of every class and calling to-day ? and that, though he had before planned to go to London to help his fortunes, he felt that the immediate issue was to help his country ? So he might leave Stratford and go south, seeking the place which needed him, and Sir Thomas Lucy, then Commissioner of Musters, might really thus help him on his way. He went south, possibly by Plymouth, wanting to see the world. He would hear more as he went of the misfortunes and shames of the English soldiers in the Low Countries, of the glories of Drake and of his plans. It was evident from what we hear from our poet, that things at first did not go with him as he wished on his arrival in the metropolis.

At the beginning of April, Drake was in command of his squadron at Plymouth, waiting for Philip, or for instructions. He had only six of the Queen's ships, the remainder had been fitted up by merchantmen. Little ships would we call them

all now ; Drake's own, the *Bonaventura*, though the largest, was only of 600 tons ! He waited, and he heard a rumour that Philip had made peace overtures to the Queen, and that she had sent off quick messengers to the fleet bearing orders that they must not injure any of Philip's towns or ships.

Drake knew " the only way," and he took it. He cleared out of Plymouth on April 2nd, and was well on his way to Cadiz before the *Royal Commands* arrived. There he found Philip's ships in full preparation for war, slipped through between the harbour batteries, sank the man-of-war in charge, drove back the galleys, ransacked the store ships, set them on fire to drift about the harbour, and sailed off to Cape St. Vincent, picking off ships by the way. He entered the mouth of the Tagus, where the bulk of the vessels lay, sent defiance to the Marquis of Santa Cruz (the Lord High Admiral, who was *not ready*), and destroyed the store-ships both there and at Corunna. He sank, burned, or took in all thirty-seven Spanish ships. Then he sped off to the Azores, secured a treasure-ship there, the great *San Philip*, and returned home in July, having destroyed the prestige of Spain, inspirited the distressed Netherlands, and elated his own countrymen. He himself rejoiced chiefly in having delayed the starting of the Armada for a year. Drake saved England *then* !

Delighted councillors wanted to send him back with reinforcements to finish the job and secure the expected convoy of treasure ships. The Queen refused. She wanted a conference at Ostend, was willing even to *apologise* for Cadiz, and insisted on dismissing the mariners and laying up her ships. What her commanders felt may be read in a letter of Howard to Walsingham : " For the love of God let her Majesty care not now for charges ! " (D.S.S.P. Eliz. cxxi. 37, *et alia*.)

In Spain national enthusiasm had soon repaired Drake's damage, and the Armada was again ready to sail in September, 1587. Had they come then they would have found no organized opposition. Drake's ships were being refitted, and Santa Cruz could easily have wafted over Parma's reinforced army of experienced soldiers, and there would have been

trouble on the lower reaches of the Thames. But Santa Cruz thought it was *too late* in the season to *begin* the attempt, and he lost the "tide in the affairs of men." The English were ready again before Christmas, but, feeling sure that the Armada would not start until the spring, Elizabeth again dismissed the sailors in January. Then Philip, feeling the cost of delay, at last gave the definite order to start on the 30th of January. He felt sure that the Lord would manage the winter weather to suit him in this sacred Crusade. He thought the English were already doomed. Then an unforeseen event happened of tragic import, the great Admiral Santa Cruz suddenly *died* ! It had been the dream of his life to invade England, and all his skill had been devoted to preparation for it. He had correspondents all over England and Ireland. We groan at *our spies* to-day, but they are, at least, chiefly *alien*. Then they were Englishmen, bound only to the foreigner by religious ties. They suddenly diminished in power, for Santa Cruz was dead, and his skill, courage, and inspiration were lost to his country and to them. Philip chose, in his place, a grandee, Medina Sidonia, who confessed that he knew *nothing* of naval warfare. Had he started at once, however, trusting to the arrangements and subordinates of his predecessor, he still would have had a chance. He would certainly have been able to carry over Parma's men, and the liberties of England might have been endangered. But he did not do so ; he, too, *lost his tide*, and the stars in their courses fought against him ever after. A series of incredible disasters turned the fortunes of the whole world. Parma had not been warned and was not ready. They had troubles with wind (for the high-built Spanish ships could not sail near the teeth of the wind), troubles with deserters, and troubles through lack of supplies. But after great efforts everything seemed to be ready and their banners were blessed by May 19th. But they were delayed for a fortnight by contrary winds, then by the discovery that most of the food had gone bad. Fresh food came, but no further supply of cordage or ammunition. Philip did not prepare for disaster. He thought one action would

be sufficient to end the little English fleet, and that when Parma once had landed he could easily make an account of Leicester and his hastily trained army. They were ready again, when storms as wild as those of December scattered them. But by the 12th of July, 1588, the great Armada finally left Spain—136 great galleons, seven of them over 1,000 tons, four galliasses, four galleys, and other smaller ships.

Try to think how our ancestors felt waiting for the much greater relative danger that threatened their shores than that which threatens ours to-day ! No allies rose to help England then, the Netherlands were too hardly pressed to do much. The Spaniard rode triumphant on the sea, with a fleet three times as great as ours. Liberty was at stake. But there was no weak fear. Only *suspense* was trying. Thought-waves passed from man to man, everybody knew what everyone was thinking—*When will they come ? Where will they land ?* They had no swift steam communication nor telegraphs. Ariel himself had not yet been created. They had to *wait* that awful week, to wait, until the nervous tension became a physical pain. And they groaned in their spirit when they thought that only thirty years before they had *lost Calais* in ignoble wars for this very Philip, lost Calais, which would have been *so much* to them at this crisis. And the captains were mourning over shortage in powder, ammunition, and food, and pleading in vain for *supplies*. While they waited, the Fates spun their web. Then, on the evening of Friday, the 19th of July, the Armada was sighted at the mouth of the Channel, a mighty crescent of castled sail. Swift horsemen sped to Court and camp, and a chain of beacons carried the news in fire all over the country. The pain of suspense was over, men sprang alertly to action, and the ships were warped out of the harbours.

The Spaniards' first sight of England next morning was of the Lizard on their left and their first sight of a sail was that of a little fishing boat leisurely counting their numbers. Their first *action* was taking another fishing boat to learn where the English fleet was. Lord High Admiral Howard

and Drake with about forty sail were awaiting them at Plymouth, which they reached that night. Storm welcomed the Spaniards to the Channel, but the weather grew brighter day by day. On Sunday, the 21st, they had an unpleasant experience of English *methods*. The Spaniards wanted orthodox and scientific "disciplines of war," such as their seamen understood, lying-to, grappling, boarding, pounding, and what they would. But the English were in no mood to humour them in courtesy. It was a life-and-death fight, and the English shot long shots which never seemed to miss, going even right through their massive sides, and, for a variety, the English ships darted, shooting as they flew, right through and about the Armada, like swallows among a cluster of fluffy barn-door fowls. The Spaniards had to learn that they could not shoot so quickly, nor aim so far nor find so readily a home for their balls in a vulnerable spot as the English could. Their high-set guns generally missed, or only touched the rigging of their foes; and they could not manage the changes of the wind, nor prevent their ships heeling over before it, so that the English could pour their volleys below their water line. Yet the English were not doing nearly their best, because they were short of powder (and of food), and had to wait at times for limited supplies, or to take a Spaniard or two and rifle his powder magazine. The gallant story would well bear indefinite expanding; of how the little squadron of little English ships chased the great galleons up the Channel before them for a week. France had her own domestic troubles at the time, and was trying to be neutral, and Medina, hoping to get nearer Parma and find help and pilots through him, drove on, to shelter, when the weather broke, in Calais Roads on July 28th. There he could secure fresh food and provide his lines of communication.

Lord Henry Seymour and the Squadron of the Straits had joined Howard and Drake, and they held a council of war.

They all had short supplies of food and ammunition, and no time to seek more, so they took some of their poorest

boats, cleared them, and smeared them with tar, towed them into the midst of the crowded Spanish galleons, and at midnight set them on fire, to drift with the wind among them. The Spanish, terrified at the sight of the flames, and dreading that they betokened danger such as that first *mine* in the water which had broken their ranks at the Siege of Antwerp 1584, slipped their anchors, and made for the open sea. They meant to have returned to their anchorage in the morning, but the English had other work for them to do. The wind was from the south-west, the Armada was huddled together, and the lithe, little English ships mauled them badly, and drove them northward in helpless confusion. One of the huge galliasses was driven ashore on Calais Bar, with Don Hugo de Monçada, their chief, on board. Howard sent his own launch to take her. She was bravely defended until Monçada was killed by Amias Preston, Thomas Gerard, and William Harvey (see Cott MSS., Julius, F. X. f. 111). Another authority says that William Harvey alone slew the knight. Slaves, marines, and soldiers then jumped overboard to try to reach the shore; the French came to dispute the prize; there was no time for such trifles on a day so great as this, and Howard sailed off to join Drake, Hawkins, and Seymour in chase of the Spaniards. Some were taken, some were sunk, some were driven ashore on the sandy dunes of the Low Countries. The wind shifted to the north, and they might have returned to meet Parma and honour, and regain a chance of salvation, if not of conquest. But they, too, were short of ammunition. Philip had thought that *one* naval battle should have opened the harbours of England. Short of powder, they feared to face the fire of those ubiquitous English ships. Little did they know that the English were far shorter of powder than they, and short of food too! Courage might have revealed a way home, but cowardice and despair made them fly. If the English had had proper supplies, they would have forced the whole Spanish Fleet to yield, or be driven on the coast of Holland when the wind changed to the south-west again. But that glory was denied to the Fleet by the Queen's parsimony.

However, Seymour's squadron went back to protect the mouth of the Thames, as Leicester was in command of the army and they dared not trust in his skill, should an enemy penetrate so far. Howard and Drake "put on a brag," chased the enemy beyond the Firth of Forth, and only for lack of food supplies turned back on the 3rd of August. There were 120 Spanish ships still together then, but a terrible storm arose and raged for the next five days. Howard and Drake reached London on the 10th of August, and on the 20th the Queen went to St. Paul's in State to give God thanks, when the Dean preached a special sermon and offered special prayers of gratitude. Only a month before, had the Spaniards arrived!

Meanwhile, they were being driven by tempests north and north and west and west, and some, too soon, went south. The most fortunate of them were sunk at sea, others were driven on the Irish cliffs, and found the hearts of their supposed friends and allies' harder than the cliffs, for the Irish slew those whom the sea and the cliffs had spared. Those ships which had fetched a wide compass, with Medina, about sixty in all, crawled into Spanish ports at the end of September, most of the men only to die, so wasted and worn were they, the shadows of their former selves. And the great prophecy concerning the disasters of 1588 noted in Holinshed's Chronicles had come true. Spain was a land of mourning and lamentation, her sea-power was crushed, Philip's prospects in England were ruined, and the Pope's vision of Peter's pence from this country was dispelled for ever. The English struck a medal: "He came, he saw, he fled," and another: "A woman conducted this action," and the relieved Netherlanders struck their own nobler one: "Jehovah blew, and they were scattered."

Where was William Shakespeare meanwhile? We do not *know*. But he was in London, twenty-four years old, unattached, patriotic, able-bodied, and the Commissioners of the counties had power to enrol all able-bodied men in the

1 In 1580 Philip had sent over 500 men, and large supplies of ammunition to help them against the English.

country. If he had joined the land service, he might have seen the proud favourite, Leicester, in command of the troops, when the Queen came to review them. And he might have heard her say: "Though I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, I have the heart of a king, and of a King of England, too." But I am inclined to believe he did not join the land service. He would still be bitter against Leicester for his cousin, Edward Arden's, death, and he knew that the favourite was held as of no account as a commander.

But the sea called to him with a thousand voices. It was a late and wonderful revelation to him, with all its tender mysteries, its passionate energies, its dreams and its dreads, its shinings and gloomings, its infinite yearnings that seemed to draw out the hearts of the imaginative to itself, its crashing rebuffs, when it seemed driven to chaos, the type of the wild, free human soul. For many reasons I had felt he would have chosen the sea, had he had the choice, when, to my surprise, Mr. Whall, a master-mariner of Bristol, wrote me. He said that he had been reading my late book, 'Shakespeare's Environment,' and that he saw therein that I was not sure whether or not Shakespeare had been to sea. He assured me that Shakespeare *must* have been at sea, no landsman *could* have used sea-terms so correctly, and he sent me his little book on 'Shakespeare's Sea-Terms Explained' to prove it. So, with a master-mariner's support, I may ask: If he ever were at sea, what time would be so likely as *just then*? Camden says ('Elizabeth,' p. 277): "The youth of England, leaving their parents, wives, children, kindred, and friends, out of their dearer love to their own country, with ships hired at their own charges, joined themselves in great numbers with the Fleet." In some of these ventures, if not in Drake's of 1587, our Shakespeare might have volunteered. One man, whom he knew afterwards, has been recorded as present, the William Harvey who helped to make an end of Don Hugo de Monçada. It would have been interesting if it could have been discovered that Shakespeare had gone to sea in his boat, so that an acquaintance might have begun then,

because he is the man whom I take to have been the "W. H." of the Sonnets.¹ I brought Dr. Furnivall, after some discussion, to agree with my arguments, and Dr. Brandl has fully accepted them in his Preface to the German translation of the Sonnets, which he has but lately published.

The crisis over, Elizabeth gave some honour, if doubtful pecuniary rewards, to those who had saved England; but she designed the chief honour for Leicester, who had done nothing. Fortunately for all, he died on his way home to Kenilworth—of fever, said his friends; of a cup of poison that he had tempered for another, said his foes. Raleigh wrote his satiric epitaph:—

"Here lies the noble warrior, that never blunted sword."

If Shakespeare had been in the army, he, like the Commander, "had never blunted sword." If he had been in the navy, he had earned no money. But he had become acquainted with the Sea.

We know from himself of the bitterness of his long search for congenial employment in London, till he was forced to take what he could get, and reproached Fortune, "that did not better for my life provide." But he did his best. He acted, until the spirit moved him to *mend* the plays he acted, and then to *make* them for himself.

In 1590-91 Shakespeare would hear of war again, when the Earl of Essex was sent to help Henry of Navarre in France, and young Southampton went over to Dieppe to offer him the service of himself and his sword. Essex did not accept the offer; he was in trouble with the Queen himself about his own marriage, and Southampton, disappointed, returned to England in April, 1591. That is the date and the circumstance which I give to the beginning of the poet's sonnets to his "sweet boy," (then a Royal Ward).

Once again Shakespeare came near war. The troubles of Ireland must have previously entered into his meditations, if

¹ See Introduction to my Edition of Shakespeare's Sonnets, King's Classics.

but for the sorrows of Spenser ; more so when he knew that the Earl of Essex was sent to quiet that country. Shakespeare's "Lord," the young Earl of Southampton, and many another fresh young noble had volunteered to swell his train. He went away nominally with full powers, but he had to leave his foes croaking by his Sovereign's ear. He was hampered by the lack of supplies, fettered by contradictory orders, surrounded by spies. He chose, for his general of horse, Southampton, his cousin by marriage, the man he best trusted, and who best loved and trusted him, and an irate Sovereign overwhelmed him with her wrath, that he had dared to honour the man whom she had disgraced for having committed the audacious crime of marrying her maid of honour without her permission. She ordered him to cancel the commission, though Essex pointed out how such a step would weaken his influence both among the English and the Irish. Just then Shakespeare was bringing out his 'Henry V.', and telling his audience when they wanted to see that brilliant King, to think of Essex ; when they wanted to measure his popularity, to realise it by what they would feel

"Were now the general of our gracious Empress
(As in good time, he may) from Ireland coming,
Bringing Rebellion broached upon his spear."

Many hard judgments have been passed on the Earl of Essex. But had he been left with a free hand he *might* have brought Ireland, that troubled country, to peace, at least for a time. His views were far in advance of his time. While he believed in Drake's policy of a constant war with Spain, on the other hand he believed in toleration in religion at home, and conciliation, if possible, instead of war in Ireland. These views of his were brought up as crimes and special counts on his trial. No wonder. He lived at a time when even the gentle poet Spenser, like Lord Grey of Wilton, thought that there were no means of pacifying Ireland except by the extermination of its inhabitants. We know something of Essex's rash return to Court to confront his enemies, of the dishonour heaped on him, of how he was goaded into the

so-called "conspiracy," of the wholesale arrests, even of Augustine Phillipps, the manager of the Globe Theatre, for having performed *Richard II.*, a play supposed to have a personal application to the Queen. It is probable that Shakespeare came to know the inner history of the tragic circumstances which led up to the execution of the bright young nobleman, and the imprisonment of his friend in the cruel Tower. The poet never smiled on his Sovereign again, nor mentioned her name with honour in her life, nor with regret at her death.

Soon after James came in, bringing a whole forest of olive branches, any practical experience of war was over for the poet, except through the sad and suggestive sight of maimed soldiers who had fought in Elizabeth's wars, in the streets of forgetful cities, or begging their bread in the country roads of the rural parishes where they had been born.

James graced Shakespeare's Earl, and honoured Shakespeare's company. He himself became Poet Laureate in the writing of *Macbeth*.

But beside the hearing about war, when Shakespeare came to that *industrious* period of his life lauded by his contemporary Webster, he must have *read* of war. Old ballads, old romances, old histories. He had his Holinshed, his Stow, his Grafton's Chronicles. He found North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives* in the printing shop of his friend Richard Field, and many another publication about contemporary wars in France and in the Low Countries; about Coligny, Navarre, Longueville, the Spanish State, Drake's Enterprises, and *Orlando Furioso*.

A few other books, published by other men, he probably saw. *The Spoyle of Antwerp, by an Englishman who was there, and saw the entry of the Spaniards and the attack on the English House*. He left on November 12th, and Richard Jones published the book on November 25th, 1576.

A more important work came out in 1578, called *Alarme to England, foreshewing what perilles are procured, where the people live without regarde of martiall law, with a short discourse*

containing the decay of warlike discipline, convenient to be perused by gentlemen such as are desirous by service to seeke their own deserved prayse, and the preservation of their country. Dedicated to Sir Christopher Hatton by Captain Barnabe Rych. It is addressed by the author "To the valiant Captains and renowned souldiers of England." It is divided into four parts, 1st, Warre ; 2nd, Souldiers ; 3rd, On the Time ; 4th, Decay of Martiall discipline. We may be quite sure that Captain Fluellen had read this book on the disciplines of war. "An Arithmetically Militaire Treatise, together with the Moderne Militaire Discipline, Offices, and Lawes and Dueties in every well governed campe and armie to be observed, by Leonard Digges. Augmented and finished by Thomas Digges, his son. Whereto he hath also adjoined certain questions of great ordinance." Bynneman, 1579. There was also a Latin book by Faminus Strada on *The Siege of Antwerp*, 1584. It shows how "mines in the waters" were first used there, an invention of Frederick Jambell, an Italian, offered first to Philip and then to Antwerp. He sent a fireship down the river which exploded and killed about a thousand Spaniards. Hence the fear of the English fireships in the rout before Calais.

In another style appeared "The Honorable Reputation of a Soldier," by George Whetstone, Rich. Jones, 1585.

There also appeared *A tragicall historie of Antwerp during the troubles since the departure of King Phillip of Spain out of Netherland till this present year 1586*, printed by John Windet.

In another century there was the *Alarum for London, or the Siedge of Antwerp, as it hath been played by the Rt. Hon. Lord Chamberlaine his Servants* 1602, discussed by Professor Gollancz in December, 1915. This, I think, was probably performed much earlier, and, though entered as anonymous, was possibly written by the author of the earlier *Alarme for England*, i.e., Barnabe Rych.

In the last place, what use did Shakespeare make of his knowledge? Halliwell Phillipps, in one of his little-known booklets, "Shakespeare and the Spanish Armada," brings

forward arguments which he thinks sufficient to prove that Shakespeare wrote one or more ballads on the Spanish Armada. Chettle, in 1603, published *England's Mourning Garment*, in which he censured Shakespeare —

“Nor doth the silver tongued Melicert
Drop from his honied muse one sable teare,
To mourne her loss who graced his desert.”

He believes, justifiably, that Melicert means Shakespeare. In the conversation which follows between Collin and Thenot, the latter says: “Thou that hast heard the songs of that warlike poet Philesides, good Melæbee, and *smooth-tongued Melicert*, tell us what thou hast observed in *their sawes*, seene in thy owne experience, and heard of undoubted truth, *touching these accidents*, for that they adde I doubt not to the glory of our Eliza.” Collin thereupon gives a discourse on Spanish affairs. If Shakespeare ever wrote such a ballad, it is now lost to our horizon.

In Sonnet lxxx. when Shakespeare is writing about the Rival Poet, I have sometimes wondered if there were not a hidden meaning, and a haunting memory of the Armada in the phrase, “My saucy Bark,” and, “He of tall building and of goodly pride.” For the saucy little English ships had beaten the great Spanish galleons. It is curious that Fuller at a later time should have used the same figure in comparing Shakespeare to Ben Jonson.

There is a great deal about war in his plays. He looked at war as the natural and necessary means of settling disputes among nations, and even among sections of the same nation. Even his piercing vision had not shaped a time when nations, like individuals, should agree to settle their differences of opinion in international courts, as individuals do in national courts of justice. He filled his histories with it, most of his tragedies, and even his comedies do not let us forget it. He thought the training for war the necessary culture for noble youths. In *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I., 3, he says: “Some to the wars to try their fortune there,” just as they did in *All's Well that Ends Well*. In *Twelfth Night* fighting is treated

as the ordinary business of young gallants. The poet's charming men are always soldiers. He never makes a real soldier really bad, except Iago. In *Much Ado About Nothing* the Prince and Claudio were to blame, but they repented; Benedick, who "hath done good service in the wars"—proved the better man in peace. In *King Lear*, the type of the true soldier was the King of France. In *Cymbeline*, Posthumus Leonatus was a brave soldier, as well as Belarius, Guiderius and Arviragus. Theseus and Hippolyta were both soldiers. It was the warlike Prince of Morocco who is most honoured among Portia's rejected suitors; it is Bassanio, "a scholar and a soldier," whom we are expected to admire, as Portia does so. Othello's warlike charm made Desdemona forget his complexion :

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed
And I loved her that she did pity them."

The poet looked at war as the breath of the Gods, moving, raising, revitalising, on the one hand, paralysing, crushing, destroying, on the other. When the war spirit breathed over a land where danger demanded defence, he knew that it made brave souls braver, and small souls greater, if they were but true. The very men whom the Arch-Rogue called "but food for powder" developed a spirit which rose high above his own.

But he was also aware that the coward became more cowardly, that the caterpillars of the State became the caterpillars of the army when merely driven into it for lack of anything better to do, and he gives us Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph. Falstaff must be reckoned, too, the sham and the braggart among them all, who "so damnably misused the King's Press," and conquered dead men on the field with the valour of his tongue; over whose sins and shames the poet had to fling the transforming cloak of his shining humour.

But Shakespeare could be a very Hamlet, trained in all the disputations of Wittenberg, when he came to dwell on the causes and consequences of war, and even while painting its energies, fervours, and glories he could point to the cruelty

of it as a method, the futility of it as means to ends, and the awful burden of responsibility laid on those who lead to it.

As he says, in a scene which is never acted,

“Witness this army of such mass and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
Even for an eggshell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour’s at the stake
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds.”—Hamlet IV. 4

Hamlet, the scholar of Wittenberg, had a soldier’s funeral.

“The disciplines of war” increased intelligence as the poet shows in Fluellen, Gower, Jamy, McMorris; courage and the manhood of men, as in William, Bates, and others, whom Henry V. made all gentlefolk at Agincourt.

The drafting of his histories, the painting of his heroes, became to him not only a means of finding plots and plays, but of solving or seeking to solve metaphysical questions on the riddle of the universe. I dare not even touch on such questions here, but I do wish to point to the possible relation of his life experiences to his conceptions.

He is not always *quite* sure of the *divine right of Kings*, as a cause of war, but he is quite sure of the divine right of inheritance, of the paramount claim of patriotism, of the necessity of Liberty, of the *call* to defend the weak. He had, like John of Gaunt, seen rising out of the sea the white cliffs of Albion, and he has no fear, for

“This royal throne of Kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of Majesty; this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-Paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,

This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands.
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England....
England, bound in with the triumphant sea
Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege."

—King Richard II. ii. 2.

Early in his literary life, he spoke to us the words, born of Armada fervours, through Falconbridge, the soldier by nature :

"This England never did, nor never shall
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
But when it first did help to wound itself.
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, nought shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but *true*!"

King John V. 6.

The Fortnightly Review, June, 1915.

XVII.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEGAL TRANSACTIONS.

IT may be taken for granted that Shakespeare was early accustomed to the use of law terms. His birthplace was a very litigious town, as may be gathered from the number of cases carried from Stratford to the High Courts of Justice in proportion to other towns of its size. His fellow-townsmen were a litigious people, probably because the interest of money was then high, and the rate of legal fees low. His father lived and moved in an atmosphere affected by law terms, not only as plaintiff, defendant, juror, witness, but as through having been for one whole year at least a Justice of

the Peace by right of his office of Bailiff. There is no doubt that much of the conversation in homes and in market places turned on contemporary "cases," as associated with historical precedents, which each one could contribute as a memory of his "time in the Chair."

As I have shown in one paper,¹ there were more legal transfers of property among Shakespeare's immediate relatives, more entries in the "Feet of Fines" in his family, than in any other family of Warwickshire, and, however "little Latin" Shakespeare knew, he was *the scholar of the family*. No doubt the poet's heart ached over the troubles of his hot-tempered and unlucky uncle Henry, who ran his head against the brick wall of law.² The first time that law really touched Shakespeare in his own interests was when his father mortgaged his mother's property of Asbies. It was a law quibble which changed the current of Shakespeare's early life, and he was involved in vain efforts to reverse this during twenty years. Before he had realized that his father had altogether lost Asbies, his own prospective inheritance, Shakespeare had married, and had learnt many things concerning the ecclesiastical law of marriage. He found that being a minor, he could not be married without his father's consent or without a licence; he learnt the importance of *the bond* "to save the bishop harmless" in case either party had formed any pre-contract with any other person; the need, not only of bondsmen, but also of substantial bondsmen. His own father not being financially "substantial" at the time, he found that Richard Hathaway's executors had sufficient trust in him and his father to risk standing sureties for the bond. Incidentally young Shakespeare also learnt that even bishops' clerks could make mistakes in the matter of names, but never in the matter of fees. Much wild guesswork has been woven into the story of the marriage by writers who *will* write about customs they do not under-

¹ 'Shakespeare's Aunts and the Snitterfield Property,' *Athenæum*, July 24th, 1909.

² 'Henry Shakespeare's Death,' *Athenæum*, May 21st, 1910.

stand. The only authority who may be fully trusted in the matter is Mr. J. W. Gray in his 'Shakespeare's Marriage.' Neither the future poet nor his father was then in a position to make a marriage *settlement*. The hurry probably arose through Richard Hathaway's death in September, 1582, and the very slender provision made by him for his daughter.

Betrothals and private marriages were legally binding then, but a church marriage was necessary for inheritance. Robert Arden, in his settlement of July 17th, 1550, speaks of his daughter Agnes as the *wife* of Thomas Stringer, though she did not marry him until October 1st, 1550.

In regard to all the so-called "traditions" of deer-stealing and whipping, horse-holding, etc., it is somewhat significant that the first *two real* notices of Shakespeare in London are in association with lawsuits. The first time we know that his name was written and spoken in London was in the case brought by his parents "and William their son" against his cousin John Lambert, that he should pay 20*l.* more for the possession of Asbies, in 1589. He was presumably in London at the time, and probably present at the hearing.

It is through the first independent lawsuit of his that we know that on May 22nd, 1592, he was in Cheapside, London, in the parish of St. Mary Arches, and that there and then John Clayton acknowledged in writing that "he owed a debt of 7*l.* to the said William Shakespeare; and the Wednesday after the Quindene of Easter he acknowledged this before witnesses." We know this from the account of the case in *Coram Rege* Roll, Easter, 42 Eliz. (1600) f. 293. For John Clayton, who had promised to repay this whenever he was required, had been frequently asked for it and had refused. So after eight years Shakespeare's patience was exhausted; and he took his debtor to law. The time to imparl had passed; the debtor had been summoned, but did not appear, nor did he send any attorney. Judgment was given in Shakespeare's favour, with 20*s.* for costs and expenses of the suit. And it is a vital point in his biography, this fact that in the spring of 1592 he was *in a position to be a creditor* for the amount of

71. His life in London is generally reckoned as known only from the autumn of that year, when poor, grumbling, dying Greene poured out his wrath on this wonderful *man of many parts*, who had already begun to show his power as a "Johannes Factotum." He was writing 'Venus and Adonis' too, and by the following spring had found a patron, and gone through the legal formalities of having his book licensed. In the following year he improved upon this work, and took out another licence for another book.

In 1595 we know that he was living in Bishopsgate, not far from the theatre at Shoreditch, by far the most interesting item ever discovered about his London residences. For it has not been noted that it was in a residence the relative size of which may be estimated in the assessment, which was more than that of either of the Burbages, *proprietors* of the Theatre. So it may reasonably be supposed that he had his family with him in London then. He did not pay his later assessments. Paternal experience had, however, made him keep on the safe side of the law. The Lay Subsidy, Bishopsgate, 1598, 146/369, notes that he had not paid. But there is a mysterious marginal note, "Affid." As Prof. Hales shows in *The Athenæum*, March 26th, 1904, he had an answer ready. He had removed, and had paid on the other side of the water. For it is a remarkable fact that no law claim save this was ever *brought against him*, and the poet never lost a lawsuit which he had brought against anyone.

The application for coat-armour for his father may be classed as a legal transaction, though only heraldic. The draft is dated Oct. 20th, 1596. It has been frequently discussed, not always according to knowledge. But the grant was completed, the fees paid, and the arms were used. Early in 1597 he purchased the largest house in Stratford for his wife's residence. Halliwell-Phillipps notes that there were *two* fines on New Place, and suggests some flaw in the earlier transaction. So there was, but it was a flaw of such a very special character that it is remarkable that no one has noted

it. The agreement was made with Mr. William Underhill, and the first fine was levied at Easter, 1597. He, however, died July 7th following, and his eldest son Fulke succeeded (still a minor), and also died soon. After his death it was found, and clearly proved, that this *Fulke had poisoned his father*. As the murderer had died, no prosecution ensued, but there would be certainly some legal discussion as to whether the murderer's goods should not revert to the Crown. His minority probably prevented the Crown's claims from being successful. Shakespeare, with his usual caution in regard to law, only waited until the second son, Hercules, attained his majority, and doubly secured his premises from future dangers by a new fine in 1602, when the title-deeds were finally transferred to him. Running contemporary with this was the Chancery case, which, we must believe, the poet agreed to pursue in the name of his father and mother, against John Lambert (who had not paid his 20*l.*) for the restoration of the property itself, which seems after all to have been settled by private arrangement. (See my 'Shakespeare and Asbies,' *Athenæum*, March 14th, 1914.) The return of the quantities of corn and malt made in February, 1598, shows that Shakespeare had already entered into possession of New Place, and stocked it with a liberal, though not excessive supply of corn. The Vicar held six quarters, the schoolmaster eleven, Shakespeare held ten, among "the townsmen, Chapple Street Ward."

Before this date the poet had been looking about for land to purchase. Abraham Sturley wrote to Richard Quiney on Jan. 24th, 1597/8:—"It seemeth by your father that our cuntryman Mr. Shakspere, is willing to disburse some money upon some od yarde land or other att Shotterie or near about us; he thinketh it a very fitt patterne to move him to deale in the matter of our tithes. Bi the instructions u can give him theareof, and by the frends he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att, and not impossible to hitt. It obtained would advance him in deed, and would do us much good." Then the worthy Alderman dropped into Latin, as the more

expressive language. This was one time of difficulty after the fires, and Richard Quiney on Oct. 25th, 1598, wrote to the poet, asking him for the loan of 30*l.* on good security. Adrian Quiney, writing to his son Richard shortly afterwards, said how hard it was to find money to borrow, and referred to his son's bargain with Shakespeare. Abraham Sturley again wrote to Richard Quiney on November 4th, 1598, about the expenses of the corporation petitions which he was now prosecuting in London, and hoped "that our countriman Mr. W. Shakespere would procure *us* monei." This all shows that Shakespeare was kindly, and willing to help his fellow-townsmen, that he was able to do so from his worldly success in London, and that he would understand all the risks he ran before he lent the money. If money was lent, it must have been repaid without a lawsuit.

In 1599 the grant of arms to John Shakespeare was confirmed, and further fees certainly paid. In that year also Shakespeare took shares in the Globe Theatre, under the Burbages, thereby involving himself in the cost, the trouble, and the anxieties of the lawsuits with Giles Alleyn—a legal training in themselves. (See my 'Transplantation of the Burbages' Theatre,' *Athenæum*, October 6th, 1909.) In Trinity Term, 1600, he brought his case against John Clayton for the debt of 7*l.* and won it (f. 293, *Coram Rege* Rolls, Easter, 42 Eliz.).

We hardly realize how near William Shakespeare stood to the perils of the law when, at the time of the so-called Essex conspiracy, attention was turned to the players who had performed, at the Earl's request, the tragedy of 'Richard II.' Augustine Phillipps, the manager of the Lord Chamberlain's Company, was summoned before the Council, but, after the sacrifice of the chief victims, prudence made clemency prevail (1601). At the end of that year John Shakespeare died, apparently leaving no will, as he had nothing to leave. His eldest son would have little business then to do. A life-rent in the Henley Street house had evidently been settled on Mrs. Mary Shakespcare, and her son was apparently supplying the ready money for her family.

Eight months afterwards he made the purchase to which Abraham Sturley referred, and bought his "odd yard land" in old Stratford. On May 1st, 1602, he received from William and John Combe 107 acres of arable land for 320*l.*, a very large sum for the time. The Combes were known to drive hard bargains, but the poet evidently desired the land. The seisin was delivered for his use to his brother Gilbert at the time, but the fine was not levied until Trinity Term, 1610, on "107 acres of land," and "20 acres of pasture" extra, which would seem to have been the cause of extra payment and a new fine. On September 28th, 1602, Shakespeare purchased from Walter Getley a cottage and small garden at the lower end of Chapel Lane, "parcell of the Manor of Rowington," for which small property the poet became "Homager of the Manor Court of Rowington." (See my article in *Athenæum*, June 5th, 1915, p. 508.)

On May 17th, 1603, James I. appointed him and his fellows his Royal Company of Players. This can hardly be taken as an entirely free gift. Some fees would have to be paid, and various conditions would be imposed.

In July, 1604, William Shakespeare sued Philip Rogers for the balance of a debt for malt, and for a small loan of money. This case has been dwelt on scornfully by the Baconians, as they *suppose* it to have been derogatory to the poet. But they have taken no trouble to prove that it was really the poet who sued. Quite probably it was not. There was another William Shakespeare at the time, who had been born at Rowington in 1564, whose trade was the selling of malt and the lending of small sums of money. A bundle of his bills, which I saw in Warwick Castle Library in 1898, extended to 1626, beyond the poet's life. The attorney who conducted the case was not Thomas Greene, the poet's cousin and lawyer, but William Tetherton.

Shakespeare's greatest purchase, on July 24th, 1605, was, a share of the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton and Welcombe from Ralph Huband, and he paid 440*l.* for the unexpired term of 31 years. The lengthy draft of the in-

denture is preserved among the Stratford Miscellaneous Documents, II. 2 ; also a bond of obligation in 800*l.* by Ralph Huband to William Shakespeare, should he fail to perform all conditions. But Shakespeare found a good deal more trouble and expense and risk than he had anticipated, and before long he was led into litigation. There was a clause in the lease to the effect that, if the annual reserved rent of 27*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* were left unpaid, or any portion of it, the vendors had the right of re-entry into possession. Shakespeare was said to have held "a moitie," but in this case the moiety was considerably less than a half. There were about 40 sharers in the whole, many of whom either forgot or refused to pay their share of the rent. Afraid of losing all, Richard Lane, Thomas Greene, William Shakespeare, and others had paid more than their share of the rent. But at last they made a complaint before the Lord Chancellor against the defaulting shareholders in 1612 (Misc. Doc., X. 9). Subpœnas were sent to Lord Carew and others, an answer was filed, and we can only infer the result of that suit. The vendors did not re-enter.

Very full details are preserved in Stratford of a suit brought by William Shakespeare against John Addenbroke for a debt incurred during 1608-9, with the names of the jury, the witnesses, and the bailiff (See Misc. Doc., V. 115, &c.). Judgment was given for Shakespeare, but Addenbroke had fled the town, and his surety Hornebie was arrested in his place. The sum was only 6*l.*, and expenses 1*l.* 4*s.* Much censure has been cast on Shakespeare for the severity of his action. But such censors should study further the cases of the time between creditor and debtor. We know not what provocation the creditor had had, and we are not *quite* sure that the creditor was William Shakespeare of New Place. There were so many others of the name. It is true that the attorney employed was Thomas Greene. But the William of Rowington employed the same man in his 1615 Chancery suit against his brother.

On February 3rd, 1611/12, Shakespeare's brother Gilbert had been buried, and the poet would have to see to his Stratford

business himself after that. The latest purchase he made was a dwelling-house in London near the Blackfriars Theatre, with a shop below, and an enclosed plot of ground at the back, known as Ireland Yard. He agreed to pay Henry Walker 140*l.* for it, though Walker had only paid 100*l.* in 1604, when he bought it from Matthew Bacon. Doubtless the larger sum was agreed to because of the buyer's intention of leaving 60*l.* of the purchase-money on a mortgage, the deed of which was executed next day, March 11th, 1612/13. It is possible that he had meant to use this place as a London residence when in town¹; but it is more probable that it was designed to keep some one else out who might have been prejudicial to the theatre. He was thus free to choose his own tenant, and he let it on lease to John Robinson. Prof. Wallace in 1905 found an interlinear inclusion of Shakespeare's name in a suit brought in 1615, by the various purchasers of the Blackfriars property, against Matthew Bacon, for not handing over their title-deeds to them. The mortgage on Shakespeare's portion of the property was not redeemed during his life, but on February 10th, 1617/18, it was settled by the trustees on behalf of his daughter Susanna Hall.

It is probable that Shakespeare was actively concerned in the suit brought by his elder daughter against John Lane for defamation of character, for which the offender was excommunicated in the Worcester Consistory Court, July 27th, 1613. (John Lane was one of the tithe-holders who did not pay their share of rent.) From 1614 till the end of his life Shakespeare's mind was greatly exercised by William Combe's proposed enclosures at Welcombe. This might be supposed to be injurious to the tithe-holders. A list was drawn up on September 5th, 1614, of the "ancient freeholders" in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcombe. Mr. Shakespeare is credited with "four yard land, no common." In October, 1614, an agreement was entered into by William Replingham (acting on behalf of William Combe) and William Shakespeare,

¹ Just at that time King James was doing everything he could to prevent country property-holders from coming to settle in London. (See Privy Council Registers.)

by which the latter and Thomas Greene were guaranteed against any loss they might incur by the enclosures (Wheler Collection). Thomas Greene in his Diary makes many references to his cousin Shakespeare and his opinions about the affair (Misc. Doc., XIII. 27-29). He gives even Shakespeare's indirect conversation about the contest, winding up with the statement that he thought that "nothing would be done." In this belief he died, but William Combe had another fight for his own way, which was at last denied him absolutely by the Privy Council. (See my 'Shakespeare and the Welcombe Enclosures,' *Athenæum*, September 27th, 1613.)

The very last of Shakespeare's legal concerns was his will. This is too well known to be here discussed, except, perhaps, in relation to remarks made about the treatment of his wife. Though there could have been in his case no special marriage settlement, the custom of the time guaranteed her a third part of all her husband's property. She could not write, she was not young, she was evidently delicate, and it seems to have been through kind consideration that she was not made executrix when she had a daughter and a son-in-law so well able to perform the duties. The interlinear bequest of the second best bed was probably made at her own request, if she desired the familiar old friend rather than the grand new bed in the guest-chamber.

A great many traits of Shakespeare's character may be inferred from his varied relations to law, and these were so numerous as to account for his knowledge and free use of law terms.

XVIII.

SHAKESPEARE, HOMAGER OF ROWINGTON.

A NEW NOTICE OF HIS NAME.

WE do not know why Shakespeare bought the little cottage at the foot of Chapel Lane, opposite the lower end of his garden : whether it was for a residence for one of his brothers, or only to secure himself against unpleasant or untidy neighbours. There is a dim possibility that he also wanted to have a voice on the Court of Rowington, where so many of his name (and possibly of his family) resided, because this cottage was one of the few tenements in Stratford-on-Avon "held of the Manor of Rowington." Halliwell-Phillipps says that at the Court Baron held at Rowington on September 28th, 1602, Walter Getley, "per Thomam Tibbotts his attorney," handed over to William Shakespeare this cottage ; but the latter does not seem to have been present in person or by attorney, and it was left in the hands of the steward until he should come and complete the formalities. I have been unable to trace this Court Roll, and can only surmise that it may have been burnt among the Longbridge MSS. But in one of the Exchequer Special Commissions, No. 4661, at the beginning of the reign of James I., he found a survey of Rowington and the customary rents (in 1603-4). To the Survey the Stratford rents are added :—

"In Stratforde, parcell of the Manor there, Stephen Burman holdeth by coppie of Court Roll one messuage and one orcharde halfe an acre and payeth rent yeerlye 2s.

"William Shakespere likewise holdeth one cottage and one garden by estimation a quarter of an acre and payeth rent yeerlye 2s. 6d."

He also gives, without the reference, a Survey of the Manor on August 1st, 1606, which mentions this cottage in a skeleton form :—

“Tenen. Custum. Stratford Super Avon Willielmus Shakespere tenet per cop. dat . . . die . . . Anno . . . viz., Dom. Manss. Habend. Redd. per annum . . . 2s. fin. per Ann. vel dimitt.”—‘Rentals and Surveys,’ vol. cccxviii. ff. 149-208. So the possession of and the responsibility for this cottage were clearly recognized by the beginning of the century.

Halliwell-Phillipps said that the poet surrendered this cottage to the use of himself for life, with remainder to his *two daughters*. (I have not yet discovered the reference to his original authority for this statement.) But when the poet made his will in the beginning of 1615/16, he showed clearly his desire that his elder daughter, Susanna, should inherit this and all his property in land, in a manner different from “the custom of England,” which was to divide inheritance equally among daughters heiresses. He left to his daughter Judith her portion in money, to which he added “fifty pounds upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my Will shall like of, to surrender or graunte all her estate and right that shall descend to her or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copiehold tenement with thappurtenances lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaid, in the said Countie of Warwick, being parcell, or holden of the Mannour of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever.”

Mr. Heintz in February kindly brought to my notice a series of Warwick documents, and I went through them all. I know that they are “new” as the papers had to be stamped before they were delivered to me. Among these were some “Estreats of Court Rolls” for Warwickshire, that is, extracts from the Court Rolls of matters concerning Land Revenue receipts. These give occasional suggestions of William Shakespeare’s payments in relation to his cottage. But the most interesting entry is that which shows that Judith Quiney

did peaceably accept her 50*l.* in lieu of her half-share in this cottage. In "L. R. Bundle 50, No. 720," we find "the Extracts of the Leet and Court Baron" of James I. on "the 18th day of Aprell in the 15th year of his Highnesse Reigne," 1617.

"Item of John Haule, gen. and Susan his wief for the Fyne of admyttance of the said Susan unto one cottage in Stratford after the decease of Wm. Shakespere, gen. late father¹ of the said Susan iis. v*jd.*"

It can be seen that Dr. Hall thought it more economical to pay his fine for default of suit of court than to spend his precious time as well as his "expenses" in travelling so far to this Manor Court. For instance, on October 7th, 4 Charles I. (1628) :—

"Of John Hall of Stratford upon Avon gent. one of the customary tenaunts of this Mannour at the Feast of St. Michael The Archangell next ensuyinge for his common fyne respecting his suit of the Court 12*d.*"

In Bundle 49, No. 706, April 20th, 1631 : "John Hall, gent., for a common fine, 12*d.*" On October 1st, 1632, he was fined again : "Of John Hall, gent., for default of suit of court, 12*d.*" In 1634 : "Item of John Hall for a common fine, 12*d.*" By 1638 the entry was changed : "Item of Mrs. Hall for her common fine, 6*d.*" For on November 25th, 1635, Shakespeare's favourite daughter had lost her beloved husband, "Medicus Peritissimus," aged 60, and she had buried him near his father-in-law in the chancel of Stratford Church.

These new records of Rowington give a few details about Rowington Shakespeares beyond those given by Mr. Ryland in his 'Records of Rowington.' In L.R. Bundle 50, No. 715, March 27th, 1607, "*John Shakespeare* is fined for vittelyng and breaking the assise, 4*d.*," a fine which he seems to have been willing to pay for many successive years, for the sake of his brewing profits. *Thomas Shakespeare* is

¹ Is it possible that an entry at the same Court *could* refer to the poet ? "William Shakespere, being third barowe, came not to make presentment of that which belongeth to his office. 6*d.*" (Fines.) Could they appoint any one against his will to serve this office by rotation ?

fined "for a fray upon John Cowper, 12*d.*" In 1609 Thomas Shakespeare has a "fine for admittance, 5*s.* 2*d.*," and another fine for alienation of land. John Shakespeare in 1613 pays a heriot by composition on a surrender of lands from his mother, Anne Shakespeare. In 1621 William Shakespeare "for watering of Hempe and Flax in the Common Fields, 12*d.*" In 1625 John Shakespeare is fined for selling ale, and so is Thomas Shakespeare the younger, while William Shakespeare the younger is fined "for that he hath not scoured his ditch according to the pain, 4*d.*" In 1628 "Of William Shakespeare and Marye his wife for their fyne of admittance to a cottage and a quarter of a yard land." "Of Thomas Shaxper and Marye his wife for a fyne of admyttance to a cottage and a little close in Rowington End." There are also notices of Laurence, Robert, Henry, and Francis Shakespeare, and repeated references to John, Thomas, and Richard. A good many women are fined for default of suit of court among the rest "Barbara Burgoine, widow," 8*d.*

There were Shakespeares also in the town of Lutterworth, Leicestershire, whose rolls have strayed among those of Rowington. In L.R. Bundle 50, No. 717, April 20th, 1613, the roll is written and signed by Thomas *Shakespeare*, Deputy Steward. This is the attorney who had been trained in the London Law Courts and was concerned in so many cases.

All these entries only confirm my opinion that "Shakespeare" was such a common name in the poet's time that it is unwise to rest upon any *tradition* as to what *Shakespeare* did.

I offered this paper to *The Times* in February, and it was not accepted. I then took it to show it to Mr. Ryland of Rowington, and to check it in Stratford-on-Avon, and sent it completed to *The Athenæum* in April, since which time it has been awaiting publication.

Athenæum, 5th June, 1915.

XIX.

"SHAKESPEARE OF THE COURT":

ROGER, THOMAS, JOHN, WILLIAM.

AMONG the various coincidences which may be noted in going through the accounts of the Treasurers of the Chamber is the recurrence of similar patronymics through many generations, in different departments of the royal service. Many of these recurrences may be accounted for by family influence or by inherited favour. Some may be accidental. I am not going to theorize about the fact, but it is a fact that such a recurrence does occur in relation to the name of Shakespeare.

The earliest of the name I have as yet found mentioned as in Court service was Roger, Yeoman of the Chamber to Edward VI. He seems to have been in favour, because on June 9, 1552, he shared with his fellows, Abraham Longwel and Thomas Best, a forfeit of 36*l.* 10*s.* (State Papers, Dom. Ser. Ed. VI., vol. xiv. Docquet). It therefore would seem that at that date at least he was, or professed to be, a Protestant. If so, he was able, with the majority of his contemporaries, to change his faith on the accession of Mary, for we find him showing either a fierce Catholicism or enthusiastic loyalty in her service. He is recorded as informing against one Cuthbert Temple, one of the suspected associates of the Dudley Conspiracy, 1555-6 (State Papers, Dom. Ser. Mary, Addenda, vii. 47).

In another of the papers he is described as "Shakespeare of the Court." He gives evidence that Cuthbert Temple had not been to church for a year and more, and that he had been friendly with "one Glover, who was lately burned at Coventry."

(see my 'William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal,' p. 75).

There is nothing to prove that this Roger came from Warwickshire, but men of his Christian name had been born and buried there, and he knew about "Glover of Coventry." The post of Yeoman of the Chamber was one of great honour, responsibility, and privilege, and his appointment to it suggests that he might have had some Court interest, had inherited favour, or had performed some signal service to some high personage. It was the same office as that held earlier by Robert Arden of Yoxall, younger brother of Sir John Arden of Park Hall.

The second Court Shakespeare may have been connected with him—Thomas, the royal messenger, about whose expenses there are a good many entries in the Accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber from 1572 to 1577. There is no clue as to whence he came, or whither he went, for the entries cease after a time, without explanation. It must not be supposed that a messenger of the sovereign was a person of little importance. Cadets of the noblest families were glad to be employed as temporary letter-carriers, and all permanent servants had numerous privileges and perquisites. Thomas Shakespeare's request for payment in 1577 for carrying letters from the Privy Councillors to the Bishop of London at Fulham, the Bishop of York at Tower Hill, the Bishop of Chichester at Westminster, the Bishop of Durham in Aldersgate Street, and the Bishop of Worcester in St. Paul's Churchyard, is printed in *Archæologia*, vol. xiii. App. p. 403.

Another Shakespeare connected with the Court was John, who had been Bitmaker to Charles when he was Prince, and became Royal Bitmaker when his master became King. I found that he resided in St. Clement's Danes parish, where he married Mary Gooderich on February 3rd, 1604/5, and had a large family, of whom only two survived him. In my 'Shakespeare's Family' I show my reasons for believing he may have been related to the poet, whose influence may have helped him on. There are many entries of large sums paid him for

bits and bosses and other goods for the use of the stable (Exchequer Q.R. 434, 4, and the following series). After the accession of Charles his bills appear quarterly in the Lord Chamberlain's books (L.C. v. 186; L.C. v. 92; L.C. II. 49, &c.). In L.C. II. 284 (a great bundle of draft payments to tradesmen) he is described as Mr. "Shasspeere" and Mr. "Sashpiere," but in the corrected accounts his name is spelt "Shackspeare." He occasionally provides materials for tournaments, and on that account I suggested in *The Athenæum*, May 16th, 1908, p. 604, that he *might have been* the Mr. Shackspeare who designed the Earl of Rutland's "Impresa."

John Shackspeare marched in the funeral procession of King James I., with the royal livery, among the royal servants, on May 20th, 1625 (L.C. IX. 6). In 1631 he fell ill, as may be learnt from his wife Mary coming to Court to receive some of the money due to him, and signing the receipt with her mark (like an inverted 3). When he died he was buried in St. Clement's Danes: "John Shackspeare, the King's Bitmaker, 27th Jan., 1632/3." The name of any trade or profession is very rarely mentioned in this register, but in this case it is recorded as an office, and the record shows that he is the same person who is referred to in the Accounts of the Royal Chamber. His wife Mary was appointed executrix, and took out letters of administration. She received various sums for her present necessities (L.C. II. 213); and the probate is recorded, and the commencement of John Shackspeare's will given, in L.C. II. 229. Notwithstanding the large sums paid him during his life, the King remained in his debt to the extent of 1,692*l.* 11*s.* "for sundry parcels of wares." Of this, 80*l.* had been paid Mary Shackspeare for her "present necessities"; and the balance was finally paid on January 21st, 1637/8 (State Papers, Dom. Ser., Car. I. 374, 20, Docquet). Her daughter and heiress¹ married John Milburne.² For other details see my 'Shakespeare's Family,' p. 150. It is possible that the Bitmaker

¹ She made her will in St. Clement Danes, on December 24th, 1653. Somerset House. 268 Aylet.

² He seems to have been of Rowington.

may have been connected with the John Shakespeare of St. Martin's, who was known to Mr. Hunter, Mr. French, and others, but who did not appear at Court. Mr. Snell writes a note in the *Athenæum*, June 25th, 1910, called "The London Shakespeares'," in which he mentions the will of William Shere, who leaves a legacy to some of these Shakespeares.

It does not seem to be at all clearly understood that the poet, whom I have taken last because of his greater importance, was also in Court service. It is, of course, generally known that on May 17th, 1603, King James granted a patent to his company of players, "Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemminge, &c. But few realize that they were not only made "the King's Players," but that they were raised to the rank of "Grooms of the Privy Chamber without fee." They received no fee because they were paid for every service they rendered the King in the matter of performances, and were left free also to earn as much as they could from the public. But they wore the Royal livery and had all the privileges and perquisites of Grooms of the Chamber, safe from being arrested for debt or any minor offences, lest their withdrawal "might hinder the King's service." Any complaints against them were brought in the form of petitions before the Lord Chamberlain, and he adjudicated directly on the cases. If officials were in debt, they entered into their own recognizances before him. Some of the other players appeared in this court at times, but Shakespeare never did. The players of the Queen, the Prince, the Duke of York, and the Princess Elizabeth nominally held the same rank, but there was always an honourable distinction made in many ways, to the advantage of the King's own company. When the players were forbidden to play because of the plague, the King allowed them, out of his own purse, various sums of money to defray their cost of living. When he was short of service, at times of pressing concourse, he made of them "ordinary Grooms of the Chamber," instead of "extraordinary," as they in general were. They thus became entitled to special fees. I found in 1904 an

interesting proof of this among the declared accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber (Audit Office, Bundle 388, Roll 41) :—

“ To Augustine Phillipps and John Hemyngs for thallowance of themselves and tenne of their fellows, his Majesties Groomes of the Chamber, and players, for waiting and attending in his Majesties special sorvice, by commandment, upon the Spanish Ambassadors at Somersett House, the space of 18 dayes, viz., from the ninth of August, 1604, until the twenty-seventh daye of the same month, as appeareth by a Bill thereof signed by the Lord Chamberlayne, 21*l.* 12*s.*”

This appears also in the Pipe Office Roll, No. 543. This means that each of them received for his services at the rate of 2*s.* a day—a high rate of pay for the time, as may be learnt from noting the salaries of other officers. Being at the very season in which playing was generally restricted, this little bit of Court service would be all the more welcome. We can imagine Shakespeare entering with zest into the new experience of serving a Spanish grandee, and acquiring from the Major domo the minor points of Spanish punctilio, of Spanish character too, while, for the nonce, he became “a Somerset House young man,” “dressed in a little brief authority.”

Mr. Halliwell Phillipps was told of this fact by some one who had lost the reference, and he was never able to recover it, as may be seen by his letter to the *Athenæum*, asking some one to tell him, July 8th, 1871, hence this is its first publication.

Of course it has long been known, or inferred, that as the players were of the rank of Groomes of the Chamber, they would follow the King in his Coronation and triumphal processions. Unfortunately, the declared accounts, and even the special accounts of these events, only represent their presence as so many yards of cloth allowed to the Groomes of the Chamber on these occasions. But in the Lord Chamberlain's own books the details are fuller, and the *names are given*. In L.C. IX. 5 there is an account of the progress of James I. through the streets of London on March 15th, 1603/4, within

a year after his accession. Among the groups of those who received their liveries *in order to appear* were the King's players. The name of each is written in full, not in the order of the patent of May 17th in the previous year, but in the order, apparently, of the King's favour, and Shakespeare's name is spelt in the way it always is at Court, the way he had it printed in his poems: "The King's players, William Shakespeare, Augustine Phillipps, Laurence Fletcher, John Hemminge, Richard Burbidge, William Slye, Robert Armyn, Henry Cundell, Richard Cowley." We can picture him, then, in the procession from the Tower through the streets of London, and be sure that "the glorious vagabonds had horses to ride on" in the great national pageant.'

Athenæum, March 12th, 1910.

1. Mr. Ernest Law published a book, called "Shakespeare a Groom of the Chamber," three months after this article appeared, independent of the information contained in it.

XX.

THE PARADYSE OF DAYNTY DEUISES.

A PERENNIAL interest attaches to this poetical miscellany, in which are preserved many illustrative poems, which represent the writers of the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, as well as that of Elizabeth. We may safely believe that Shakespeare knew "The paradise of daynty deuises," because his own sonnets bear the traces of some of its conceits, and he definitely quotes one of the poems in 'Romeo and Juliet.' These were written partly by himself and partly by others, and were collected in a private notebook, after the fashion of his time by Richard Edwards, Master of the Children of the Chapel, a good dramatist, a fine poet, and also a musical composer. Ten years, *at least*, must be deducted from the printed date, to find the time of its collection, because the chief author and selector died in 1566. He may have taken some time before that to make his selection of poems, possibly intending to set some of them to part-music, and provide songs fit to be sung. Sir Egerton Brydges considers that the 'Paradyse' "illustrates the same spirit as was seen in the work of the metrical Psalm-writers." That is, the didactic spirit, but it was not always consciously so, though it is possible many of the writers wanted to give the people songs. Contemporary literary scorn was occasionally darted at the collection. William Covell said in his *Polimanteia*, 1595 :—

"Then should not the Paradise of Dainty Devises bee a packet of bald Rimes?"

Abraham Fraunce in his "Ivy-Church" says

"Two fair eyes teach me my lesson,
And what I read in these, I do write in a barck of a Beech; Tree.
Beech tree, better book than a thousand 'Dainty Devises.'"

Sir Egerton Brydges thinks Nash meant to satirize it, in his 'Anatomie of Absurditie.' But in spite of such critics, the book lived. The number of its editions bears witness to its popularity. Their discrepancies show how lightly a publisher of those days treated the responsibility of affixing the true names of the authors, or correct titles to the poems. More than one author's verses appear under the same or similar titles (probably selected by the publisher), and sometimes the same author has different poems attributed to him in the same or in different editions. It is always wise to note the first lines as well as the titles of each, to avoid confusion.

There were editions in 1576, 1577, 1578, 1580, 1585, 1595, 1596, and 1600 and another without date for Ed. White. It is unfortunate that we cannot place the whole of the editions side by side for purposes of collation. But Sir Egerton Brydges, Malone, and Collier, have done a good deal towards helping us to generalize.

The first edition was printed by Henry Disle in 1576, the very year that he took up his freedom. A copy of this is preserved in the Christie-Miller Library, from which Brydges' edition of 1810 was probably transcribed. There evidently was another imperfect copy in 1883 in the possession of Colonel Phillips, probably the same as that which was sold at Sotheby's in 1889. The second edition of 1577 I have not seen, even in a copy. Ames records it, as if it were the first edition "Henry Dyssell or Disley published the 'Paradise of Dainty Devises' in 1577." He thinks that the fine imposed June 20th, 1577 on Henry Disle for unlawfully printing a book without a license, must have been for this Book, as he does not find an entry of it in the Stationers' Registers. It seems to have been only a reprint of the first edition. This edition however expands the title, varies the list of contributors who are named in front, "W. Hunnis" being introduced among them.

The third edition appeared in 1578, and a copy, long supposed to be unique, is preserved in the Bodleian. It

rearranges the poems considerably, and alters the attribution to authors. It is more likely that the authors still alive would put the printers right as to their own contributions, than that the authorship of dead poets would be disturbed. Malone, in his notes at the Bodleian said he had never seen or heard of another copy than the one he had, now in that library. Collier in 1867 republished this edition among his 'Seven Sixteenth Century Literary Miscellanies,' and as he stated it was from a unique copy of the 1578 edition, imperfect, I naturally concluded it had been taken from the Bodleian copy. But, since that date, the British Museum—has secured a copy, so that the other cannot be unique. It is clear from a careful collation, that Collier had made his reprint from the B.M. copy, the gaps, and deficiencies are identical. The first gap lies between folio 10b, and f 13, cutting from middle of poem 25 to middle of poem 31. What seems to be a gap lying between f 25b, and f 31, is only an error in numbering. The second gap lies between f 31b, and f 34, omitting the 60th poem and others. There is also a loss at the end, which closes with f 48b (misnumbered), and what should be sign L. iiib. This copy has also been carelessly bound, and the edges have more than once been cut into the type. The list made by me, of the misprints, errata, and losses, has been left in the volume, to save future workers. The book has had some travelling since Collier had it. It contains the book-plate of Mr. Locker and a letter from Colonel Phillips from Richmond Barracks, Dublin, Feb. 28, 1883, to Mr. Locker saying that he would be quartered in Dublin till September, but, if he should be in London earlier, he would call to inspect Mr. Locker's copy of the 'Paradyse.' He meant to build a library for his books at Fulham. "My copy of P of D. D. is the first edition, 1576 I think, but certainly the 1st, and it wants a leaf in the middle. I could not however part with it, as it has always been in my mother's family. I believe that the only other copy of the 1st edition is in the possession of Mr. Christy Miller." This would seem to be the copy sold at Sotheby's on 14th Feb. 1889 for £220. It had the 4th leaf made up by a beautiful facsimile.

Mr. Locker, after the date of this letter took the name of Lampson in addition to his own. Thereafter the Locker-Lampson Library (the Rowfant Library) was sold, whence America was enriched. That Library was afterwards broken up, and the British Museum fortunately secured this copy of the 1578 edition for £150 on 12th October, 1909. (That late date is the reason why I had to do my work for my *Athenæum* article without an early original.) Many interesting notes are written on the Bodleian copy of 1578, once belonging to Malone. Bound together with this copy is "A Light Bondell of lively discourses called 'Churchyard's Charge.'" Another interesting miscellany is preserved in the same volume called "A Handfull of Pleasant Delites containing sundry new Sonets and delectable Histories in divers kinds of meeter. Newly devised to the newest tunes. By Clement Robinson and divers others. London. Richard Jones 1584," transcribed from the only copy Malone had seen of that collection. It would thus seem that more than *seven* poetical miscellanies had appeared during the century.

The fourth known edition by Edward Alde for Disle, that of 1580, is also in the Bodleian Library, where it may be compared with the others. On July 26th, 1582, the Stationers' Registers note "Timothy Rider, granted unto him a copie which pertained to Henry Disley deceased, intituled 'A Paradyse of Daintie Devises.'" Shortly after this, "11th April 1584, Received of Edward White for 2 copies thone 'The Widowe's Treasure, and thother The Paradise of Dayntie Devices putt over unto him from Timothy Rider *xiiid.*'" Edward White brought out the editions of 1585, 1595, 1596, and 1600, and one undated edition, and there is some reason to believe that a few surreptitious editions were thrown on the market. I have not seen the editions of 1585, and 1595, but they probably dropped the dedication to Lord Compton. The edition of 1585 is mentioned in the Huth Catalogue, under "Robert Waldegrave for E. White whereunto is added sundry new inventions."

A copy of the 1596 edition is in the British Museum,

for a long time the only one. Another copy is in the possession of Mr. White of New York, descendant of the printer who secured the copy. He kindly sent it to me for purposes of comparison, when I wrote my paper in *The Athenæum*. It naturally wants the dedication to Compton, but retains the list of the authors. I have not seen the 1600 edition.

Disle's first edition, as well as successive ones was dedicated to Lord Compton "being penned by divers learned gentlemen, and collected together through the travell of one both of woorship and credite for his private use ; who not long since departed this life....The wryters of them were both of honor and worship....and such as for their learning and gravitie might be accounted of among the wisest. Furthermore the ditties both pithie and pleasant as well for the invention as meter, and wyll yelde a far greater delight, being as they are so aptely made to be set to any song in 5 partes, or song to instrument....for their auctharis sake, who though some of them are departed this lyfe, yet theyr woorthy doings shall continue for ever, for like as the shadow followeth the body so praise followeth vertue, &c."

The Title Page says "Devised and written for the most part by M. Edwards sometime of Her Majesties Chapel the rest by sundry learned gentlemen both of Honor and Worshipp"

viz. S. Barnard	Jasper Heywood
E. O.	F. K.
L. Vaux	M. Bewe
D. S.	R. Hill
M. Yloop	with others.

Below this there is an oval containing the device of a winged angel holding a heart in her right hand and surrounded by various symbolical figures. Richard Edwards, the collector, is the chief contributor, as regards quality, though Hunnis is responsible for quite as many poems.

Richard Edwards was born in Somersetshire in 1523, was educated at Corpus Christi College, and was nominated senior student of the newly founded Christ Church College in Oxford

in 1547. He tells us himself he had early a place at Court, see poem 3. We can see that he was in the service of Mary by 1557 at least. Among the accounts of the gentlemen of the Privy Chamber, 1558, Lansdowne MS. III. 88, 89, we find his name included, and he is also mentioned among the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal at that date. Elizabeth made him Master of the Children on the death of Bowyer in 1563. He died in 1566 and was succeeded by William Hunnis. Thomas Twine speaks of his "tender Immes and Rimes," Turberville in his 'Epitaphs Epigrams and Songs,' calls him "Orpheus"; while Puttenham and Meres reckon him as "among the best for Comedy." Some verses in Cotton MS. Titus A, xxiv. are believed to be his. They are signed R. E. One poem praises eight Court Beauties in Queen Mary's service. A part of Edwards' song 'In Commendation of Music' is quoted by Shakespeare in 'Romeo and Juliet,' iv. 5. The name that heads the list of the other contributors is "St. Barnard" though of course the matter was translated and versified by another writer, who might have been called the contributor. He signs his *nom de plume* as "My luck is losse." Sir Egerton Brydges and Haslewood think this may represent Barnaby Rich "who was unnoticed by contemporary and unknown to later writers" and who "was never able to climb the muses hill." In an epitaph on Sir William Drury who died at Waterford in 1579 Rich says:—

"But Ireland thou, thou thrice accursed soile,
Thy luck is losse, thy fortune still withstood."

Mr. Hazlitt thinks, on much more satisfactory grounds, that it means George Gascoigne. In spite of the high praise awarded him by Webbe, and other literary critics of the time, his name does not appear in the collection (if we except the poem signed G. Gaske in the 1580 edition). Mr. Hazlitt claims the poems signed by this motto for him, not only on internal resemblances and the suggestions of the misfortunes of his life, but on the associated idea in the verses in 'Gascoigne's Life and adventures of Mr. F. T.'

“Let such fish there as finde the gaine,
 And leave the loss to me....
 And with such Luck and Losse
 I will content myself.”

If Mr. Hazlitt is right in his conjecture, and I think he is, then the man whom churchmen abused, and against whom the electors of the Borough of Midhurst petitioned, as being guilty of too many vices, chiefly of Atheism, to be permitted to sit in Parliament, this man has been practically canonized by Disle, and has come down to posterity as “St. Barnard.” George Gascoigne died on Oct. 7th, 1577, and on Nov. 5th of that year, George Whetstone was allowed to print an account of his ‘Godly Life and Death’ (see Stat. Reg.). E. O. means the Earl of Oxford; L. Vaux is Lord Vaux the elder—some of his poems had appeared in Tottell’s ‘Miscellany’; one of them was carried over to this. D. S. seems to represent Dr. Edwin Sandys. Jasper Heywood was a well-known translator of the time, one of the translators of ‘The English Seneca,’ 1581. Of Francis Kinwelmarsh I have something new to say, unknown to the editors of the ‘D.N.B.’ He is supposed to have been a gentleman of Essex. So he may have been. But when I went to search the Registers of Allhallows for the Milton entries, I found that they began in 1538 “29th yere of King Henry the Eight. Christenings. Imprimis, the 18th day of Oct. 1538, was christened Frances the sonne of Richard Kyndelmershe.” So his was the very first entry. The only other entries of the name in this Register are “26th March 1557, Marye the d. of Edmond Knywelmarsh. 12th Sept. 1558, Marcion, the sonne of Edmond Kynwelmarsh.”

“M. Bewe” I have thought, might be an inversion of Webbe, as Yloop is of Pooley. Of R. Hill I know nothing. Sir Egerton Brydges prefixes short lives of the authors to his 1810 edition. William Hunnis is not mentioned in the title page of the first edition, though his name appears in all later editions. Brydges and Drake place Lord Vaux second in merit to Edwards, and Hunnis third. Hallam is almost disposed to grant the second place to Hunnis. The decision depends very much upon the edition through which the reader

may have become acquainted with the collection. Collier says lightly of the poems "Others by such versifiers as Hunnis, Rich, Lloyd, Thorn, Candish, Boucher and Marshall, regarding whom few particulars or none, have reached our time." Regarding Hunnis at least I may contradict him, as I have filled a large octavo volume about his life and work, called 'William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal' published in the "Louvain Series of Materials for the History of the English Drama," 1910. R. L. among the other authors, is doubtless Richard Lynche, author of 'Diella, certain sonnets' 1596.

I have already noted the border line of 1575 as a date in Literature. This little Miscellany appears just the year afterwards. There was no "embarras de richesse" in those days, such as we suffer from in ours, and it long remained popular. Some of the poems are notable for some reason or other. One poem had already appeared in Tottell's 'Miscellany,' 1557, among the 'Poems by uncertain authors,' as '*The Comparison of Life and Death*' commencing "The Lyfe is long that lothsomely doth last." This appears in the 'P. of D. D.' 1576, under the title '*Thinke to dye*' attributed to D. S.

He persuadeth his friend from the fond Affectes of Love in 1576 is anonymous, and in 1578 it is attributed to Thomas Churchyard, and two stanzas added. Some of Edwards' poems even are anonymous in the 1st edition. I think his poems are important enough to note.

2. *M. Edwardes May.*

"When May is in his prime, then may eche hart reioyce"

3. *Faire woordes make fooles faine.*

"In youthfull yeeres when fyrst my young desyres began."

20. *Wanting his desire be complayneth.*

"The sayling ships with joy at length."

27. *Of fortunes Power.*

"Policrates whose passing happe caused him to lose his fate."

28. *Though Triumph after bloody warres.*

"Who so doth marke the carelesse life of these unhappie dayes."

29. No title.

"Who so will be accounted wise, and truely claime the same."

42. *Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est.*

"In going to my naked bedde, as one that would have slept."

53. "*In commendation of Musick.*

"Where gripyng grief the hart would wound and dolefull domps
the oppresse."

He requesteth some friendly comfort affirming his constancie.

"The mountaines hie whose loftie topps."

No title.

"The Subtill slily sleights, that worldly men doe worke."

Complaining to his frende, he replieth wittely. M. Edwards.

"The fire shall freese the frost shall frie, the frozen mountains
hie."

Of a friend and a flatterer. Anonymous in 1576. No. 40 (1578).

"A trustie friend is rare to find."

Prudens the history of Damacles and Dionise. No. 47 (1576).

"Who so is set in princely throne." Anon.

Fortitude. A young man of Egypt and Valerian. No. 48
(1576).

"Eche one deserves great praise to have." Anon.

Justice. Zaleuch and his Sonne, No. 49 (1576) ; 58 (1578).

"Let rulers make most perfect lawes." Anon.

Temperance, Spurina and the Romaine Ladies. No. 50
(1576). Anon.

"If nature bear thee to great love," No. 59, 1578, M. E.

After a poem by W. Hunnis, Richard Edwards adds

"If such false Shippes doe haunte the shore
Strike downe the Saile and truste no more."

Being importunate, at the length, he obtaineth. Anon. in
1576, title changed in 1578 to—

A dialogue betwene a gentleman and his Love

"Shall I no waie winne you." M. Edwardes.

I would to God I were Acteon in 1576 is ascribed to M. B.,
though in the index it is treated as anonymous. It does not
appear in the 1578 edition, but, slightly varied, it is transferred

to the new 'Miscellany,' of that year, called 'The Gorgious gallery of gallant inventions.'

Being troubled in mind, the first line being

"The Bitter Sweate that strains my yelded harte"

in 1576 and 1578 is ascribed to J. H. but in the edition of 1596 this is expanded to Jasper Heywood.

The greatest number of variations occur in the poems by William Hunnis. Some of the poems attributed to Lord Vaux in the 1st edition are transferred in later editions to Hunnis, whose varied life and occupations, gave him suggestions from various themes.

After "St. Barnard," and 'Beware of Had I wiste,' by "My lucke is losse" in 1576 appeared 'The perfect tryall of a faithful friend' by Yloop or Pooley, and after that the poem entitled '*No Pleasure without some Payne*' beginning "Sweet were the joyes that both might like and last." This is signed in 1576 by E. S. probably the same as D. S. for Dr. Edwin Sandys. Sir Egerton Brydges thinks it might have meant the Earl of Surrey or even Edmund Spenser, who was 23 at that date. But he forgets, that if the collection had been made by Richard Edwards, who died in 1566, the selected poets must have written before that date, and that puts Spenser out of question. It would also exclude the claimant favoured by Collier. In the third edition of 1578, this is ascribed to "W. R." This Collier reads as Walter Raleigh, and treats it as one of his earliest poems and "highly characteristic of the philosophic spirit and tone of Raleigh's mind," and "after being deprived of this excellent poem in the first two editions, in the third Disle had ascertained the real author, and properly ascribed it to its true author Walter Raleigh." I do not agree with Mr. Collier. Probably the "R." was only a printer's error for the current "H" of the period, and W. H. was intended. At least it should have been so, for all later editions give the name in full as "William Hunnis."

In the Aldine Edition of "Sir Walter Raleigh and other Courtly poets," 1875, Dr. Hannah places this poem and other

five *at the end* of Raleigh's with the note "because I cannot satisfy myself that the evidence is conclusive in Raleigh's favour. But I do not exclude them altogether, because, in each case, there is some evidence which others have accepted, and *no stronger claim has been set up for any other person.*" I think however that the claim of Hunnis is undoubtedly stronger, from the evidence of persistent later ascription.

The next poem after this contested one commences the enumeration as No. 1. '*Our Pleasures are Vanities?*' with the moral running in the first two syllables of each line, "*Behold the blast, which blows the blossoms from the tree.*" This poem is signed D. S. in 1576, but in later editions is uniformly ascribed to Hunnis, and seems a characteristic association for the Royal Gardener at Greenwich (one of the offices granted to Hunnis to help to make up his income).

No. 44. '*Being asked the occasion of his white hairs,*' the first line running "Where sething sighes and sower sobbes," is ascribed in 1576 to Lord Vaux, but in later editions to Hunnis. No. 55. '*Finding no joy he desireth Death*' beginning "The cony in his cave the ferret doth annoy," and No. 56. '*Hope well and have well*' beginning "In hope the Shipman hoiseth sail" are both ascribed to him. No. 57. "He repenteth his folly" is also ascribed to him. About this I have something to say. The poem "When first mine eyes did view and marke Thy beauty faire for to beholde," under the title '*The Lover curseth the time when first he fell in love,*' appear in Tottel's Miscellany 1557, attributed to Sir Thomas Wyatt. But it is attributed to Hunnis here, and in the two following editions as "He repenteth his folly." In the edition of 1578, curiously enough, *two* poems are entered. But the second verse is omitted from the P. of D.D. rendering, and another new verse is added at the end, to Hunnis under the same title; the second undoubtedly by him as it appears among his 'Seven Sobbes' 1583, '*He repenteth his folly,*' beginning "Alacke when I looke back." Only the latter form appears in later editions, Sir Thomas Wyatt's being withdrawn. In an old hand against it in the 1578 copy at the Bodleian is

entered "Vide Cantu," No. 59. *He complaineth his Mishapps*, "Shall rigour raigne where youth hath ron" is given to M. H., but later editions prove that this is meant for M., or Mr. Hunnis. (The Poems of Richard Edwards are always entered as by M.E. or Mr. Edwards.) No. 60. '*No foe to a flatterer*.'" "I would it were not as I thinke," here anonymous, is afterwards given to Hunnis. No. 61. '*The Spider with great skill*' is here without title, but in later editions appears under the title '*His comparison of love*,' the above title being the first line of the poem, later allowed to Hunnis. No. 63. '*With painted speech*' here ascribed to M. B., in later editions appears under the title '*He assureth his constancy*,' and is allowed to Hunnis. This poem is particularly interesting as it contains the nearest foreshadowing of the thoughts in some of Shakespeare's sonnets, which resemblance has not yet been noted.

"With painted speech I list not prove my cunning for to trye,
Nor yet will use to fill my pen, with guileful flatterie
With pen in hand, and hart in breast, shall faithfull promise
make

To love you best, and serve you moste, for your good virtues'
sake,

And since Dame Nature hath you deckt with gifts above the
rest.

Let not disdaine a harbour finde within your noble brest, &c.

No. 66. '*No paines comparable to his attempt*.'" "What watch, what wo, what want, what wrack" here ascribed to Hunnis, is changed in later editions to a new poem under the same title beginning, "Like as the doleful Dove delights alone to be."

No. 68. '*The fruit of fained frendes*' is signed W. H. and the last line is "Fie fie upon such treachery." To this in later editions a moral is added:—

"If such false shippes doe haunt the shore
Strike downe the sayle and trust no more,"

attributed to Mr. Edwards.

The poem entitled '*Of the Meane Estate*,' commencing "The higher that the cedar tree," is attributed to L. V. (Lord Vaux) whereas later editions allow it to William Hunnis.

The verses headed '*Beyng in trouble he writeth thus*,' "In terror's trap with thraldome thrust," attributed here to T. M. (or T. Marshall) are also by Hunnis, and seem specially illustrative of one period of his life. Each of the two latter lines is marked "bis" showing that they had been set to music.

Thus, though the name of Hunnis does not appear on the title page in 1576, and he was only credited with nine poems, he owned really *fourteen* and was, in fact, the chief contributor in the matter of *quantity*.

The 1577 edition expands the title, varies the list of contributors, includes "W. Hunis," and excludes M. Bewe and R. Hill. In the 1578 edition the names of the poets are carried over to the reverse of the title-page, and placed under the coat of arms of Lord Compton. They are now Saint Barnard, E O., Lord Vaux the elder, W. Hunis, Jasper Heywood, F. Kindlemarsh, D. Sand, M. Yloop. Only eight, instead of nine. The editor re-arranges the poems considerably and alters the attribution of several.

This edition also contains the only copy of a poem called 'Twenty good precepts by G. Whetstone.' Some good examples of the style of Hunnis are added,

'That Love is requited by Disdaine,'

"In serche of things that secret are, my mated muse began."

'Of a contented estate.'

"In welth we see some welthy men,"

and the special conceit, '*If thou desire to live in quiet rest*,' a complex poem with the title running through the first two words of the eight lines. In an old hand against the first verse is written, "Vide Cantaru, per eodem authore." William Webbe in his '*Discourse on English Poetry 1586*,' selects this poem as an example of "a rare device and pretty invention of a fine poetical veine." I further find that in the Stationers' Register 1566/7 there was allowed to Alexander Lacye "A Ballette intituled '*Who lest to live at ease, and lede a quyet lyf*, 4d." This shows that the printers of the P. of D.D. did not scorn always to use printed matter. It

would seem to have been a broadside. In this edition, Nos. 1, 4, 45, 51, 59, 63, 64, 65, 67, 68, 69, 72, 74, 75, 87, 88, and '*Beyng in trouble he writeth thus*,' are by Hunnis.

'The Dialogue between the Auctour and his eye,' is here ascribed to M. Hunnis, *i.e.* Mr. Hunnis, in all, 18 poems. There are 97 poems with the Prologue of St. Barnard in the 1878 edition.

The edition of 1580 is also in the Bodleian, "whereunto is added new inventions very pleasant and delightful." It adds a 'Reply to Mr. Edwards May,' by M. S., and there are several new poems by Hunnis, though some others are withdrawn, 18 in all remain. There is also a 'Description of the World,' by G. Gaske, supposed to mean George Gascoigne, who had died by the time of the second edition.

The edition of 1585 contains in all 100 poems. The edition of 1596, (spelt 'The Paradice of Dainty Devises,') says "Whereunto is added sundry new inventions very pleasant and delightful," but in all it has only 102 poems. Sir Egerton Brydges estimates, there are 18 pieces in 1576 which are not in 1580, but at the same time there are 18 in 1580 which do not appear in 1576; there are 5 in 1580, which are not in 1596, and 7 in 1596 which are not in 1580. This shows that any one who desires to know all the pieces referable to this miscellany must follow all the editions. I have gone through for myself all the changes of attribution, but it would take up too much space to include them all here. That after all is unimportant. What is important is to realise that this 'Paradise of Daintie Devises' was one of the books which Shakespeare must have seen everywhere in London, which he must have read, on which he must have practised to improve his style, before he learned how to surpass them all.

Expanded from *Atheneum*, August 19th, 1899, p. 250, and from Chapter xiv. in "William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal," 1910.

XXI.

THE METRICAL PSALMS AND "THE COURT OF VENUS."

NEVER was there a more direct and sustained effort to elevate the nations through their songs than during the sixteenth century reformation, an unconscious recognition of the force of the saying, "Let me make the songs of a people, and whosoever will may make its laws." The English School received two foreign impulses, the German, and afterwards the Scotch, and the French.

John Huss and the Bohemian brethren had noted the power of rhythm and melody in associating memories, and the force of habitual suggestion in the spiritual life, and following the advice of the Apostle they taught the use of psalms and hymns. Simple ballads containing the great truths of the Gospel were sung among the common people in Italy when Savonarola moved their hearts. The German and Swiss Churches, however, first made use, in their services, of metrical psalms and hymns, such as those by Luther, Eber, Sachs, Weise, Beza, set frequently to popular music. The knowledge of this form of versified Scripture came over to our islands with the Reformers' doctrines.

Another wave of inspiration came to us through France. Clement Marot, *valet de chambre* of Francis I.¹ was not only the chief French writer of rondeaux, chansons, and elegies, but he was a satirist and epigrammatist of the highest rank. Before he had broken with the Catholic Church he had written of the vices of the clergy in stinging lines, that secured for himself their permanent and active hatred. Three times he was

1. Clement Marot et le Psautier Huguenot, Paris. E. O. Douen, 1878.

rescued from prison by Francis and by his learned and romantic sister, Marguerite of Valois, who always remained the poet's friend. Douen says "it was a perpetual miracle that Marot lived." Marguerite wrote "The Mirror of the Sinful Soul" which appeared in 1533, and contained the rendering of Psalm vi. by Marot. Gradually he became deeply imbued with a simple type of Protestantism, and he turned his attention to a prose translation of the Scriptures by Professor Vatable.¹ Thence he versified some of the Psalms, which appeared among his Poems in 1538.² They at once became the delight of the Court, and were sung by the King, the Queen, and the nobles, Catholics as well as Protestants, to the popular melodies of the period. Fearing the stake, he fled to Geneva, where he versified twenty more Psalms, and published them with the others, probably in 1538, certainly before the 1st May, 1539,³ and another edition appeared in Strasbourg in that year, set to music.⁴ There were many reprints of these editions. The original edition of the thirty Psalms appeared at Lyons in 1541-2 dedicated to the King, and approved by the Sorbonne.⁵ Fifty Psalms appeared in another volume in 1543, of which there were many later editions. After Marot's death in 1544, Theodore Beza versified the remainder of the Psalms and published them in Strasbourg, 1549. It was not, however, until 1553, when these Psalms appeared in the same volume as the Catechism of Calvin and the Genevan Liturgy, that the Catholics took alarm and prohibited them. After that date, to sing a Psalm in France was equivalent to a declaration of heretical opinions, as it became in England under Mary.

The success of Marot tempted many imitations.

1. "Florimond de Remond. Histoire de la naissance et progrès de l'Herésie."

2. "Les Oeuvres de Clement Marot de Cahors, Valet-de-Chambre du Roi, 1538."

3. Saulmes de Clement Marot, Jean Gerard, Genève 1538-9."

4. Aulcuns Pseaumes et Cantiques mys en chants. Strasbourg, 1538."

5. "Trente Pseaumes de David mis en Francoys par Clement Marot, Valet-de-Chambre du Roy, Lyons 1542." Many editions.

In this country there were two early groups of Psalm-renderers. The first printed¹ metrical translations in English seem to have been those of Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, who died in 1541-2. Some bibliographers write as if he had translated the whole of the Psalms, but if so, this work has not come down to us. "The Seven Penitential² Psalms," however, which were published by John Harrington³ in 1549, dedicated by him to the Marquess of Northampton, are preserved in Cambridge University Library. These are very free versions, interpolated with poems or prologues of the author. Chalmers says they did not increase the author's reputation. But the Earl of Surrey, who produced several poems in honour of his friend, wrote a "Praise of certain Psalms of David, translated by Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder." He himself also rendered some of the Psalms into English verse. Surrey was executed on the 19th January, 1546-7; so his versions cannot have been written very long after the date of Wyatt's. Both of these were of the School of Marot in that they were poets first and Psalm-writers afterwards; but they missed the directness and simplicity of the French Poet. They seemed to have undertaken the work in the spirit of the Literary Renaissance⁴ as a poetical, rather than

1 Occasional MS. renderings preceded these, such as those of Thomas Brampton, 1414. Seven Psalms Penitential in English metre. Percy Society publications, xl. Jan., 1844.

2 The Seven Penitential Psalms of the Roman Missal were Psalms 6th, 31st, 37th, 50th, 101st, 129th, 142nd.

3 "Certayne Psalms chosen out of the Psalter of David commonly called the vii penitential Psalms drawn into English meter by Sir Thomas Wiat, Knyght, whereunto is added a prologe of ye auctore before every Psalme, very pleasaunt and profettable to the godly reader. Imprinted at London in Paules Churchyarde; at the sygne of the Starre by Thomas Raynold and John Harrington, 1549."

4 Leland's lines on the "incomparable Wyatt" are well known—

"Bella suum merito jactet Florentia Dantem

Regia Petrarchæ carmina Roma probet

His non inferior patria sermone viatus

Eloquii secum qui decus omne tulit."—Itinerary I.

In his younger years he wrote several Songs and Sonnets.

In his elder years: 1. "The penitential Psalms in one book."

2. The whole Psalter of David, in praise of which Lord Surrey wrote. (See Wood's *Athenae Oxonienses*.)

as a religious exercise. There is no doubt that other metrical renderings were produced about the same time, that were not published. One such has been printed by the Percy Society. "Thirteen Psalms and the 1st Chapter of Ecclesiastes," translated at the request of his wife by John Croke, while he was one of the six clerks of Chancery under Henry VIII.

"Hos mea conjunx Psalmos prudentia fecit

Vertere ; nec tedet suasit virtutis amore."

It is impossible to be exact about the date of "The Goostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs of Miles Coverdale."² Some aver these to have been published in 1539, but Prof. A. F. Mitchell³ marshals an array of facts against this opinion. It is probable Coverdale was fully occupied with his Great Bible up to 1539, and he had to flee the country on the execution of Cromwell in 1540. One of his psalms is the translation of a German hymn which is not known to have appeared until 1540. Bale also mentions among Coverdale's works, "The Cantiones Wittenbergensium Lib. I." Coverdale does not acknowledge them in print to be translations, which they are easily proved to be. Professor Mitchell further considers that the minor resemblances between Coverdale's renderings and those of John Wedderburn, the Scotch reformer, were not accidental, but that the one borrowed from the other. He believes that Coverdale borrowed from Wedderburn, as the Scotchman was much the better poet of the two. There are several reasons for considering Wedderburn's the earlier work, and there are clear connecting links between the writers. Wedder-

1 Percy Society's Publications, Vol. xxii., June 1842.

2 "Goostly Psalms and Spiritual Songs," John Gough, London. No date. A unique copy preserved at Queen's College, Oxford.

This is No. 4 bound up with other books, No. 2 being The Booke of the Pilgrimage of Man, drawn out of the Holy Scripture, for the comfort and consolacion of such as loue to reioyce in God and his Word. Psalm cxlvi. and others. Then address "To the Boke," then 7 pages of "Miles Coverdale to the Christen reader," not included in the pagination. Black Letter. I have not seen the book, but Professor Sayce kindly tells me that the address to the Holy Goost precedes; and that the musical notation is set above each line. This would probably be German.

3 Prof. A. F. Mitchell, "The Wedderburns and their work."

burn's friends Allen (Alesius) and Macalpine (Machabeus) were in England in Cromwell's time, preaching, and Coverdale married the sister-in-law of the latter. The brothers James, John, and Robert Wedderburn, all poets, had been students at St. Andrews between 1516-1533, and the smoke of the burning of Patrick Hamilton had breathed on them in 1528. James had to fly to France in 1540 for his tragedies (written against the clergy), which had been acted in public places. He knew that young Kennedy, “a man of good wit and excelling in Scottish poesy,” had been put to death, chiefly for his “poems,” in his 18th year, in 1539.

In 1538-9 John was charged with having in his possession prohibited books, and a search order was granted. Prof. Mitchell believes that some of these may have been his own poems, his reformation of the national songs, &c. It would seem that some of them at least must have been written while Cardinal Beaton was still in power, or he would have pointed a moral by his fate, rather than by the uprooting “of English Prelates, Dence and Dutch,” which relates to events in 1537-8. John went to Wittenberg, where he joined his friends Allen, Fyff, and Macalpine who fled there from their labours in England, when their protector Cromwell died. John studied at Wittenberg under Luther and Melancthon, and returned to Scotland in 1542 when King James V. died, the Cardinal was in restraint, and the Scriptures allowed to be read. Internal references suggest that he then translated some of the Psalms that he had been wont to sing at Wittenberg.

The third brother, Robert Wedderburn, became Vicar of Dundee. He collected his brother's verses after his death, and found suitable tunes for those that had none. No copy before that of 1578 is preserved, but it refers to earlier editions. Prof. Mitchell thinks the poems had originally appeared separately, and re-appeared afterwards in conjunction with the Psalms. After the first part, is noted “Here ends the spiritual sangis and begins the Psalms of David, with other new and pleasant Ballates translated out of Enchiridion

Psalmorum¹ to be sung." These are translations from a work that came out in many editions in Germany, in 1524 and 1528 in Frankfurt, and later in Strasburg. The first part of this was "Geistliche Gesänge," and the second part "Psalmen und Lieder." Some typographical errors in the Scotch can be corrected by reference to the German. From the same source we have Coverdale's translation, title and all. The title of Wedderburn's later edition as collected by his brother is, "Ane compendius Buik of Godly and Spiritual Sangis, with sundry uther ballatis changeit out of prophaine sangis in godly sangis for avoyding of sin," &c., and the author's intention was to induce the young to sing them and cause them to "put away uncleine sangis." Coverdale wrote "to give our youth of England some occasion to change their foul and corrupt ballettes into swete songs and spiritual hymns of God's honour."

Curiously enough, the first dated metrical Psalm that we have printed, is the 14th, rendered by Princess Elizabeth in 1544, and printed in 1548, appended to her translation of the 'Meditation of the Christian Soul,' which was published in April 1548.² This work is in the Bodleian library.

Doubtless affected to a certain degree by all his predecessors, Thomas Sternhold, a native of Hampshire, seems to have become the leader of a second movement which may be called the English School, as it has been at all times, but especially within his century, the most popular among his countrymen. Henry VIII. who had himself written a metrical hymn,³ set to music for four voices as a full anthem, was moved to admiration of this labour of a layman. He made

¹ Prof. Mitchell thinks that was taken from the Strasburg edition following a vanished Swiss one of 1536.

² A godly meditacyon of the Christen soule, compiled in French by Lady Margaret Queen of Navarre, aptelie translated into Englishe by the ryght vertuose Lady Elizabeth, daughter to ower late soveraigne Kynge Henry the VIII." 1548. (No place or name.) "Queen Elizabeth, now our most blessed Queen, her translation of a Med** compiled in French by the Lady Margaret. Printed in 1548, 8vo., and since reprinted by Henrie Denham." (Maunsel's Catalogue 1595.)

Reprinted in Bentley's "Monument of Matrons." A facsimile edition was brought out in 1897, by Dr. Percy Ames, Hon. Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature.

³ See William Mason's Cathedral Music of York Cathedral, 1832.

the writer the Groom of his Chamber,¹ and the Keeper of his Royal Robes, possibly with the memory of the place of the French Marot. He left him 100 marks in his will. The favour shown Sternhold by Henry was continued by his son,² whose sympathy with the work was so much more heartfelt.

Wood says that Sternhold studied at Christ Church, Oxford. In 1538 his name appears in a list of gentlemen suitable to serve the King. His will was made in August 1549, to which Edward Whitchurch was a witness. He died on the 28th August 1549, and his will was proved on the 12th September. He left most of his property to his wife Agnes. His two daughters became later his co-heirs.³

A small volume seems to have been published during his lifetime, dedicated to Edward VI., probably in 1548 or early in 1549, containing nineteen Psalms, all by Sternhold. On the 24th December 1549 a second edition containing thirty-seven Psalms by Sternhold, and seven by John Hopkins, a Schoolmaster, was published by Edward Whitchurch. This is preserved in Cambridge University Library. “All such Psalmes of David as Thomas Sternhold late grome of ye Kinges Maiesties Robes, didde in his life-time draw into English metre. Newly imprinted.” The original dedication is reprinted. “I am bolde to presente unto your Majesty, a few crummes which I have pycked up from under the Lordes borde rendering thanks to Almighty God that hath appointed us suche a Kynge and governour that forbyddeth not laye men to gather and leaze in the Lord’s Harvest.... I am encouraged to travayle further in the sayd booke of Psalmes trusting that as youre grace taketh pleasure to heare them songe sometymes of me, so ye wyll also delighe not only to see

1 “Henry VIII., her Majesty’s father, for a few Psalms of David translated and turned into English meter by Sternhold, made him groom of his Privy Chamber, and gave him many other good gifts.” Brathwayt’s English Gentleman, p. 191, Edit. 1636. See also Eg. Brydges Cens. Lit., Vol. x., p. 4.

2 Mr. Richard Cecil Yoman of the Robes, xl s.
Thomas Sternold of the same robes xl s.

[Trevelyan Papers, Claud C. viii.]

3 Among the lists of heirs of noble families once preserved in the Tower, we find “Juditha Sternold et Phillippa Sternhold filiae et haered. Thomas Sternhold, M.R. 6 Ed. VI. r. 16 ter. ibm. r. 17.

and reade them yourself, but also to commande them to be song to you of others....And yf I maye perceyve your Mayestye wyllyngly to accept my wil herein....I shall indevoure myself with dylygence not onely to enterpryse that which better learned oughte more justlye to doo, but also to performe that without faulte whych your Majestye will receive with juste thanke." John Hopkins¹ addresses the Reader at the end of Sternhold's renderings—"Thou hast here (gentle reader) unto the Psalmes that were drawn into Englishe metre by M. Sternholde VII moe adjoynded Not to the intent that they should be fathered on the deade man, and so through his estimacion to be the more highly esteemed; neyther for that they are, in mine opinion (as touching the metre) in any part to be compared with his most exquisite dooinges. But especially to fill up a place which els should have been voyde that the Booke may ryse to his just volume. And partly for that they are fruitful though they be not fyne; And comfortable unto a Christian mynde although not so pleasant in the mouth or eare." Many editions followed.² In 1560 sixty-seven Psalms appeared, the thirty-seven by Sternhold, and the rest by Hopkins and other men. In 1561, eighty-seven; and in 1562 the whole Book of Psalms³:—"24th July 1562. Received of John Daye, for his licence for printinge of the Resideu of the Psalmes not heretofore printed, so that this maketh up the hole *iiiiid.*" (Stat. Reg.)

1. B. A. Oxford, 1544, became a Schoolmaster and Rector of Great Waldingfield, Suffolk. He seems also to have received an annuity. (See Privy Chamber Expenses, 6 Ed. VI. *Compotus* of Rich. Cotton and Robert Rochester.)

2 Cens. Lit. Vol. x.; also Cotton. Three editions in 1551, nearly similar; one in 1552; another in 1553. None in Mary's reign.

3 Hopkins versified 58; W. Whittingham, five; J. Norton, 27; R. Wisdome, one; W. K., two, and J. C., one. These are prefaced by the treatise of Anastatius on the use of the Psalms "Veni Creator"; "The Song of St. Ambrose" (called *Te Deum*); "The Song of the Three Children"; "The Song of Zacharias"; "The Song of Mary"; "The Song of Simeon"; "The Creed of Athanasius"; "The Lamentations of Simeon"; "The Humble Sute of a Sinner"; "The Lord's Prayer" and "The Ten Commandments."

Wood is in error in stating that Sternhold's Psalms were *originally* set to notes.¹ Though he certainly sung them to Edward VI., it was probably to the popular airs of the day, and no notes appeared to his Psalms until the edition of 1563. "The whole Psalmes in four parts which may be sung to all musical instruments, set forth for the encrease of vertue and abolishing of other vaine and trifling Ballades. John Day. 1563, 4to." Maunsell. This was afterwards bound up with the Cathedral Service. See also the British Museum copy, 1564. Cotton gives the date as 1566, and says that the tunes were of Dutch or German origin.

In the Churchwardens' Accounts of St. Margaret's, Westminster, I found this entry, "1562-3, for four books of Psalms in metre for the Quire, 14s. 8d."

Among Psalm-writers may be mentioned those who versified in the same spirit other passages of Scripture. On 1st June, 1549, appeared "The Canticles or Ballads of Salomon phraselyke declared in English metre by William Baldwin, servant with Edward Whitchurche." 4to with a dedication to the King,² in which he refers to Sternhold's Psalms. "Would God that suche songs might drive out of office the baudy balades of lecherous love that commonly are indited and song of idle courtyers in princes and noblemen's houses. I speake not of these balades alone, but of all other of like matter as of Psalmes and hymnes, to which your Majesty hath alreedy given a notable ensample in causing the Psalmes brought into fine English metre by your godly disposed servant Thomas

¹ It must not however be forgotten that Crowley's rendering of the Psalms in 1549 were set to 4 parts (see page 13), and Francis Seager's Psalms 1553, were set to music in 4 parts (see page 18).

Christopher Barker, in his report on patents from 1558-1582, says "The privilege on private license granted to Master Deye, are among other things the Psalmes in Menter, with notes to sing them in the Churoches as well in foure partes as in playne songs, which being a parcell of the Church service, properly belongeth to me. This work being occupied by all sortes of men, women and children, requiring no great stocke for the furnishing thereof is therefore gaynefull.—Stat. Magistus.

² Noted by Maunsell. A copy at St. John's College, Oxford. See Ames.

Sternholde to be song openly before your grace in the hearing of all your subjects."

Preceding the first extant issue of Sternhold and Hopkins' version by three months appeared the volume, "The Psalter of David, newly translated into English metre, in such sort, that it maye the more decently and with more delyte of the mind be read and songe of all men. Whereunto is added a note of foure parts¹ wyth other things, as shall appeare in the Epistle to the Reader. Translated and imprinted by Robert Crowley in the yeare of our Lorde 1549, the 20th day of September and are to be sold in Ely rentes in Holbourne." It is dedicated to Orvinus Oglethorpe. One copy is at Brasenose College, Oxford, and another at Emmanuel College, and is mentioned by Maunsell. Robert Crowley was a Demy of Magdalene College, Oxford, and became a printer in Edward the Sixth's reign. He was the first editor of *Pierre Plowman's Vision*,² and author of several pieces, such as 'The Voice of the Last Trumpet.' He was an exile in Mary's reign, but returned in Elizabeth's, and was made Vicar of St. Giles, Cripplegate. This publication shows Burney in error in saying the first musical notes appeared in 1560.

The Lady Elizabeth Fane's Psalms, twenty-one in number, and a hundred and two proverbs, were published in 1550, 8vo, preceding 'The Pathway to Knowledge,' by Robert Crowley, London.³

Early amid the second group appeared the slender octavo volume by which William Hunnis becomes introduced to the literary world. "Certayne Psalmes chosen out of the Psalter of David and drawen furth into English meter by William Hunnis servant to the right honorable Syr Wylliam Harberde Knight, newly collected and imprinted," by the wydow of

1 This seems to have been the earliest music in 4 parts set to the Psalms; a priority claimed in the Dictionary of National Biography for William Danion, whose Psalms set to 4-part music were printed in 1579 by John Day.

2 The vision of *Pierre Plowman* now first imprinted by Robert Crowley dwellyng in Eley Rentes, Holburn, 1550. Ames.

3 See Maunsell's Catalogues of Books he had seen.

John Herford for John Harrington 1550.¹ Another book has been attributed to him² by many bibliographers, and has been supposed by them to precede this 1550 volume. "An abridgement or brief meditation on Certaine of the Psalms in English meeter," (Wyer, 8vo³ undated, but reckoned as of 1549.) But it must not be forgotten that the 1550 volume claims to be "the first fruits of his labours," and that it may be a second edition; that Wyer ceased printing in 1555-6, and that no work on the Psalms appeared during Mary's reign. This would seem to limit the possible dates of publication to 1550-3.

Maunsell in his 1595 edition mentions the volume, adding to the description his contemporary knowledge. He states that the author was "gentleman of the Chapel Royal and Master of the Children of the same." He did not really become the first until after the publication of his 1550 Psalms, nor the second till 1566, on the death of Richard Edwards. I have been unable to trace any copy. Curiously enough Maunsell does not mention the 1550 edition which still exists. But his exclusions are less important than his inclusions, seeing that he mentioned only books that he had seen. Some bibliographers note another edition of his known Psalms,⁴ given as 'The Psalms of David, translated into English metre by T. Sternhold, Sir Thomas Wyat, and William Hunnis, with certain chapters of the Proverbs and select Psalms by John Hall, 1551, London," said to be dedicated to Edward VI., in quarto. If such an edition ever existed there seems no trace of a copy. But in the University Library of Cambridge I have seen a volume in which the little books by these four men were *bound together* in the order given above. Whether

1 Ames, p. 580, 8vo.

2 See Cotton.

3 Lowndes says 16mo; Ames 1785 ed. p. 377 Hist. Printing, and Maunsell's Cat. p. 61 says 8vo; Ritson, 252, says 4to; Warton 4to, Hist. of Poetry, iii. 180.

4 Bp. Tanner's MSS. classes it as quarto; as does Cotton. Others are based on Tanner's MSS. Ames' Typog. Antiquities. Ames' Gen. Hist. of Printing, p. 1570. Hazlitt's Warton, Vol. iii., p. 157, says 8vo; Cambridge Cat. 12mo.

this is a sign that such an edition had appeared, or a suggestive association that some printer caught up and made real; or whether some early owner thought it a congruous combination, and rebound them together, I cannot say. But they are of different dates, places and printers, of differing size also. Therefore it must be open to consideration whether this copy was seen and described by some one whose entry was confusedly copied by his successors.

I believe that the University authorities have split up this little volume once more into its four component parts, Sternhold's 1549 edition; Sir Thomas Wyatt's Seven Penitential Psalms 1549 edition; William Hunnis's 'Certain Psalms' 1550 edition, and John Hall's Proverbs 1550 edition. "Certayn chapters taken out of the Proverbs of Salomon with other chapters of the holy Scriptures and certayne Psalms of David translated into English metre," by John Hall.

"Whych proverbes of late were set fourth imprinted and untruely entituled to be thee doynge of Maister Thomas Sternhold late grome of the Kinges Maiesties robes, as by thys coppe it may be perceaued M.D.L." This is enclosed in a title frame. The book was "dedicated to the ryghte good and worshipful Mayster John Bricket of Eltam, Esquire, John Hall his dayly orator wyseth prosperyte, health, and quyetness of body and mind." Beside the metrical renderings of several chapters of Proverbs, the book contains the 6th chapter of the Wisdom of Solomon, the 9th chapter of Ecclesiasticus, the 3rd chapter of the 2nd Epistle of St. Paul to the Thesalonians, Psalms 21, 33, 53, 64, 111, 112, 113, 144. "Imprinted at London in Paules Churchyearde, at the signe of the Starre by Thomas Raynalde." See Cotton, Herbert, and Ames.

There is another puzzle over this little volume. The edition, published by John Case for Wm. Seres without date, professing to be by Thomas Sternhold, must have preceded this, so that throws back the date of writing. Cotton mentions an edition by E. Whitchurch, no date, preserved at the Public Library, Cambridge. In his note he says the Cam-

bridge copy of this book is the only one he had met with, and that it is imperfect, both at the beginning and end, and “that it differs from the edition dated 1550.” I have seen none but the Cambridge copy above alluded to as being bound up with the other three volumes.

Psalms 23 and 132 in metre by John Bale were printed for John Day in 1552. And “Certain Psalms select out of the Psalter of David and drawen into English Metre with notes to every Psalme in 4 parts by Francis Seager,” appeared in 1553. 1. London 8vo. This is an important publication in relation to the music set to it. Christopher Tye’s versified rendering of the Acts of the Apostles, which came out the same year, ought to be classified as being a part of the same inspiration, among the metrical Psalms, which ceased to appear during the reign of Mary.

Fuller says of Sternhold and his Psalms,¹ “he who wore bayes then, deserves not ivie now,” but he believes Hopkins superior to his master, and considers² that “his Psalms will be allowed to go in equipage with the best poems of the day.” Campbell³ thought that both, “with the best intentions, and the worst taste, degraded the spirit of Hebrew Psalmody by flat and homely phraseology, and mistaking vulgarity for simplicity, turned into bathos, what they found sublime.” Sir Egerton Brydges,⁴ however, reminds us that “had the verses not been poor, they would not have pleased the vulgar for whom they were intended, or suited the popular music of the day.”

That is one point which must not be forgotten, in judging the rhythm of Sternhold and his fellows. We may note it even in reading the Psalms of John Milton, true poet as he is.

It may not seem much to modern critics to bring out a metrical translation of a few Psalms. But in those days it meant much. Reading and writing were not such common

1 Church History, Vol. i., Cent. xvi., Book v. p. 252.

2 Worthies of England, I. 411, 1811.

3 Campbell’s Specimens of English Poetry, I. 116-7.

4 Censura Literaria.

qualifications as they are to-day,¹ and every other man who could read and write did not at once aspire to write a book. To go to other languages and re-translate the Psalms into words suitable for versification necessitated culture of a relatively high order. Even to versify from English current translations required skill and talent sufficient to mark out a man from among his fellows. The Bible was to many a *new book*, a freshly discovered continent full of glory and wonder and beauty to the so lately liberated consciences of men. Not until 1535² had there been a complete translation of the Bible; not until 1537³ a royally licensed one; not until 1547 had it been ordained that an English version should be read in the Church service, and that no one should leave the Church during the reading. It was not easy for the people then to purchase Bibles for themselves, even if they could read, and comparatively few possessed copies. The metrical versifications were, therefore, not only a sign of the culture of their writers, not only a sign that they had abjured the errors of Romanism and protested against its obscuring ceremonial; but that they tried to satisfy a felt want, and sought the purification of the hearts and lives of the people by presenting them with sacred thoughts in English words to sing to English melodies. In that there is no⁴ music by great composers at the date, that would suit the rhythm required for the ballad-measures of the Psalms; the metrical Psalm singing was further a protest against the "curious music" of the "old antiphonal" and the Catholic service.

1 Yet Thomas Wilson in the dedication of his *Art of Reason* to the King, 1551, says, "Considering the forwardness of this age, wherein the very multitude are prompt and ripe in al Sciences that have by any man's diligence, sett forth unto them."

2 Coverdale's Bible was completed 4th Oct., 1535, not licensed, but not suppressed till 8th July, 1546.

3 Matthew's Bible (John Rogers) licensed 1537. Coverdale's Great Bible, produced by Cromwell, 1539. See Wilkins' *Concilia*, iv. 1.

4 See Chappell's *Hist. of Music*.

XXII.

THE "OLD AND NEW COURT OF VENUS."

IT has not yet been duly noted, that the Prefaces to these Psalms give the general idea of the immediate cause of their genesis, and become a part of the religious as well as of the literary history of the time. John Wedderburn changed his ballads "out of prophaine sangis in godly sangis for avoyding of sin and harlatry," to benefit the young, "and cause them til put away bawdry and uncleine sangs." Coverdale wrote "to give our youth of England some occasion to change their foul and corrupte ballettes into swete songes and spiritual hymnes of God's honour." "Would God that such songs might drive out of office the baudy ballades of lecherous love that commonly are indited and song of idle courtiers in princes and noblemen's houses." So also did William Baldwin in plain terms, and the complete editions of Sternhold and Hopkins were "meete to be used of all sortes of people, laying apart al ungodly songes and Ballades which tend only to the norishing of vice and corrupting of youth."

But the cause of the general outcry against these evil ballads is specialised by Dr. John Hall. He tells us they were chiefly contained in an objectionable song-book called "The Court of Venus," and it may be well to quote his references, in order to understand their bearing. In the dedication of his Proverbs and Psalms he said he thought that his patron "would have more delyte and pleasure to reade or to heare or singe the word of God in metre than anye other rhymes of vanitie and songes of baudry, whyche of *longe* heretofore hath been used." In his Preface to the reader, he advises him to sing versified portions of Scripture such "as is contained in this lytle book, or the workes of other men more learned,

which for theyr doynge have as moche deserved to be commended as he, whatsoever he was, that made ye Court of Venus, or other bokes of lecherous Ballades." He entreats both young men and young women to "have more pleasure in virtue than in vice;" he "wishes the gyggolot gerles were as well learned in virtue and godliness as they be in ye Court of Venus," and were not inclined to flout men who knew it not, and call them "Jack-Hold-my-staffe." "The Holy Prophet King David doth admonish you in the 33rd Psalme sayng 'Sing unto the Lorde with ten stringed instruments, sing ye unto him a new dytie, tune it swetelye wythe joyful melodie.' Naye David naye, sayth our English menne, thou art an unwyse man, thy wordes are spent in waeste, for we have songes mayde by wyse and learned men in the Court of Venus. Thou art Gods minstrel and makest melody with spiritual songes to hys prayse, but we wil sing songes of love to the Goddess of lecherye.".... "In your mirth it is manifest what your doynge are, for your songes are of the Court of Venus.".... "Turne thine exerceyse from vyce to vertue, and thy hole life from evil to good, so that thou mayest read this booke and the doynge of other men more exquisite, to the abolishment of vyce and increase of virtue."

There is some reason to believe that Dr. Hall wrote about this time another book, not published until much later, "The Court of Virtue." One of the ditties therein he dates by saying it was written at the time of the sweating sickness in 1551-2. "The Court of Virtue"¹ was apparently parallel in form, and meant at least to be an antidote in matter to the objectionable book. In the Prologue he describes the Lady Virtue, and the muses of the Christian Poet, such as Temperance,² Constancy, &c. He supposes he had a vision in which the Lady Virtue shows him how he might help her by collecting Christian

1. The Court of Virtue, containyng many holy or Spiretuall songes, sonnettes, Psalms, Ballettes, &c., by John Hall, with musical notes. London, T. Marshe, 1565, 16mo.

"Thomas Marshe, for printing books in which he was in arreryges, the one called Lanfrancke, the other the Courte of Vertue, the third Stow's Cronacle, fined 2/6."

2. Edward VI. used to call Elizabeth his "sweet sister Temperance."

hymns for men to sing. Speaking of the manifold temptations to vice, she says—

"A Booke also of songes they have
And Venus Court they doe it name
No filthy mind a songe can crave
But therein he may finde the same
And in such songes is all their game."¹

Thomas Becon, in his "Book on Matrimony," (Works, ed. 1564, vol. III., f. DCLXII.) probably written in Edward's reign also, speaks of "filthy bookes unto the corruption of the Readers, as 'The Courte of Venus' and such like."

I have found that a later notice of the book is in a list from "A brief and necessary instruction, &c." by E. D. possibly Edward Dyer, 8vo, 1572, given by Collier. This notes many of Captain Cox's books mentioned by Laneham, "also 'Songs and Sonets,' 'Pallaces of Pleasure,' unchaste fables and tragedies and such like sorceries, 'The Courte of Venus,' 'The Castle of Love.'" Before Nicholas Breton's "Pilgrimage to Paradise," Dr. John Case addresses him: "It is a needless thing (friend Breton) in these our daies to revive the old art of loving, seeing there are already so many Courts of Venus, so many Palaces of Pleasure, so many pamphlets or rather huge volumes of wanton love and dalliance." He goes on to explain that Breton is writing of spiritual love.

The objectionable ballad-book in its complete form seems to have utterly perished; but there are strange traces of it in publications bearing the name, that seem to deserve no reprobation. It may be that the intense religious convictions of the 16th century Psalm-writers made them hypercritical, so that they heaped anathemas upon ballads we should only have called frivolous at the worst. But I do not think so. I think the discrepancy capable of another explanation. I suggested this before I was able to prove it, and I may trace the steps that led me to my belief.

¹ Dr. John Hall, 1529-66, was a surgeon at Maidstone, and a member of the worshipful Company of Chirurgeons. He wrote also "A vision against Necromancie, 1563, 8vo." "The Chirurgery of Lanfranc, translated 1564," which contains Hall's portrait, etat 35. "A work on Anatomy, 1565." "Expostulations against the abusers of Chirurgie," and other books.

There is only one complete book bearing this title extant, and this seems to have no connection with the objectionable Ballad-book at all. It must have been written earlier, but it appeared in Edinburgh many years later than the metrical Psalms. 'The Court of Venus' by Johne Rolland in Dalkeith, imprentit at Edinburgh be Johne Ros. MDLXXV." is called by the author a "Treatise."¹ It is an allegorical poem, bearing a stronger resemblance to John Hall's 'Court of Virtue' than to any collection of Ballads. It opens with a dialogue between the Youngkeir and the Saddest, or Esperance and Desperance. The Youngkeir praises Love, and his answers always end with "I lufe ay leill, and that weill likis me." The Saddest or Desperance spurns love, and his stanzas end with, "I luift to lang, and that forethinkis me." Venus descends, and with her Ladies forms a Court in which to judge the case. The most curious association of mythological persons meet in that Court, and Vesta is appointed to plead for Desperance. The heathen goddesses argue through passages from Holy Writ. The result is that Desperance is proved in the wrong, and would have been severely treated by Venus, but for the petition of Esperance. Desperance is thereafter received into the number of the followers of the Queen of Love, and a new name is given him. The poet, who had seen the course of affairs, now appears, and the whole Court proceeds against him, to turn him out because he is guilty of the crime of being old. In vain he pleads that when he was young he followed love, the Goddess and ladies are inexorable, and they bundle him out, he praying Jesus to bring them all to heaven at last.

Rolland doubtless had Gower's 'Confessio Amantis' in his thought, and 'The Allegory of Virtue and Delyte' from

1 It is to be regretted that we do not know so much of the origin of the original Court of Venus, as we do of the Scotch one. The author tells us himself in his prologue to another of his poems called "The Sevin Seages," that he had four masters in poetry at Court, David Lyndsay, John Bellenden, William Stewart and Durie, Bishop of Galloway. He asked leave from them, to try "to shew his diligence." They gave him permission. Then he dreamed of the Lady Venus and her Court, and on awaking wrote a "lytill Quair," which his masters commended. (See Rev. Walter Gregor's Edition for the Scottish Text Society, 1883-4.)

the proem to Bellenden's translation of Hector Boece's 'History of Scotland,' 1536; a fine stanza, with ideas something like those of Hall's Court of Vertue. 'The Dream' of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount also had been conceived on similar allegorical lines.

Though there is no complete English copy of a book bearing the pilloried name, there are two very puzzling fragments using the title; the Bright fragment, now in the Christie Miller Library at Britwell Court, the first sheet of a black letter Octavo publication, and the Douce fragment, now in the Bodleian, also in black-letter, generally called *Quarto*, sometimes *Octavo*, purchased by Mr. Herbert at the sale of Mr. West's Library among "Sundry fragments of Black-Letter Books."

Thereby hangs a tale. It is clear that there was a book such as the Reformers described at a very early time, by one or by many authors. Francis Thynne in 1599 brought out his 'Animadversions' on the Edition of Chaucer published by Speght in 1598. He had intended to republish the poet's works himself. He had not only a hereditary *desire* to do so, but he had revised paternal notes and made other preparations. In the course of his 'Animadversions' he tells us that his father William Thynne had brought out his first¹ edition of Chaucer in 1532 in two columns a page, but that later he was bringing out an edition having *one column on a side*, which contained 'The Pilgrim's Tale,' "a thing more odious to the clergy than even the 'Plowman's Tale.'" Though his father had made special interest with the King to have it printed, Cardinal Wolsey persuaded him "so to mislike of that tale that Chaucer must be *newe printed*, and that discourse of the Pilgrim's tale left out."

Mr. Bradshaw thinks the one-columned edition a fiction, and thinks that Francis Thynne became confused among the stories of his father's editions and the

¹ See "Francis Thynne's Animadversions," edited for the Chaucer Society by Dr. Furnivall, 1875-6.

² There had been a previous edition of Chaucer, however, Pynson's, in 1526.

cancelled copy.¹ It is quite possible that Wolsey had really objected to 'The Plowman's Tale' and secured its excision from the 1532 edition, but he had vanished before the second edition was planned. 'The Plowman's Tale' *did* appear in 1542. 'The Pylgrymse Tale' did not, and it is evidently none of Chaucer's. It refers to the poet by name, and to one of his works by page and line, which it could not have done until after the first printing of it in 1532. It could not even have been under discussion in 1532, as Mr. Tyrwhitt points out that it must have been written between 1536-40, from some allusions, particularly that to the risings of

"Perkin Warbeck and Jack Strawe
And now of late, our Cobler the Dawe."

The leader of the Lincolnshire rising in 1536 was called in mockery "Captain Cobler." 'The Pylgrymse Tale' might, however, have been put in the press for the second edition, and Gardiner, or another ecclesiastic, might have insisted on its being cancelled. But Thynne's second edition of 1542 came out in *two columns*, so whether it was all reprinted, or whether the 'Pylgrymse Tale' alone was in one column, we have now no clear means of judging. The unexpected support which I find was brought by Bale to Thynne's story about the cancelled copy suggests new difficulties. Bale fled the country in 1540, at which time it may be supposed the second edition of Chaucer was being planned. In his first edition of the 'Scriptores' published at Wesel in 1548, Bale mentions among Chaucer's works 'De Curia Veneris, Lib. I. In Maio cum virescerent, &c.'" and 'Narrationes diversorum, Lib. I.' 'In Comitatu Lyncolniensi fuit, &c.'" This latter is evidently 'The Pilgrim's Tale.' The curious point comes in here. The only copy of 'The Pylgrymse Tale' we have, is that embodied in the one-columned issue of the Douce Fragment of 'The New Court of Venus,' where it begins at Sig. E. II. Folio xxxib.

¹ There is no trace of Thynne's one-columned edition of Chaucer, though Hazlitt says that he once saw a few leaves of a one-columned copy used to make up a two-columned copy.

and is broken off abruptly on sig. F. 7, f. xlv. Twenty-eight lines run to a page of continuous rhymed couplets, small octavo,

In Lincolneshyr fast by the fene
There stant a hows and you yt ken
And callyd Sempynham of religion
and is of an old foundation
buyldyt full many a yer ago
to helpe sowllis out of there payn and wo.

The writer was an Oxonian, and his interlocutor was a Cambridgean, the latter

"Bad me reyd the Romant of the Rose
the thred leafe just from the end
to the second page he did me send."¹

The poem elsewhere refers to Chaucer by name, and is of further interest because it mentions some prophecies of Merlin.

'The Pylgrymse Tale' was severe on the clergy, and its association with 'The Court of Venus' probably caused the cancelling of the latter. Mr. Bradshaw thinks that the Douce fragment must have had Chaucer's name on title page, and that it had been published *before* 1540. It is difficult otherwise to account for the appearance in Bale's list, of works ascribed to Chaucer, which have appeared in none of his editions.

While it is clear that Chaucer did not write 'The Pylgrymse Tale' it is not so clear that 'The Court of Venus' was not by him. It is just the sort of *title* that might have accompanied his authorship. He did write 'The Complaynte of Venus.' In Gower's 'Confessio Amantis' there are suggestive allusions to Venus, her Court, her Confessor Genius, and her poet Chaucer. "Moral Gower" is told he is too old to stay longer at the Queen's Court, who bids him adieu and says—

¹ The whole passage concerns the evil-doings of the monks. Their preaching for vain-glory; their falsification of the Scriptures—

"Al is not Gospel out of dowte
That men seyn in the town aboute."

See Thynne's Chaucer 1532, also Skeat's edition. Fragment B. line, 5745, Frag. C. line, 7609.

12 THE "OLD AND NEW COURT OF VENUS"

"And grete well Chaucer when ye mete
 As my disciple and my poet
 For in the flowere of his youthe,
 In sondry wise as he well couthe,
 of dytes and of songes glade,
 the whiche for my sake he made—
 the land fulfilled is over all:
 wherefore to hym in especiall
 above all others I am most holde
 for-thy nowe in his dayes olde
 Thou shalt hym tell this message
 that he uppon his latter age
 sette an ende of all his werke
 as he whiche is myne owne clerke
 do make his Testament of Love" . . .
 as thou hast donne thy shrift above
 so that my Courte yt may recorde" &c.

Though this clearly shows that Gower believed that Chaucer was the author of many "ditties and glad songs" spread over the land (which have been lost to us) it is evident that he was not, at least, generally supposed to be the author of 'The Court of Venus,' or Gower would have said so, and Dr. John Hall would have named him, and not have said of the writer, "Whosoever he was," and again, that it was written "by learned men." It was in 1550 "old," and had been "used of longe." In the Bodleian fragment, associated with the "Pylgrymse Tale," there are a few verses, of a character that could have called for no such universal reprobation as I have shown it had received.¹

Verses under the running title of 'The Court of Venus' begin with Sign. E 1. Folio xxxi. They consist of 10 lines of the conclusion of one poem,

"Venus
 Which had me in the snare
 of pensive thought and payn
 She saw that faithfullye

1. A reference in MS. on the Douce Fragment says:

"Likewise the Lacedemonians both banished Archilochus the poet, and also burnt his bookes. These men shall rise up against us English men at the day of judgment which banish not, nor burne not, but rather print, publish, set forth and sell bawdy balades and filthy bookes unto the corruption of the readers as the Court of Venus and such like wanton books."

I did my hert resynge
 to take it gentlylly
 She dyd nothing repyn,
 Wherefore away all payn ;
 for now I am right sure,
 pyte in her doth rayn
 that hath my hert in cur."

and there follows another complete poem of 20 lines beginning

"Dryven by diseyr to set affection
 a great way alas, above my degre."

about which I have something later to say.

The Bright fragment at Britwell, with the same running title has the advantage of containing the title page, the Prologue, eleven complete lyrics, and part of a twelfth. The late Mr. Christie-Miller kindly allowed me to see his copy through Mr. Graves' influence, and that made my research easier. The title is printed in a sort of lozenge-shaped arrangement of words. The top is of large Roman capitals, the other words are black-letter. "The Courte of Venus, newly and diligentllye corrected, with many proper Ballades newly amended, and also added thereunto which have not before bene imprinted." No date, place, or name of printer, but there is an engraved frame that might give a clue if I knew enough about printer's marks. In the Stationers' register we find that Henry Sutton was licensed to print 'The Court of Venus' in 1557. I made a search among his publications at the British Museum and find no resembling title page. He very frequently prints his name at the end of the book, but we have the end in neither fragment.

The Prologue to the Bright fragment commences with the words

"In the month of May when the new tender grene
 Hath smothly covered the ground which was bare."

which is evidently the equivalent of Bale's Latin, "In Maio cum virescerent." The Prologue describes a love-struck youth, desirous of learning the laws of the Court of Venus. The Goddess sends Genius to console and advise him, and to

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tell him there were five hundred more suffering from his disease. Strictures against the clergy show the same spirit that appears in the 'Pilgrim's Tale' and connect the two fragments in thought—

"But I besought him or ever I was alone
That of Venus Court he would interpret the fashion,
Something to make, but he would not consent
Til it were concluded by Paliament.
Love without charitie should be put down,
Nor perjured persons should no more resort
Unto the Court of Venus¹ doth frowne
When the religion hath them bowne
And to Diana themselfe also sworne
And yet through Heccates in her courte be borne."

The Prologue is closed by a note, "Thus endeth the Prologue, and hereafter followeth *The New Court of Venus*." (The italics are mine.)

The poems seem very much of the same style of thought as the verses in the Douce fragment. Perhaps I may call attention in passing to the third and fourth lines in the sixth poem,

I may by no means surmyse
my fantasye to resist
But after the old gyse
to call on *had I wylst*.

For in 'The Paradise of Dainty Devises' the author who signs himself "My luck is losse," writes a poem, 'Beware of had I Wist,' and Nash and others frequently also criticise the phrase.² The fragment contains only 8 leaves.

Regarding these two fragments there are some interesting questions to settle. Are they parts of the same book? Is either part of Thynne's cancelled one-columned copy of Chaucer? (It would not be strictly correct to call the Bright fragment *one-columned*, as occasionally a second column is jammed in to make space, yet it evidently started on a one-columned idea.) Did the 'New Courte of Venus' originate

¹ There must have been some dropped line or word here such as occur often elsewhere in this fragment.

² See p. 286

before 1540? Is either fragment a part of Henry Sutton's, licensed 1557, or of some unacknowledged pirated copy?¹

But the question that has most interested me is the relation of the work to its censors among the metrical Psalmists and to its author or authors. Who is responsible for it? Nothing within that fragment deserves the universal opprobrium that 'The Court of Venus' has received, and, associated with the moral of the Prologue and the 'Pylgrymse Tale' the songs would certainly not have been so anathematised by reformers. I was therefore driven to the conclusion that these fragments did not represent the lost 'Court of Venus' at all. It seemed to me quite possible that early reformers of not too pronounced a type, had already conceived the idea of reforming the people's songs into respectability in a volume similar to the popular one, which by some mistake, intentional or otherwise, had been ascribed to Chaucer, passed by the Censor as belonging to the poet, but cancelled after it had been printed, by the King's spiritual adviser. After the forbidden list of books in 34 Henry VIII. as "Tyndale's translations, printed bokes, printed ballads, playes, rymes, songes, and other fantasies, injurious to the youth of the realm," are excepted "Cronycles, Canterbury Tales, Chaucer's Bokes, Gower's Bokes, and stories of men's lives," and during the years of anxious discussion as to what was and what was not to be permitted, it was important that nothing should be allowed to slip in under Chaucer's cloak, of anything the least likely to wound the clergy. But if cancelled, it would not have been published, and therefore we must believe that the Psalm writers' strictures were directed against some older uncorrected 'Court of Venus,' then still in existence.

The next question is, whether Henry Sutton's book was the new or the old 'Court of Venus.' Had it been the old, he would hardly have taken out a license at all, as it would only have been a new edition; had it been the new, it is surprising that he got one in 1557, just at the hottest of the

¹ 19th July 1557 to Henry Sutton, to printe this booke called '*The Courte of Venus*,' and for his licence he giveth to the house iij*d*. (Arber's Stat. Reg.)

Marian persecution. It is of course *possible*, though very unlikely, that the comparatively mild strictures may have escaped the Censor's notice. The title did not suggest danger. Further, anything cancelled about 1540-2 might have been presumed to have been all right in 1557. At least the book was duly licensed by the Stationers' Company, and there is no further record of withdrawal or of suppression.

Bale's headlines connect the issue with the cancelled copy, probably with the original, and certainly with the fragments. It is possible that the "improver" kept the first lines and the general rhythm of the old poems, as Wedderburn did when he changed into sacred hymns such old *profane* songs as—'The wind blows cauld, furious and bauld'; 'Wha's at my window, wha, wha?'; 'Downe by yon river I ran'; 'Wha suld be my love bot he'; 'John come kiss me now'; and 'The Hunt is up'—songs that have come down to us, not only in the reformer's entire reconstruction, but in some other forms possibly altered and corrected through the centuries, which no longer offend the moral critic, while they delight the ballad-lover. Some such alteration seems to have been preserved for us in 'The New Courte of Venus.' The whole might very well have been written by some healthy-minded, poetically inclined Catholic; I had thought at first of Nicholas Brigham¹ as a suitable adapter, the worshipper and disciple of Chaucer, whose own works, honoured by Bale, have not come down to us. Just in the year of Sutton's issue of the 'Court of Venus,' he had completed the marble tomb in Westminster to which he removed his master Chaucer's honoured bones, to found the poet's corner, and it seemed quite possible he might have bestirred himself to publish

1. The praise of Bale and Pits is noteworthy, and their acknowledgment of help from Nicholas Brigham (see Edition 1557-9 *Scriptores Illust.*) Nicholas Brighamus Homo Latine doctus etc., *Scriptis ille "Venationes rerum memorabilium,"* Lib. I. "*Rerum quotidianarum.*" Lib. 12, Cent. 10, M. 72; Cent. 11, M. 6, 42, 52, 95; Cent. 12, M. 24, 79, 82, 95. See my paper "The Burial places of Rachel Brigham and her father Nicholas," *Athenæum*, 28th April, 1894. Nicholas Brigham became one of the Tellers of the Exchequer at Westminster, William Thynne the Cofferer and Master of the Royal Household. They probably were acquainted, associated as they were both in office and interest. William Thynne died 10th Aug. 1546.

what had once been attributed to the poet by his friend Bale. It is also quite possible that some of the authors of the early 'Court of Venus' might have themselves become reformed in later years, and have attempted to improve a second edition. We know that Clement Marot's early poems would certainly have been stigmatised as profane, and probably worse, yet he lived to be the brightest among the Psalm-singers. The same is quite possibly true of some of the English Psalm-writers. Newton tells us of William Hunnis that "in prime of youth" he had written "roundelays and gallant lays," so that "the first fruits of his labours" might not have been the first fruits of his invention. And in his later works Hunnis writes—

"Alack when I looke back upon my youth that's past,
And deeply ponder youth's offence, and youth's reward at last,
With sighes and teares I say, O God, I not denie
My youth with folly hath deserved with follie for to die,
But yet if eurie sinfull man might mercie moue to ruth,
Good Lord with mercie do forgive, the follies of my youth."¹

It is to be presumed that the period he mourned over lay *before* the inspiration of psalm-writing came to him, and if he had any poems floating in the country, he would certainly try to modify and improve them, when the new spirit came on him.

In some way or other we can see that the 'Court of Venus' had become changed out of recognition. 'The Newe Court of Venus' stands as a half-way house between the old work on which it was based, and the Metrical Psalms of the more advanced reformers, and as such may be treated among the causes and effects of the 16th century Reformation. It is significant that few notices seem to be taken of the book especially by name, in strictures written later than Sutton's issue; but in the Stationers' Registers 1566-7, Hewgh Singleton is licensed to print "'The Courte of Venus moralized.' By Thomas Bryce, iiii*d*." This must be again another publication under the name.

I had been working up this subject for a chapter in

1 Paradise of Dainty Devices No. 71. (ed. 1596.)

my 'William Hunnis and the Revels of the Chapel Royal.' but I thought that I ought to make a résumé of it for the *Athenæum*, which I did. It appeared on June 24th, 1899 I had gone on studying, however, and the day after it appeared, I discovered a clue to the solution of the puzzle, which had haunted me so long, and hastily putting my notes together, sent them off to the *Athenæum* at once so as to appear the following week as a supplement to my paper under the title of 'The Authorship of the Newe Court of Venus,' appearing 1st July, 1899. I had read the old miscellanies again, dwelt among the old poets, believing that I remembered some of these verses included. I was fortunate. In Tottell's Miscellany I found three of the poems, and that day I found that there was at least over one-third of the poems of 'The Newe Court of Venus' accounted for. I had been right in my surmise, the chief author of these was a Sixteenth Century Poet of reforming spirit, a metrical Psalm-writer, too, being no less than Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder. This of itself proved that they had been written before 1541. If so many were found in one fragment, we may believe it possible on the principle of averages that a similar proportion might have appeared on the other folios. It is not clear whether Wyatt collected these poems himself, and selected others to group with them, in a conscious effort to reform the Old Court of Venus, but it is *possible*, possible even that he may have written 'The Pylgrymse Tale.' And if he did not make this collection himself some one else evidently did, though again it is not clear whether that was done before 1540 or in 1557. The poem which I found first in Tottel was the second in the 'Newe Court of Venus.' "My lute, awake, performe the last, &c."

Tottel also has the fourth in the 'Newe Court of Venus,' though he omits the refrain. "Disdaine me not," &c And the 11th also, "Marvell no more altho."

After finding these and the others afterwards discussed, printed in Tottel, I went through the manuscript authorities, found more, and I believed that others there included are Wyatt's, though not in the canon. Thereupon I looked through

all the published editions of Wyatt's poems, and compared them with the various manuscripts in the British Museum which contain his works, Egerton MS. 2711, Harl. MS. 78, Addit. MSS. 17492, 28635, 28636, 36529, but found no more of Wyatt's printed. 'The Newe Court of Venus' had acquired a new interest. It might mean that Wyatt had the same relation to it as Richard Edwards had to the P. of D.D.; that he even had meant to publish the collection, had not Death prevented that as well as further original works. All the poems preserved are anonymous, but at least he was the chief author, (as Edwards was). There are a considerable number of variations in spelling, and even in words and phrases, between the recensions in the 'Newe Court of Venus,' and those in Tottell and in the manuscript versions, sometimes to the advantage of the Court of Venus. They have no titles. They clearly show that 'The Newe Court of Venus' was not the volume which the reformers anathematized, and also that Collier should have added at least *two* early poetical miscellanies to his "seven."

In all, I had secured six accredited poems of Wyatt, and two others, which I believed to be Wyatt's—"To whom should I sue to ease my pain" and "Dryven by dissyr to set affection," in the Bodleian fragment, for reasons which I must set forth in the last chapter, where I hope to be able to print all of his *in extenso* which had appeared in "The New Courte of Venus."

Slightly expanded from article called "The Authorship of 'The New Courte of Venus,'" *Athenæum*, July 1st, 1899.

XXIII.

SIR THOMAS WYAT'S POEMS IN THE NEWE
COURT OF VENUS.

THE contents of the two fragments that remain, taken together, are A Prologue, shewing that it was 'The New Courte of Venus,' twelve complete lyrics, two incomplete, and a long extract from 'The Pilgrim's Tale.' Though there is an ejaculatory interpolation of the author against the Evil One in the midst of this, the poem seems to be homogeneous and but *one* article. It is broken off abruptly at Sig. F. 7, f. 47; and as Bale's title was 'Diverse Narrations,' we do not know how many more there might have been in the complete edition, but we can realise that it was of a length sufficient to make it important as a *book*, not merely as a *brochure*. Concerning its origin we have only hypotheses to work on. But these must not be altogether despised. A respectable hypothesis does not sit down before it reaches its majority, in an armchair, and rest content; it energises itself to attain to the manhood of real *fact*, or to build a commemorative monument for itself, leaving its acquired property to some more promising successor. I may note the items which may be considered as foundations for hypotheses. The old 'Court of Venus,' like the Sphinx of Egypt, seems to have been of unknown antiquity. There may have been many songs and ballads floating through the land, such as Gower refers to. Some of these may have been by Chaucer, others may have been fathered on him, and both series may have become adulterated in handing on. These may have been collected under this title at any time. The first crisis at which we can touch dates occurs between 1536-1540 when some book

went through the press. This was probably the printing-press of Bonham, who would be known to be about to publish William Thynne's second edition of Chaucer. Dates are limited on the one side by the fact that the 'Pilgrim's Tale' could not have been *written* before 1536 (unless we suppose a heavy alteration of its text), and it could not have been *printed* after 1540, as that was the year in which Bale fled, carrying his precious MSS. with him. He printed these at Wesle in 1547, and it may be noted that he did not put the two titles consecutively in his first edition, that is, 'The Court of Venus' and the 'Diverse Narrations' are not put *together*, among the works of Chaucer, as they are in Bale's more valuable second edition, which Pits supervised. This appeared in a year notable in the annals of literary criticism, 1557, and in it the two titles are made to follow each other, making it possible that the lyrics and the narrations were contained in one volume. But he still attributed them to Chaucer. He must have learned by this time, of the volume having been cancelled, and it rather points to some unregistered publication of the contents through the intervening years of change. In this same year of 1557, 'The Courte of Venus' was openly entered in the Registers by Sutton. We have nothing to show us whether it was the wicked old book, anathematised by the reformers of 1550, or the volume of 1540, cancelled under the uncertain despotism of Hen. VIII. because of 'The Pilgrim's Tale.' If it were the latter, it is surprising that it should have passed the censors of Mary's reign. And it is also surprising that the same censors in the same year should have licenced 'Tottel's Miscellany.' For it also was an attempt to provide respectable songs for the people; it had published for that purpose 'The Songs and Sonets' of the Earl of Surrey and of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the first executed by Hen. VIII., and the second always suspected by every Catholic. Further, his son had been executed by Mary four years before for his patriotic but ill-planned rising to try to prevent the detested Spanish marriage, so that the name must have been in bad odour at Court.

In 1557 also Brigham founded the Poets' Corner, by interring the bones of his master Chaucer there—the sole trace of his own literary work being preserved in stone in the epitaph. Having shown how close a link binds these events of this same year concerning this question, I may turn to manuscript authorities for Wyat's text. Among those also we find a great deal to note. There may be many of his poems, signed or unsigned, yet buried among the manuscript collections of the country. But the chief collections are to be found among the British Museum MSS. There are two pre-eminent, the Egerton MS. 2711, and the Devonshire MS., now entered as Add. MS. 17492. The first of those was a volume which certainly has been in Wyat's own hands. Some of the MSS. may have been copied, some of them have certainly been corrected by him, and some signed. Even as it is, it is an authority of the greatest importance, but it would have been much more so but for a deplorable injury, or series of injuries. It must be remembered that Wyat's son was condemned and executed as a traitor, his property being forfeited. Manuscripts, when not destroyed, are apt to wander. This volume fell into the hands of Sir John Harington (d. 1612), and his family afterwards used it as a scrap-note-book, deliberately writing not only round but *over* Wyat's poems in some cases. Some of the pages have been torn out. This was not done because there were no more blank pages; many occur towards the end of the volume. One dilapidator was followed by others (apparently children preparing for school work), and writing "*pœnas*," who seem also to have preferred to write on the top of Sir Thomas Wyat's poems, so that some can only now be examined as palimpsests. The other manuscript has been better cared for, it belonged to a group of Wyat's friends and followers, Surrey and Surrey's sister, the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Margaret Howard, and Mary Shelton. Many wrote in it, as an album, sometimes rather carelessly, but they were familiar with Wyat's text, and did not try to improve on it. It does not, however, contain a complete series, and others are preserved with his.

There are some of his poems in the Harleian MS. 78 ; and some in Add. MS. 36529, which were collected by Sir John Harington along with his own before 1612. Dr. Harington, perhaps as a penance for his ancestors' sins, made clean copies of all the poems left in Egerton MS. 2711, and added many contemporary poems from that and other manuscript Sources, in two substantial folio volumes, Add. MSS. 28,635, and 28,636. None of these authorities contain the whole of the poems, but they add to, as well as throw light upon, each other. We have no certainty that we possess *all* that he has written. The oldest known printed text was Tottel's 'Miscellany,' and now 'The Newe Court of Venus' contributes its quota. Out of the twelve lyrics and two fragments I find that there are six certified as attributable to Sir Thomas Wyatt, and two, that from internal evidence I feel certain are by him, that is, eight in all, as against a remainder of six by "uncertain authors." Whether or not the same proportion obtained in the missing folios, a complete copy of that book would be a treasure to us now ! We find in it even something more. It is evident that the original "copy" of 'The Newe Court of Venus,' contained occasionally fuller and more careful renderings than those which have otherwise come down to us, as if the author had himself transcribed and carefully corrected them. It is also evident that the fragments do not belong to the original edition, by the printer's occasional errors, dropped lines and phrases, as if it had been a pirated edition. I may give examples of the first. The only other copy of 'Dysdaine me not' is in Tottel, but he omits the refrain. There are several copies of a poem beginning 'If Fansy would favour.' But how much more rhythmic is the form 'If Fantasy would favour,' and how much more intelligible the second line "As I deserue and shal." Some of these other copies omit verses, generally different ones. 'The Newe Court of Venus' recension of the poem 'Love whom you lyst' is the *only complete* one. It runs into 20 lines, whereas the only other copy, beginning with 'Hate whom you list,' Add. MS. 17492, runs only into 10 lines. The two poems which I consider that it *gives* us

are 'To whom should I sue to ease my payne' which, by the very "flair" of it, seems Wyatt's, and 'Dryven by dissyn to set affection.' The reasons which make me accept the latter are, first, its style, second, its fitting the circumstances of Wyatt's early known acquaintance with Anne Boleyn. When association with her became dangerous, he might have tried to efface his expressions in the poem, and yet leave the debris to draw those who followed up the scent. Part of the debris is contained in the poem acknowledged to be his in Add. MS. 17492, '*Dryven by desire* I dede this dede,' which also appears in Tottel under the title 'Of sodaine trusting.' It only runs to 7 lines. But many other phrases resembling this 'Court of Venus' poem are scattered through Wyatt's recognised compositions. Compare

I see that Chance hath chosen me,
Thus secretly to live in payne.
And another giuen the fee
Of all my losse to have the gayne,
By chance assured thus do I serue,
And other haue what I deserue.

As examples of the printers' blunders I may refer to the passage that I have given from The Prologue in last chapter. The seventh line of 'To whom should I sue' has been dropped out; and the seventeenth line of 'Dysdaine me not.' Tottel gives the correct latter line, and shows that the printers of 'The Court of Venus' tried to combine the two. These are only examples of what I have noticed, and there may, of course, be other similar hitches unknown to me. There are considerable variations of spelling in the different recensions. And here I feel that in justice to myself I must make a personal explanation. Fortune always tries to give me a jerk off my lines in every special effort I make. When hurrying my Burbage Book out to suit the Burbage Memorial Committee, she sent an accident to my knee, which prevented me for months from going to the Record Office to check my references and spelling. I consoled myself then that it did not really matter to Burbage when he won his case, whether his lawyer spelt it, "it" or "yt." But spelling does become at times

important in pure literature. One cannot call it another *trick* of Fortune's this time, but it remains a cause over which I have no control. In 1899 I saw the Bright fragment, anxious only to discover the author. Since that time I have read, copied, compared, and criticised so many of Wyat's poems that I have become quite uncertain as to 'The Court of Venus' spelling. I enquired if I might be permitted to see the fragment again in order to correct my copy. I find that the owner, his private secretary and librarian are away to the front, and the library shut to students until the end of the war. I thought however it was better to publish the poems now, acknowledging this uncertainty in the spelling, which I nevertheless believe to be nearly correct.

I give here the poems. They have no titles.

I.

My penne, take payne a lytle space,
to folow the thing that doth me chase,
and hath in hold my hart so sore,
And when thou hast this browghte to passe;
My pen I praye the wryte no more.

A copy in Add.
MS. 17492. f. 3.

Remember oft thou hast me eaysyd,
and all my payne full well apeaysyd,
but now I know, unknownen before,
for where I trust I am dyscevyd,
and yet my penne thou canst no more.

Atyme thou haddyst as other have,
to wryghte whyche way my hope to craue,
that tyme ys past, withdrawe therffore
Syns we do lose that other saue,
as good leue off and wryghte no more

Yn worthe to me another waye,
Not as we wold, but as we maye,
for ons my losse ys past Restore,
and my desyre ys my decaye,
my pen yet wryghte a lytell more.

To love in vayn who ever shall,
off worldye payn yt passyth all,
as in lyke case I fynd, wherfore
to hold so fast, and yet to fall,
Alas my pen, now wryghte no more.

Syns thow hast taken payn thys space,
 to folow that whyche dothe me chase,
 and hath in hold my hart so sore,
 now hast thow browght my mynde to passe,
 my pen, I praye the wryghte no more.

II.

My lute awake performe the last
 Labour that thou and I shall wast,
 And end that I haue now begone
 For when this song is gon and past,
 My lute be stil for I haue done.

Also in MS. 17492.
 f. 14b; Egerton
 MS. 2711 f. 43b.
 Tottel.

As to be herd where ere is none,
 As lede to graue in marble stone,
 My song may perse her hert as sone,
 Should we then sigh or sing or mone,
 No mo, my Lute for I haue done.

Eg. ear.
 lead
 syng or syghe.

The *Rokkes* do not so cruelly,
 Repulse the waves continually,
 As she my sute and affection,
 So that I am past remedy,
 Whereby my lute and I haue done.

Eg. Rock dothe.
 Tottel. Rockes.

Prowd of the spoyll that thow hast gott,
 Of simple hertes, thorough love's shot,
 By whome unkynd thou hast them wone
 Thinck not he hath his bow forgot,
 All tho my lute and I haue done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine,
 That makest but game on earnest pain,
 Thinck not alone under the sunne,
¹Unquyt to cause thy louers plain,
 All tho my lute and I haue done.

of
 Trow.
 Unquyt.

Perchance the lye wethered and old,
 The wynter nyghts that are so cold,
 Plaining in vain unto the mone
 Thy wisshes then dare not be told,
 Care then who lyst, for I haue done.

withered.

And then may chaunce the to repent,
 The tyme that thou hast lost and spent,
 To cause thy louers sygh and swone,
 Then shalt thou knowe, beawtie but lent,
 And wisshe and want as I haue done.

beawtie.

Now cesse my lute, this is the last,
 Labor that thou and I shall wast,
 And ended is that we begon,
 Now is this song boeth song and past,
¹My lute be still for I haue done.

III.

To whom should I sue to ease my payne
 To my mystres, nay nay certayne,
 For feare she should me then disdayne,
 I dare not sue, I dare not sue.

No other
 copy known.

When I should speake to my mystres,
 In hope for to get redres,

* * * * * (Dropped out)

When I should speake, when I should speake.

What hap had I that suffereth payne,
 And if I myghte her grace attayne,
 Or els she would here me complayne,
 What hap had I, what hap had I?

I fly for feare to be espyed,
 Or of evil wil to be destroyed,
 The place wher I would faynest abyde,
 I fly for feare, I fly for feare.

Though I were bold, who should me blame,
 Love caused me to do the same,
 With honesty it were no shame,
 Though I were bold, though I were bold.

And here an end, wyth ful glad wyl,
 In purpose for to serve her styl,
 And for to part thinke none yl,
 And here an end, and here an end.

¹ Dr. Harington in his MS. copy of Wyatt's verses, says this address to his Lute was assigned to Lord Rochford, and was printed as his in 'Nugæ Antiquæ' vol. iii. p. 289. 1779.

IV.

Dysdaine me not, without desert
 Nor leave me not so sodeynly
 Sith wel ye wot that in my hart
 I mean nothing but honesty.

No. MS. copy of this.
 Also in Tottel, who
 omits the refrain.

Dysdayne me not.

Refuse me not without cause why,
 Nor thynke me not to be uniust,
 Since that by lot of fantasye,
 The careful Knott nedes knyht I must,
 Refuse me not.

Mystrust me not though some therbe,
 That fayn would spot my stedfastnesse,
 Beleue them not, seying that ye se,
 The profe is not as they expresse,
 Mystrust me not.

Forsake me not til I deserue,

* * * * * Dropped out.

¹Nor hate me not tell I swerue,
 For syth you know what I intend,
 Forsake me not.

Dysdayne me not being your owne,
 Refuse me not that I am so true, Tottel omits "I."
 Mystrust me not til al be knowen,
 Forsake me never for no new,
 Disdayne me not.

V.

Fortune what ayleth the Not by Wyat.
 Thus for to banyshe me
 Her company whom I loue best
 For to complayne me
 Nothing auayleth me
 Adieu farewell this night's rest. And 4 more stanzas.

VI.

I may by no means surmyse Not by Wyat.
 My fantasie to resyst
 But after the old gyse
 To cal on had I wyst. And 5 more stanzas.

1. Tottel has "Nor hate me not tyll I offend
 Destroy me not tyll that I swerue."

VII.

If Fantasy would favour,
 As I deserve and shall,
 My love my lady paramour,
 Should love me best of al.

"If fancy would favour."
 "As my deseruing shall."
 A copy in Eg. 2,711, f. 34b.
 Another in Add MS. 17,492.
 Eg. omits "lady."

But if I cannot attain,
 the grace that I desir,
 Then may I well complain,
 my service and my hier.

Fansy doeth knowe how,
 to fourther my trewe hert,
 If fansy myght avowe,
 With faith to take part.

A copy beginning at
 this verse in Add. MS.
 28,685.

But fansy is so fraill
 and fitting still so fast,
 that faith may not preuail,
 to helpe me first nor last.

This verse omitted in
 MS. 17,492.

For fansy at his lust,
 doeth rule all but by gesse,
 Whereto should I then truste,
 in trouth or stedfastnes.

Yet gladdely would I please,
 the fansy of her hert,
 That may me only ease,
 and cure my carefull smart.

Therefore my Lady dere,
 Set ons your fantasy,
 to make som hope appere,
 of stedfaste remedy.

For if he be my frend,
 and undertake my woo,
 My grief is at an ende,
 if he continue so.

Ellse fansy doth not right,
 as I deserue and shall,
 To haue you daye and night,
 to loue me best of all.

Omits "I."

VIII.

During of payne and greuous smart Not by Wyat
Hath brought me lowe and wonderous weake
That I cannot consort my hart
Why sighest thou my hart and wil not breake.
And 5 more starzas.

IX.

Now must I lerne to faine,
And do as other do,
Seeing no truth doth raine
That I may trust unto.

Not by Wyat.
And 5½ more stanzas.

X.

Love whom you lyst and spare not,
Therwyth I am content,
Hate whom you lyst and spare not,
For I am indyfferent.

Do what you lyst and dread not,
After your own fantasie,
Thynke what you lyst and feare not,
For al is one with me.

For as for me I am not,
Wauering as the wind,
But even as one that reketh not,
Wych way you turn your mind.

For in your love I doubt not,
But as one that reketh not,
Whether you hate or hate not,
Is least charge of my thought.

Wherefore I pray you forget not,
But that I am wel content,
To love whom you list and spare not,
For I am indifferent.

There is no other exact copy of this, in printed or MS. authority; but in the Add. MS. 17492 there is a shorter variant, signed, running into 10 lines, which so closely resembles this that we may safely take 'The Court of Venus' copy

as an expanded recension or original copy. This version runs—

Hate whom ye list, for I kare not ;
 Love whom ye list and spare not,
 Do what ye list and drede not,
 Think what ye wote I fere not,
 For as for me I am not,
 But even as one that reckes not,
 Whyther ye hate or hate not ;
 For in your love I dote not,
 Wherefore I pray you, forget not,
 But loue whom ye liste, for I care not. T.V.

XI.

Meruaile no more all tho
 The songes I singe do mone,
 For other life then woe,
 I never proued none.
 And in my hart also,
 Is grauen with letters depe,
 And many thousands mo,
 The floude of teares to wepe.
 How may a man in smart,
 Fynde matter to rejoyce ?
 How may a morning hert,
 Set forth a plesaunt noise ?
 Play who that can that part,
 Nedes must in me appere,
 How fortune overthwart,
 Doeth cause my morning chere.
 Perdy there is no man,
 If he never sawe sight,
 That perfaictly tell can,
 The nature of the light.
 Alas how should I then,
 That never tasted but sowre,
 But do as I began,
 Continually to lowre.
 But yet perchaunce some chaunce,
 May chaunce to chaunge my tune ;
 And when such chaunce doeth chaunce,
 Then shall I thank Fortune.
 And if I haue souche chaunce,
 Perchaunce ere it be long,
 For such a pleasant chaunce,
 To syng some pleasant song.

This appears in Eg. 2711.
 Add. MS. 17492. Varied
 in spelling. Some verses
 omitted. Also in Tottel.

Eg. hert.

Tottel. A thousand
 sighes and mo.

XII.

Shal she never out of my mind	Not by Wyatt.
Nor shal I never out of my payne	
Alas her joye doth so bind	
For lacke of helpe now am I slayn.	The fragment ends here.

The Bodleian or Douce *Fragment 92b* commences on Sig. E. 1. Folio xxxi. with the termination of a poem under part of the running title 'The Courte of Venus.'

Which had me in the snare	Not by Wyatt.
of pensive thought and payn.	
	And 2 more stanzas.

On the same page begins an important poem, which I cannot but think is also Wyatt's.

<i>Dryuen by dissyr</i> to set affection,	f. xxxi.
a great way alas, above my degre,	
Chosen I am I thinke by election,	
to couet that thing that will not be.	

I serve in loue *not lyke to spede*,
I loke alas, a lytell to hye,
agaynst my will I do in dede,
covet that thing that will not be.

My fanzy alas doth me so bynd,
that I can se no remedy,
but styll to folow my folych mind,
and covet that thyng that will not be.

I hopyd well whan I began,	f. xxxiib.
and sens <i>the proue is contrary</i> ,	
why shold I any longer than,	
covet that thing that wyll not be.	

But rather to leaue now at the last,
Then styll to folowe fanzy,
content with the payn that is past,
and not couet that thing that will not be.

After the conclusion of this, in the middle of the page, begins 'The Pylgrymse Tale,' running on (28 lines a page), in 751 lines to f. xlv. and it ends unfinished.

I give the copy from the Devonshire MS. Add. MSS. 17492, of what I have called the debris of the last poem.

Dryven bye desire I dede this dede,
 To daunger myself without cause whye,
 To trust the untrue, *not lyke to spede*,
 To speke and promise faithfullie,
 But *now the proof dothe verifie*,
 That who so trustithe ere he kno,
 Doth hurt himself and please his foo,

T.V.

I have put in italics the words common to both. This completes all I have to say at present about Wyatt's poems. We know that Shakespeare had read some of them in Tottel's 'Miscellany' at least, because he gives Slender a copy. "I had rather than forty shillings, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here."—'Merry Wives,' I. 1. He probably had read 'The New Court of Venus' too.

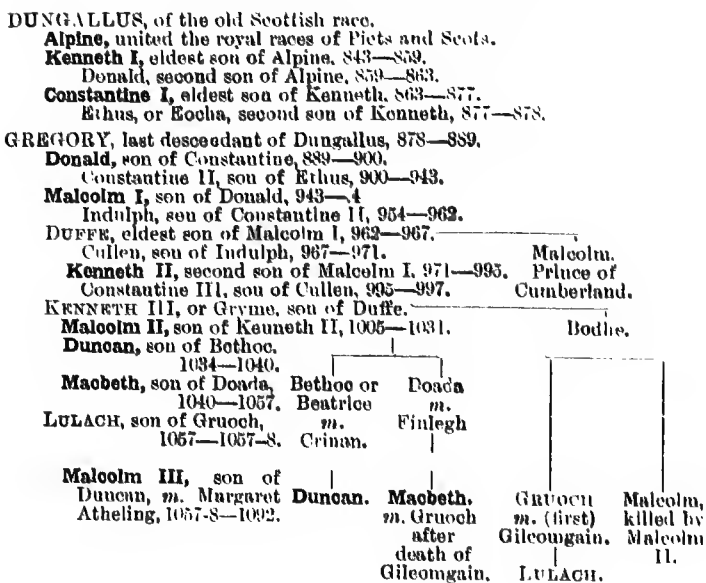
Wyat was Shakespeare's master in Sonnet writing. Was he not also his forerunner in his attempt to moralize the views of life held by his contemporaries? For Shakespeare, both in Sonnet and in Play works with him. We have only to compare his work with the general run of the work of his secular contemporaries to recognize the high and sane views of morality, which proceed partly consciously, partly unconsciously, from internal tendencies, towards a variant reading of the Proverb, 'Let me make the plays of a people, and whoever will, may make its laws.'

NOTE. Through an accident at the British Museum, the case containing the now unique copy of "Triumpho di Fortuna" will not be opened to readers for some months, and I cannot check my article on that subject, p. 197.

TERMINAL NOTES.

NOTES TO ARTICLE V. (1).

*List of Kings of Scotland from Dungallus to Malcolm III, showing
Pedigree of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth.*



NOTES TO ACTORS, V. (2).

Translation of the Oxford Interlude of Banquo.

The short "play" presented before the king on his visit to Oxford, outside the north gate of the city, by the students of St. John's. These pretended abjects thus hailed him as coming from the forest:

"Hail to that prophetic abject race,
 Being outlaws' realm, great king, into thy race,
 Whence Banquo Banquo came, as Pharo,
 The scepter not to Banquo, but his seed,
 They prophesied to everlasting life,
 When Banquo leaving the court, was led to the forest.
 We three sinister fortunes sing to thee and thine,
 When thou, much longed for, comest from the woods to the town,
 And we salute thee

1. Lord of Scotland, hail,
 2. Hail, King of England,
 3. Chief of Ireland, hail.

1. Hail, who to Earl Hunt (the, haunts elsewhere)
 2. Hail, whom our several Britain wholly crown
 3. Hail, mighty King of Britain, Ireland, Gaul!

1. Hail, Anne, daughter, sister, wife, mother of kings!
 2. Hail, Henry, thy late prince and Britain's heir!
 3. Hail, Charles, the leader of the British wars.

1. Nor bounds to fate, nor dates to those we fly,
 The whole your realm, the ages your name shall bind,
 Repeat them, King, Britain's of household names,
 Except those names and match the sun,
 Nor bloodshed, wars, nor anxious times forever,
 No misery to us, but we are moved
 By the divinity taught Thomas White,
 The London knight, in dream to build this house
 Into the House of Fame, and guardian John,
 The Christ a prisoner back this level of dust,
 And childless care, for to the house of those
 The world's
 We, this salutation ready,
 etc. and the solemnly refuse at these."

M. G.

The fifth page of the volume began "Continued on the Oxonian University, 20th August, 1882, recited on the stage before King James, Prince Henry, the nobles, and the Johnians." London, Nicholas Akor, printed by Ed. Elwood, 1882.

NOTES TO ARTICLE V. (3).

Quotations from Stewart on the lines treated by Shakespeare.

Line 35,939, page 518, vol. ii, Stewart's 'Croniclis of Scotland.'

"That samin tyme wes sindrie men of gude,
 Rycht fair and young, of Donewaldus bloode,
 Throw ill counsal of lordis in that land,
 Rebellaris war all of that samin band.
 This Donewald oft previt in that place,
 With fair trettie for till obtene thame grace,
 Bot all for nocht, that tyme it wald nocht be.
 Without mercie tha war all hangit hie.
 Quhairof that tyme consaut hes greit yre
 Into his mynd, hetter than ony fyre,
 With appetite, for to revengit be,
 And ever he mocht, with greit crudelitie.
 Dreidand to be suspectit of that cryme,
 With plesand vult dissimulat that tyme,
 At all power ay for to pleis the king,
 As he had rakkit richt litill sic thing.
 This Donewald that tyme he had ane wyffe,
 Quhilk tenderly he lovit as his lyfe,
 Persaut weill hes be his said maneir,
 His countenance, his sad and hevie cheir,
 That he was warnit of his will that far,
 The langar ay apperand to be war.
 Dreidand at him displesit was the king,
 Rycht oft at him scho askit of sic thing,
 This Donewald, as kyndlie is to be
 Unto his wyfe, so tender luif had he,
 As leill luiffaris to uther sould be kynd.
 He schew to hir the secreit of his mynd,
 How that he wes commouit at the King;
 Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing;
 And he culd nocht his purpose weill cum till
 That causit him to want part of his will.
 This wickit wyfe quhen scho hard him so tell,
 Into hir mynd baith furious and fell,
 Persavit weill his haitrent at the king;
 Content scho wes richt hartlie of that thing,
 For quhy hir self was of the same intent.
 For hir freindis the king that time had schent
 For thair tressone, befoir as I haif tald,
 This wickit wyfe that bitter wes and bald,
 Consaut hes with greit crudelitie
 Ane wickit wyle for to revengit be.
 And to hir husband in the tyme scho said,
 'Blyn of your baill, se ye be blyth and glaid,
 And slaik also of all your syte and sorrow:
 All salbe weill, I find yow God to borrow,
 To my counsall, and heir I tak on me
 Of all injure thow sall revengit be.
 Consider now thow hes at thi command,
 Of all this castell ilk syre and seruand,
 Rycht bissellie for to obey the till,
 To satisfy all thi desyre and will,

At thi plesour intill all gudlie haist,
 Hes thow nocht Duffus for to be thi gaist,
 Without belief of tressoun in thi cuir,
 Quhilk hes the wrocht sic malice and injure?
 Hes thow nocht seruandis also at thi will,
 All thi command at plesour to fulfill?
 How can thow find,' scho said, 'ane better tyme,
 To be revengit of this cruell cryme?
 Hes thow nocht now this Duffus in thi cuir,
 Hes done us baith so greit harme and injure?
 Dreid nocht,' scho said, 'suppois he be ane King,
 Tak litill tent or terrour of sic thing,
 Sen mony ane with litill red full sone,
 Siclike befor to sic tirannis had done.
 Thairfoir,' scho said, 'as all the cace now standis
 And he umschew at this tyme fra thi handis
 In all thi lyfe, thocht thow wald neurir so fane
 Thow sall nocht get so gude ane tyme again.'
 This Donewald quhen he hard hir sa so,
 Oft in his mind revoluand to and fro,
 Syne at the last deliuerit hes rycht sone,
 To tak his tyme sen it was opportune,
 Throw hir counsaill quhillk causit hes sic yre,
 Into his breist, hettar no ony fyre.
 Keipand full cloiss all thing within his spreit,
 Yit neurtheless with dulce wordis and sweit,
 Rycht jocundlie wald commun with the King
 That he suld nocht suspect him of sic thing.
 The King him louit also our the laif,
 And in the tyme moir credence to him gaif,
 Nor ony uther, so courtes wes and keynd,
 And held him ay for his maist afald freind.
 Is none that better mai dissaue ane uther
 Nor he in quhome he traistis as his brother,
 And of his lautie is nothing suspect,
 Als of his mynd knawis the haill effect;
 That is the man, traist weill, our all the laif
 That eithast ma his creditour dissaif."

Then he goes on to the murder, as does Holinshed, but suggests also Macbeth's meditation before the murder—

"For quhy he was aboue all eurthlie thing
 So far adettit to that nobill king," &c.

The Vision of Kenneth, after the murder of Malcom Duffe, runs thus (line 37, 439):

"So hapnit (it) syne efter on ane nycht
 In his sleip be ane visoun and sycht,
 Him thocht that tyme he hard ane *voce* apeir
 Quhillk said to him with ane loud voce and cleir,
 'O Kenethus! tak tent heir to my sawis
 Thow trowis God thi cruell cryme misknawis
 That thou committit with sic violence,
 Quhen thow gart poyssoun Malcum Dufe the prince
 Of Cumbria, quhillk air wes to Scotland.
 For caus, he said, 'thow tuke sic thing on hand
 Throw sic desire that thi posteritie
 Suld bruke the croun with haill auctoritie:

Quhairfoir,' he said, 'the God omnipotent
 Decreittet hes be his rycht judgment.
 Ryrht sone on the sic ane vengeance sould tak,
 Till all thi realme salbe greit skayth and lak;
 And to thi airis rycht lang after the
 Rycht greit trubill without tranquillitie.'
 When this was said the voce vaneist awa
 This Kenethus, in his bed quhair he la,
 Siehit full soir with mony langsum thocht,
 Fra that tyme furth that nycht he sleipit nocht,
 So greit terrour in his mynd he tuke,
 That all that nycht he wolterit and he woik."

The Revenge of Fenella somewhat suggests the action of Lady Macbeth (line 37,561).

The story of Macbeth begins, line 39,705):

"In Forres toun, quhair that this King Duncane
 Hapnit to be with mony nobill man
 Quhair Makobey and Banquho one ane da
 Passit at morn richt airle for to pla
 Than hand for hand intill ane *forest grene*
 Thrie wemen met, that wyslie war besene,
 In thair cleithing quhillk wes of elritche hew,
 And quhat tha war wes nane of thame that knew.
 The first of thame that Makcobey come to
 'The Thane of Glames, gude morn to him,' said scho,
 The second said withoutin ony scorne
 'The Thane of Caldar, Schir, God you gude morn.
 The hyndmest, with plesand voce benyng,
 'God save you, Schir, of Scotland salbe King.'
 Then Banquho said 'Abyde ane litell we;
 Ye gif him all, quhat ordane ye for me?'
 Than all tha thre maid ansuer to that thing,
 Said 'Macobey of Scotland salbe King.
 Syne sone efter, be adventure and strife,
 With lak and schame sall loiss baith croun and lyfe;
 And neuir ane of his successioun
 Fra that day furth of Scotland bruke the croun.
 And thou, Banquho, tak gude tent to this thing,
 Thow thi awin self sall neuir be prince no King;
 Bot of thi seid sall lineallie descend,
 Sall bruke the croun onto the worldis end.'
 Quhen this wes said tha baid all three gude nycht,
 Syne suddantlie tha vaneist out of sycht;
 And quhair awa, quhither to bevin or hell,
 Or quhat tha war, wes no man yit can tell."

Line 39,761:

"This King Duncane as ye sall understand,
 This ilk Malcolm maid Prince of Cumberland,
 In that belief, in storie as I roid
 Immediatlie he sould to him succeid.
 This Makcobey thairat had greit invy,
 That he did so, as ye ma wit weill quhy,
 For he traistit efter the Kingis deid
 Immediatlie to succeid in his steid;
 And thocht King Duncane did him greit offence
 Of Cumberland that wold nocht mak him prince
 Efter the law that maid wes of beforne,
 Rycht mony yeiris or thair fatheris wer borne,

Quhairfeir he thocht he did him greit unrycht,
 Quhilk in his hart ascendit to sic licht,
 And far hear than ony man can trow;
 For this same caus that I haif schawin yow,
 Bayth nycht and da it wes ay in his thocht
 Thair of to be revengit and he mocht.
 Than to his wyfe, he schew the fassoun how
 Thir sisteris said, as I haif schawen yow.
 And of the werd as tha that tyme him gaif
 Quhair of his wyfe did in her mynd consaif
 That he wes wrangit rycht far with the King;
 Syne him awin self scho blamit of that thing.
 'Thow neidis nocht,' scho said, 'uther presume
 Bot it maun be as God hes gevin dume,
 In to the self quhilk is so just and trew,'
 Be sindrie ressones that scho till him schew,
 'Traist weill,' scho said, 'that sentence is so leill
 Withouten place fra it for to apeill,
 That it ma nocht retreittet he agane,
 Quhilk in the self so equal is and plane.'
 Quhen this was said, than scho begouth to flyt
 With hym that tyme, and said he had the wytt
 So cowartlie that durst nocht tak on hand,
 For to fulfill as God had gevin command.
 Thairfor, scho said, 'revenge yow of yon King,
 Sen gracious God decreittit hes sic thing.
 Quhy suld thow dreid or stand of him sic aw,
 So blunt, so blait, herand himself so law,
 That war nocht thow and thi auctoritie,
 With all his liegis he wold lichtlied be?
 And now to the sin he is so unkynd,
 Thairfor, scho said, I hold the by thi mind
 To dreid the man the quhilk for the is deid,
 And throw thi power off of his purpois speid.
 Now tarie nocht thairfor; speid hand, haif done,
 And to thi purpois se thow speid the sone;
 And haif na dreid, for thow hes all the rycht
 Grantit to the be gracious God of mycht.'
 This wickit wyfe hir purpois thus hes sped,
 Sic appetit to be ane quene scho hed;
 As wemen will, the thing that they desire
 Into their mynd burnis hetter nor fyre
 Baith da and nicht withouten ony eis
 Quhill that tha get the same thing that tha pleis.
 Resson in theme has na auctoritie.

This Makcobei, quhilk wes bayth wyss and wycht
 Strang in ane stour, and trew as ony steill,
 Defendar als with of the commoun weill,
 So just ane juge, so equale and so trew
 As he his deidis richt weill befor ay schew
 Syne throw his wyfe consentit to sic thing,
 For till destroy his cousing and his King,
 So foull ane blek for to put in his gloir,
 Quhilk haldin wes of sic honour befor.
 To his friendis his counsall than he schew,
 Quhome in he traistit to him wald be trew,

And specialle to his cousing Banquho,
 And mony uther in the tyme also
 The quhilk promittet glaidlie with thair hart,
 In that purpois that tha suld tak his part.

Quhen that he saw his tyme wes opportune
 Befoir the King appereit hes richt sone.
 First he begouth in sporting with him thair,
 And syne of him for to complene richt sair,
 Defraudit haid him sua of Cumberland,
 Sa oft for him in mony stour did stand.
 Without he wald that tyme revoik rycht sone
 All thing thair of befoir that he had done,
 Traist weill thair of and mony of the lawe
 In tyme to come sic service for to have.
 And so tha fell ay fra the les to the moir,
 Quhill tha crabit on everie syde so soir,
 Accusand uther baith of word and deid,
 Quhill at the last even to the werst it yeid,
 On everie syde to pairties than tha drew
 This King Duncane that had with him sa few
 Amangis thair handis suddantlie wes slane."

Of Macheth, Stewart says, line 39,953—

"Baith speir and schield to all Kirkman wes he
 And merchandis als that sailit on the se,
 To husbandmen that laborit on the grund
 Ane better King in no tyme micht be fund."

"..... But Macobey the quhill so weill began
 He changit sone intill ane uther man." ¹

1 See also Leader in *Notes and Queries*, April 24th, 1897.

NOTES TO ARTICLE XXIII. (1).

(1.) Wyat's Poems. Before June, 1899, I had made many enquiries in various quarters about the 'Court of Venus.' Dr. Nicholson, then Librarian of the Bodleian Library, could give me no information, nor did any official in the British Museum know of anything to help me.

I was therefore greatly delighted to be able to tell Mr. Graves of my discovery, and to discuss it with others of the British Museum who were interested in Wyat. But I collected so many notes, and my paper grew so long, that I had

to remove it from my Hunnis book, as it became disproportionate. This became all the more necessary, as Dr. Furnivall asked me for my MS. to send to Dr. Bang of Louvain University. The matter was quite relevant to the Life of Hunnis, as I originally had written it. It was not that which was wanted then, however, but his relation to his plays, as it was destined for the series of volumes of materials for a history of the English drama.

There have been many editions of Wyat's Poems since Tottel's days, many of them modernized in spelling. The two special manuscript authorities were in the possession of Dr. Nott, who brought out his edition in 1815. From him they passed to Mr. Thomas Rodd the Bookseller, from whom the British Museum secured them in 1848.

As I was again working at Wyat when I was bringing out an edition of 'Shakespeare's Sonnets,' in 1903-4, I thought then of planning a new edition of Wyat's works with my new notes in hand. Fortunately I refrained, as it would have diverted me from the special work of my literary life. Since then a scholarly edition by Miss Foxwell has appeared. She has collated the various MSS., made many suggestions, and added voluminous notes. She does not, however, to my surprise, acknowledge my discovery of the relation between Wyat and 'The Court of Venus,' which she seems to have heard of only late in her work, her first mention of it being on page 357, Vol. I. Her remarks are a little difficult to follow, as there is no Index, and the 'Court of Venus' is treated under other titles in Appendix. But I find that she thinks that Wyat's songs are "called 'The New Court of Venus,' that is the new fashion of love handled in the Petrarchan manner, and introduced by Wyat, in contrast to the old type after the style of the 'Roman de la Rose.'" That may have been Wyat's thought as he wrote his individual poems and sonnets, but in relation to the 'New Court of Venus,' as a collection and an idea, I think that I have proved that it was part of a much wider scheme, constructed on different principles.

She also is incorrect in her statement that "The earliest date assigned to the first publication of the 'Court of Venus' is 1542, the year of Wyat's death," which shows that she had not read Dr. Furnivall's edition of Thynne's 'Animadversions,' on Speght's 'Chaucer.' But she has produced an excellent and much needed edition of Wyat's poems.

NOTE TO ARTICLE XXIII. (2.)

ECHOES.

1. *He confesseth his first love to his friend.*

I love a lady, fair as any star,
 As bright and sparkling, but alack as cold,
 I try to tell her what her beauties are,
 And strive to make her think that I am bold.

For ladies do not love the men who fear,
 Though fear is compound in impassioned hearts,
 I read her sonnets where mon's woes appear,
 When they so suffer from Love's painful darts.

I say none other lady of the land,
 I have a thought of, or a will to see,
 I pray her to be kind, and not withstand
 My cry that she should pity have of me.

And then she turns her back, and would away,
 And I grow hot and cold, and shake with grief,
 I dare not ask her yet again to stay :
 Then I grow angry, which brings some relief.

For it bethinks me I'm as good a man,
 As she a woman, and I say " Farewell !
 I go to seek some heart that feels, and can
 Give ear unto the thoughts I have to tell."

She turns and whispers " Stay, if you will know ;
 I have no graces in mine own conceit,
 To match your worthiness," then flies me fro,
 And I go seek her, feeling her so sweet.
 Dost thou think, we shall e'er, as lovers, meet ?

Finis.

2. *He complaineth his marvellous woe.*

Praising her beauties to her inner ear,
 I made my love grow proud, and self-content,
 She would have praise that other men could hear,
 And words more richly gilded than I meant.

Boasting her graces unto thee, my friend
 Her vaunted beauties soon thou fain wouldst see,
 And begged me from my precious hours to lend,
 Some minutes to peruse the same with me.

Ay me ! I bear the sorrows now of *four*
 I've lost my Love, my friend, his Love, my soul,
 All suffer, but none think of me, or pour
 The solace of their comfort on my dole.

My Love pursues thee unto thine annoy,
 Thine has waxed jealous of her witching eyes,
 Through discord, thou hast lost in both thy joy,
 And dost reproach me that I was not wise.

My Love saith "easy won is lightly lost,"
 Thy Love saith I deserve to be forlorn,
 Thou sayst there is no peace on tempest tost
 I say I have no will to *live* in scorn.

Finis.

3. *He prepareth for death.*

My lute, attend, have patience with my woe,
 And strike thy concords gently to my tone,
 I sing to thee what others must not know,
 The causes wherefore thus I make my mone.
 I had a lady,—woe to say—I *had*,
 A Lady fair, and sweet as any rose,
 Whose Love made all my heart and fancies glad
 And earth and heaven all their joys disclose.
 But now alas to other eyes she turns,
 She leaves me lone, and scorneth my despair,
 For other Lovers now her fancy burns,
 She hath grown cruel, though she still is fair.
 For me, alas, there's nothing left but death,
 But thee, my Lute, I bid thee note each phrase,
 And when on thee I wasted have my breath,
 Preserve all faithfully my fainting lays,
 For thee to her, I'll leave as Legacy,
 And when she touches thee, fill thou her ear
 With echoes of my plaint, in memory,
 Until she drops upon thee Pity's tear.

Finis.

4. *He waiteth a space ere he dieth.*

Fair and stately is the May,
 Who late stole my heart away,
 Stole it, spite of bolt and bar
 Stole it, spite of fate and star
 And in spite of me.

Cold and cruel is the May
 Who thus stole my heart away,
 Will not pay me for the theft,
 Make amends for joy bereft.
 Nor will hear my plea.

And she keeps my faithful heart
 In dure prison set apart,
 Gives no food, nor freedom's light,
 Till my sore-tormented sprite
 Fain to death would flee.

But, alas, she would not go
 With me to the realms below !
 Better dwell on Life, where she
 Lives to wound and torture me
 Life some hope *may* see.

Finis.

5. *The Lady mourns alone.*

Ah, she was fair and golden,
 And I was dark and brown,
 Her eyes shot back the sunbeams,
 Mine fell in shadow down.
 I looked down on the shadow
 For I held my Love in awe,
 She, fearless looked around her,
 And soon my Lover saw.
 She envied me his worship,
 She envied him his grace ;
 She only turned upon him,
 The sunlight of her face—
 His heart leapt out unto her
 As flowers to sunshine do ;
 She broke one heart last summer,
 She now hath broken two.
 She broke my heart by taking
 My Love out of my life ;
 She broke his heart by breaking
 The vows which made her wife.

Finis.

TO HIS WIFE.

WHEN, 'mid the feigning fervours of the play,
 Where Babel's markets dusty uproars keep;
 Or restless pillows, when the ghosts of Day
 Tempt Night to break his trust and strangle sleep,
 I say that Death were better than such strife,
 Some spirit on such background visions thee,
 At home, calm, sweet, renewer of worn life,
 Then I would live, *because thou liv'st for me.*
 Draw me to thee, in thy Courts to appear,
 Thy bounds are Avon, and her gentle streams
 Wash pleasant woodlands, wov'n for sleep and dreams,
 Which fortune-foughten souls esteem most dear,
 Thou art the Lady of my Land of Rest,
 And in thy presence only am I blest.

FINIS.

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