Shakspere and his forerunners; studies in Elizabethan poetry and its development from early English.

Lanier, Sidney, 1842-1881.
New York, Doubleday, Page, 1908.

http://hdl.handle.net/2027/uc1.b3491185

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Shakspere and his Forerunners

Sidney Lanier

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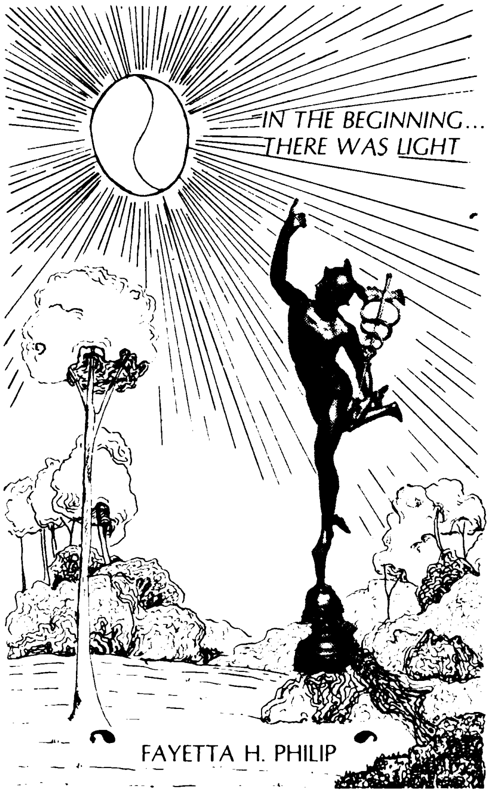
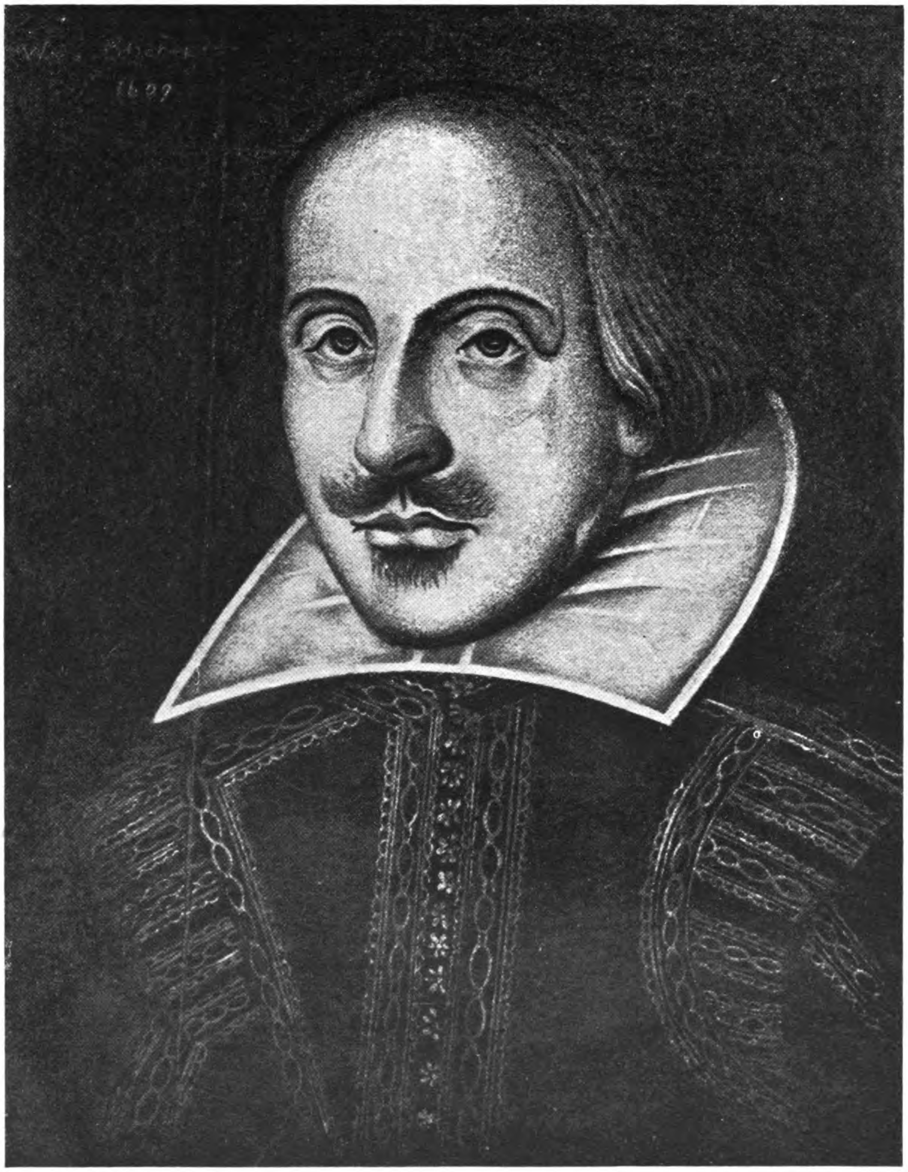


IN THE BEGINNING...
THERE WAS LIGHT

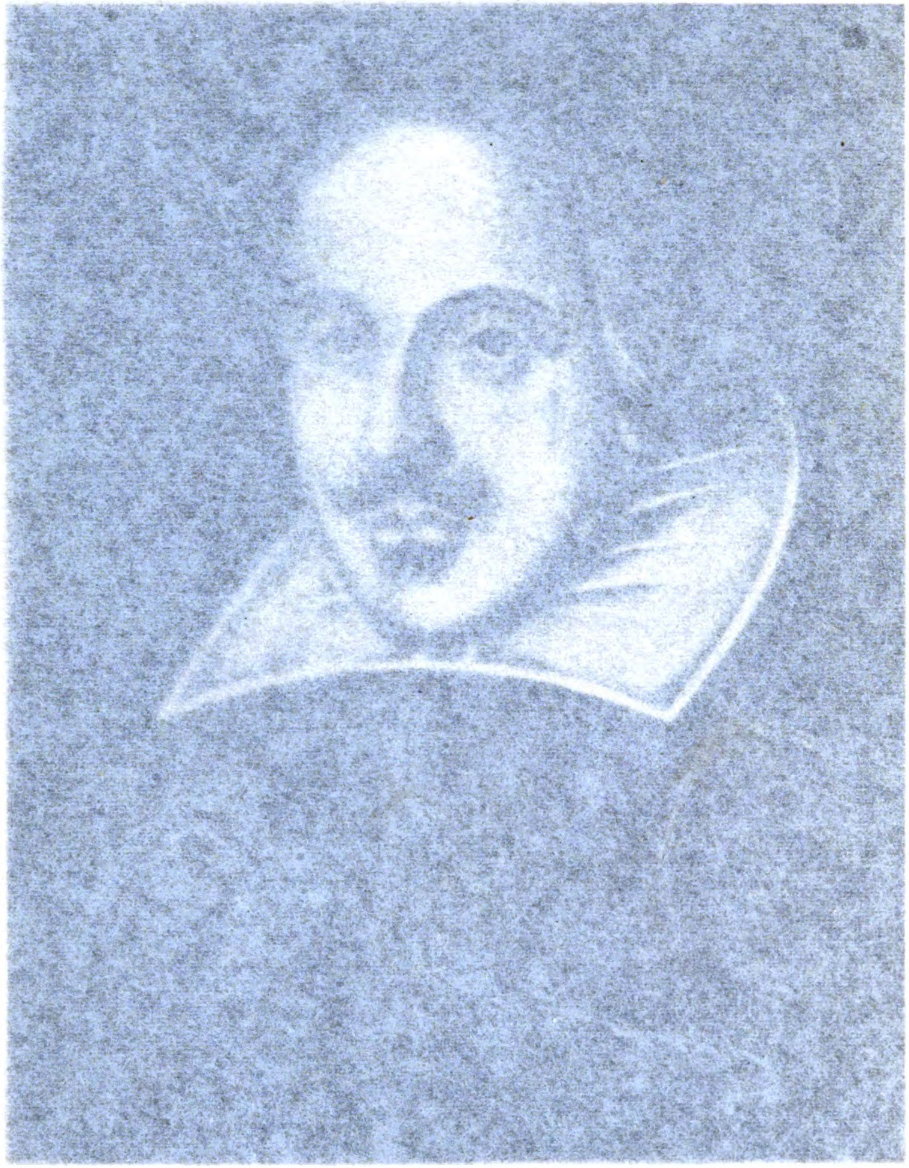
FAYETTA H. PHILIP

SHAKSPERE
AND HIS FORERUNNERS



William Shakspere

From the Droeshout painting



SHAKSPERE

AND HIS FORERUNNERS

STUDIES IN ELIZABETHAN POETRY AND ITS DEVELOPMENT FROM EARLY ENGLISH

BY

SIDNEY LANIER

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME

NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
1908

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MARSH SONG — AT SUNSET

Over the monstrous shambling sea,
  Over the Caliban sea,
Bright Ariel-cloud, thou lingerest:
Oh wait, oh wait in the warm red West,—
  Thy Prospero I'll be.

Over the humped and fishy sea,
  Over the Caliban sea,
O cloud in the West, like a thought in the heart
Of pardon, loose thy wing, and start,
  And do a grace for me.

Over the huge and huddling sea,
  Over the Caliban sea,
Bring hither my brother Antonio,— Man,—
My injurer; night breaks the ban:
  Brother, I pardon thee.

From *The Poems of Sidney Lanier.*

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PREFACE

THIS work contains two sets of Shakspere lectures delivered by Mr. Lanier in Baltimore during the winter of 1879–80, one at Johns Hopkins University, the other to a class of ladies at Peabody Institute. These were not published, and the material has remained in manuscript until now, with the exception of a few chapters that appeared recently in *Lippincott's Magazine* and *Modern Culture.*

The author did not revise these hastily written lectures, and they were penned under heavy stress of the illness that was closing in upon him, and with no idea of their inclusion in a book. But Mr. Lanier's idea of Shakspere was such a definite and vital one, and his two audiences were so largely supplementary to each other, that the material fell together with merely a little pruning of repetitions and of matters elaborated in *The Science of Verse.*

Mr. Lanier came to this work with an even greater buoyancy and ardour than that which was such a marked characteristic of all his mental and physical activities. The superb exuberance, the daring imagination, the rollicking, playful conceits, the sense of unbounded power, which filled the poetry of those years when England's mind was awakening from its long sleep, all appealed to him peculiarly. Arriving at a knowledge of the beginnings of our literature only at maturity, he fairly revelled in the largeness and the freshness of it, in the vigorous expression where the word was still alive and hot with the swing of the deed, and had not become remote, separated, literary. Shakspere was a real passion with him; and his affectionate and quick-conceiving fancy gave him at many points an insight which comes not necessarily of the most patient and laborious scholarship.

What he set himself to accomplish then was to picture the Master Poet as the culmination of that marvellous Elizabethan Age which came flaming upon a world just beginning to guess at its own true self. In order to show the situation adequately, he selected certain beacon-lights far back — *Beowulf*, *St. Juliana*, *The Address of the Dead Soul to its Body*, and so on — which seemed to reveal the mind of Englishmen and their poets during that semi-savage period which is roughly terminated with the Norman Conquest. With his usual faculty for bringing together illuminatingly facts apparently diverse, he traced the development in man's attitude towards God, towards Nature, and towards his fellow-man in these Early English writings, in the neglected Scotch poets of the fifteenth century, in Chaucer, in Shakspere, and in modern literature. Then, after a survey of the sonnet-writers from Surrey to Shakspere (half forgotten now, only because they were presently obscured by the greatest light of English poetry), he came to an intimate study of William Shakspere, the man, and his art.

As any one familiar with his writings would expect, he cared nothing for dates or physical facts as an end in themselves. But in this case he felt he detected a profound significance in the grouping of the scanty facts available; and accordingly he gathered together all the fragments he could find in the attempt to reconstruct for his hearers, first, the people and times among which Shakspere lived and wrote; and, second, the order in which the plays were written — leading to his main purpose of depicting the Poet's own inner personality and the growth in art and character which is written large in his work.

The mass of rough notes among Mr. Lanier's papers show that his first idea was to carry his picture of the mental and physical conditions of Shakspere's time even further than was finally done. These pencil-jottings on the backs of envelopes and scraps of paper refer to projected papers on the stage, the preachers, the lawyers, the artists, the science, and the condition of criticism during Shakspere's time, as well as "Shakspere's silences": tobacco and religion, Virginia and America. Some of these fragments are most suggestive — for instance:

"Shakspere's vocabulary is wonderfully large: it does not seem to have occurred to those who have thought him an unlearned man that whatever words he uses he must have read; for words, which are wholly artificial products, cannot come by intuition, no matter how divine may be one's genius."

Among the notes on the critical opinion of the period:

"All Shakspere's Fools love the virtuous characters, recognise their goodness, and pathetically serve them: witness Lear's Fool, etc."

Again:

"David represents the Hebrew aspiration, Goethe the German, Homer the Greek, Shakspere the English. We see always that the poet expresses the things about him: the Hebrew poet expresses a Hebrew stage of civilisation, the Greek poet a Greek stage, the English poet an English stage. As the embryo is wont in its growth to reproduce successively all the stages of the race, so we may say there is a Hebrew stage of culture, a Greek stage, an English stage."

And along this same line of thought:

"It would have been as absurd for Shakspere, in an-

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ticipation of more delicate-mouthed times, to mince his words as to parade the streets of London in long pantaloons and a stovepipe hat instead of hose and a plumed slouch."

In the following he broaches an idea developed at length in *The English Novel.*

"The progress from the merely true in general (Shakspere's plays) to the *true in general* plus the *real in particular* (George Eliot's novels) is a line of growth distinctly traceable in culture for the last three hundred years, resulting on the one hand in Music as a relief from realism and on the other in the Novel as unsparing realism. We do not like to forgive: in the drama we have to make many allowances, in the novel and in music none. We have ceased to play at fairy-tales. Hence our drama represents domestic scenes which can be accurately represented, not so much battles, etc., which cannot.

"This process from the generally true (or true in the mass) to the specially true and the real — the individual, actual, absolute fact — is part of the great growth of individuality which constitutes our legitimate growth and differentiation from the antique time. Then a man existed for the state: now the state exists for every man. In religion Christ expresses this prodigious principle: the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.

"That every man shall be a complete self — that seems to be the aim of things."

These two volumes represent the longest and in some ways the most ambitious prose work left by Sidney Lanier. They speak for themselves: the editorial work has consisted entirely of selection and arrangement, so that whatever is printed here is the author's own.

HENRY WYSHAM LANIER.

October, 1902.

INTRODUCTION

WE all know how to forgive a scholar who, instead of editing an old author because he loves him, loves the old author because he has edited him: and it certainly does not require a very generous or even genial spirit to pardon the mother who loves best the son that has given her most trouble. If, therefore, you should infer from the lofty ideal of literature which my present purpose requires me to lay before you that I am disposed to magnify the literary function unduly, perhaps I can bribe you off from thinking so by making a bargain with you. If you will agree not to accuse your present lecturer of a tendency to believe that the very Fall of Man may clearly be attributed to the fact that Adam and Eve were not well grounded in English Literature, I will agree not to urge the consideration that if our first parents could have had the privilege of reading Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Cædmon's account, and could so have seen their conduct in its true light, they would certainly have acted in a way that would have brought less disastrous consequences to their posterity.

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In Act II, Scene 2, of *Hamlet*,— where, you will remember, the bewildered prince is beginning to put his antic disposition on,— after a little preliminary play the Queen exclaims: "But look, where sadly the poor wretch comes reading"; whereupon appears Hamlet with a book in his hand, takes a seat, and pores upon the page. To him enters Polonius, and, after having the customary gibes exploded against his hard old pate, inquires: "What do you read, my lord?"

Hamlet. Words, words, words.

We have here the lowest possible ideal of Literature: words, words, words.

But permit me now to place in the sharpest contrast at once before your eyes and your minds an ideal of Literature which is quite at the other extreme of dignity. For this ideal I ask you to pass with one sweep of thought from Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, to the Apostle John. The first chapter of the Gospel according to St. John opens with the remarkable utterance: "In the beginning was the Word, . . . and the Word was God."

Hamlet. Words, words, words.
St. John. . . . And the Word was God.

Here, if we read between the lines, we have the highest ideal of Literature. St. John, in casting about within his beautiful soul to find the loftiest symbol for that great Interpreter who had brought the divine Message from Heaven to earth, finds such a symbol in "The Word." Thus, if we read between the lines, he declares to us, in the most effective because the most unconscious way, that in his belief Literature is simply the word of a wise man,— as Christ was the Word of God,— that even as Christ came down with tidings, so Literature comes out of some great Above.and preaches its gospel to men.

And now, if you will follow St. John into his next words you will find them a keen and cunning commentary on this "Word" of his — this Apotheosis of Literature:

> All things were made by him.

Here all things are made by a Word. Collate this *making* with an expression which was very common in the sixteenth century and before, and which I may illustrate with a passage I have selected from old George Puttenham, a writer of the last part of the sixteenth century:

> For a licentious *maker* is in truth but a bungler, and not a Poet.

Of course the license which Puttenham censures in "licentious" is only poetic license, and all he means to say is that one who deals in those departures from prosodial rules which we call "poetic license" is a bungler and no poet; but penetrating from petty intrepretations down to the solid thought underlying these utterances, by collating them we get at the view that as the Word — meaning God — has created the actual world in which our bodies move, so the Word — meaning Poetry, the highest Literature — has created the ideal world in which all we moderns live and move and have our being.

Now it is true, and true to an extent undreamed of by those who have not happened to think specially upon this matter, that the world we really live in is the world which the poets have made for us far more than the crude material-of-a-world which we are accustomed to call the actual or real or physical universe; to us, as we drive about our business, it does not appear as if there were much connection between literature and actual life; nor, in the year 1590, would it have seemed a very startling piece of information to the busy throngs about Paul's Cross that a young man named Shakspere was writing a play for the theatre somewhere about London.

But the literary man, the poet, is so much a *maker* that this may be called his world.

You English-speaking people of the nineteenth century are completely and practically the creatures of English Literature. Cædmon with his wild Bible-song, and Langley with his Vision of the Plowman, and Chaucer with his Tales, and Shakspere with his awful-beautiful pictures: these literary men moulded the very souls of your ancestors before you. You are the products of Poetry. It determined you before you were born. You cannot escape Literature.

How crude are our views of this matter! We speak of this or that poem as "literary"; we talk of "polite Literature," and the like. Literature has translated your Bible and interpreted it for you. Literature has arranged your public constitutions, your social codes, your private morals; nay, not only English Literature, but Greek and Latin Literature, with all those prodigious world-ideas which we owe to them. This has indirectly penetrated your houses; it fills your homes like diffused sunlight; you read your life by it; you see how to eat, how to drink, how to trade, and how to marry by it; you live by it, you die by it.

For how can you think yourself out of thought? How can you run away from your own feet?

If you endeavor to fly from Literature, it stands and cries to you in that superb loving sarcasm with which Emerson's Brahma cries to the sceptic who would fly from his god:

> I am the wings wherewith you fly.

CONTENTS

PART I

PAGE

PREFACE vii

INTRODUCTION xi

Chapter I The Elizabethan Writers—The Formal Side of Poetry 3

The minor Elizabethans—how Shakspere has overshadowed his contemporaries—Elizabethan literature read about but not read—misconception as to the office of literary manuals—the vagueness with which commentaries surround the old poets—even Drayton, Daniel, and Spenser not read to-day—their great importance—high ideals and chivalry towards women of the time—Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel to Stella*—necessity of understanding the technic of verse before studying these poetical riches—the place of Form in poetry—no real separation between Substance and Form—the whole sensible world merely those forms we can perceive—the infinite number of unseen forms—indestructibility of individuality—Death is the moment when the forms of life become imperceptible—the supremacy of method—futility of inspiration without technic—every complete poem consists of a succession of sounds—all formal poetical effects caused by differences between these sounds—Sounds differ in four ways: Duration, Pitch, Intensity, and Colour—the ordinary musical system adequate for expressing sound durations—differences of Pitch—distinction between Pitch and Intensity—Tone-colour the difference between vowel and consonant sounds—explanation of Tone-colour—the above four sound qualities are the elements of all the formal effects of poetry—they produce three classes of effects: Rhythms, speech-tunes, and word-colours—these three subjects treated at length in *The Science of English Verse*.

Chapter II The Supernatural in Early English and in Shakspere: *Address of the Soul to the Dead Body* Compared with *Hamlet* 23

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The relations of poetry and music — both are successions of sounds — the three effects of music the same as those of poetry — vowels are perfect chords — no apparatus for reproducing rhythm in print or writing — children should be taught musical notation — poets could give rhythm scheme at beginning of their poems — print and writing, moreover, have no means for indicating pitch — both can indicate harmony, but in very different ways — music not a species of language, but language a species of music — plan of the subsequent lectures — Shakspere to be presented in his relations to: The Anglo-Saxon time, the Middle English time, his own time, and the present — strange neglect of Early English — *Address of the Soul to the Dead Body* to be compared with *Hamlet:* one a ghost of the tenth century, the other of the sixteenth — the Exeter and Vercelli MSS. — *Address of the Soul to the Dead Body* — the Ghost in *Hamlet* — mingling of paganism and Christianity in this play — Hamlet's vacillation — his wavering and doubt very characteristic of the modern attitude — *Address of the Happy Soul to its Body.*

CHAPTER III NATURE IN EARLY ENGLISH AND IN SHAKSPERE: *Beowulf* AND *Midsummer Night's Dream* . . . . PAGE 42

Man's poetic spirit looks in three directions: towards God, towards Physical Nature, and towards his fellow-man — the Anglo-Saxons' upward attitude already given, and this chapter to show their feeling towards Nature — plot of *Beowulf* — the meaning of Grendel — analysis of a portion of the Anglo-Saxon text — Nature's tendency towards softness — contrast between Grendel and Ariel — Nature's old savageries — the torture of cold — sombreness of *Beowulf's* Nature-scenes — change in this respect during the later Anglo-Saxon period — Chaucer's *The Flower and the Leaf* — Gavin (Gawain) Douglas and *The Palice of Honour* — Sackville's *Mirrour of Magistrates* — restraint between man and Nature broken down in *Midsummer Night's Dream* — Puck and Oberon, and the significance of their attitude towards man — the modern relation of man to Nature shown both by the extraordinary rise of physical science and by our companionship with her — Puck has changed his name to Electricity — to be *natural* is the modern consummation of culture.

CHAPTER IV SOME BIRDS OF ENGLISH POETRY: *The Phœnix* OF CYNEWULF AND OF SHAKSPERE, AND *The Twa Dows* . . 74

Age of the Anglo-Saxon poem of *The Phœnix* — reasons for ascribing it to Cynewulf — the story of the Phœnix given by Herodotus — Sir John Mandeville's version — the Latin original of the Anglo-Saxon poem — translation of the latter — Chaucer's

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bird-poems — Gawain Douglas's Prologue to the Twelfth Book of Virgil — *The Twa Dows*, by William Dunbar — Shakspere's *Phœnix and the Turtle* — Its great complexity, yet tenderness.

CHAPTER V WOMEN OF ENGLISH POETRY DOWN TO SHAKSPERE: *St. Juliana* AND *Love's Labour's Lost* . . . . . PAGE 98

Elene or *The Finding of the Cross* — early poetry depicts woman only in epic aspects — the Frisian Sailor's return in the *Exeter Book* — connection between *Elene* and *The Merchant of Venice* — the legend of St. Juliana — Juliana in the dungeon compared with Gwendolen Harleth — derivation of *lady* from *hlæfdige* and *gossip* from "fore Goddes sibbum" — the sparkling women of *Love's Labour's Lost* — plot of the play — reading from *Love's Labour's Lost*.

CHAPTER VI THE WIFE IN MIDDLE ENGLISH POETRY . . 132

Derivations of *lord* and *lady* — the change in spelling which some of our words have undergone — unexplained variations in pronunciation — the position of the wife in mediæval times — obedience the crowning virtue in Middle English poetry — Chaucer's praise of wives — the knight of la Tour Landry and his test of wifely obedience — customary resort to blows — the punishment of jealousy — Noah and his wife in the *Towneley Mysteries* — *Processus Noë* — "Chichevache" and "Bycorne" — quarrel between Noah and his wife has become the modern Punch and Judy show — Joseph and Mary in the Towneley Series — the *Clerke's Tale of Patient Griselda* — great change in the attitude toward women by the time of the Elizabethan writers — summary of the preceding lectures and announcement.

CHAPTER VII THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE: (1) PLACE OF THE SONNET IN POETRY 160

Development of the English language down to the beginning of the sixteenth century — *Dream of the Rood* — struggles of Anglo-Saxon — Aldhelm's important poems written in Latin — The Danish-Saxon period — Norman-French enters the contest — Chaucer's poetry shows streams of French and English flowing side by side — vigour and colour of the language in the sixteenth century as compared with the eighteenth — Prior's version of the *Nut Browne Mayde* — the sonnet the primal form of modern English lyric poetry — love-poetry of the Elizabethan era — an age of adventure as well as poetry — its intellectual activity — the sonnet brings the reader into peculiarly intimate relations with the writer — Shakspere's sonnets like confidential letters — women particularly sympathise with this intimate poetry — the sonnet's connection with music — relation between sonnet and sonata — original unity of poetry, music, and dancing — the ballad and ballet — the psalm originally a form parallel with the sonnet — Guido of Arezzo and his system of musical notation — Guittone of Arezzo settles the sonnet in its place as a specialised form of poetry — Capel Lofft's attempt to connect Guittone's fourteen lines with Guido's fourteen tones — an abundance of sonnet history, but little real knowledge of our early sonnet-writers and their poetry — the sonnet's wide range of power — a love-sonnet of Constable's — Griffin's fifteen-line sonnet — these contrasted with the treatment in Lanier's Columbus sonnets — *Peter after the Denial of his Master* by Drummond — four sonnets on Sleep by great Elizabethan poets — the strange neglect of Bartholomew Griffin — the *Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnetts* by Barnaby Barnes.

CHAPTER VIII THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE: (2) *Tottel's Miscellany* AND WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN . . . . PAGE 188

Magnitude of the subject — long list of sonnet-writers from the time of Henry VIII to Shakspere — to study especially: Drummond, Constable, Daniel, Drayton, Sir Philip Sidney, and Shakspere — every sonnet should be a little drama — the type of perfect lyrical poem, a flash of lightning in a dark night — the dramatic method the best for securing such intensity — in all dramas there is an initial *Introduction of the Characters,* a middle *Development of the Plot,* and a final *Crisis* — every strong sonnet is also of the foregoing type — a sonnet should have a single central idea gradually unfolded, the whole *motive* being presented with epigrammatic fire in the last two lines — final rimed couplet of the English sonnet an advantage in "snapping off" a dramatic ending — a sonnet of Surrey's: one of the first printed in English — *Tottel's Miscellany,* the first printed collection of modern English poetry, contained the poems of Wyatt and Surrey — Wyatt the father of the sonnet among us — his work entirely on the Italian model — Surrey more originative and the real father of the English sonnet — also of English blank verse — Wyatt's sonnet *The Abused Lover,* etc. — his poetry often harsh, but occasionally melodious — differences between the Italian and English sonnets — Wyatt's *That Hope Unsatisfied* — Surrey's sonnets show great advance in handling language — Surrey's *A Vow to Love Faithfully* — a sonnet from *The Phœnix' Nest* — nothing similar to *Tottel's Miscellany* issued for twenty years after its appearance in 1557 — a great number between 1576 and 1600 — *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions* —

The Hive Full of Honey, Spenser's *Amoretti*, Watson's *Hundred Passions*, etc.—also in this quarter-century, Drayton's *Ideas*, Griffin's sonnets to Fidessa, Daniel's to Delia, Sir Philip Sidney's to Stella—confusion of ideas at this time concerning form of the sonnet—*A Nosegay Alwaies Sweet*—spellings of this time often suggest modern illiterate pronunciation—*A Proper Sonet*—*An Excelent Sonet*—William Drummond of Hawthornden—Ben Jonson's visit to him—Jonson's contempt for the sonnet—Drummond's exquisite poetry—his tragic love-affair—five of his sonnets which show typical phases of his ill-fated passion—a sonnet from Barnaby Barnes's *Divine Centurie.*

CHAPTER IX THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE: (3) DANIEL, SYLVESTER, CONSTABLE, AND HABINGTON . . PAGE 212

Diffuseness of Elizabethan literature—a fault arising from riotous strength—the diffuseness of Drayton, Spenser, etc., one of ideas, not of words alone—the unity missing from their long poems a marked characteristic of their sonnets—this a result of the necessity for compression and intensity imposed by the dramatic form of the sonnet—many charming songs among the large poems—three "mad lovers": Samuel Daniel, Henry Constable, and William Habington—Daniel precisely a contemporary of Shakspere's—analysis of one of the sonnets to Delia—its contrasts with a parallel anonymous sonnet from *The Phœnix' Nest*—the "Leander and Hero" sonnet to Delia—Number XXIX of the Delia sonnets—Daniel's sonnet compared with one from Spenser's *Amoretti*—two other sonnets to Delia—a sonnet by Daniel in praise of Sylvester—Sylvester's translation of du Bartas—the latter's remarkable contemporary reputation—an extract from Sylvester's *Tobacco Battered*—his sonnets much more poetical—a song of spring from one of his tragedies—Constable's sonnets to Diana—his conceits—the current scorn of conceits due to a "provincialism of epochs"—tendency to think the unfamiliar grotesque—all fancies of thought, speech, and dress less restrained in Elizabethan days than now—in all their conceits the same large and manly passion that marks true love to-day—Constable's sonnet comparing his lady's face to a coat of arms—four other fine sonnets of the series—two which are poor on account of strained conceits—Constable's *Spirituall Sonnettes*—the one addressed to the Holy Ghost—Constable more nimble and tender but of less weight and dignity than Daniel—William Habington—later than Constable or Daniel, yet belonging to the Elizabethans by the fervour of his work—quite a different type from the poets just discussed—the prevalence of sonnets to cruel mistresses—Habington, on the contrary, wrote chiefly of love's delights—his sonnets all addressed to "Castara" (Lucy Herbert), whom he married—those to the wife no less fervid than the first ones — *To Castara, Praying* — *Winter* — *To Castara, in a Trance* — *To Reason, upon Castara's Absence* — Habington's prose introduction, *A Wife* — *Love's Anniversarie* — *Where True Happiness Abides* — miscellaneous sonnets — Habington's sonnet *To Beauty* prophesying immortality for Castara's loveliness.

CHAPTER X THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE: (4) SIDNEY'S AND SHAKSPERE'S SONNETS . . . . . PAGE 245

Two lovers in whom English character and genius culminated — Sidney's *Astrophel to Stella* the record of his love for Lady Rich — these sonnets not written for the public but solely for Lady Rich — given to the printer by alien hands and printed at random in 1591, five years after their author's death — the aspersions upon his character completely refuted by the sonnets themselves — five selected sonnets from the *Astrophel to Stella* series — similarity of number XCII to a passage in *As You Like It* — the lover's quibbles on the name of "Rich" — numbers XXIII, XL, and LXIV — nobility of the final sonnet of the series — the great poetical importance of Sidney's sonnets — his *Arcadia* not read at all now, and justly — Shakspere a still different type of lover from any of the four just studied — his sonnets consist of two distinct series: one addressed to a woman, the other to a man — impossibility of treating the subject at all adequately in such space — selections made to present a continuous account of Shakspere's affection for the man who inspired one series — his ill-fated friendship and magnificent generosity — parallel between this friendship and that of Beethoven for his ungrateful nephew — these two noteworthy cases seem to show that sorrow is the nourisher of poetry and music and all art — these sonnets show the definite personality of the man Shakspere — number XVIII — its similarity of idea to Keats's *Ode on a Grecian Urn* — numbers XIX, XXI, and XLIII — the Elizabethan playful use of words best expressed by the Chinese term: a "dragonfly-sipping-water" style — number LX — the growing unhappiness of Shakspere's life at this period — increase of this feeling in numbers XXXII, XXIX, and XXXIII, yet accompanied by a noble forgiveness always — his delicate excuses for his friend in number XXXV — his ideal of constancy and unselfish love expressed in numbers CXVI and LXXI — the climax of his misery excusing the crime against himself reached in number XLII — the lesson of this tragedy for to-day — mistakes of contemporary criticism — Ben Jonson and Milton in their tributes to Shakspere merely emphasise his contemporaries' failure to appreciate him — Emerson's pithy comment upon this lack of recognition — necessity for exercising caution before a new work.

CONTENTS

PAGE
CHAPTER XI PRONUNCIATION OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME . . . 271

Now to study more specially Shakspere's verse — necessity for knowing how words sounded in Shakspere's time — tone-colours of his language very different from ours — the value of such research — each syllable in speech is one discrete mass of tone-colour sharply bounded from adjacent masses — just as the musical notation denotes duration and pitch of sounds, so the alphabet denotes tone-colour of sounds — unless we know the tone-colour each letter had in Shakspere's day, we are in the condition of a musician ignorant of the pitch and duration indicated by a given note — in getting Shakspere's verse-effects by this study we are brought unexpectedly near to the man himself — it is another contribution to the mental and physical "photograph" of him which has already been partly filled in from the sonnets — pronunciation a very prominent part of an acquaintance's personality — this clearly shown by the dialects one would meet with in travelling from Boston to New Orleans — moreover, this study of pronunciation widens the scope of our thoughts — we are too apt to confuse the *antique* with the *antic* — the finding out how Shakspere really uttered many of these words that seem strange to us at once invests them with dignity — Mr. A. J. Ellis's researches into the phonetics of the English language in various centuries — his results strange but apparently well founded — material confirmation of his conclusions as regards Shakspere by the independent investigations of Noyes and Peirce — long *a* was *ah* in sixteenth century — in Shakspere's time it was beginning to be pronounced by some people like the *a* in *shall* — a curious modern sound of *a* — pronunciation of *æ* in Shakspere's time like that now common in Pennsylvania — short *e* was much like ours, but long *e* resembled the *e* in *merry* prolonged — *ea* sounded much as in the present Irish brogue — *greater* rimes to *better* in one of the sonnets — when Falstaff declined to give reasons "on compulsion" were they as plentiful as blackberries, he said *raisons*, there being a suggestion of *raisins* — *ei* sounded almost like *ay* in *say* — *I* sounded like *eye* and *ay*, as is shown by the word-play in *Romeo and Juliet* and *Twelfth Night* — words we spell with *oo* were generally spelled with a single *o* and final *e* and pronounced as a Scotchman pronounces them to-day — our *one* was *oon*, as shown by Holofernes's pun in *Love's Labour's Lost* — pronunciation of *oi* — long *u* changed from French *u* to our *yu* — the *r* made a separate syllable — the termination *tion* was *ci-on* instead of *shun* — wonderful patience and skill by which these results were attained — evidences both external and internal — Palsgrave's French grammar and its comparative French and English pronunciations — Salesbury's Welsh and English Dictionary — Gill's *Logonomia Anglica* — Ellis's long list of other authorities — his minute sifting of internal evidences — changes which our vowel-sounds as well as the consonants have undergone — Mr. Ellis's system of palæotype — 271 signs needed instead of 26 to represent the actual sounds — "Bell's Visible Speech" more comprehensive and systematic than Ellis's — sample passages from Shakspere (from *Hamlet*, and the "Apostrophe to Sleep" in *Henry IV*) according the pronunciation thus established.

CHAPTER XII PRONUNCIATION OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME: WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* . . . PAGE 294

The Two Gentlemen of Verona really a most edifying sermon upon constancy in friendship and forgiveness of injuries — the moral teaching of Shakspere's plays — historical connections between plays and sermons — the play in its earliest form *was* a sermon — Geoffrey, Abbot of St. Albans, devises the "miracle play" of St. Catherine as a method of teaching Scriptural history — the "mystery play" was devoted to elucidating some portion of the New Testament involving points of doctrine difficult to comprehend — in the "morality" the characters were allegorical personages — gradual development of the secular play from this — the question of the value of an artist's presentation of real life compared with the real life surrounding us — the distinction in art between truth and reality — Shakspere at once the truest and the most unreal of writers — drama differs from life in that the action must be mainly told by the words of the actors — in real life little of one's deepest emotion is expressed in words — where Shakspere's Juliets and Phebes are most voluble the real Juliets and Phebes would almost certainly be dumb — though not real in their speeches, however, these characters of Shakspere's do express beautifully and wonderfully the emotions themselves — Shakspere's plays are as if the gods came down and played men and women for our instruction — in them we get all the human passions without any of the gloze or deception of real life — the moral sense is apt to get dazed amid the complexities of real life — people thus justify themselves in things which in a play they would consider crimes — instances in the anti-Chinese agitation in California and the attempt to repudiate the debt of Tennessee — in this way plays can teach us lessons of life with especial clearness — *Two Gentlemen of Verona* takes three general views of constancy: the beauty of constancy, the ugliness of treachery, and the grandeur of forgiveness of inconstancy — Shakspere himself after suffering the keenest strokes of fortune went to his death, not in bitterness, but with the calm and majestic tranquillity consequent upon forgiving — three of the last plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*, hinge upon forgiveness — the epilogue of *The Tempest* perhaps his last, tenderest, and most personal utterance — characters in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

CONTENTS

PART II

PAGE

CHAPTER XIII THE MUSIC OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—I . . 3

To show that music was very dear to the English of Shakspere's time, and that the latter himself was particularly devoted to it — the popular love for music among the English much underestimated — development of the feeling in America — people in all ranks of society in the sixteenth century either sang or played upon some instrument — Henry VIII's personal taste for music — Queen Elizabeth's musical achievements and Shakspere's allusion to them — "divisions" — evidence in *The Winter's Tale* of musical knowledge among the lowest classes — universality of part-song intimated also in *Twelfth Night* — base viols kept in the drawing-room for amusement of waiting visitors — barber-shops had virginals in one corner — nature of the virginals — the cittern found in the same place — the latter the most popular instrument of the time — important functions of the barber — many musical similes in the poetry of the period — Thomas Tusser's advice to choose tuneful servants — distaste for music associated with dishonesty — music in the education of young ladies — musical scenes from *Taming of the Shrew* — several music-teachers to royalty who came to untimely ends — great number of ballads — Chaucer's testimony as to English love of music — Langland's Plowman reproaches the clergy for knowing no "mynstralcy" — interesting to note that with all this love for music there has never been a great English composer — same conditions true of women — a hundred and sixty-seven references to music in the plays, most of which show Shakspere's passionate love for the art — instances of his deep musical understanding in *The Merchant of Venice* and *Richard II* — wonderful stories of the power of music in ancient times — Saxo Grammaticus's tale of King Eric of Denmark and his harper — Rabbinical fable of Adam's soul — outline of next lecture.

CHAPTER XIV THE MUSIC OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—II . . 28

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CONTENTS

The music that Shakspere knew — “discant” — Pope Gregory the Great and his antiphonarium, or collection of the Gregorian chants — composers in Shakspere's time did not attempt to originate new tunes, but treated old ones contrapuntally — great age of many of the Gregorian chants — Bishop Ambrose of Milan and his use of psalms and hymns as a means of consolation — St. Augustine's pleasure in the Ambrosian chant — these hymns referred to by Pliny in the second century — the world in possession of a stock of tunes as far back as the beginning of our era, as shown by the Gospels — hymn sung by the disciples on the evening of the Last Supper possibly used in the churches to-day — some of our tunes probably much older than the Christian era — definition of discant from the old play of *Damon and Pythias* — *Cuckoo Song* the first English verse with music attached — discovered on a monk's commonplace-book in Harleian Library — slow progress of music in those times — analysis of *Cuckoo Song* as a typical song of Shakspere's day — this a “canon in the unison with a burden” — many varieties, such as motett, fugue, round, etc. — “prolation” and “division” — “extempore discant” and “prick-song” — origin of term “counterpoint” — “plain song” and “plain chant” terms closely associated with this contrapuntal music — rage for part-songs in sixteenth century — story of Dr. John Bull which illustrates this — religious objections to these musical extravagances in the churches — the words a mere “pretence for singing,” according to Dr. Burney — an old poem upon the woes of a music pupil — impressment of children in order to keep up the cathedral choirs — Marbeck publishes the *Book of Common Praier Notes* — versification of Psalms by Sternhold and Hopkins — Dr. Christopher Tye's versification of the Acts — his retort to Queen Elizabeth — Clement Marot and Theodore Beza versify the Psalms in French — Calvin has the Psalms set to music — some forgotten composers who assisted in this work — some of the psalm-tunes of secular origin — Clown's remark in *Winter's Tale* about the Puritan who “sings psalms to hornpipes” — mention of *Green Sleeves* and the Hundredth Psalm in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* — the latter noble melody arranged by Claude Lejeune — some other composers of sacred music — the most prominent forms of secular music — derivations of the name and nature of the madrigal — its great popularity — a typical madrigal by Thomas Weelkes — first English ones written by William Bird — *The Triumphs of Oriana* and its composers — Sir Hugh Evans and his comical use of Marlowe's *Come live with me* — the catch and the round — early forms of the Mother Goose rimes in Shakspere's *Taming of the Shrew* — *Pammelia* and *Deuteromelia* — nonsensical words to many of the catches — musical declamation — different kinds of instrumental music —

part-songs played by instruments — music for virginals — *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* — Dowland's *Lachrimae* — dances of the time: the pavan, galliard, etc. — illustrations from *Twelfth Night* — Sir John Davies's *The Orchestra* — Robert Dowland and his "Frog Galliard" — mention of him in *The Passionate Pilgrim* — his lute-playing and music — lutes and viols of the period — Queen Elizabeth's musicians — the coranto, the paspy, and the morris-dance — musical perception in Shakspere's eighth sonnet — the music of Shakspere's life — music depends on opposition — in the moral as in the physical world the musical tone must be caused by two forces, the one acting athwart the other — the fearful antagonisms and wonderful harmonies we find in the life of this master poet.

PAGE

CHAPTER XV THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME — I . 61

The treatment of domestic life to centre upon Shakspere himself — Stratford, the Warwickshire fields and lands, and Kenilworth cover the whole of English life — Shakspere's models for his characters all about him — special meaning of "gentlemen" in those days — evidence in *Midsummer Night's Dream* that Shakspere had visited Kenilworth — striking events of the world's history just previous to and during Shakspere's time — summary of these notable events that make up the "outer life of the Renaissance," from the invention of printing in 1440 to the death of Shakspere in 1616.

CHAPTER XVI THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME — II 73

To give a ground-plan of the romance of Shakspere's youth for which time is lacking — the night visit of the Earl of Leicester's man to John Shakspere, the glover — night work on the Earl's gloves — young Shakspere starts out to deliver the parcel at Long Ichington for the hunt — his lunch by the brookside — falls asleep over Wyatt's "And wilt thou leave me thus?" — Leicester's plans for the hunt — Queen Elizabeth rides off alone and comes upon young Shakspere asleep — she rallies Leicester upon this new rival, and invites the boy to Kenilworth — Robert Laneham, the Queen's usher, and his letter to Master Humphrey Martin on the pageant — probably the original of Don Adriano de Armado in *Love's Labour's Lost* — passages from this letter and its amusing portraiture of the writer — the eatables and drinkables consumed — detailed description of the Queen's progress and reception — Gascoigne's account of the Echo — Laneham's picture of the bear-baiting — the fireworks — Arion, Triton, and the dolphin with music in his belly — suggestions of *Midsummer Night's Dream* in all this — Shakspere stops at the Warwick inn on his way home to see a play — the

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inn-yards in which plays were then given — the inn-yard was the original of the pit — our modern theatres constructed on the same general model as these early makeshifts — first theatre erected by James Burbage in 1576 — John Heywood's interlude of *The Four P's* and the spirit of the first English comedy — nature of the interlude — Puttenham's sneer at "John Heywood the Epigrammatist" — suggestion in *The Four P's* of the porter's soliloquy in *Macbeth* — its flippant treatment of great matters — childishness of sixteenth-century audience — the interlude has really a moral purpose — Shakspere's own more reverential nature — extracts from *The Four P's* — rascality of the characters and low plane of the whole thing — the contest in lying — childish idea of hell exhibited — the Palmer wins the contest by declaring he never saw a woman out of patience — good doctrine from the Pedler.

PAGE

CHAPTER XVII THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—III 112

Last lecture dealt with several early founts of English humour — now to consider the more serious side of sixteenth-century life — to look at the books, sermons, and tragedies common at that time — the great debate about this time over plays and play-going — severe acts of Parliament against strolling players — Corporation of London expels players from the city — unexpected effect of this measure — the first English theatre building a result — erection of "The Theatre," "The Curtain," and "The Blackfriars" just outside the city limits — furious attack of the clergy upon the stage — sermons against it by Wilcocks and Stockwood — William Prynne's *Histriomastix* and Rankin's *Mirrour of Monsters* — Stephen Gosson and his *Schoole of Abuse* — his own change of mind — his inappropriate dedication to Sidney — probability that young Shakspere read the *Schoole of Abuse* — extracts from the book — its attack on poetry, music, and the drama — his picture of theatre manners of the time — his combative ending — a sample of Gosson's poetry — probable effect of Gosson's tirade on young Will Shakspere — he goes to London — goes to Paul's Cross to hear the sermon Sunday morning — an apropos sermon of Hugh Latimer's, though he dates thirty years earlier — Latimer's sermons before Edward VI — his strength and sweetness of character — extracts from his sermons — text of his Good Friday sermon.

CHAPTER XVIII THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—IV 145

Young Shakspere goes to the play Sunday afternoon — the reason for afternoon performances — takes a box at the Blackfriars — description of a theatre of the time — lack of scenery — method of changing the locality of the action — Ben Jonson's satires on contemporary stage devices — extract from *Every Man in his Humour* — representative plays of the time — Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* — Robert Greene and his abuse of Shakspere — his *Groatsworth of Wit* and its famous fling at his rival — Chettle's apology for his own part in this — Greene's influence on Shakspere — the first English comedy and tragedy — Nicholas Udall and his *Ralph Royster Doyster* — its date — plot of the play and extracts — Anne Hathaway's escapade — possibly some such adventure the original of the many female masqueraders in men's clothes in Shakspere's plays — after a week Shakspere sees a tragedy — Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst — style and argument of his *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy — the quaint "Domme Shew" that preceded it — extracts from the text.

PAGE

CHAPTER XIX THE DOCTORS OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME . . . 177

The modern doctor and modern medicine really begin in these spacious times of the great Elizabeth — importance of the physicians in any picture of modern society — connection between music and physic in the sixteenth century — Shakspere's portrayal of the ideal doctor, Cerimon, in *Pericles* — Cerimon possibly drawn from Shakspere's son-in-law, Dr. John Hall — the elder John Hall and his *Historical Expostulation Against the Beastly Abuses both of Chirurgery and Physyke in Oure Tyme* — Dr. Hall's ideas of the true "chirurgeon" — absurdities of his *Treatise on Anatomie* — his account of several medical impostors: Thomas Luffkin, "Mayster Wynkfelde," "one Nichols," etc. — Dr. Thomas Gale and his tale of the army surgeons — the Doctor in *Macbeth* — Macbeth's "throw physic to the dogs," and its parallel in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* — connection between doctor and apothecary — the Apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* — extracts from Heywood's *The Four P's* — the Poticary in this interlude — his curious list of drugs — Shakspere's strange silence regarding tobacco — belief in its medicinal virtue at this time — habit of smoking on the stage — passages illustrating this from Arber's Collections — Dr. Thomas Linacre, founder of the College of Physicians — Italy the centre of medicine in 1480 — esteem of foreign physicians in England — lampoon on this in *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom* — length of medical course at this time — Harvey and his discovery of the circulation of the blood — his dignity under the attacks of his enemies — Dr. John Harvey and his touching death words.

CHAPTER XX THE METRICAL TESTS — I 203

Now to apply the theory of forms to the understanding of Shakspere's character and verse — phenomena of tone-colour reduce themselves to phenomena of rhythm — tone-colour, in fact, is simply a combination of different-rated rhythms — the principle of Opposition at the bottom of tone-colour as well as of tune and rhythm — Tom Hood's comical plan for writing blank verse in rime — illustrates ludicrously the fact that the ear does not like several identical vowel-colours in succession — the ear, on the contrary, does like several successive consonant-colours: "Let me not to the marriage of true minds Admit impediments" — these facts show that vowels and consonants have precisely opposite tone-colour functions in verse — the vowels represent accident, the chaos element, the consonants law, the form element — in verse as in life these great contradictions prevail — a glimpse of Shakspere's perception of this in *All's Well that Ends Well* — we are now at the convergence of two distinct trains of study: the laws of poetic form, and form in general, particularly that kind of form we call character — direct aim of the Metrical Tests is the settling of dates — the importance of this in tracing Shakspere's growth — the chronology to be substantiated — Shakspere's three periods: of Carelessness, Bitterness, Forgiveness — the surprisingly intimate revelations suggested by the mere sequence of the plays — dates of these three phases of growth — all the comedies come in the youthful Bright or Carelessness Period — in the only tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet*, it is the young love and not the tragic death of the lovers which is the real reason for being — the historical plays of this period written from without, not from within — they are in the manner of a young man who has not experienced the twist and grind of life — in *Henry VI* and *Richard III* he is really writing from Marlowe — in *Richard II* and *King John* we find mainly playwright's work — *Henry IV* is really a comedy with Falstaff in the main rôle — *Henry V* begins to show more serious thought — evidently Shakspere has now had griefs more stirring than the financial troubles of his father and the death of his son Hamnet — after the brimming comedy of *Twelfth Night* come suddenly two bloody tragedies, *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* — next appears that wretched slough, *Measure for Measure,* followed by false-hearted *Cressida* — then come the enormous single-passion tragedies: *Othello, Lear, Macbeth, Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Timon* — evidences of this bitter period in many of the sonnets from LXVI to CXII — emergence from this bleakness into that heavenly group of plays: *Pericles, Cymbeline, Tempest, Winter's Tale,* and *Henry VIII* — Prospero in the epilogue to *The Tempest* seems to stand for Shakspere himself — this calm of assured victory also evident in the sonnets — apparent significance of the initialled pane of glass preserved at Stratford — the research to prove that this moral advance was accompanied by a corresponding advance in poetic technic — the five Metrical Tests — Malone's suggestion of the rime test — Rev. F. G. Fleay adds much ex-

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actness to Malone's rest by making an actual table of the rimes in different plays — his claim that the rime test is a final proof of chronology too sweeping — there seems beyond question to be a gradual decrease of rime as Shakspere grew older — in short, the rime test is valuable only as cumulative evidence — Englishmen since before Chaucer's time have embodied their deepest feelings in rime — Surrey wrote his Virgil translation without rime — noisy debate fifty years later among Harvey, Nash, Greene, Puttenham, Webbe, Gascoigne, Spenser, and Sir Philip Sidney regarding use of rime — Shakspere undoubtedly reached the plane of artistic technic where he saw that rime was appropriate for some matters and not for others, and used it accordingly — nature of the end-stopped line — example from *Midsummer Night's Dream* — contrasting run-on lines from *The Tempest* — stiffness produced by exclusive use of end-stopped lines illustrated perfectly in Pope — freedom and variety afforded by avoiding this pause at end of each line — Shakspere's greater freedom in use of run-on lines in the later plays — this test generally confirms the chronology suggested by rime test and internal evidences — the greater breadth of thought suggested by the more majestic sweep of this kind of verse — rhythmic functions of both rime and end-stopped lines those of regularity or form — function of the run-on line exactly antagonistic to this — the art of verse demands form but no monotony, chaos but no lawlessness — story in Beda of the monk's dream of hell — the artist similarly placed between the flame wall of chaos and the ice wall of form — Sonnet CXIX hints at the conversion of the hell of antagonism into the heaven of art.

PAGE
CHAPTER XXI THE METRICAL TESTS — II 231

The three remaining metrical tests — weak-ending lines in *The Tempest* — division into weak and light endings not necessary here — weak-ending is really a sort of run-on line — reason for treating it separately is that Shakspere's use of it begins abruptly, at *Macbeth* — Professor Ingram's conclusions regarding this test — Shakspere evidently quite changed his mind regarding this verse form about *Macbeth* or a little earlier — nature of the double-ending line illustrated musically — like the other later developments just studied, this is a variation of the normal form — this double-ending test confirms all the others — though Shakspere's use of it increased noticeably in the later plays, his enormous self-control is evidenced by the fact that it never ran away with him, as it did with some of his contemporaries — example of this in John Fletcher's work — interesting application of this in determining authorship of special parts of *Henry VIII* — Emerson's acute surmises on this point and the conjectures of

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others authoritatively checked by the double-ending test — same process in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* — the rhythmic accent test — three wholly different kinds of accent: the pronunciation accent, the logical accent, and the rhythmic accent — the last marks off bars, or equal groups of sounds, in both poetry and music — as in music so in verse the position of this accent may be changed for the sake of variety — effect of this change is to vary the normal rhythmic pattern — it is therefore, like the double-ending, a device against monotony — confusion among scholars regarding these accents — as we should expect, Shakspere in his later plays made freer use of this accent variation — no exact reductions to numbers in this case, as the test is one formulated by the writer, but the general change is very apparent — cumulative effect of all this evidence obtained from such different sources — metrical tests invaluable in checking conclusions as to Shakspere's artistic growth — all the five tests unite in showing a tendency towards freedom, relief from monotony, and individuality — that is, the poet's advance is clearly a more artistic balancing of the oppositions which constitute verse — we can now see a poem as form in art, a generalisation as form in science, a balanced character as form in morals — opposition underlies all the phases of this balance — a table of oppositions or balances in Shakspere's artistic and moral development — in next lectures to prove by contrasting certain typical plays that the poet's advance in art and morals is one and the same growth — man's three lines of outlook are to God, man, and nature — admirable adaptation of the plays selected to the illustration of all these points in Shakspere's work.

CHAPTER XXII MAN'S RELATIONS TO THE SUPERNATURAL AS SHOWN IN *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Hamlet*, AND *The Tempest* . PAGE 252

As already found, the tunes, rhythms, and colours of verse are all due to diverse vibrations or oppositions of forces — Shakspere's progress as a verse artist is towards a more artistic management of oppositions of the esthetic demands of the ear — now to show through the three plays above that in the same way he advanced in the management of those moral oppositions which make up life — evidence of his growth also in the opposition of character to character, figure against figure, event against event in the dramas — his freedom and emancipation from stiffness in these matters of the playwright's art shown by contrasting the formality of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the other early plays with the more mature dramas — this again a tendency to variety — *Midsummer Night's Dream* typical of the youthful Bright Period, as *Hamlet* is of the Dark Real Period, and *The Tempest* of the Ideal Forgiveness Period — date of the *Dream* fixed approximately by Francis Meres's *Wits Treasury* — great weight of evidence places

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it at 1595 or earlier — *Hamlet* plainly falls about 1602, well into the Dark Period — *The Tempest* is placed by most scholars in 1610 or 1611 — exact years do not matter at all, for overwhelming evidence of every sort has fixed the succession in time of these three plays — they surely represent three distinct epochs in Shakspere's life — every man's life inexorably contains these three epochs: the Dream, the Real, the Ideal — Shakspere's wonderful emergence from the paralysis of the Real in *Hamlet* to the Ideal in *The Tempest* — he has learned to balance all the oppositions — in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* man is the sport of Nature — "Nature" there vaguely means the supernatural — this is just the conception of the dreaming youth — chance rules the world in such a conception — no faith or belief in the *Dream*, but only imagination — life questions the dreaming poet, and the first result is *Hamlet*, who answers by asking another question — this lack of belief, combined with the belief of belief, a striking but neglected characteristic of Hamlet — first in the soliloquy he knows nothing of the after-death — then when hesitating to kill the praying king he seems to have the most settled convictions as to what will come after death — his "undiscovered country" directly contradicts the whole vital episode of the Ghost — our age characteristically the "Hamlet age" — story of the Indian who tried to kill his friend as illustrating perfect belief — in *Hamlet* man's attitude toward the supernatural is a doubt underlying a belief that he believes — when we reach *The Tempest*, in 1610, we find a Providence indeed — and instead of the vengeful Ghost of *Hamlet* the Providence now comes to compass forgiveness and reconciliation — Shakspere has found moral exaltation to be the secret of managing life's oppositions — so it runs: first, man the sport of chance; second, doubting man urged to revenge, but even this uncertain; third, "repentance, forgiveness, and Providence rise like stars out of the dark of *Hamlet*" — the supernatural has changed from Oberon to a ghost, to a man in God's image controlling the pucks and ghosts — *The Tempest* fairy-tale, Ariel against Puck, is but an ideal reconstruction of the youthful dream — Bulwer's essay on the different appearances of things accompanying changes in our powers of sight — we see the film or dreamy covering of things as a beautiful face — the repulsiveness of being able to see the muscles, nerves, veins, and bones: the real just below the surface — analogy of this to the *Hamlet* period, where "the forbidding network of death and murder and revenge and sin and suffering starts out from underneath the smooth exterior of life" — the infinite beauty to which this would change if we could see the purpose and reason and function of each thing along with the thing itself — the perfect analogy of all this to Shakspere — the significance of the epilogues to these plays — at the end of the *Dream* we have nothing: a fit ending; the epilogue to *Hamlet* in really a sullen peal of guns, like inarticulate cries from beyond the grave; while *The Tempest* closes with a passionate human appeal from the master to his fellow-men.

CHAPTER XXIII MAN'S RELATIONS TO MAN AS SHOWN IN *Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet,* AND *The Tempest* . PAGE 276

Summary of previous lecture — embarrassment of riches in illustrating Shakspere's widening view of man's relation to his fellow-man — study here to be confined to the three plays-within-plays, or anti-masques, that occur in these dramas: *Pyramus and Thisbe*, *The Mouse-trap* (as Hamlet calls the terrible murder scene of the players), and that masque of the beneficent gods, Juno, Ceres, Iris, etc., arrayed by Prospero before his young lovers — in the first Shakspere is plainly laughing at somebody; its motive is Ridicule — the motive of the second is plainly Revenge — and the third begins and continues and ends in Blessing — evidence in Harvey's letters and in a work of Greene's that Shakspere in the *Dream* was satirising Greene — the controversy between Greene and Shakspere and Greene and Harvey — Shakspere never replied to his enemy's abuse — Harvey answers on his own and Shakspere's account — the flood of pamphlets augmented after Greene's death by four from Harvey — Shakspere doubtless knew these pamphlets well — various catchwords in these traceable through the *Dream:* Greene's beggary, a dissertation on asses, and a mention ot Greene's *Arcadia*, wherein occurs a passage singularly like Pyramus's apostrophe to Thisbe — it seems evident from these and allied clues that Shakspere in the *Dream* was merrily paying off Greene for the *Groatsworth of Wit* — from this mild revenge of ridicule we pass to the desperate horror of the revenge upon which the *Hamlet* anti-masque is founded — and from this we advance to the "large blue heaven of moral width and delight" in *The Tempest* anti-masque — here Prospero calls down the gods to shower blessings on his beloved — other plays show this mature moral exaltation as well as *The Tempest* — in *Pericles*, for instance, the picture of Cerimon is a notable illustration — extracts from *Pericles* covering the casting overboard and revival of Thaisa — in connection with the use of music as physic, Herrick's poem "To Music, to Becalm his Fever."

CHAPTER XXIV MAN'S RELATIONS TO NATURE AS SHOWN IN *Midsummer Night's Dream, Hamlet,* AND *The Tempest,* AND CONCLUSION 297

Embarrassment of riches as great here as in the last lecture — to choose again a special phase for comparison in the plays — similarity of the Theseus and Hippolyta hunt to the hunt in Chaucer's

CONTENTS

Knight's Tale — extracts from the *Knight's Tale* — Shakspere makes the forest alive — the fairy scenes of *Midsummer Night's Dream* — the King and Queen hunt with their hounds "bred out of the Spartan kind," amid this world of busy life, of cowslips and dew and frolic and love — as Nature was riotous with life in the *Dream*, so is she riotous with death in the Real in *Hamlet* — parallels to the *Hamlet* nature teaching in *The Origin of Species* and in Chaucer — triumphant rise of Shakspere in *The Tempest* to a balanced view of Nature as both life and death — the hunt from *The Tempest* — the poet's increase of sympathy with Nature and all lower creatures finely shown in these two hunts — one is a barbarian enmity against brute beasts, the other aims at the reformation of a fellow-creature — our own time has advanced even beyond Shakspere in his matter of Nature love — this evidenced by the rise of physical science, modern Nature poetry, and modern landscape-painting — summing up of the last five lectures — the moral problem of life just like the artistic problem — detailed summary of the whole course of lectures — specific analysis of lines from the *Dream* and *The Tempest* to show the technical superiority of the latter — the same genius which could so harmoniously adjust the esthetic antagonisms of verse will with temperance and self-control arrange life's moral antagonisms — there is a point of technic beyond which the merely clever artist can never reach — Shakspere, in the music of his verse, in the height of his moral ideals, in the temperance and control of his life, is "a whole heaven above" Greene, Marlowe, Nash, and his other contemporaries — in short, even in technic only moral greatness can reach beyond a certain point — man himself is like one of these tone-colours, tunes, or rhythmic elements — man's relation to his fellows and to the main form of life illustrated by the gnat swarm — ludicrous attempts in sixteenth century to make rhythm visible to the eye by typography — Poe's vast simile of "the beating of the Heart of God" — it is the poet who must gaze on the gnats from the distance of the ideal to find out for man the figure — conclusion.

SHAKSPERE
AND HIS FORERUNNERS

PART I.

CHAPTER I

THE ELIZABETHAN WRITERS — THE FORMAL SIDE OF POETRY

I AM not unmindful of Sydney Smith's irreverent individual who would even speak disrespectfully of the Equator: but I earnestly think sometimes that we need a reminder against the over-tyrannic radiance of the sun. It cannot be quite well that the multitudes of other stars which beam down through the daylight should be utterly blotted out from our senses and our thoughts. Somehow the starlight has never mixed in trade; it has never become so commonplace as the sunlight. At any rate, it is mathematically certain that he who forgets the stars that shine at noonday loses half the universe.

Now in proposing to examine with some detail that brilliant Elizabethan period which may well be called the high noon of English letters, I invite you first to study with me a number of poets who have been for the majority of people as utterly drowned out of sight in the overpowering fame of Shakspere as are the stars in yonder sky at this moment. I think, as I call over some names, how remote they are from the daily life of our time: think of Henry Howard, of Wyatt, of the two Vauxs, of that delicious Henry Constable, of Bartholomew Griffin, of Nicholas Breton, of Lyly, of Giles and Phineas Fletcher, of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Lodge, Edwards, Nicholson, Sackville, Gascoigne, Barnfield, Daniel, Raleigh, Sidney, Lady Mary Wroth, Heywood, Warner, Barnes, Watson, Drummond, Queen Elizabeth herself; of the writers, many of them nameless, in those early published collections of this time which assemble so many noble and tender lyrics under such absurd titles as *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*, *The Passionate Pilgrim*, *The Phenix' Nest*, *The Handfull of Pleasant Delights*, *The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul*, *England's Helicon*, *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, and the like. May I not, at the risk of straining my simile into an allegory, still compare all these large and loving souls who shine out towards us in their far and lonesome lyrics to those serene stars of the daytime which no man takes notice of save here and there the astronomer with his telescope, or the chance gazer into a well?

But there is another reason besides the preponderance of Shakspere's genius — a reason belonging to the peculiar habits of our own age — why many persons remain all their lives cut off from the blest communion of these poets I have just referred to. I know scarcely a more curious circumstance than the fact that Elizabethan literature has been so much read *about* that it has never been *read*. Perhaps no period of historic time has ever been so copiously commented on as this: and one may say the whole world is full of manuals of English Literature. Now the singular effect of these numerous manuals is often to breed in the minds of those who study them a sense of familiarity with the writers named in them, which sense grows in later life to a vague conviction of having at some time actually read the writers themselves. Thus the manual has really defeated its own object. I ask you to notice how this happens precisely. Suppose that you are talking at table to-day, and some one mentions, say, Henry Constable. *Constable*, *Constable*, you say to yourself, slowly recalling the manuals you read at school; then the other names you have associated with him begin to float into your mind: *Daniel*, *Drayton*, *Spenser*, you say to yourself, and when you get to Spenser you feel all in a glow of illumination. *Certainly*, you say, *Constable: he was a poet of Elizabeth's time;* and so you feel perfectly comfortable and happy about it, as if you had sucked Constable in along with Mother Goose. The probabilities are twenty to one that no poem of his has ever been actually perused.

Permit me to add also: the probabilities are equally great that when you do come to read him, as a reverent searcher after beauty should, you will find him utterly different from what you had supposed. It is within the experience of almost every person to have heard of some acquaintance before meeting, and almost every one forms to one's self, quite unconsciously, some ideal of the unseen person's appearance and bearing. If the meeting is long delayed the ideal sets in our mind, like a colour in cloth, and confirms itself: who has not been astonished to find, upon meeting the original, how greatly the ideal portraiture varies from the actual features?

Believe me, between reading *about* an Elizabethan poet and reading the poet himself, the difference is simply world-wide. Do not understand me as attacking the manuals. I give all praise to these efforts towards the diffusion of literary light; the young scholar must have them. I attack only a misconception of the office of the manual; I wish to insist that the main object of the manual is defeated if its necessarily thin catalogue of authors results in persuading us that we are familiar with the poetry of an epoch when we really are familiar only with the names of its poets. A man should not claim to know the tragic histories, the passions, the loves, the delights, the religions, of the goodly town of Baltimore, for instance, because he had sometimes looked into a copy of the City Directory.

I find a very acute observer two hundred years ago noting a certain trouble which springs from the same root with this which I have mentioned. Old Sir Henry Wotton says in one of his pithy texts: "The way to knowledge by epitomies is too streit, by commentaries too much about."

It is therefore because, necessarily from our incomplete views of education, these wonderful old poets of Shakspere's time have no voice at all for most of us, nay, have no distinct figure at all, but merely flit vaguely by us through a mist of commentary like sails in a fog at sea,—it is for this reason that I invite you, as was said, to study with me, directly and at first hand, some of the writers whom I have just mentioned, before we proceed to discuss Shakspere specially.

In truth, for a purpose which will hereafter appear, I wish to state a fact in this connection without mincing matters. I have just said that the poets named—the minor poets of Elizabeth's reign—have had the singular fortune to be more read about, and less read, than perhaps any other singers of time. I believe you will agree with me when I declare that this remark need not have been confined to the minor poets. Drayton, Daniel, Spenser: Ladies and Gentlemen, confidentially, now, how many—I will not say of you, but—of your friends could lay their hands on their hearts and say they had ever read—I will not say *The Faerie Queene*; for that does require both fortitude and reverence for a complete reading, but—the *Amoretti* of Spenser, the *Ideas* of Drayton, the sonnets to "Delia" of Daniel?

And if any one should say there is not time to read these poets, I reply with vehemence that in any wise distribution of your moments, after you have read the Bible and Shakspere, you have no time to read anything until you have read these: nay, if we come down to the things that have real meaning in life, I declare to you, especially to you women, that you have no time to eat, nor to drink, nor to sleep, until you have at least placed yourself in position to receive and reverently understand the message which comes to you out of the mouths of these old artists. They are so noble, so manful, so earnest; they have put into such perfect music that protective tenderness of the rugged man for the delicate woman which throbs all down the muscles of the man's life and turns every deed of strength into a deed of love; they have set the woman, as woman, upon such adorable heights of worship, and by that act have so immeasurably uplifted the whole plane upon which society moves; they have given to all earnest men and strong lovers such a dear ritual and litany of chivalric devotion; they have sung us such a high mass of constancy to our love; they have enlightened us with such celestial revelation of the possible Eden which the modern Adam and Eve may win back for themselves by faithful and generous affection; that—I speak it with reverence—they have made another religion of loyal love and have given us a second Bible of womanhood.

And, I cannot help adding, there has not been a time this three hundred years when such reminders of woman's proper height were needed so much as now. It is not long since, at an evening party, I happened to be stationed near

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a lovely young woman who seemed to me a goddess like Daniel's Delia. Presently up hops a young man, apparently a pert being, one of what Walt Whitman calls the "little plentiful mannikins skipping about in collars and tailed coats," approaches this goddess, and (instead of getting down on his knees) crooks his elbow in her face and asks: "Take a turn?" by which I understood him to convey an invitation to dance. Compare with this behaviour a sonnet of Sir Philip Sidney's to Stella, in which, having won a prize in a tournament where there were plenty of hard knocks,—manful play,—he recounts the reasons assigned by various persons for his success, and finally pronounces them all wrong, giving the glory to the inspiration which he derived from Stella's presence. Says he:

> Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
> Guided so well that I obtained the prize
> Both by the judgment of the English eyes
> And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;
> Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
> Townsfolks, my strength; a daintier judge applies
> His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
> Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
> Others, because of both sides I do take
> My blood from them who did excel in this,
> Think nature me a man of arms did make.
> How far they shot awry! The true cause is,
> Stella looked on; and from her heavenly face
> Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race!

The lyric thought of Sidney's time always makes me think of the good girl in the fairy-tale who spoke kindly to the supposed old woman at the well. It is almost fair to say that, like her, every time this Elizabethan age opened its mouth, there fell from it a diamond, a rose, and a pearl.

Now that you may avail yourself of these treasures, some preliminary training is necessary. Any diamond-hunter will tell you that a man with an untrained eye might walk over a field sown with diamonds and be never the wiser, nay, might take up a clod with a Koh-i-noor in it and throw it away again for a clod and naught more. I feel perfectly safe in assuring you that the range of poetic beauty will open before you into a whole new world of delight when you have fairly mastered some of the technical principles governing the poetic art. For this purpose I ask you to examine with me, during this and the next four lectures,[1] the hidden mechanism of poetry and to pursue the technic of verse until we shall have arrived at some consistent view of the whole doctrine of poetic form. After the five lectures during which I hope you will have acquired this, I propose to conduct you, in the next ten, through that Paradise of Dainty Devices which the lyric writers of Elizabeth's reign have set in immortal blossom for us;[2] and the final nine lectures will then be devoted to various considerations, the complete endeavor being to present you with a vivid picture, first of the influence of Shakspere's time upon him, and then of his influence upon us.

Without further ado, let us commence, then, the study of poetic form.

It will be of great value if, in the outset, we confirm ourselves in some just idea of the nature and importance of form in general. For there is an erroneous belief, so wide-spread as fairly to be called universal among those who have not thought with precision upon these matters, that form is of little account. There are even artists—or, rather, intending artists—who are fond of saying: As long as the substance is right, the form does not matter. If you will examine this position a moment, you will find that it is wholly due to a very common error of imagining two things to be separate in reality which are separate only in thought. The common antithesis between substance and form is simply a convenient generalization to enable us to think about those two ideas in different relations, and as such it is useful. But the separation between substance and form has no existence in reality. So far as man is concerned, he knows substance just in so far as it has form, and no farther. As to man, Form *is* Substance. Our senses can acquaint us with only those motions in nature which occur in such forms as our senses are adjusted to receive. In truth, the ideas Substance and Form are much better replaced by the more modern and much more scientific conception of motion in various forms. In the course of these present studies we will find ourselves continually coming, from the most unexpected avenues, upon the proposition that this whole complex mass of phenomena, which we call the sensible world, is simply a prodigious aggregate of motions which occur in forms suitable to a correlative receptivity of our senses. But—and this is the important fact I wish you here to observe—a vast multitude of these motions occur in forms which do not appeal to and cannot be grasped by our senses at all. If you look into the spectroscope, those particular vibrations which produce the varieties of colour are visible to your eye; but we are forced to believe that a vast number of other vibrations are at the same time going on which have not the least effect on our visual nerve—that is to say, they are not *in the form* which we call light. If you think but a moment on the sense of hearing, you come immediately upon the same result. The vibrations which produce sound—that is, which are in forms suited to our auditory apparatus—are but a small proportion of possible vibrations. Vibrations at the rate of about thirty-two in a second begin to produce sound. If you hold a machine in your hand which is vibrating thirty or forty thousand times in a second, you will still hear a sound; between these limits sound is possible; but if you cause the machine to produce vibrations either above or below these limits, the sound suddenly ceases. The vibrations, you observe, are still there in full force, even in greater force; but they go for naught because they lack the form suitable to our ear. Let me insist for a moment on the logical results of these views. What we call death, what is it? That force which constitutes my individuality, which makes in life the aggregate of motions called me, does it not persist, and is not death simply the moment when the force ceases to act in forms capable of being grasped by human senses, just as a vibrating body which is moving at the rate of forty thousand vibrations in a second, and manifesting that motion to us as a clear shrill sound, will suddenly cease to appeal to our senses when urged to forty-five thousand in a second? Has not the one force, like the other, simply passed into energies of new forms? Who will say that at this moment a million forms of beauty do not range between this class and its speaker? Who will say I do not now gaze into eyes which see me full well, but which mine, with different conditions, do not see? And after one thinks thus of the wonders of form which fill the whole daily world full of unspeakable possibilities, how can any moment of one's life ever again be commonplace or mean!

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[1] See note at end of chapter.

[2] See chapter ii, page 31.

Do not think this in the least a digression. I am driving directly into your minds and even into your hearts the supreme importance of method, of form. What needs to think of method so seriously as our American haste and incompleteness? Our young statesman scoffs at method and will hear of nothing but the great so-called impromptu speeches of Hayne and Clay and Webster, forgetting that these speeches were the result of lifelong method, or profoundly meditated method. Even so with our young poet. What has he to do with form, with technic, forsooth? On all sides it is forgotten that inspiration, while it is certainly necessary in art, is yet worthless unless it descends into a soul prepared by toil and study and practice to give it the forms which burn forever before man's eyes. Not alone in America is this true. In a work by Professor Sylvester of Johns Hopkins University on the laws of verse — and one whose acute and philosophical presentations of some departments of poetic technic make me sincerely regret the sentence in which the author declares he will probably not again take up the pen on this subject — I find these words: "It does not seem to be at all understood among us in England — the land where, as I once heard Dr. Theodor Benfey observe, Genius abounds but Method takes no root — that versification has a technical side." Perhaps it will be an interesting pendant to this quotation from the latest notable book on English verse if I offer one to the same effect from the first book on this subject. In the *Arte of English Poesie*, published in 1589, anonymously,— but now pretty well settled to have been written by George Puttenham,— I find all along such utterances as this: "As there was no art in the world till by experience found out"; of "Poetry" was none "untill by studious persons fashioned and reduced into a method of rules and precepts"; "If again Arte be but a certain order of rules prescribed by reason"; and many the like phrases. Do not think me undervaluing inspiration. There is never any question in true art between technic and inspiration. The artist *must* have both. You cannot make an artist, poetic or otherwise, by rule alone; neither can you make one by inspiration alone.

I rejoice that since Puttenham wrote — in 1589 — the progress of things has been such as to free me entirely from one fear which he very naïvely expresses. Puttenham's book — like these lectures mainly — was written, as it appears, for the instruction of ladies, having taken this direction from its great patron Queen Elizabeth, to whom it is specially dedicated.

"Our chiefe purpose herein," says Puttenham, "is for the learning of ladies and young Gentlewomen . . . desirous to become skilful in their own mother tongue"; and again he commends his work to "the pretie amourets in Court" (by which he means about what we would call the little loves in court), " . . . their delicate wits requiring some commendable exercise to keepe them from idlenesse"; then he adds, with a roguish twinkle glistening out between the lines, "every surplusage or darke word or doubtful speach are not so narrowly to be looked upon in the pretie poesies and devices of Ladies, . . . whom we would not have too precise poets least, with their shrewd wits, when they were maried they might become a little too phantasticall wives."

Entirely careless, you observe, as to such atrocious apprehensions as these, I now proceed to state some principles which I should be delighted to think of as contributing in any degree towards making you "precise poets." I ask your special attention to the following propositions, upon which my whole presentation of this subject will be supported.

First: *Every complete poem consists of a succession of sounds.* You will readily agree that a poem uttered aloud comes under this statement; but you may incline at first to think that a poem merely written or printed, and communicated through the eye of the reader, is not a succession of sounds. This doubt disappears on examination: for what are the written or printed words which meet the reader's eye? They are signs of sounds; and thus, although the poem, when read, is first carried along the visual nerve as sound-signs, unquestionably these are afterward turned over to the auditory faculties back in the sensorium, they are translated by that into its own language, they cease to be phenomena of vision and become phenomena of audition, and they take their final lodgment in the mind as if they had been conveyed through the ear instead of the eye.

If the poem is merely *thought*, and never even written or printed, the case remains the same. If a complete formal poem, it is thought in words, and thus remains a succession of sounds or sound-symbols. We have here reached a stage of great importance. For if a poem is a succession of sounds, then the study of formal poetry is a part of physical science, being in point of fact a branch of acoustics. Now this is true: the effects of verse are to be examined as physical phenomena, and they are capable of being announced with all that satisfactory precision which modern science has taught us to associate with its processes. The failure to investigate them in this way has caused these laws to remain unsettled to this day.

Pursuing this method, then, I announce as my second proposition: *All the formal effects of poetry are produced by the artful employment of the differences between the sounds of the poem; and, therefore, to enumerate all the possible ways in which sounds can differ from one another is to enumerate all the possible elements of formal poetry.*

It does not seem necessary to dwell on this proposition. It is self-evident that no poem would be possible unless the word-sounds composing it were discontinuous and different; a continuous uniform sound could not convey either ideas or verse-effects. It is also self-evident that if we can discover all the possible differences between sounds, we will have arrived at all the possible resources of formal poetry.

Let me illustrate this point by a few lines from *The Battle of Maldon*, a poem of the year 991. I shall have occasion to call your attention to this poem in quite other connections soon; at present I read it only to show that mere sounds — that is, words — can convey the effects of formal poetry. It is English, and good English, but conveys no idea to the modern English ear. The sea-roving Danes have landed; their herald stands on one side of the stream and calls across to the English that if they will pay tribute the coming fray can be avoided. Byrhtnoth, a good thane of Æthelread, sends back his defiance across the cold waters:

Byrhtnoth mathelode, bord hafenode,
wand wacne æsc, wordum mælde,
yrre and anræd, ageaf him andsware:
"Gehyrst thu, sælida, hwæt this folc segeth?
hi willath eow to gafole garas syllan,
ættrene ord and ealde swurd,
tha heregeatu the eow æt hilde ne deah.
Brimmanna boda, abeod eft ongean,
sege thinum leodum micle lathre spell;
thæt her stent unforcuth eorl mid his werode,
wile geealgian ethel thysne,
Æthelrædes eard ealdres mines,
folc and foldan: feallan sceolon
hæthene æt hilde. To heanlic me thynceth
thæt ge mid, urum sceattum to scipe gangon
unbefohtene, nu ge thus feor hider
on urne eard inn becommon;
ne secole ge swa softe sinc gegangan:
us sceal ord and ecg ær geseman,
grimm guthplega, ær we gafol syllon."

Translation (nearly literal):

> Byrhtnoth answered, grasped his shield,
> shook his slender spear, wrathful and resolute,
> spake in words and gave him answer:
> "Hearest thou, sea-fighter, what this people saith?
> they will give you for tribute, lances,
> envenomed spear, and ancient swords,
> that you may not lack weapons for combat," etc.

I therefore proceed to my third proposition, which is: *Sounds* — observe I mean always any sounds, whether those peculiarly specialised sounds we call *words*, or any other sort — *Sounds differ from each other in four, and in only four, ways: that is, they can differ* (*a*) *in Duration,* (*b*) *in Pitch,* (*c*) *in Intensity, and* (*d*) *in Colour.*

Without making an exhaustive demonstration of this, permit me to illustrate each of these four ways with the flute and the mandolin here, throwing upon you the burden of discovering, if you can, any other possible way in which a given sound can be unlike any other given sound. You will find these differences of sounds presently leading us off into very delightful and unexpected fields of inquiry, and I wish to impress very precise notions of them upon your minds, even at the risk of being tedious. I have said that sounds differ from each other, first, in Duration. This it is hardly necessary to illustrate. If, for example, I sound a chord on the mandolin here, and allow the sound to continue for, say, two seconds, I can now stop the vibration off with my hand at the end of the seconds, and then make the same sounds half as long, or one second, or half as long as then, that is, a half-second, etc. It is important, however, here to agree upon a system of notation which will precisely express to the eye all the differences of duration in sound which we shall have occasion to employ; and for this purpose let us use the ordinary musical system, which is entirely adequate. Let us consider, for instance, that this sign ♩ represents a tone which lasts for a second; this ♪ a tone which lasts for half a second; and this 𝅘𝅥𝅯 a tone which lasts half as long, or a quarter of a second. It will here be convenient, also, to agree upon a system of notation accurately expressing the silences which intervene between sounds; for these play a part of fundamental importance in verse. Let us consider, then, that the sign 𝄽 represents a silence, or, technically, a rest of one second (corresponding with the tone ♩), while 𝄾 represents a rest half as long, or of half a second, and 𝄿 represents a rest a fourth as long, or a quarter of a second.

Again: I have said that sounds differ, secondly, in Pitch. This method of difference is familiar to you, as is probably the fact that the low tones are produced by slow vibrations, the higher tones by increasingly more rapid vibrations, etc. If I strike the mandolin string here, I vary the pitch by running my finger up the string. Please associate the term Pitch, therefore, with high tones and low tones and the like.

Again: it was said that sounds differ in Intensity. I ask you carefully to discriminate these and the preceding differences; that is, between differences of Pitch and differences of Intensity, which are often vaguely conceived by the cursory hearer, with a result of hopeless confusion in some very important matters. There are differences of Pitch; the tones themselves you see differ, while there are differences of Intensity.[1] As we have agreed upon signs to denote Duration, let us agree that the sign ′ over any

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[1] Illustrated by chords on the mandolin struck first with the finger raked across like a plectrum, then with the balls of the fingers as on the guitar.

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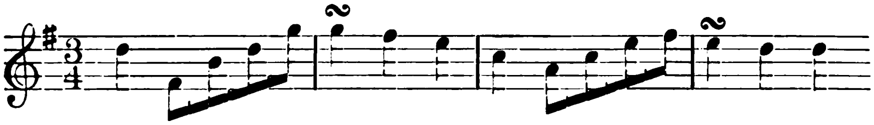
given tone-sign shall denote that it is to be pronounced with greater intensity than those without the sign, leaving the degree of that intensity to be developed hereafter.

Lastly: it was said that sounds differ in Colour. This difference lies at the root of a large class of the most subtle and beautiful effects of verse, and it is worth your while to arrive at the bottom of it. I shall have occasion in my fifth lecture to develop the physical explanation of tone-colour in detail; for the present allow me to present you only with the most rapid and hasty view of it that I can make. First: What is tone-colour? Let me illustrate the phenomenon practically. Suppose I play this series of tones on the mandolin:



If I now play exactly the same series on the flute, you nevertheless recognise a difference. If I were in the next room, where you could not see the change in the instruments, still the most unpractised ear would unerringly recognise a certain difference in this tune as played on the mandolin and as played on the flute. Now what makes this difference? It is not a difference of duration; it is not a difference of pitch; it is not a difference of intensity, because in all these particulars the tones played are precisely alike: it is a difference of tone-colour. This is the characteristic difference which enables us to distinguish the quality of tone of different instruments. If the same tune be played on an organ, a flute, a violin, a horn, a clarionet, an oboe, a human voice, we recognise it as the same tune, and we at the same time recognise that characteristic quality of each instrument which is known as tone-colour. Now this same tone-colour is the principle of difference

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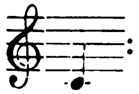
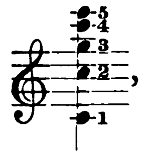
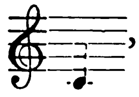
between vowel-sounds, and between consonant-sounds. Just as we distinguish a violin-tone from a flute-tone by the characteristic quality of tone belonging to each instrument, so we distinguish the vowel *o*, for instance, from the vowel *a*. If I utter the vowel *o* with the same duration of sound, the same pitch, the same intensity, as the vowel *a*, you nevertheless clearly distinguish the *o* sound from *a* sound, though they differ neither in duration, in pitch, nor in intensity. The characteristic differences among vowel-sounds, in short, are differences of tone-colour.

Now what is the true nature of this tone-colour, and why is it so called?

The explanation of it is one of the most brilliant achievements of modern physical science. I can give you now but the briefest outline of it, reserving a fuller discussion, as I said, until my fifth lecture, where it will be directly in place.

Tone-colour (sometimes called Quality, sometimes by the French term *Timbre*, sometimes, as by Mr. Tyndall, Clangtint, a translation of the German word *Klang-Farbe*) results from the fact that all the tones ordinarily heard are composite. Just as a ray of white light is composed of the three coloured rays united, so each tone we ordinarily hear — whether a tone of speech, such as a word, or a tone of a musical instrument — is composed of subordinate tones in combination with a chief tone called the fundamental tone. These subordinate tones are called "upper partial" tones, or sometimes "harmonics." Now you can easily imagine in a general way that if the ingredients of such a composite tone be changed, the tone itself will be changed in some way. It is changed, and the change is one of tone-colour. But this general statement will become clearer if I illustrate definitely the composite nature of tones. Suppose I close all the holes on this flute, and blow into the embouchure. The tone you hear is : 

it is really composed of the following tones, to wit, the lowest being the fundamental tone and the upper ones the harmonics which sound in such close combination with it as to give the ear the impression of one tone. Now suppose that in some way I could arrange that a different set of harmonics should sound in combination with this fundamental tone: suppose, for example, that by changing the shape of this tube (as is done in practice) I could procure that the even series of harmonics here — Nos. 2 and 4 — should be blotted out, leaving the others, the odd series, sounding in combination with the fundamental tone. You would then hear the same fundamental tone , but *you would hear it with the quality or tone-colour of the clarionet, not the flute.* In point of fact it is found that when a conical tube is used instead of a cylindrical tube these even harmonics are suppressed, and the result is the tone-colour of the clarionet: hence the clarionet is made with a conical tube, while the flute is made with a cylindrical tube.

Now if you will regard the buccal cavity here, the mouth, as a tube which can instantly alter itself to many different shapes, and which by so doing can blot out now one set, now another set, of the harmonics of any tone which may be produced by the voice, you will see immediately how the tone-colours of words — that is, the vowel-sounds (mainly) — are produced and altered. When I speak the vowel *o*, for example, I have unconsciously arranged the tube of my mouth so as to produce a certain set of harmonics in combination with whatever fundamental tone I am employing for the utterance; if I leave

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o, and speak *a* at the same pitch precisely, I have unconsciously altered the tube of the larynx and mouth so as to retain the same fundamental tone and to substitute a different set of harmonics in combination with it.

How this is proven, how these harmonics are detected, how the changes they undergo in speaking different vowel-sounds are analysed, and how these changes lie at the bottom of so many wonderful poetic effects, will be amply illustrated and explained in the lecture to which I have referred. For the present, I only add that when I use the term tone-colour, or colour, in this connection, I wish you to think of all those prosodial effects which depend upon vowels and consonants; such as rhymes, assonances, alliterations, pleasant sequences of vowels in a verse, smooth minglings and marryings-in of the terminal consonants of words with the initial consonants of words immediately succeeding, and many other similar matters which you will probably be surprised to find entering so largely into all the poetry which the ages have cared to preserve.

These, then, are the elements of all the possible formal effects of poetry, namely, the differences of Duration, of Pitch, of Intensity, of Tone-colour, and of Silence or the Rest,— which latter may be called perhaps more accurately a limiting extreme of the third-named difference,— of Intensity,— considering silence as the point where intensity of sound reaches its minimum. These are the resources which formal poetry has at command.

Now you will find that these resources are employed by poets to produce one or the other of three great classes of effects upon the ear: namely, effects of Rhythm, of Speech-tunes, and of Word-colour.

Analyse any poem you please: the relations subsisting between its component sounds — relations by virtue of which it *is* a formal poem — will necessarily be found to fall within this triple classification. They will be found to be relations either of Rhythm, of Speech-tunes, or of Word-colour. If some of these terms sound barbarous to you, my justification must be that this view of the subject is new, so far as I know, and in inventing a terminology I have endeavoured as much as possible to express by the names the actual phenomena referred to. Until, therefore, I describe the phenomena, I cannot hope to reconcile you to the names; but after I have done so I hope they will become smoother and more familiar to you.

Here now we have our work specifically cut out. We are to investigate, first, Rhythm, to which I propose to devote the remainder of this lecture and the whole of the two next lectures; then Speech-tunes in the fourth lecture; and Word-colour in the fifth.

[For an elaboration of the contents of the next four lectures see *The Science of English Verse*, where the author has made a formal and detailed presentation of this subject. The whole volume is divided into three parts, treating of *The Rhythms of English Verse*, *The Tunes of English Verse*, and *The Colours of English Verse*, and all the discussion in these four lectures, with many additional points, is incorporated there. —EDITOR.]

CHAPTER II

THE SUPERNATURAL IN EARLY ENGLISH AND IN SHAKSPERE

Address of the Soul to the Dead Body Compared with *Hamlet*

IN passing on from the subject of the Technic of Verse I wish to leave your minds in possession of a sharp and well-defined conception of the relations of formal poetry to music. Permit me to transport you for a moment to a level of thought where music and poetry reveal themselves from a common point of view, so that the terms of the one are equally terms of the other. You will find this generalisation of constant usefulness in supplying you with a scientific basis for developing clear and unequivocal ideas upon many questions concerning poetry and music which are now vexed simply because they are usually discussed either from merely sentimental starting-points or from no starting-point at all.

Now leave for one moment the idea of verse, or formal poetry, and consider music. Music, you will readily agree, consists of a series of impressions upon the ear; that is, of a succession of sounds. It will help forward my demonstration if I here remove, by a reference to musical conceptions, an objection which is likely to occur to every person at first hearing the principle announced that formal poetry, or verse, consists — just as music consists — of a succession of sounds. Almost every one will say, "Hold: if I take up this volume of poems and silently read it with my *eyes*, it looks to me as if the poem were a succession of sights,— not sounds,— and as if it was an affair of the eye rather than of the ear." But consider a moment. Suppose that you place before your eyes, instead of a poem, a sheet of music. If you understand the musical notation, the sounds indicated by the notes will immediately present themselves before your mind. Now, what is happening? The eye is looking at certain marks which are signs of sounds, and is carrying those signs to the ear, which is straightway proceeding to translate them and to convert the visual impression into an auditory impression. Now this is exactly what happens while you are silently reading your poem. It is not an affair of the eye at all, except that the eye is acting as a sort of errand-boy for the ear; the eye goes out and brings in something, and that something becomes to all intents and purposes a *sound* by the time it reaches the mind. If you will accustom yourselves to regard written or printed words as just as truly signs of sounds as the notes of the musical system — if you will come to look on this page of music as simply the Musical System of noting sounds, and this page of print as simply the Poetic System of noting sounds — you will have a groundwork for clear ideas upon what is one of the muddiest subjects of modern discussion.

But to advance: we have classified all the possible effects of verse into those of Rhythm, Tune, and Colour: if you examine all the possible effects of music you will find them referable also to three great classes, which we may call by their common names of Rhythm, Melody, and Harmony. Let us now collate the possible effects of verse with the possible effects of music, and we will have the

Rhythm, Tune, and Colour . . . . of Verse,
Rhythm, Melody, and Harmony . . of Music.

It must immediately occur to every one of the class who has heard the five preceding lectures,[1] in which I have explained the physical phenomena corresponding to the terms used in the case of verse, that these expressions are substantially of the same meaning. No. 1 — Rhythm — is identical: and I have had occasion to mention before that there is absolutely no physical difference between the rhythms of verse and those of music. As to No. 2, those who heard the lecture on the Tunes of Verse will remember how it was unfolded that we communicate with each other always by tunes in every-day life, and that the meaning of words in poetry, as in common speech, was indefinitely varied by the tunes or melodies to which those words were uttered. Thus, inasmuch as "tune" and "melody" are convertible terms, let us substitute either for the other here — say "Melody" for "Tune" in No. 2 of Verse, and we have now identical terms for this class of effects, which are really of the same nature in poetry as in music.

If we examine No. 3 we will arrive at the same result. Those who heard the last lecture — on the Colours of Verse — will remember that we found this a scientific term for all those effects of verse connected with vowel-sounds — such as Rhymes, Alliterations, and the like — because each vowel-sound in a language is made by a combination of tones, as white light is made of a combination of colours. We found, for example, that the vowel *o* might be represented by these tones struck simultaneously, and that the vowel *a* was produced by so altering the shape of the mouth-cavity as more or less to obscure the partial tones 2 and 3. Now these tones, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, make a *chord*, that is, a harmony. Harmony, which is a general term including all sorts of chords, involves the idea of tones made simultaneously, as distinct from melody, which involves the idea of tones made successively and not simultaneously. A vowel, then, is simply a harmony: it is the most perfect chord imaginable, a chord so perfect that each of the constituent tones loses its individuality and is merged into the resulting tone, which we call a vowel. Thus you will see, by the way, a new propriety in the name given to these constituent tones; you remember I said they were called "harmonics." Here, then, you find all those phenomena of vowel and consonant tones which I detailed in my last lecture — the distribution of vowels in a line, the rhyme, the consonantal alliterations, the junction of easily melting consonants — resolving themselves at last into phenomena of Harmony. When you say a vowel, you mean a perfect harmony produced by the wonderful influence of the changing cavity of the mouth and throat upon the vibrations of the air therein set up by the breath and the vocal chords.

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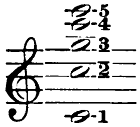
[1] See note at end of chapter i.



Instead, therefore, of the term "colours" of Verse, I may substitute the term Harmony.

Thus a slight investigation reveals that all the phenomena of verse and all the phenomena of music fall under the same three classes: they are phenomena either

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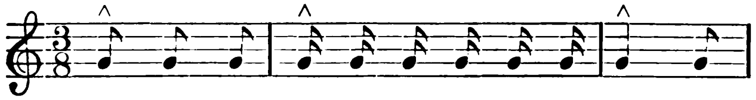
of Rhythm,
of Tune (or Melody), *or*
of Colour (or Harmony).

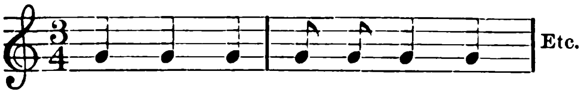
This parallelism of music and poetry is of so much importance to some demonstrations I wish to bring before you hereafter that I will consume just a moment in pursuing it from another direction.

Here the printed poem is one system of noting sounds: here the page of music is another system of noting sounds. I wish to call your attention to some defects in the word system, and for this purpose let us compare these two systems a moment. The musical system has a series of devices for representing to the eye all the three classes of musical effects. The system for representing Rhythm consists of the variously shaped characters — 𝅝 representing a sound which lasts, say, one second, 𝅗𝅥 a sound which lasts half as long, or a half-second, ♩ a sound half as long as the last, or one fourth of a second, ♪ one eighth of a second, 𝅘𝅥𝅯 one sixteenth of a second, and so on. These signs of mere duration must now be supplemented by other signs to indicate the various possible groupings of these rhythmic elements: for which purpose the bar and the figures at the beginning of the piece are used, as

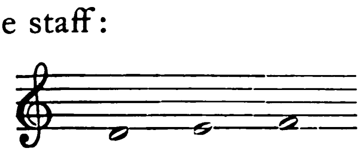


where each perpendicular stroke or bar encloses a group of notes equal in value to three eighth-notes. The stroke over the first note in each bar — indicating the accent on that note — completes the apparatus for noting rhythm in music. Every possible combination of rhythms can be unequivocally indicated by it and the corresponding signs for the rests, 𝄾, 𝄽, etc. Now it is to be regretted that in the other system of notation for sounds — what we ordinarily call print or writing — no corresponding apparatus for representing rhythm exists. When a poet publishes a poem he must depend entirely upon the known accentuation of English words to guide his readers to a proper conception of his rhythm. Unfortunately this guide is often ambiguous. A number of English particles — the prepositions, the conjunctions, and other short words of one syllable — can take the strong accent of a trochee or a dactyl or the weak unaccented portions equally well: and consequently poets confine themselves to a small number of such simple rhythmic measures as immediately suggest themselves to the average reader.

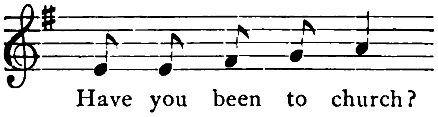
For this reason, every child who is taught to read ought to be taught the musical system of notation: and in this way a public could be prepared to whom the poet could intelligently present those magnificent rhythmic combinations of which the English language is so amply capable. For then every poet could give, at the head of his poem, a scheme of the rhythm, written in adequate musical characters, which would put the reader in immediate possession of a perfectly clear and unambiguous idea of the movement of the poem. Thus Tennyson's *Break, break, break*, would be printed with this typical rhythmic scheme prefixed:



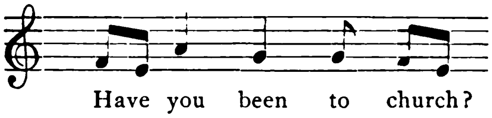
Passing to the next class of phenomena, — Tune or Melody,— the apparatus for indicating this in the musical system is quite adequate. It consists mainly of a number of lines called the staff:



the pitch of each note — and you will remember that pitch is the basis of all tune or melody, a tune being simply a succession of tones varying in pitch — being indicated by the line of the staff on which or near which it is placed. But when you come to inquire what is the means for noting tune or pitch in our other system of notation for sounds,— print or writing,— we find there is absolutely none. When you read a poem you have to judge, by a series of inferences which you make unconsciously, what speech-tunes it should be read to. This is unfortunate: for a system of notation for speech-tunes would be in many ways of great importance. Perhaps every person has had the experience — sometimes a very bitter one — of writing a letter to a friend and of finding afterward that some phrase in the letters had been utterly misconstrued by the person reading it, because that person had read the phrase in some tune which gave it a wholly different meaning from that in which the writer conceived it. You will remember that I explained in my lecture on the tunes of common speech how essentially the meaning of the same words can be varied by uttering them in a different tune. Thus:



makes a simple inquiry as to a matter of fact; but



means that I know you have, and that I am astonished *to* know it: the words remaining the same, the tune has here conveyed meanings diametrically opposite. I think, therefore, it would be well if we had some system of denoting the tunes of common speech, and that what we call print

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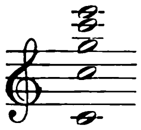
or writing is at present very defective in possessing no means of accurately indicating these melodies.[1]

If we examine the two systems with reference to their modes of indicating harmony, we find that both can note harmony, but by methods widely different. In music  is a specimen-sign for harmony: in print or writing, we denote it by *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, etc., or, in other words, by the printed signs for vowel-sounds, every vowel being, when physically explained, a chord.

To conclude this parallel between the methods of music and those of verse,— which I have had to hurry over so as I fear to be almost unintelligible,— you can now see that many of the sentimental utterances about music and poetry are based on wholly mistaken notions. For example, it is often heard that music is a kind of language, and many sayings are predicated upon that idea. But this is not true; exactly the converse *is* true: *Music is not a species of Language, but Language is a species of Music.* In short, you will always find yourselves in condition to arrive at right conclusions in these matters if you keep steadfastly before your mind that language is only a certain number of sounds which have been selected out of the vast body of possible sounds and which have come to be agreed upon by men — in one way and another — as representatives of ideas. It is agreed, for example, among English people that when we hear this sound, Man, we will all think in a certain direction; when we hear this sound, Dog, we will all think in another direction; and so on. How or when this agreement was made, would lead us into much-vexed discussions quite too voluminous for this place. I may mention, however, that the dreadful broil which has raged for years between Richard Wagner and his opponents in Germany would seem to have been impossible if these fundamental principles — of the proper relation of music and language — had not been hopelessly confused in the beginning: if it had been kept clearly in sight — what indeed is utterly denied by many — that music is not a species of language, but that language is a species of music.

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[1] It is interesting to think that the phonograph, if it should ever be perfected, would remedy this defect in a very beautiful manner. The phonograph in its present state, however, has no variable cavity like the throat, and fails in many consonants, lacking lips, teeth, etc.

I now leave the whole question of the Technic of Verse, and advance to the next set of lectures announced in the programme. In doing so I am going to beg the class for the privilege of making a slight change in the subject of the lectures announced which I feel sure will be of great benefit. Instead of the five lectures on "The Less-known Writers of Shakspere's Time," occurring in the programme,[1] I ask permission to give five readings and commentaries showing instructive contrasts of some notable Anglo-Saxon and Middle English poems with several of Shakspere's plays; and I ask to give these lectures now, following them with the five Sonnet lectures (which will substantially cover the ground of those on the less-known writers of Shakspere's time), and these with the other lectures as announced in the programme. In this way the lectures, as they stand, will be so arranged that I will be enabled not only to exhibit the master to you from certain unoccupied points of view, but I will be led to make a very symmetrical presentation of Shakspere in his relations to

The Anglo-Saxon Time,
Middle English Time,
His Own Time, *and*
The Present Time.

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[1] See chapter i, page 9.

I am still further urged to this plan by the consideration that I shall thus be obliged to set before you some of the most striking poems in that deeply interesting period which is commonly called Anglo-Saxon, and which scholars are now pretty generally agreed to call by the distinctive title of Early English. No person can be said to have a fairly philosophical idea either of the English language or of English poetry who is unacquainted with the beautiful literature of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. I marvel day by day at the state into which the study of the English language has fallen, both in England and America. We pursue Greek, Latin, French, German, and all other tongues, dead or living, except English. How many are there among us that know the true glory of the Anglo-Saxon tongue? You will find ten thousand men in the United States who can read Homer's poems to one who can read *Beowulf;* and yet one is an epic of a people on the other side of the world, while *Beowulf* is our own English epic.[1] You will find ten thousand men in the United States who have some fair idea of the first five hundred years of classic poetry to one who has any idea of the first five hundred years of English poetry; for, you remember, I had occasion to remark in another lecture that while Chaucer seems very old to our century, there was an English poetry which was as old to Chaucer as Chaucer's poetry is to us, and this poetry, I complain, is to all intents and purposes absolutely unknown to the English-speaking people. In our schools provision is made to study every language except Old English; and yet without Old English no man can clearly grasp the genius of modern English. This state of things reminds one of that in England eight hundred years ago, just after the Norman invasion. These proud conquerors, you remember, at first completely stamped upon English-speaking persons. They regarded the language as not only barbarous but silly. It is related by Matthew Paris that in the year 1095 — that is, some thirty years after the Norman Conquest — a certain English Bishop of Worcester, Wulstan by name, was deposed by the Normans; the charge against him was that he was "a superannuated English idiot who could not speak French." One would think, from the course of modern education in this particular, that this Norman slur on our tongue had really sunk into the English soul; for we have all been trying, ever since, to prevent our children from being called "idiots who cannot speak French," regardless of any possibility that they might actually become idiots who cannot speak English.

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[1] See also, for a further discussion of this idea, "The Death of Byrthnoth" in *Music and Poetry.*

I am determined — so far as in me lies — that none of you, at any rate, shall be idiots who cannot speak intelligently of some of the most striking poems ever written in English; and for this purpose let me without further ado introduce to the class an English poem at least as old as the tenth century called *The Address of the Soul to the Dead Body*; and, in order that the presentation of it may become more vivid by running to some definite point, let us compare this poem with Shakspere's *Hamlet*, taking special account of the views of death and of the life after death developed by two English writers separated so far in time as the unknown author of the Anglo-Saxon poem in the tenth century and Shakspere in the sixteenth.

I shall now introduce you to two English ghosts, one a ghost of the tenth century, the other a ghost of the sixteenth; one speaks by the mouth of an old English poet whose name has utterly perished away from our knowledge; the other speaks by the mouth of William Shak-

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spere, of whom indeed we know the name but — when all is said and done — hardly anything else, so that his personality is almost as dim to us as that of the older nameless poet. This Anglo-Saxon poem is found in both those collections — so dear to the Anglo-Saxon scholar — known as the *Codex Exoniensis*, or *Exeter MS.*, and the *Codex Vercelliensis*, or *Vercelli MS.*, the former being at Exeter Cathedral and the latter having been discovered some half a century ago at Vercelli in Italy. The *Exeter MS.* is a large Anglo-Saxon book which was presented to Exeter Cathedral by Bishop Leofric, A.D. 1046; the handwriting is thought to be of the preceding century, and the poem is therefore set down as at least of the tenth century.

It is a lively and striking presentation of the belief of our Anglo-Saxon fathers in that remote period upon several grave matters which Hamlet discusses. It is written in the rhythm where each line consists of four dactyls or trochees, of which at least two are strongly marked off for the ear by beginning with the same consonant, or with a vowel:

> Sceal se gæst cuman, geh ðum hremig,
> Symle ymb seofon niht sawle findan.

I read you — in a translation nearly literal but not attempting to be rhythmical — enough to give the main ideas which I wish to compare with those in *Hamlet*. The ghost proceeds to scold the body most shrewishly for certain troubles it once suffered while in the flesh.

Says the poem: "Every seven nights for three hundred years — unless the Day of Judgment happens meantime — the ghost shall come, anxiously moaning, to find the body. Then that ghost shall sadly call, with cold voice — then that spirit shall sternly speak to that dust" (and one can imagine the ghost shaking its forefinger at its body, shaking its forefinger, in fact, *at* its own forefinger): "'Gory Dust, why hast thou tortured me? . . . Food of worms, little didst thou think how the Lord Almighty sent me to thee out of heaven — a soul from his own Majesty. . . . Thou didst bind me with hard hunger; thou didst hold me with hell-torments; imprisoned in flesh, I could not fly from thee; thy sinful appetites oppressed me so that full oft it seemed to me that it would be thirty thousand winters to thy death-day. Yes! I awaited our parting in anxiety. Thou didst riot in food, thou didst sate thee with drink, thou didst still lack in the midst of plenty: but I was hungry for the body of God, for the food of the spirit; for thou didst not bear in mind here in life that I inhabited thee by compulsion, . . . that I was a spirit sent into thee from God. . . . Now,'" says the spirit in measureless scorn of the piteous state of the body, "'now thou art not dearer to any one living, not even to thy mate, not to thy father, thy mother, nor thy kindred — thou art not dearer than the swarthy raven since *I* passed out of thee. Here shalt thou abide, and I, thy soul, shall oft revisit thee and insult thee with words. Thou art dumb and deaf, thy joys are naught, yet must I perforce revisit thee at night,— thee for thy sins tormented,— and again depart from thee at the cock-crowing. It were very much better for thee that thou hadst been a bird in the beginning, a beast of the earth, a brute without understanding, when thou comest to answer for us both on the great day. . . . What wilt thou then say to the Lord, when there shall not be the smallest joint of thy limbs but thou must give an account of it? What shall we two do when the Lord shall couple us together the second time?'" Here follows a fierce description of the last decay,—which I will not read, for you might shiver as you go home through the gloaming,— the whole concluding with a sort

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of I-told-you-so scream from the ghost: "That," it cries, "shall be to every man a memorial of the sagacious soul."

Note now a curious similarity between the substantial errand of this ghost and that of the ghost in *Hamlet*. I do not know any two passages in the whole range of poetry which show with such cunning subtlety the conflict of heathen with Christian ideas in the souls of our forefathers. Here we see a spirit which talks of the Judgment Day, and which declares that it comes from God, descending back upon the earth bound on no better business than its own private revenge! and that revenge the little, little satisfaction of taunting the body it once inhabited.

But here comes the ghost in *Hamlet*, also bound on its private revenge for an earthly wrong, not indeed against its own body, but — what is about as terrible — against the body of its own brother. In that terrible interview on the "remote Part of the Platform" Hamlet is at first pitiful.

"Pity me not," says the grim ghost, "but lend thy serious hearing To what I shall unfold." And in what he unfolds note the curious cropping out now of the heathen, now of the Christian idea: in one breath he incites the son to revenge his death upon his own brother.

"Speak," says Hamlet, "I am bound to hear."

"So," cries the ghost, "art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear"; and is so far a right heathen. In the next breath the ghost is telling Hamlet that he is *confin'd to fast in fires, Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature Are burnt and purg'd away*; that is, he is now a Christian ghost just out of Purgatory. And in this curious misconception of a Christian doctrine then present in his mind — a doctrine which utterly abhors revenge — the ghost urges: "If thou didst ever thy dear father love . . . Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder."

Such lodgment has Christ's mild doctrine of long-suffering and of the forgiveness of sins taken in the fierce souls of the old Anglo-Saxon and the old Dane! When one sees these ghosts coming out of the very jaws of the Christian Purgatory to incite the very crimes which cast them there,— the supposedly purged ghost nothing more nor less than the pattern and perfect type of the unpurged man,— one cannot but wonder at the persistence of the heathen idols under all the new paraphernalia of the Christian forms: one cannot but ask, Is it not still Odin, after all, whom they have only renamed God, and is not the cross of Christ only another term for the awful hammer of Thor?

This inconsistency of the ghost appears after a while to gleam for a moment on the tortured soul of Hamlet; in fact, one may say it gives the forcible impulse to that distressing oscillation of his mind to and fro betwixt this and that motive, this and that purpose, which makes him the great unapproachable type of doubt and indecision. In the last part of the second act, while he is trying to quiet the reproaches of his conscience for not murdering his uncle,— fancy a man's conscience reproaching him for such a cause! — it suddenly occurs to him, *The spirit that I have seen May be a devil* (instead of the spirit of his father); . . . *and perhaps: Abuses me to damn me:* and one must say that to an ordinary man the suspicion might seem reasonable enough that a spirit just purging for heaven would hardly come back to earth to advise its own son to murder its own brother. But further: I ask you to note, along with the similarity between the ghost of the old Anglo-Saxon poem and the ghost of Shakspere's play, the total contrast between the unquestioning faith of the poem and the uneasy scepticism of Hamlet. The old Anglo-Saxon poet writes from the firmest persuasion of the reality of the ghost, the purgatorial fire, the vanishing at cock-crow, the Judgment Day, and all the articles of mediæval belief; the poem is mediæval to the core: while Hamlet doubts, doubts, doubts, suspects this, suspects the other, falters and fails, without a solid belief in anything whatever.

I think it worth while to detail somewhat further the grossness of the inconsistency in which Hamlet riots, from beginning to end of the play. Compare, for instance, his soliloquy in the beginning of the third act with one no further removed than a little past the middle of the same act. In the first we find him meditating on the consequence of physical death. Does the soul live at all after the body dies? he asks. *To be, or not to be, that is the question:— . . . To die,— to sleep, No more;— and, by a sleep, to say we end The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks That flesh is heir to,— 'tis a consummation Devoutly to be wish'd.* But here the doubt strikes in upon his meditation, with a sudden turn of thought to the other view: *To die*, he repeats, as if his mind were peering upon the thought like a near-sighted eye upon a page — *To die,— to sleep:— To sleep! perchance to dream:—ay, there's the rub; For in that sleep of death what dreams may come, When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, Must give us pause.*

Here, you observe, he professes utter ignorance as to what happens after death; it may be a sleep, it may be a horrible dream. But by the time the act is half over look what arguments are swaying him. The wretched King, tortured with the dread of his coming fate to the point of remorseful repentance, has just dismissed Polonius, and, retiring to his bedroom, kneels, to see if he can pray: *Help, angels! make assay: Bow, stubborn knees*, he cries in the solitude of his chamber. There enters Hamlet, unperceived. *Now*, he whispers, *Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying; And now I'll do't: — and so he goes to heaven; And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd: A villain kills my father; and, for that, I, his sole son, do this same villain send To heaven. Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge. . . . And am I then reveng'd, To take him in the purging of his soul, When he is fit and season'd for his passage?*

No.
Up, sword; and know then a more horrid hent:
When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage;
At gaming, swearing; or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes.

What an inconceivable vacillation is here! But now he was refusing to end his own troubles with a bare bodkin, because he was in doubt whether that would annihilate the soul or not; and here this doubt has so utterly disappeared that he refuses to murder a villain because the villain happens to be praying, and *ergo*,— we ought to have a proverb, *Hamlet's logic!* — *ergo*, the villain's soul will go to heaven, and it will be no revenge, after all. If Hamlet really believes that a villain murdered while at prayer immediately ascends into heavenly bliss, why did he not just now — when he was groaning under his own fardel of torture — simply fall on his knees, begin his *Pater Noster*, and stab himself at *Forgive us our sins as we forgive those who sin against us?*

Of course — for all he talks so glibly, here and in other passages, of heaven and hell — he does not believe in either heaven or hell; he makes heaven and hell mere excuses for irresolution; he is an unnerved, weak, good man, who would be strong if he had a faith of any sort, but whose native hue of resolution is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Now all this is modern: in fact, if one desired to personify this present age,—a time wavering ineffectually along betwixt the crimes of small passion on the one side and the beauties of physical nature on the other, without an actual working belief in anything, but willing to use any belief that first comes to hand as a sanction for its little momentary inclination, a time not strong enough to commit a good honest tragic sin, and still too weak to avoid shuffling and self-trickery,—if, I say, one wanted to personify this modern time, one could not do it better than under the form of this poor intellectual, self-conscious Hamlet, who, finding himself born into a time that is out of joint, instead of leaping forward with the proud if pained heart of the reformer to spend himself in bettering the state of his fellows, meanly cries:

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

On the other hand, if one wished to personify the mediæval time, with its faith and its subtlety and its cunning glimpses into the unknown, one could not better do it than under the form of the unnamed ghost in this old Anglo-Saxon poem, who now scolds, now congratulates, its own body.

In the next lecture I shall give some detailed account of the great Old English poem of *Beowulf*, and shall call your attention particularly to the treatment of physical nature in that poem as contrasted with Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream.*

It is pleasant to conclude my present lecture by reading you an old Anglo-Saxon poem which records *The Address of the Happy Soul to its Body.* This poem is intended as a pendant to the Soul's complaint which I have already read you. A copy of it was found among the *Vercelli MS.* which I have mentioned. I know scarcely anything in literature more moving or more stimulant of deep suggestions which are beyond the reach of thought than the tender and reverent way in which this soul addresses the body it once inhabited.

The other poem ends, you remember, with a sort of fierce triumphal insult to the poor dumb corpse. The present one opens with an abrupt transition from that ghastly scene. I read an almost literal translation:

"But it shall be more joyful when the holy soul goes to the flesh, wrapped in comfort. . . . With delight it shall seek the body it has lived in long before: then the ghost shall speak good words, wise and glorious, and shall gladly greet the body thus: 'Dearest Friend, now is thy spirit come from the Father's Kingdom, fairly adorned, with honours encircled. Ah, my lord!'"—fancy the soul talking this way to the body, like a tender wife who, knowing herself to be a queen, comforts a strong husband in misfortune by recognising him as a king, co-regnant with her in equal sovereignty—"'ah, my lord, that I might conduct thee with me, that we angels all might see the heavenly glory which thou didst provide for me on earth: For thou on earth didst fast, that I might have the food of the spirit; thou didst lack, that my desires might be fulfilled.'" (Perhaps it was a scholar who starved himself to buy books, or a poet who stayed poor to serve his art.) "'Therefore thou shalt take no shame when the sinful from the just are parted on the great day. . . . But it grieves me, dearest of men, to see thee resting on this loathly couch of the grave. Yet I would say to thee'"—and is not this pity and comfortable compassion most beautiful?—"'yet I would say to thee, Sorrow not, for we shall be drawn together again at the Day of God: then shall we rejoice together, and be lifted high in heaven. Be not uneasy at the coming of the Lord, nor have care in thy mind, for there at the doom-time we shall exult in our deeds!'"

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CHAPTER III

NATURE IN EARLY ENGLISH AND IN SHAKSPERE: "BEOWULF" AND "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

THERE are three main directions in which the poetic spirit of man looks. One is toward some God or other, that is, in general, Above; another is toward what we call Physical Nature, that is toward the existences which are, in a certain sense, below us; and a third is toward our fellow-man, that is, on a level with us.

↑ God
——› Man
↓ Nature

I was anxious to put before you some connected view of the particular habit and tendency of the Anglo-Saxon poetic instinct in all these directions: accordingly in the last lecture I grouped my presentation of Anglo-Saxon poems about ghosts, and purgatories, and such beliefs, hinging upon God, or Above-directions; in the present lecture and in the next succeeding one I shall discuss the views of Nature shown in the period from the earliest Anglo-Saxon poem to the present time; and in the two following lectures I shall show the views of our poets during the same period with regard to woman, the better half certainly of our fellow-man.

In accordance with this plan I now proceed to lay before you some brief account of the interesting old Anglo-Saxon poem of *Beowulf*, and then to note more particularly the ideas of Physical Nature therein developed as compared with those in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* of Shakspere. I think you will find this comparison presently leading us into some very fascinating fields of thought.

Beowulf is, in several particulars, the most notable monument of the poetic genius of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors which has come down to us. It is entirely devoted to relating the valorous deeds of the hero Beowulf, from whom it takes its title.

The plot of the poem is not complex, and its simplicity presents an interesting contrast with the involved and interminable adventures of the wandering knights in the so-called *Gests* and *Lays* of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries (which I shall bring before you later), or even in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

Once upon a time, it seems, a certain Hrothgar, King of the Danes, was very prosperous in war, and presently built a sort of joyful monument of victory in the shape of a great and magnificent mead-hall — i.e., a hall to drink mead in — which he named Heórat, or Heórt. The efforts of scholars to specify the time when King Hrothgar lived have resulted in locating the events recounted in the poem somewhere between the first and fifth centuries of our era, possibly contemporary with Hengist and Horsa. Several names in the poem belong to legitimate history, but the long genealogies of royal personages which were always given by the early Chroniclers are often hopelessly involved one with another, and it does not now seem easy to fix a date for the adventures of Beowulf more precisely than somewhere within the first four centuries after Christ.

The poem appears to have been brought over to England and there partly rewritten. I think we may safely consider it as substantially the oldest poem in our language. But to resume the story: King Hrothgar appears to have met the usual fate of the man who after long struggles proposes to settle down and give himself up wholly to rest and pleasure. For a little while he and his sturdy thanes held high festivities in the rich hall of Heórat, exulting that their enemies were conquered and that the rest of life might be devoted to rejoicing. Suddenly, however, a terrible tragedy reddens the happy walls of Heórat. A hideous monster called Grendel, who inhabits the wild fens of the land, comes by night, seizes thirty of Hrothgar's people, carries them off to his harbourage in the marshes, and devours them. The valour of Hrothgar and his stoutest thanes proves wholly unavailing against these nightly raids: they continue for twelve years, and the once joyful mead-hall of Heórat is a constant scene of terror and mourning. After twelve years, however, it happens that Beowulf, who is a thane of Hygelac, King of the Goths, hears of their misfortunes, and determines to go over and offer his helpful arm to King Hrothgar. He enlists fourteen companions, and they set sail for Hrothgar's country. Here, let us note in passing, we have about the first instance of the wandering soldier bent on benevolent emprise. Beowulf seems to me the first and purest type of that great race of knights-errant who long afterward, both in the actual history and in the imaginative poetry of the Middle Ages, cut such fantastic, yet not ignoble, pranks before high heaven in their combats with impossible Gryphons for the rescue of distressed damsels.

Beowulf and his companions, on reaching shore, are sharply challenged by one of Hrothgar's sentinels, but soon explain their errand and are courteously conducted to the royal residence. Here Hrothgar receives them with joy. The hall Heórat is again put in festive array, and the poem here gives some very interesting pictures of the hospitalities of the times. When evening comes, anticipating the usual visit of the monster Grendel, Beowulf is left in the hall for the night. He has heard that the monster's skin is so tough that no sword-blade, however well tempered, can bite into it. He therefore throws aside his sword, and trusts to his strength alone, which was said to be prodigious. Grendel presently breaks in, and before he can be stopped grasps one of Beowulf's companions in his claws and devours him.

Beowulf then closes with the monster, and after a dreadful struggle tears off one of his arms, while the monster is in the act of escaping. Next day high wassail is held at Heórat: the hall is alive, the mead-cup is handed round by the Queen, homage is done to Beowulf, songs are sung by the minstrels, and there is unbounded festivity. At night, however, the scene again changes. It appears that the monster Grendel has a mother living off in the obscure fen-country with him, and she, when her son appears with his arm torn off, is filled with rage. Grendel, in fact, dies, and on this next night the mother sets out for Heórat to avenge his death.

These monsters, by the way, Grendel and his mother, set some curious thoughts a-wandering through a man's brain. Where do they come from into Anglo-Saxon Literature, these hideous creatures of the marshes? In meditating upon them, one begins to remember those old geologic periods, Devonian and Jurassic times, when the terrible reptiles, the gigantic Saurians, floundered about the fens. Some of these were biped monsters, with hides to turn the edge of any sword; in fact, they were the very types and perfect grandfathers of Grendel and his mother. Is it possible, one asks curiously, if this Grendel and his mother are traditions of the early Saurian; and, if so, how was this tradition handed down?

I shall recur to this thought; but, to return to the story, the mother of Grendel comes by night to Heórat. Unfortunately Beowulf is not sleeping there on this night, so that Grendel's mother enters, seizes Æschere, one of Hrothgar's best-beloved lords, carries him off to the fens, and destroys him. In the morning Beowulf finds King Hrothgar in profound dejection for the loss of his beloved friend Æschere. Hrothgar, in a most picturesque speech, describes his affection for Æschere, and then proceeds to give Beowulf some account of the two monsters, Grendel and his mother. Here occurs the part of the poem to which I wish to call your special attention. Note the sombre gloom which reigns through these descriptions of natural scenery:

Oft in the hall I have heard my people
   Tell of the two strange shapes of the fens,
Two spectres that stalk through the midst of the marshes
   And dwell in the dismal moorlands: one
Full formed as a man, but more than a man
   In stature; by him steps his stalwart mate,
A woman in guise.

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Weird is the land
Of their dwelling, and drear and dark;
Wind-swept peaks and wolf-hills wild,
And perilous tarns where the arrowy torrents
Shoot sheerly down from the cliffs
And cleave through the earth.

But the space of a mile
From Heórat these monsters do harbour and lurk;
Their home is a horrible mere in the hills,
Full sullen that flood in the shade of the wood
That joyless leans o'er the wave and glowers fast-rooted
Down on the deep. There may a man
Witness a wonder wild in the night,
The flood all afire.

The animals dread the place.

The stag of the moors with the hounds at his heels,
Yea, the great Strong-horns, straining ahead,
Will turn him about to be torn on the bank,
Yea, taketh his death from the teeth of the dogs
Sooner than spring from the shore and plunge
In the perilous wave.

(A very strong expression, as every one will recognise who is accustomed to hunt deer: the stag, when pressed, always makes by instinct for the nearest water, hoping to escape that way.)

Home of horror;
There flies to the clouds the pallid spray
When the storm-wind gathers the tempests;
That air is dark with dread, and the welkin weeps.

After this speech of the distressed King, Beowulf offers to go immediately and fight the monster even in his own dwelling-place, and, attended by the prayers of the King, sets out with his companions toward the terrible mere. Note again the utterly gloomy and joyless views of Nature with which the old poet has heightened the picture of Hrothgar's desolation. As Beowulf and his companions march along, presently

Midst of the mountain wood they stayed,
   Where over the hoary precipice leaned
The joyless forest; gloomy and troubled
   The mere lay under the wood. Then grief
Seized on the shuddering Scildings, for lo
   Close on the edge of the cliff they saw
Æschere's head, and over the brink
   They beheld how the hot waves boiled with blood.
There, as they stood, from time to time
   Some horn would sing out a war-song fierce.

(which makes us think of Tennyson's fine use of the horn in that sad night when Arthur is leaving the fallen Queen: through the mists of the night: "Far off a solitary trumpet blew.")

   The band beheld in the flood beneath
Sea-dragons swimming and serpents strange,
   Monsters, that lie full length in the daytime
Stretched on the slopes of the headlands, still,
   Till the night is come, then rise and away,
And follow the fated ships to the main,
   And work them a woful doom.
These sea-shapes rushed through the mere, in rage,
   Bitterly knew they the war-horn's message.

On this cliff which juts out over the mere Beowulf calmly and deliberately makes his preparations for the fight: he arms himself, instructs his companions what to do in case he should never return, sends grave and tender messages to his friends, and presently plunges headlong into the gory mere. He is immediately seized by Grendel's mother, carried far underneath, and, after surprising adventures which I have not space to relate here, he succeeds in killing the monstrous hag,— whose nature is so vital and hot that the blade of the sword with which he smites her is consumed away in her blood like ice in a flame. To conclude in a word, Beowulf re-ascends to his companions, Hrothgar makes him endless thanks and festivities, the hero returns home, afterward his uncle King Hygelac dies, Beowulf becomes King, has numberless adventures in helping sundry people, reigns many years, finally is poisoned by contact with a venomous Fircodrake which he has killed in desperate combat, and dies lamented and blessed by all, after having lived a pure, strong, valorous, tender, and altogether knightly life. Perhaps I can most successfully give you some idea of the force and vividness of the poem, and of the peculiar grammatical constructions of our Anglo-Saxon poets, by analysing, word by word, some single sentence from the text.

Take, for example, that strong picture of the arrival of Beowulf at the watery home of the monsters. These words look strange and rugged enough to you at first; but on scanning them attentively, presently you will find one after another putting on a very familiar face and speaking to you with the voice of an old friend. Beowulf and his companions march forward toward the mere until suddenly they come to a place where they

Ofer hárne stán hleonian funde,
wynleásne wudu; wæter under stód
dreorig and gedréfed. Denum eallum wæs, winum

Scildinga, weorce on móde,
tó geþolianne þegne monegum, oncýth eorla gewhæm,
siððan Æscheres
on ðram holmclife hafelan métton.

Ofer is simply the principal form of our word *over*, and is indeed the same in sound, the Anglo-Saxon *f* being pronounced like our *v* in most cases. The next word, *hárne*, gives me occasion to correct a very great misconception existing among those who have not studied Anglo-Saxon as to the regularity of the language; the terminal syllable *ne* in *hárne* is a case-ending; the word is *hár*, which is the same as the modern word *hoary*, *grey;* the *ne* is the ending of the accusative case, and the word is an adjective agreeing with *stán*, or stone. *Ofer hárne stán* is therefore *over the hoary stone* (they saw the woods leaning, etc.). Now these words and the like, as I said, would be thought, by those wholly unacquainted with Anglo-Saxon, to be merely barbaric methods of writing words by a people who had no settled language. But precisely the reverse is true. The Anglo-Saxon is a much more rigidly formulated language than modern English: all these apparently rugged forms of words are developed according to regular laws. The nouns have a nominative, genitive, dative, and accusative case, each with characteristic case-endings; the adjectives are declined, as are the pronouns and articles; and generally there is much more form than now, modern English having freed itself, in one way and another, from the case-terminations and other limitations of the original tongue.

Proceeding with the words of the passage quoted: *hleonian* is *to lean* (over), and is the primal form of the modern verb *to lean; funde* is the word which we would spell *found;* from *wynleásne*, if you take off the *ne*, which is the accusative case-ending, you get *wynleas*, when the

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leas is simply the modern *less*, in *joyless*, for instance, and *wyn* is a word, now nearly obsolete, meaning *joy; wudu* is simply the original spelling of *wood*, or *forest;* and, to construe so far, "Beowulf and his companions *funde wynleásne* — found a joyless — *wudu hleonian ofer* — forest leaning over — *hârne stán* — the hoary stone."

Wæter is *water*, *under* is identical with the modern word, *stód* is *stood*, *dreorig* is *dreary*, *and* is *and*, *gedréfed* is an obsolete form meaning *troubled:* i.e., *wæter stód under* — "water stood under (this hoary rock with the overleaning woods), dreary and troubled." To proceed: *Denum* is the dative plural of *Dene*, the Danes; *eallum* is the dative plural of *all; wæs* is *was; winum* is obsolete for *lords; Scildinga* is an appellation of the Danes; *weorce* is *work; on* is *in* or *on; móde* is an oblique case of *mód*, which is the primal form of our word *mood; tó* is the same with the modern preposition; *geþolianne* (the character *þ* is *th*, as in *thin*) is a verb substantially preserved in the Scotch dialect to this day — the *ge* is a superfluous syllable, *þolianne* is *to thole*, or endure (doubtless in novels with Scotch characters or in Scotch poetry you have all met with the expression "I canna thole sic a" thing or man); *þegne* is *thegn*, or, as we would spell it, *thane* — the thane, or lord, of Cawdor, for instance, in *Macbeth; monegum* is an oblique case of *monig*, which we spell *many; oncýth* is an obsolete form meaning *sorrow; eorla* is *of the earls; gewhæm* has the superfluous syllable *ge*, having *whæm*, the primary form of our *whom; siððan* (the character *ð* is *th* strong, as in *then*) is *since* or *when*, and is often found in old poetry, particularly Scotch, as *sithen; Æscheres* is the genitive or possessive case of the proper name *Æschere* or *Oscar; on* is *on; ðam* is the oblique case of the article *the; holm* is a word still used in England, the *holms and barrows*, for instance, meaning an upland woods; and *clife* is our *cliff*, *holmclife* being thus

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the wooded cliff; hafelan means *head; métton* is *found.* Thus, to recapitulate:

eallum	*Denum*	*wæs*	*weorce*	*on*
to all	the Danes	was	work or trouble	in

móde	*winum Scildinga*	*monegum*	*thegne*	*tó*
mood	to the warrior Scildings	for many a	thane	to

geþolianne	*oncýth*	*gewhæm*	*eorla*
endure	sorrow	to each	of the earls

(This repetition of partial thoughts is everywhere a well-marked characteristic of Anglo-Saxon poetry.)

siððan	*métton*	*Æscheres*	*hafelan*
since (or when)	they found	Oscar's	head

on	*ðam*	*holmclife*
on	the	wood-cliff

This word *hafelan*, *head*, has another form which is the original of our word *head*, and which affords an interesting example of the precision with which we can follow back modern forms of English words to primal roots, which without the intermediate gradations might seem very far removed. This other and common form is *heafod* (*f* like *v*). Now this word is unquestionably the same as our word *head:* for at first we find it in Anglo-Saxon poetry as *heafod;* then, in the interesting romance of *Ywain and Gawain* (which I shall have occasion to bring before you hereafter in another connection), written as late as the fifteenth century, I find such a line as this:

His hevyd, me thoght, was als grete
Als of a rowncy (*horse*) *or a nete* (*ox*),

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where, you see, the original form *heafod* has become *hevyd*. This continues until the succeeding century, when we find that the *v* has dropped out and the *y* been altered so that the common spelling is *hede;* and this finally gives into the form *head*.

Here, then, is a meagre outline of *Beowulf*, a poem whose importance to our language appears but little in the dry outline which I have been able to give, but which always comes like the revelation of a new world of English beauty to one who studies it.

Strange to say, this poem, though the oldest heroic poem in any Germanic tongue — though substantially the oldest English poem of any sort — though probably a genuine English epic recording the adventures of a true, noble, valiant, and generous English hero — strange to say, it is almost unknown to the mass even of cultivated English readers in either England or America, and I doubt if a copy of it is in twenty houses in the United States outside of the great libraries.[1]

But I wish to direct your thoughts now to a remarkable change which came over the English mind in its relations to Physical Nature after this poem was written, as well as to the steady tendency toward softness and smoothness which Nature herself has manifested in her operations of later times. How much milder Nature is in her works now than she once was, when the now-existing mountains were upheaved, when the waters were ploughing out their present channels, when some of our dead ashen deserts were in the midst of fiery activity! What a prodigious scene of crackling chasms in the solid earth, of volcanic convulsions, of quaking continents and pouring seas and molten rocks and seemingly insane energies, does Nature present to us then! Go back to the old Devonian and Jurassic times. What gigantic and monstrous forms of lizards and winged reptiles loom about over the land! Or consider the cold epoch, when continents of ice drive over the seas and grind the submerged mountains and scar the face of the world: everywhere a grim, inexorable savagery seems to be the mood of Nature.

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[1] Since this was written, twenty years ago, there have been at least two editions of the poem issued in the United States.

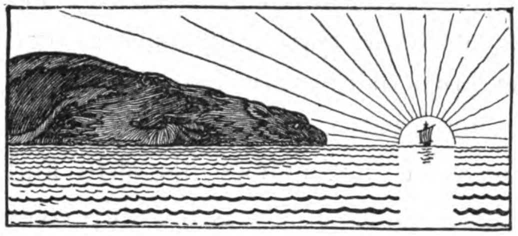
But recalling your thoughts down again along the path of geologic time to the modern period, all is changed. The mood of Nature has become finer and sweeter, her fancy has abandoned the old savagery and revels in forms of unspeakable beauty; the fields are solid and steady, the plains are not liable at any moment to cant up and become precipices or to split into chasms; the steadfast mountains clothe themselves with captivating trees and flowers and ferns and grasses; the volcanic craters, as it were, become meadows full of cowslips; the pterodactyl gives way to the lark and the nightingale; the breath of the wind bites less bitterly and the flame of the sun grows more tolerable; temperate zones appear; man arrives in the midst of a garden, and Nature has turned from a virago and insane hag and mother of Grendel into the sweeter mother of Ariels and Irises, into a yielder of "blest infusions" from vegetives, metals, and stones, a Ceres, a Venus, the fecund friend of the farmer, the Sweetheart of the poet.

Now a parallel change to this occurs in the views and feelings of a man towards Nature as he emerges from what we may call the barbarism of youth into that understanding of Nature's laws and that capability of rightly using Nature's forces which we may call the civilisation of maturity. To this old poet who writes our *Beowulf* Nature is yet comparatively in her savage mood. There is to me an indescribable pathos in these monsters, Grendel and his hag-mother,

ides oglœcevif, irmðe gemunde
horrible hag, mindful of mischief.

To our old ancestors there were many times when Nature must have seemed a true Grendel's mother, a veritable hag, mindful of mischief; and these monsters are not silly inventions: they are true types, ideals, removed very far, if you please, yet born of the old struggle of man against the wild beast for his meat, against the stern earth for his bread, against the cold that cracks his skin and racks his bones, against the wind that whirls his ship over in the sea, the wave that drowns him, the lightning that consumes him. You — you moderns — you know nothing of cold. If your furnace is not giving you sixty-five degrees of Fahrenheit in the morning when you awake, you shiver,— or think that you shiver,— and ring to put on more coal. But, if you will allow me to be so personal, I thank Heaven I know what it is to be cold — to be cold from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, to be cold from the cuticle in to the heart, and from the heart to the soul: I thank Heaven for it because, knowing this, I have a new revelation of the possibility of suffering, and I am able to find a paradise in a common wood fire. Knowing this, I declare to you there is not a more pathetic sight in this world than a poor man who is thoroughly cold from week to week. It is the refinement of torture. It does not gnaw, like hunger, which presently becomes a sort of insanity and relieves itself: it is a dead, unblest, icy torment. I used to see men in the army whose silent endurance of cold brought more tears to my eyes than all the hunger and all the wounds.

And so, as I said, there is to me an indescribable pathos in these sombre pictures of Nature in our old *Beowulf* here: these drear marshes, these monster-haunted meres that boil with blood and foam with tempests, these fast-rooted joyless woods that overlean the waters, these enormous nameless beasts that lie along on promontories all day and wreak vengeance on ships at night — have you not seen them, headlands running out into the sea like great beasts with their fore paws extended? And is it not a huge Gothic picture of the wind rushing down the windy nesse (Loch Ness, etc.), *windige næssaes*, in the evening, and whelming the frail ships of the old Dane, the old Jute and Frisian and Saxon, in the sea? All these, I say, are mere outcroppings of the rude war which was not yet ended against Nature, traces of a time when Nature was still a savage Mother of Grendel, tearing and devouring the sons of men.



It is pleasant now to leave this ferocious aspect of Nature and find in the later poetry of the Anglo-Saxon man those sweeter strains which go to show that he is on better terms with Nature.

We find this cheerfuller time coming much sooner than Shakspere. Before I contrast the Nature-pictures in *Beowulf* with those in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, let me offer a most ravishing sweet pendant to the *wynleasne wudu*, the joyless wood, of *Beowulf*, in the first twenty or so stanzas of Chaucer's poem[1] *The Flower and the Leaf*, which I do not hesitate to pronounce a far finer poem than any of the *Canterbury Tales* — in fact, to my thinking, worth all the *Canterbury Tales* put together. One will look long in the literature of any land or of any time to find a picture of the deep woods in Spring painted with such fresh and vital and uplifting colour, and conveyed in such marvellous easy words that seem to follow along after each other by some limpid necessity and yet fall as freely as the "showers sweet of rain" which they describe. I modernise the words enough to save such explanations as would mar the flow of the verse. The rhythm depends, you should remember, upon the sounding of terminal *e*'s which have since dropped out of our language; and French words in *ance* and *ence* take the accent on the last syllable.

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[1] Most scholars now agree that this poem is not by Chaucer.

When that Phœbus his car of gold so high
   Had whirlèd up the starry sky aloft,
And in the Bull was enter'd certainly;
   When showers sweet of rain descended soft,
Causing the groundë felë times and oft
   Up for to give many a wholesome air,
And every plainë was y-clothëd fair

With newë green, and maketh smallë flowers
   To springë here and there in field and mead,
So very good and wholesome be the showers
   That they renewë what was old and dead. . . .

He could not sleep, so

up I rose three hourës after twelf,
   About the springing of the gladsome day,
And to a pleasant grove I gan to pass
   Long ere the brightë sun uprisen was.

In which were oakës grete, straight as a line,
   Under the which the grass, so fresh of hue,
Was newly sprung: and an eight foot or nine
   Every tree well from his fellow grew
With branches broad laden with leavës new
   That sprangen out against the sunnë sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green,

(These red leaves of the young burgeoning oak are one instance of Chaucer's keen-eyed love of Nature, which overlooked nothing.)

> . . . And I that could not yet in no manére
>   Hearë the nightingale of all the year
> Full busy hearkënëd with heart and ear
>   If I her voice perceive could anywhere.

(It was thought a good omen if one could hear the nightingale in spring before one heard the cuckoo, the other spring herald. Note here, too, the expression "hearkened with *heart* and *ear*," which sounds more like the nineteenth century than the fourteenth.)

> And at the last a path of little brede
>   I found that greatly had not used to be,
> For it forgrowen was with grass and weed
>   That well unneth a wight it mightë see:
> Thought I, "this path somewhither goes, pardie,"
>   And so I follow'd it till it me brought
> To a right pleasant arbour, well y-wrought,
>
> That benchëd was and all with turfës new
>   Freshly y-turf'd; . . .
> . . . so short, so fresh of hue
>   The hedge also that yeden in compass[1]
> And closed in all the greenë herbérë
>   With sycamore was set and eglantére,
>   (eglantine)
>
> Wreathéd in fere so well and cunningly
>   That every branch and leaf grew by measúre; . . .

[1] That is, went round the arbour.

And shapen was this arbour, roof and all,
As in a pretty parlour; and also
That hedge as thick was as a castle wall,
That whoso list without to stand or go,
Though he would all day pryen to and fro,
He should not see if there were any wight
Within or no; but one within well might

Perceive all those that wentë there without
Into the field, that was on every side
Cover'd with corn and grass: . . .

And I that all this pleasant sight did see
Thought suddenly I felt so sweet an air
Of the eglantérë that certainly
There is no heart I deem in such despair
Nor yet with thoughtë froward and contrair
So overlaid, but it should soon have boot
If it had onës felt the savour swoot.

(And what a rich golden picture this is!)

And as I stood and cast aside my eye
I was ware of the fairest medlar tree
That ever yet in all my life I seye,
As full of blossoms as it mightë be:
Therein a goldfinch leaping prettily
From bough to bough; and as him list he eat
Here and there of the buds and flowers sweet.

. . . And at the last the bird began to sing
So passing sweetly that by many fold
It was more pleasant than I could devise,
And when his song was ended in this wise

The nightingale with so merry a note
  Answeréd him that all the woodë rung
So suddenly that, as it were a sote,
  I stood astound: so was I with the song
Thorough ravishéd that till late and long
  I wist not in what place I was, nor where;
Again, methought she sung e'en by mine ear,

Wherefore I waited about busily
  On every side, if that I might her see;
And at the last I gan full well espy
  Where she sat in a fresh green laurel tree,
On the further side even right by me,
  That gave so passing a delicious smell
According to the eglantére right well.

(And now, instead of the hag-mother of Grendel issuing out of the joyless wood of *Beowulf*, let us see what manner of woman issues out of Chaucer's wood where the goldfinch sings in the medlar-tree and the nightingale trills in the laurel:)

At the last, out of a grove near by,
  That was right goodly and pleasant to sight,
I saw where there came singing lustily
  A world of ladies; but to tell aright
Their great beauty lies not in my might
  Nor their array: nevertheless I shall
Tell you a part, though I speak not of all.

(And this "part" is certainly dainty enough! Hear the report of the fashions out of fairyland!)

In surcoats white, of velvet well fitting,
  They werë clad, and the seamës each one,
As it were a manére of garnishing
  Was set with emeraldës, one and one,
By and by; but many a richë stone

Was set upon the purples, out of doubt,
Of collars, sleeves, and trainës round about:

As greatë pearlës, round and orient,
And diamondës fine, and rubies red,
And many another stone: . . .
. . . and evereach on her head
Had a rich fret of gold which without dread
Was full of stately richë stonës set:
And every lady had a chapelet

Upon her head of branches fresh and green . . .

These ladies

. . . danced and ekë sung full soberly . . .
But one there went in mid the company,
. . . whose heavenly figured face
So pleasant was, and her well-shap'd person
That in beauty she passed them every one.

And thus they came, dancing and singing,
Into the middest of the mead each one,
Before the arbour where I was sitting;
And, God wot, methought I was well begone,
For then I might advise them one by one
Who fairest was, who best could dance or sing,
Or who most womanly was in all thing.

And, before we come to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, allow me the pleasure of collating with the Beowulfian view of Nature and with Chaucer's view one from Gavin Douglas, which is in some respects still more dainty and clarified than Chaucer's picture. Chaucer, you remember, writes in, say, the latter part of the fourteenth century. After this century English poetry really transferred itself

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for a hundred years to Scotland. Here is Gavin Douglas, one of the greatest poets of our language, writing a hundred years after Chaucer. His poem is like one great round dewdrop in which the whole face of Nature is reflected, pure, serene, and glittering as in a mirror of tranquillity. I shall have occasion soon, in another lecture, to call your special attention to this poet: for the present purpose I can read only three stanzas from the Prologue to *The Palice of Honour*. The student of Anglo-Saxon would find here many words of the old tongue subsisting in purer forms than in England proper; and this continues to the present day a characteristic of the Scotch dialect, which presents us with many interesting old Anglo-Saxon words in the very forms used by our forefathers.

You will observe that Gavin Douglas, like Chaucer, is describing a May morning. In fact, this May morning of Chaucer's is dominant in poetry for a hundred years; and the established formula for the beginning of a long poem is: to open with a poet who cannot sleep, and who, after tossing about awhile, finally rises about daybreak, and passes out into the May morning to do — as the old phrase runs — his observance.

I hope I can modernise this poem enough to make it intelligible.

When paill Aurore, with face lamentabill,
  Her russatt Mantill borderit all with sabill,

(Note here this *russatt mantill*, and compare it with the same expression in Shakspere's *Hamlet*, written a hundred years later: in the first scene, when Horatio and Marcellus are about to part after the night-vigil, Horatio says:

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad
  Walks o'er the dew of yon high easterne hill:)

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Lappit about be hevinly circumstance
The tender bed and arres honorabill
Of Flora, quene till floures amiabill,
In May, I rais to do my observance,
And enterit in a gardyne of plesaunce
With sol depaint as paradice amiabill
And blissful bewis with bloméd varyance.

The dasy and the marygold unlappit
Quhilks all the nicht lay with their levis happit,
Thame to reserve fra rewmas pungitive.
The umbrate treis that Tytan about wrappit
War portrait and on the earth yschappit
Be golden bemis vivificative
Quheis amene heit is moist restorative;
The greshoppers amangis the vergers gnappit,
And beis urodet materiall for thair hyve.

Leaving Gavin Douglas and coming on down into the sixteenth century, we presently discover a most notable change in the English poet's habit of thought when he looks on Nature. This is the tendency to moralise upon the phases of Nature, that tendency which has reached such an enormous development in the strained and self-conscious poetry of the nineteenth century. Listen, for instance, to Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, whom you all will remember as one of the authors of the first genuine tragedy in the English language. He is writing some fifty years after Gavin Douglas. Here is a most beautiful account of the drawing on of winter. This winter, observe, although it is the wrathful spirit of Nature, does not come out of the joyless wood and devour him, like Grendel's mother in *Beowulf*. No; we have now reached a time when we have so far made friends with Nature that even her bitter moods are beneficial to us by setting our minds running upon great and salutary thoughts.

I read four stanzas from the Induction, or Prologue, to Sackville's *Mirrour of Magistrates*. Observe the suavity of the verse, and the undulating grace with which he brings his ideas on and off the stage:

The wrathfull winter, prochinge on apace,
With blustring blasts had all ybard the scene,
And old Saturnus with his frosty face
With chilling colde had pearst the tender greene;
The mantels rent wherein enwrappéd been
The gladsome groves, that now laye overthrowen,
The tapets torne and every bloom down blowne.

Hawthorne had lost his motley lyverye,
The naked twigges were shivering all for colde;
And, dropping down the teares abundantly,
Eche thing, methought, with weeping eye me tolde
The cruell season, bidding me withholde
Myselfe within; for I was gotten out
Into the feldes where as I walkt about

And sorrowing I to see the sommer flowers,
The lively greene, the lusty leas forlorne,
The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers,
The feldes so fade, that flourisht so beforne;
It taught me wel, all earthly things be borne
To dye the death, for nought long time may last,
If sommer's beauty yeelds to winter's blast.

Then looking upwards to the heaven's beames,
With nightes sterres thick-powdred everywhere,
Which erst so glistened with the golden streames,
That chearfull Phebus spred down from his sphere,
Beholding darke, oppressing days, so near;
The sodayne sight reduced to my mynde
The sundry chaunges that in earth we fynde.

And now leaving Sackville and coming down to Shakspere but a few years later, what an enormous change in the poet's relations to Nature do we find! In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* all restraint between them seems broken down: man communes with Nature freely, like a husband with a wife. In *Beowulf* we saw the spirit of man desperately fighting the wild spirit of Nature; in *Midsummer Night's Dream* we find the spirit of man making love, as it were, to the spirit of Nature, and wedding it; indeed, the soul of Nature, having long fought the soul of man as Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, fought Theseus, has finally surrendered to him in love, and he can now joyfully cry to her, as Theseus cries to Hippolyta in the opening of this very play:

> Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
> And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
> But I will wed thee in another key,
> With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

See, here, how mild even the evil spirit of Nature has grown. The Grendel's mother working deadly evil upon men is here softened down into Puck, who works evil still, but of that light kind which dissolves in a smile; the fairy in the first scene of the second act enumerates some of his crimes:

"Either I mistake," says the fairy after Puck accosts her,

> Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
> Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
> Call'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not he,
> That fright the maidens of the villagery;
> Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern,
> And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
> And sometime make the drink to bear no barm? . . .
> Are not you he? . . .

To which Puck replies by adding, with evident pride, some details to the fairy's catalogue of his misdeeds:

Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale.

Again, you remember that the old Anglo-Saxon in *Beowulf*, when he ran his eye along the wild headlands of the sea-coast, saw

Swilse on naeshleaðum nicras liegan
Tha on undernmæl aft bewitigað
Sorgfulne sið on seglrade,

Nicors [or monsters] lying on the headlands
Who oft sally out at sunset
And wreak wild evil on ships.

But note what Shakspere's eye sees when he is roaming in fancy along the high promontories of the English coast: instead of the monsters waiting for night to sweep down on hapless ships at sea, it is now Oberon and that wondrous Mermaid, and Cupid.

"Thou remember'st," says Oberon, in high consultation with his minister Puck, in the second scene of the second act,

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.
Oberon. 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 wat'ry 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 show'd 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.[1]

And in the execution of the plot there concocted by Oberon and Puck what a true mingling and revelry of man and Nature there is! All things in Nature go masking in comical or cunning or beautiful figures; words, flowers, trees, snakes, appear in character and talk to us: even the ass, the laughing-stock and butt of the ages, discourses with such marvellous propriety,— for an ass,— and yet with such more than human wit, that he wins our love; and even the kitchen-garden blossoms out in dainty costumes, leaves the humble region of the economic and useful, and ascends into the blessed sphere of the beautiful. How this is all done may be most shortly illustrated in that wonderful first scene of the fourth act, where enter Titania and Bottom, Bottom with the ass's head on him, Oberon behind, unseen, in rich enjoyment of his trick:

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[1] Warburton's interpretation of this fable is interesting: the fascinating mermaid is Mary, Queen of Scots; the stars that shot madly, etc., are the dukes that fell in love with the beautiful Queen; the fair vestal, etc., is Queen Elizabeth.

Titania. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.

Bottom. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peaseblossom. Ready.

Bottom. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cobweb. Ready.

Bottom. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mustardseed. Ready.

Bottom. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur.

Mustardseed. What's your will?

Bottom. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me I must scratch.

Titania. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bottom. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Titania. Or say, sweet love, what thou desirest to eat.

Bottom. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Titania. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bottom. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Titania. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away. [*Exeunt fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

Oberon. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity:
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes,
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes:

And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That, he awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamour'd of an ass.
Oberon. There lies your love.
Titania. How came these things to pass?
O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Oberon. Silence awhile.— Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Titania. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep!
[*Music, still.*
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Oberon. Sound, music! Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.
Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:

We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Titania. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*
[*Horns winded within.*

In my next lecture I shall trace the relations of man to animated Nature as they appear in our poetry from the Anglo-Saxon period down to the present; and in order to concentrate your thoughts upon some special point and thus to leave you with more vivid ideas, I will bring before you a lot of poems about birds, commencing with an Anglo-Saxon poem on a very singular bird, and giving you poems about birds from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries (in which you will hear certainly some of the most eloquent fowls that ever discoursed), and ending with Shakspere's wonderful threnody of *The Phœnix*. I have mentioned that in the two succeeding lectures I shall present you with a brilliant series of poems about Ladies drawn from great writers of those same periods.

And now, to ascend (in accordance with my custom) to some larger ideas of these matters,—what is the significance of this gradually increasing softness and tenderness in the relations of man to Physical Nature which I have endeavoured to trace from the fen-monsters in *Beowulf* to Puck in *Midsummer Night's Dream?* These monsters and fairies and tricksy sprites: are they really mere airy nothings to which imagination gives a local habitation and a name? One is constrained to say here that we late moderns have arrived at a deeper philosophy than master Shakspere's in this matter. For that old popular veneration for Nature which among the Anglo-Saxons has endowed her with living attributes, making her now a mother of Grendel, now a fairy, now a Puck, and the like,— which among the Greeks made an oread for the mountain, a hamadryad for the tree, a nymph for the stream,— this veneration for Nature has within the last century come to be the most prominent Fact, to my mind, in the history of the modern man, and to-day it has two sides, or phases. The one shows itself in the extraordinary rise of physical science during the last hundred years.

Here are thousands upon thousands of acute and patient men to-day who are devoutly gazing into the great mysteries of Nature and faithfully reporting what they see. These men have not destroyed the fairies: they have preserved them in more truthful and solid shapes. Puck is not dead: he has only changed his name to Electricity, and has increased his speed, and can now put a girdle round the earth in less than forty minutes. And so they have preserved for us the wonder of Nature, and saved the truth of Nature from the rather silly fictions of Puck and Oberon and that crew.

But, besides the phase of Nature-communion which we call physical science, there is the other artistic phase. Day by day we find that the mystic influence of Nature on our human personality grows more intense and individual. Who can walk alone in your beautiful Druid Hill Park,[1] among those dear and companionable oaks, without a certain sense of being in the midst of a sweet and noble company of friends? Who has not shivered, wandering among these trees, with a certain sense that the awful mysteries which the mother earth has brought with her out of the primal times are being sucked up through those tree-roots and poured upon us out of branch and leaf in vague showers of suggestions that have no words in any language? Who, in some day when life has seemed *too* bitter, when man has seemed *too* vile, when the world has seemed all old leather and brass, when some new twist of life has seemed to wrench the soul beyond all straightening,— who has not flown, at such a time, to the deep woods, and leaned against a tree, and felt his big arms outspread like the arms of the preacher that teaches and blesses, and slowly absorbed his large influences, and so recovered one's self as to one's fellow-men, and gained repose from the ministrations of the Oak and the Pine?

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[1] The chief park of Baltimore.

In the sweet old stories of ascetics who by living pure and simple lives in the woods came to understand the secrets of Nature, the conversation of trees, the talk of birds, do we not find but the shadows of this modern communion with Nature? To keep ourselves simple and pure, to cultivate our moral sense up to that point of insight that we see all Nature alive with energy, that we hear the whole earth singing like a flock of birds, yet so that we remember Death with Mr. Darwin, so that nothing is any more commonplace, so that death has its place and life its place, so that even a hasty business walk along the street to pay a bill is a walk in fairy-land amidst unutterable wonders as long as the sky is above and a tree is in sight,— in other words, to be *natural* (you see how our very language has couched the whole philosophy I am preaching into one word), to be natural, natural in our art, natural in our dress, natural in our behaviour, natural in our affections,— is not that a modern consummation of culture? For to him who rightly understands Nature she is even more than Ariel and Ceres to Prospero; she is more than a servant conquered, like Caliban, to fetch wood for us: she is a friend and comforter; and to that man the cares of the world are but a fabulous *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to smile at — he is ever in sight of the morning and in hand-reach of God.

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CHAPTER IV

SOME BIRDS OF ENGLISH POETRY

The Phœnix of Cynewulf and of Shakspere, and *The Twa Dows*

PERMIT me to recall to you that the two lectures immediately preceding this one have been devoted to drawing contrasts between the earliest Anglo-Saxon poems and those of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, in their modes of treating several of the great subjects which have occupied the profoundest thought of man in all ages. The subject developed in the former of the two was the treatment of the idea of immortality — the life after death. In the other the varying treatment of Physical Nature was considered: we found that since the poem of *Beowulf* was written the relations between man and Nature have changed in a wonderful and beautiful manner, so that whereas Nature was once a rigorous monster, a mother of Grendel, rending and devouring the sons of men, it has softened down into a Puck, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, who plays amazing, but not tragic, tricks in the domestic life; and later than Shakspere Nature becomes the very darling and supreme delight of the poet, to whom he makes love continually.

In the present lecture I desire to carry forward the general idea of the treatment of Nature in these widely separated periods of English poetry, but to confine our view of it to one special class of natural objects, namely, the birds. If there were time, I should like to place before your eyes what might be called a Gallery of the Famous Fowls in English poetry for the last thousand years; but they are too numerous. You will find all these birds leading us, either by their flight or their song, into very lofty and commanding regions of thought.

Beginning with the earliest, I wish to make you well acquainted with a very remarkable and heart-stirring Anglo-Saxon poem, which goes under the title of *The Phœnix*, but which might equally well be called *The Resurrection*. It is impossible to settle the age of this poem precisely, but it is certainly old enough to satisfy the tastes of those who like a very pronounced antique flavour in their poetry. There is a very delightful Catholic clergyman in Baltimore who is extremely fond of Greek poetry and who declares that he does not usually care for any poem which is less than a thousand years old. Our present poem, *The Phœnix*, would be readable even by him, and would probably have some centuries to spare.

In the year 1046 a certain Bishop Leofric presented to Exeter Cathedral in England a large volume of Anglo-Saxon manuscript[1] which is described in the records as a "mycel Anglisc boc" — "mickle (large) English book." This manuscript contained a considerable collection of Anglo-Saxon poems and has become very dear to all lovers of Old English poetry. It is known as the *Codex Exoniensis*, or *Exeter MS.* Among these poems was that of *The*

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[1] See chapter ii.

Phœnix, which I am about to read to you. I am sorry to say that this meagre solitary fact is all that can be given you as to the history of the poem. Who wrote this or any other of the poems of the *Exeter MS.*, who collected them, and when or where they were produced, are matters of darkness. The language and general style of *The Phœnix* place it somewhere between the seventh and tenth centuries, but within those limits its date has not yet been ascertained. There is one faint clue to the name, at least, of the author. In one of the poems of the *Exeter MS.* occur here and there certain Runic letters mixed in along with the Anglo-Saxon text.

About forty years ago[1] John M. Kemble, an Anglo-Saxon scholar of great learning and ingenuity, on putting these Runic letters together found that they spelled out the name Cynewulf, and naturally concluded that the author might have chosen thus to embalm his name in mystic characters with his work. This is very likely true, though unfortunately the name Cynewulf was such a common one among the Anglo-Saxons that it scarcely identifies our author more than to say a certain English poem was written by John Smith. Nevertheless, personally I confess I feel some comfort in the possibility that our author's name was Cynewulf. Somehow one can, I think, build up a sort of personality about a name, certainly with more satisfaction than about nothing; and we like our poets at least flesh and blood — not mere ghosts who wrote down such music as the wind may have had a mind to whistle through their bones. It is a circumstance in confirmation of Cynewulf's authorship that in the end of the *Exeter Book* there are some beautiful short poems which are riddles,— in which our Anglo-Saxon ancestors appear to have taken great delight,— and the first of these is a riddle on the name Cynewulf, which means Royal Wolf.

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[1] Written in 1878.

When this Cynewulf lived and wrote *The Phœnix* is doubtful. There was a Cynewulf, Abbot of Peterborough, in the tenth century, and Kemble thinks he might be the man; Grimm places the poem much earlier, and conjectures that a certain Cynewulf, Bishop of Lindisfarne before 780, may be our author, though he also thinks it possible that the whole Cynewulf business is a mere accident, and that the poem was written by our old friend Aldhelm.

But, leaving these conjectures,— of which I thought you should be informed,— let us now proceed to the poem itself, which offers much more solid food for our minds.

Probably you all are familiar with the ancient story of the wonderful bird called the Phœnix, at least in the outlines. It is a gigantic old fable: the more one ponders upon it the more one wonders at the awful significance of the ideas which it seems to embody in a sort of Runic allegory, and the more one is tempted to inquire out of what old civilisation, now lost to history, could come these tremendous guesses which verge upon the very borders of the Unknown Land, and which bring a man squarely up against the subtlest phases of the great problems of God, of Creation, of man's Individuality, of Free-will, and the like.

Permit me to recall to you the main features of the story of the Phœnix. Nearly five hundred years before Christ, Herodotus, in writing of Egypt, gives the following account of it.

"The Phœnix is another sacred bird which I have never seen except in pictures. He comes to Egypt at long intervals: once only in five hundred years, immediately after the death of his father, as the citizens of Heliopolis

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declare" — a wholly different idea, by the way, from that of the genuine fable, which makes it after his own death and resurrection that the bird returns. "If the painters describe him truly," continues Herodotus, "his feathers present in mixture crimson and gold, and he resembles the eagle in outline and size. They affirm that he contrives the following thing, which is to me not credible. They say that he comes from Arabia, and bringing the body of his father enclosed in myrrh buries him in the Temple of the Sun; and that he brings the body in the following manner: first, he moulds as great a quantity of myrrh into the shape of an egg as he is well able to carry; and, after having tried the weight, he hollows out the egg and puts his parent into it and stops up with myrrh the hole through which he had introduced the body; . . . he then carries the whole mass to the Temple of the Sun in Egypt."

There is also the following fragment of Hesiod concerning the Phœnix, preserved by Plutarch in one of his treatises:

"The noisy crow lives nine generations of healthy men; the stag four generations of crows; the raven three generations of stags; the Phœnix nine generations of ravens; and the fair-tressed nymphs, daughters of ægis-bearing Jove, ten generations of Phœnixes."

And Marcoy has ingeniously identified the Phœnix with the moon, which disappears (as the Phœnix was said to do) and reappears; and making a generation of man the 27⅓ days of the moon's period converted into years, brings out the life of the Phœnix at 25,920 years, which is the duration of the Great Year (Annus Magnus) of the fixed stars, having for its element 50″, the precession of the equinoxes. (He accounts for the five-hundred-year motion by saying that this 50″, precessing through 1, 2,

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3, 4 quarters of the ecliptic, gives rise to $50x1 + 2 + 3 + 4 = 500$.)

I find a quaint narrative written by an Englishman some eighteen hundred years after Herodotus which comes much nearer to the fable as treated in our poem. In the year 1356 Sir John Mandeville wrote an account of his travels, called in the edition of 1725 *The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maindeville, Kt. Which treateth of the way to Hierusalem: and of marvayles of Inde, with other ilands and countryes.* It must be confessed that Sir John's regard for the truth is not much more scrupulous than his ancient exemplar Herodotus; he tells some quite dreadful stories: but his book is a very delightful one to read withal. In describing the wonders of Egypt, he comes to speak of the city of "Elyople," or Heliopolis, that is, the city of the sun, from two Greek words, ʽήλιος and πολις.

"In that cytee," says Sir John, "there is a temple made round, after the schappe of the temple of Jerusalem. The prestes of that temple have alle here wrytynges undre the date of the foul that is clept Fenix" (that is, instead of saying "In the year of our Lord 450," for example, they would say "In the year of the Phœnix 450," and so forth. Thus they "have alle here wrytynges undre the date of the Fenix"), "and there is none but one in the whole world. And he cometh to brenne himselfe upon the awtere of the temple, at the ende of 5 hundred year: for so longe he lyvethe. And at the 500 yeres ende, the prestes arrayen here awtere honestly, and putten thereupon spices and sulphur oil and other things that wolen brenne lightly. And than the brid Fenix comethe, and brenneth himself to ashes. And the first day next after, men finden in the ashes a worm; and the secunde day next after, men finden a brid quyk and perfyt; and the thridde day next after he fleethe his wey. And so there is no mo briddes of that kynde in alle the world, but it allone. And treuly that is a gret miracle of God. And men may well lykne that bryd unto God" (perhaps Sir John had read our poem of the Phœnix, for it does that), "because there nys no God but one, and also that oure God arose fro dethe to lyve the thridde day. This bryd men seen often tyme fleen in tho countrees. . . . And he is a fulle fair brid to loken upon agenst the sonne; for he schynethe full gloriously and nobely."

Of the general character of Sir John's stories you can judge pretty well by one that he tells immediately after this:

"Also," says he, "in that contree . . . men finden . . . apples; . . . and men clepen hem apples of paradys. . . . And thoghe yee kutte hem in never so many . . . parties, evermore yee schalle fynden in the myddes the figure of the holy cros of oure Lord Jesu. But thei wil roten within 8 days, and for that cause men may not carye of the apples to no fer countrees" (a saving clause against a call for specimens). . . . "And men fynden there also the appelle tree of Adam, that have a byte at one of the sydes."

The account of the Phœnix, however, from which our author, Cynewulf or Aldhelm, obtained the material for his work is a beautiful Latin poem called *Carmen de Phœnice* (Song of the Phœnix), which is of uncertain authorship but has been attributed to Lactantius, a Latin writer of the third century. So long as he is describing the Phœnix, and the Happy Land where the Phœnix dwells, he follows Lactantius; but Lactantius' poem ends with the bare description of the Phœnix, while our author, after giving this, floats away on his own imaginations into an ecstatic allegory which makes the Phœnix a symbol of resurrection after death. This Latin poem of Lactantius is a noble work. I wish I could give all to you — not only as the original which our Cynewulf has partly paraphrased, but for its own beauty. Time does not serve for this, and I must therefore content myself with a single stanza describing the wonderful song which the Phœnix sings at sunrise. Observe the sonorous and fluent music of the rhythm:

Atque ubi Sol pepulit fulgentis lumina fortæ,
Et primi emicint luminis aura levis
Incipit illa sacri modulamina fundere cantus
Et mira lucem voce ciere novam,
Quam nec aëdonia voce, nec tibia possit
Musica Cyrrhæis assimulare modis,
Sed neque oler moricus imitari posse putetur
Nec Cyllenææ fila canora lyræ.

Compare with the smooth and regular grandeur of this beautiful Latin rhythm the more varied and impetuous rush of the Anglo-Saxon measure. You will remember the type of Anglo-Saxon poetry which I have hitherto unfolded to you as consisting of four logaœdic dactyls intermixed with trochees to each line. The first three of these dactyls or trochees in each line are usually marked off very unequivocally for the ear by commencing with the same consonant, whilst another type of line has only two, and that always the middle two, of these verse-bars marked off by commencing with the same consonant; and still another type marks off the three first verse-bars by beginning each of them with a vowel, the last two types being mainly used to prevent the monotony of the first. The following extract presents specimens of all these types. The two and a half first lines here are the opening ones of the poem:

Haebbe ic gefrugnen ðaette is feor heonan
eástðælum on aeðelost londa
firum gefræge.

The next lines are taken from the body of the poem, some distance forward, and contain a descriptive list of the ills which are *not* suffered in the Happy Land of the Phœnix:

> Nis ðær on ðám londe láðgeníðla,
> ne wóp ne wracu, weátácen nán,
> ildu ne irmðu, ne se enga deáð,
> ne lífes lyre, ne láðes cyme,
> ne synn ne sacu, ne sár wracu
> ne wædle gewinn ne welan ǫnsinn,
> ne sorg ne slǽp, ne swár leger,
> ne wintergeweorp, ne wedra gebregd,
> hreoh under heofenum, ne se hearda forst
> caldum ciligicelum cnyseð ǽnigne.

You will observe how the poet in these lines rises into a wild dithyrambic height: the rhythm becomes strongly marked, and the rhymes (which are, by the way, among the first rhymes in our language) are so arranged as to beat the rhythmic parallelisms in upon the ear with great force. I often please myself with fancying a set of hairy, long-bearded, and hard-handed thanes seated around the mead-hall, while a young poet, with harp in hand, chants out this beautiful and to them most fascinating ode of the absence of evils which must often have darkened their lives.

But now to our poem. I have made a translation preserving the rhythm and the alliteration of the original. The poem is long, and in the last third of it has many repetitions which I have left out. I have kept the translation as nearly literal as possible, in order to preserve the robust swing and rush of the verse in which the old writer records his heavenly vision.

The poem opens with a description of the Happy Land in which the Phœnix is supposed to dwell in bliss alone for centuries until the burning-time comes.

I

I have heard that hence in the east-world far
Lieth the lordliest land of the earth,
Famous and fairer than famous, and lone.
Never a nation is neighbour, for God
Hath withdrawn it from workers of wickedness. There
Beautiful, blissful, broadens that plain,
Fresh with fragrance, filled with delight,
Island Unique[1]! and mighty the Maker,
Yea, lofty and large is the Lord that built,
That fixed it and founded it firm in the deep.
Often the door of high Heaven is opened
That the sound of the song of the bird in that land
May pass, for the pleasure of angels, through.
Placid the plain spreads under the heavens,
Widely the world runs away and away.
There never the rain-rush, never the snow,
Fang of frost nor fire in blast,
Nor hurtle of hail nor hoar-frost's bite,
Nor smiting of sun-heat, nor stinging of cold,
Nor torrid wild weather nor torrents of winter
Molest any mortal; mildly the plain stands
Happy and wholesome, the heavenly land is
Ablow with blossoms.[2] Bergs there nor mountains,
Stand up steeply, nor stone-faced cliffs
Tower in the heavens as here with us,[3]

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[1] The Anglo-Saxon word which I have here translated *unique* is *ænlic*; being the Anglo-Saxon *æn*, prototype of our word *one*, and *lic*, modern *like*, i.e., *one-like*, a form which I devoutly wish we might use nowadays instead of the Latin-French *unique*, which does not come so near home to our strong idiom.

[2] In order to see how little this paraphrase follows his original it may be worth while stating that this whole charming outburst of the beginning is represented in the Latin song by nothing but these four lines:

> Est locus in primo felix oriente remotus
> Qua patet æterni janua celsa poli,
> Nec tamen æstivo triemieve profunquus
> adortus,
> Sed qua sol verno fundit at axe diem.

[3] Here, by the way, is a curious

Nor hillsides nor hollows nor horrible caves
  Nor aught that is craggy or crooked leans over,
Menacing men; but the measureless field,
  All abloom with blisses, smiles bland to the welkin.
Twelve fathom (write us the wise men olden)
That level is lifted over the height
  Of the top of the tallest towering peak
That here under heaven's bright stars uprises.
  The grove ever glitters with green in the sunlight,
The fruits hang fresh on the forest-boughs,
  Fade not the leaves, for God hath commanded
Freshness forever; the harvest hangeth
  Brave on the boughs, unbroken of change.
Never a leaf in the lift looks yellow,
  But the flame of the sun through the ages shall spare them,
Free till the end of the world shall be.
  When in the old-time the flood of the waters
Wasted the world with the waves of the sea,
  Yea, girdled the earth with the gurgitant streams,
Then, high o'er the flood, that plain lay scatheless,
  Dry, of the wild wave wholly inviolate,
Fair and fresh in the favor of God.
  There shall it bide all abloom, all abloom,
Till the fire of God, yea, the flame of doom,
  Shall blaze in the land and the chambers of death,
The dwellings of darkness deeply gape.
  Never in that land enemies wrangle,
Vengeance, nor wailing, nor token of evil,
  Age, nor pain, nor sudden destruction,
Nor lingering death, nor dreading of foes,
  Nor sin, nor striving, nor exile drear,
Nor poor man's toil, nor rich man's care,

contrast between the old English poetry and modern poetry. Here we find that the mountain has not yet ceased to be an object rather of dread than beauty. A modern poet would never have described a Happy Land as an unbroken plain where no mountains stand; the picture of a landscape without broken ground is to our eyes intolerable.

Nor darts of winter, nor terror of tempests
That wrinkle the welkin, nor stinging of sleet,
Nor icicles sharp ever torture creation.
Hail nor sleet from heaven descend;
No wind-cloud wild through the welkin flies,
And never the air is scourged with the raindrops:
But there the soft-flowing wells of water
Break from the earth with murmurs low,
Yea, out of the wood the wandering stream
Glides o'er the grateful ground; twelve times
In the year the sea-cold springs from the turf
Well up and water the roots of the groves;
Yea, each month doth the water so winsome
Sport over glebe and play over clod
Of the Blissful Land, the Beautiful.
Fall not the fruits, the harvest hangs
In the height of the trees unharmed of cold,
The blossoms are bright, the groves are green,
The boughs low bend full brave with foison,
Changeless, chanceless, the charmed woods glitter;
Holiest odors haunt all the fields,
Never to alter, never to fade,
Never to lessen for ages and ages,
Till the Builder that builded the frame of the earth
Shall wither the world away in a breath.

II

The second section describes the Bird Phœnix who inhabits, alone, this Tranquil Land.

Fair in that forest the Phœnix ranges,
Bird of the mighty pinions; there
The fowl lives ever in solitude lone,
And never a dart flings death at the Phœnix,
There in that blissful plain, till the end
Of the world. Wild in the winsome land

It watches the ways of the sun, it waits
Long till the candle of God, the jewel
Joyous, the noblest star of the heavens,
Shall break from the billowy breast of the main
And shine in the east, yea, shine with his weapons,
The ancient-born of the Father bright,
The glittering signal of God. 'Tis then,
When the stars do wane from the west at dawn,
And the night withdraws in the deep, 'tis then
Over the water and under the welkin
The bird full earnestly gazes afar
For the sun to shine forth from the sea.
Twelve times in the night the wild bird plunges
Bold in the brook and bathes with joy,
And twelve times tastes of the sea-cold springs,
Then proud, from the playing of plumes in the wave,
Uprises aloft to the top of a tree
To regard the heavens, till glory's gem
Shall illumine the land from the ocean-course.
Soon as the sun o'er the salt-wave streams,
The bird pure bright bounds up from the grove
In the air, and warbles and sings towards heaven.
Then bravely he bears him, exulting, uprising,
With chants by the children of men unheard
Since the birth of the world; the wonderful bird
Passeth all voices, passeth all art;
Trumpets, nor horns, nor the harps of the harpers,
Voices of men nor tones of organs,
Song of the swan that sinks in death,
No sound that was made for man's delight
By the God of the world since the world was sad,
Soundeth so sweet as the song of the Phœnix.
So with song the wild Bird warbles
Till low in the south the sun is descended:
Then is the Bird all dumb in the dark;
Its bold wise head it lifts, and listens,

And shakes its plumage thrice, and is still.
Twelve times in the night, twelve times in the day,
That bird must mark the hours that pass;
That grove's inhabitant must note each hour,
So is ordained the law, that the bird may enjoy
The Beautiful Land.

(But now comes the awful crisis of his existence.)

"There when a thousand winters of life the Bird abides, then dull the radiant feathers grow, yea, that guardian of the grove, old, and feeling his time, flies from the green Land, flies from the flowery soil, and journeys afar to a tract of earth where man doth never inhabit; there the birds receive the Phœnix and make it their king, and there for a space the wild Bird rules in the waste o'er the race of birds,—then up on his mighty pinions rises, and wings to the westward, stricken in years. The flocks of the birds encompass the strong One round in his flight; they minister well to the Bird as they fly, till they come to the Syrian land, a train without number. Then the pure One, the Phœnix, dismisses his train, he rigorously drives off the race of lamenting birds, and seeks him a wilderness-place, far hidden from men, and then in the loftiest tree of the grove it habits under the heavens."

III

In this third section the Phœnix prepares its nest. It is impossible for me to convey the beauty and vivacity of this description of the bird, now grown old, alone in the great wilderness, building the nest in which it is presently to meet its destruction. The translation entirely fails to reproduce it. If you have ever wandered forth on a heavenly warm morning in the late spring, and have pushed your way into the heart of the deep woods, and have then still urged on into the thickest copses of green undergrowth, and have then lain down and kept still a little while, you will, in all likelihood, have seen something which would give you a new appreciation of all this old Anglo-Saxon's account of the Phœnix building its nest of death. For at first you will likely fancy yourself the sole inhabitant of the grove: but presently you hear a quick feathery flirt overhead; you look up, your eye is caught by a leaf still swinging from the disturbance of the darting wing, and there, five feet over your head, is a bird with a small cargo of house-material in its bill. The world does not offer more than two or three such sights as that bird building its nest. The carriage of the small creature is so fine and debonair, the beak and claws are so deft, the eye (if you look straight into it) has such a strange expression of knowing more than is in our philosophy, the little head, though carelessly turning this way and that, preserves such a grave weight and dignity of definite purpose, and the whole wonderful creature is so quick and radiant with a bright wisdom and wild forethought which seem somehow to belong to green leaves and nests, not to streets and houses, that you are set thinking of all the wonderful old mystic stories of the supernatural learning of birds — stories which persist only in children's books now: of Canace and the Falcon, of the Cock of doom that crowed thrice on that memorable night of betrayal, of the Phœnix, the Peacock, the Dove and the "treble-dated crow"; and finally, there in the morning solitude of the greenwood, a certain sense as of the approach of a great and sunshine-loving ghost comes upon you; you tremble to your very heart, and you grow aware, by some hidden perception in your soul, of the immediate presence of the unspeakable Spirit of Nature.

In reading this third section one cannot doubt that our old poet has been in the early English woods, alone, many an hour. And it is interesting to note that here we have nature-description, for its own sake, in English poetry, several centuries before the time at which it is usually supposed to make its appearance.

It is a very general idea that landscapes are first described for their own sake in the Scotch poets of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries, or at any rate possibly in Chaucer, fourteenth century; but the loving way in which this old poet dwells on the details of the picture where this lonesome Bird on its lofty tree in the grove, far from all other birds or men, is preparing the nest in which it must presently die, shows the same spirit at work which has blossomed out into the abundant nature-poems of our century.

It will add to your enjoyment of these details, too, if your minds carry on the allegory which the old poet fashions upon this nest-building. The Bird Phœnix he figures as the soul of the wise man who perceives afar off the approach of death, and who proceeds to gather fine and noble deeds about him, as the Bird gathers twigs and flowers for its nest, and thus weaves himself, as it were, a nest of good works in which his soul sits secure until Death comes with his fire; then the soul fears not the burning, as the Bird sits calmly in the flame, and the soul, like the Bird, emerges from the conflagration of death, not harmed, but only renewed and young again, to live and sing another thousand years in the Happy Land.

The poem continues:

"When the wind is still, and the weather is fair, and the holy Gem shines clear in the heavens, and the clouds are melted away, and the bodies of waters are still, and every storm is lulled under heaven, and the Candle of Nature shines from the South to light the multitudes, then, on the branches of the lofty tree, the Phœnix begins to prepare the nest. There is need, that the Bird through wisdom may turn its age into life and take a young soul. Then far and near it gathers the sweetest herbs and fragrant forest-leaves to that dwelling-place; it bears the bright treasures above to the tree, and there in the waste the wild Bird buildeth a house and dwelleth therein, and surroundeth the body and wings on either side with fragrant herbs and holy odours, and sits and awaits the Journey. When the sun shines hot in the summer-tide, then the firmament fires the house of that Bird: the herbs grow hot, the loved chamber smokes with sweet odours, the Bird and the builded nest both burn, the pile is kindled, the flame flares yellow and fiercely feeds, the Phœnix frail is devoured away, the spirit goes on its Journey. But presently, after the fury of flames, the ashes assemble again, they cleave and cling and combine together; then from the funeral-pile somewhat like an apple is seen, and therefrom cometh a worm wondrously white, as it had been brought forth fresh from an egg. Then the worm waxes there in the shade, and lo, in a while it is grown like the young of an eagle, a fair young bird; then further yet thrives the fowl till the full-grown form of an eagle is taken, and the Bird blooms bright with the primal plumes, sundered from sins by fire. And never that Bird may taste of the meats of the earth, save only of honey-dew sweet that drops in the midnights down on the world, till again it shall pass to the Beautiful Land, its own.

IV

"Cunningly out of the ashes renewed, the Bird, all young with energy, gathers its bones from the dust,— leavings of fire,— and brings to them herbs and adorns and covers them; then with its claws it beareth the body joyfully back to its sun-bright seats and buries it there in the island of bliss. There throng the races of birds, descend from the manifold ways of the heavens, magnify loudly the sovereign Phœnix, and loving and praising enclose in their flight the sacred Bird. People behold it pressed by multitudes, men look up from afar while flock after flock assemble about the Beloved; then lead they the Bird with delight to its dwelling, and there it dwelleth till that the time of age shall come once more, and the recluse Bird fly far from the feathered companions into its sun-bright Land."

V

This section is a sort of ecstatic repetition of the main outlines before recited, the poem showing all through a striking similarity to the Hebrew forms of parallelism made familiar by the poetry of the Bible. Time does not allow us to read this, nor the seventh, eighth and ninth sections, in which the ideas of the others are substantially repeated; and I therefore close the poem with the last sections much reduced of surplusage.

VI, ETC.

Here the old poet abandons the Latin original which he has been very freely paraphrasing, and sets forth an allegorical intrepretation of the myth of the Phœnix.

". . . Like to the saintly servants of Jesus, so is the Phœnix: plain in this perilous time it painteth clearly to men how the soul may possess all heaven.

"For like as the bird leaves home and land, with years oppressed and weary in spirit, and flies to the lofty tree, and

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builds, and is burned, and is born again into youth and strength, and regaineth its heaven, so Father Adam, forerunner, left his beauteous plain behind and fared from the gates far into the land of harms, where enemies often oppress. Then the Lord's champion works him a nest by bounteous deeds and alms to the poor and helps to the helpless, till the Lord upcalleth his soul, outburneth his murky old crimes. . . . These are the herbs and fragrant plants that the wild bird bears to its tree when it buildeth a nest against death. So in their dwellings the doers of good gather virtues and weave them together. For them those herbs shall turn into bright habitations fixed in the City of Glory. Yea, when the multitudes forth shall be called to the meeting of men in the great Resurrection, then when the Father of angels sits in the synod of nations, dark death by the power of God shall depart from the righteous; the righteous shall go, shall press in bands, shall depart into joy. Yea, while the fang of the flame shall feed on the world, devouring gold as an apple, swallowing wealth and treasures, then shall come into mind, at that hour when all is disclosed, then shall come into mind the fate and the sign of the Phœnix, and be for a token to men most fair and most joyful, when the limbs and body of man together shall come from the ashes of death, and the flame shall bow as a guest at the knee of the Lord, and down from His throne the Holy shall come, and the spirits all clean pass back in the bodies, and the souls of the saved shall raise up songs, voice after voice uplifting in praises, and so shall they march, burnt free of all sins, to the glory of glory; and thus let never a man believe that I lie with a story of birds that are false, for this is the wisdom of Job,— and this is the Song of the Phœnix."

I had desired to read you, for the purpose of a very interesting contrast, a good deal of Chaucer's bird-poetry,— which is very copious,— either *The Parlement of Fowls*, the story of Canace, in *The Canterbury Tales*, or the pretty allegory of *The Cuckoo and the Nightingale*. In all these we find very wise and sagacious utterances from the beaks of birds. I also very earnestly desired to read you Gavin Douglas's exquisite Prologue to the twelfth book of Virgil, in which is much talk of birds. But time does not serve, and I therefore pass on to a wonderful little poem which is referred to by Douglas in the Prologue just mentioned. This little song, which is in my judgment without any rival in the English language for sweet music and fluent tenderness, was written by William Dunbar, one of that group of Scotch poets of the fifteenth century which has been so long neglected. Notice that the *dow* (doo) is *dove*, and *mow* is *mouth*, *halse* is *neck*, etc.

Twa gentil birdis sat on ane tree,
  Twa bonnie birdis as e'er could be,
And as thay sat for ay thay sang,
  Quhyl wuddis and rochis wi' echois rang:
"Com hither, com hither, mi bonnie dow,
  Wi honeyit halse and dew-dabbit mow!"
And ay the ane sang to the ither:
"Com hither, but nae delay, com hither,
Com hither, com hither, and let us woo."

The sun rase hie in the purpour east,
  And flichterit down in the gleemie west,
And nicht cam on befair thay 're dune
  In singand of this gentle crune:
"Com hither, com hither, mi bonnie dow,
  Wi honeyit halse and dew-dabbit mow!"

And ay the ane sang to the ither:
"Com hither, but nae delay, com hither,
Com hither, com hither, and let us woo."

Syne gaed thir birdis swa traist and free
Be nichtfal to thair herbourie;
In suth to say, their hearts were licht,
Sithens thay sang thorow the nicht:
"Com hither, com hither, mi bonnie dow,
Wi honeyit halse and dew-dabbit mow!"
And ay the ane sang to the ither:
"Com hither, but nae delay, come hither,
Com hither, com hither, and let us woo."

In my next lecture I shall present some specimens of the movement of English thought with reference to woman in poetry, commencing with early Anglo-Saxon times, and coming down, through Chaucer's very remarkable pictures of the ideal wife in the story of Patient Griselda in *The Canterbury Tales*, to Shakspere's play of *Pericles* — that pathetic tale which, as Gower says in the Prologue,

Hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy eves,
And lords and ladies of their lives
Have read it for restoratives.

Permit me now to close this lecture with Shakspere's singular threnody of *The Phœnix and the Dove*, or Turtle, where the Phœnix represents constancy — I suppose from its ever returning after death to its "sun-bright seats" (as the old Anglo-Saxon poet calls them)— and the Turtle-dove represents true love. I do not in the least present this as a poem for reading aloud: it has more complex ideas in it, for the number of words, than perhaps any other poem in our language, and it takes some diligence of mind, with the poem before your eyes, to make out all its meaning. But if I can only call your attention to it — for I don't think it is much read — I am satisfied. For a certain far-withdrawn and heart-conquering tenderness, we have not another poem like it. It is the last poem in the collection called *The Passionate Pilgrim:*

Let the bird of loudest lay,
  On the sole Arabian tree,
  Herald sad and trumpet be
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

But thou, shrieking harbinger,
  Foul precursor of the fiend,
  Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.

From this session interdict
  Every fowl of tyrant wing,
  Save the eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.

And thou, treble-dated crow,
  That thy sable gender mak'st
  With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

Here the anthem doth commence:
  Love and Constancy is dead;
  Phœnix and the Turtle fled
In a mutual flame from hence.

And here follows a picture of a love which does not melt up the one individuality in that of another, but retains the perfect identity and perfect supremacy of each member of the loving pair exact, while both are nevertheless one in love:

So they lov'd, as love in twain
Had the essence but in one;
Two distincts, division none:
Number, there, in love was slain.

Hearts remote, yet not asunder;
Distance, and no space was seen
Twixt the turtle and his queen;
But in them it were a wonder.

So between them love did shine
That the turtle saw his right
Flaming in the Phœnix' sight:
Either was the other's mine.

Property was thus appalled,
That the self was not the same;
Single nature's double name
Neither two nor one was called.

Reason, in itself confounded,
Saw division grow together:
To themselves yet either-neither,
Simple were so well compounded,

That it cried, how true a twain
Seemeth this concordant one!
Love hath reason, reason none,
If what parts can so remain.

Whereupon it made this threne
To the Phœnix and the Dove,
Co-supremes and stars of love,
As chorus to their tragic scene.

THRENOS

Beauty, truth, and rarity,
  Grace in all simplicity,
Here inclos'd in cinders lie.

Death is now the Phœnix' nest:
  And the turtle's loyal breast
To eternity doth rest.

(And now, since they are gone:)

Truth may seem, but cannot be:
  Beauty brag, but 'tis not she;
Truth and beauty buried be.

To this urn let those repair
  That are either true or fair;
For these dead birds sigh a prayer.

CHAPTER V

WOMEN OF ENGLISH POETRY DOWN TO SHAKSPERE

St. Juliana and *Love's Labour's Lost*

IN accordance with the plan heretofore proposed, I shall present you, in this present lecture and the following one, two studies of The Treatment of Woman in English Poetry from the earliest times down to Shakspere.

Among the Anglo-Saxon writings which have come down to us I find three — and only three — considerable poems written in praise of great women. They are *Elene* or *The Finding of the Cross*, *Judith*, and *St. Juliana*. These poems agree, in large traits at least, as showing the kind of heroine held in esteem by the old Anglo-Saxon poetic mind. Elene is the heroic mother of Constantine, who, upon the miraculous conversion of her son, sets sail with an army for Jerusalem, and there, after many thwartings and misadventures, succeeds in discovering and reclaiming the Cross of Christ; Judith is the heroic Jewess who penetrates into the camp of Holofernes and brings back his head to her wondering countrymen; and St. Juliana is a Christian martyr who suffers tortures and death rather than believe in the gods of the heathen. You readily observe that all three of these women are of the grand and epic type. The quiet wife who is busied in the commonplace round of domestic duty, whose most thrilling adventures are the waking up of a child in the night with the croup, or the failure of the bread to rise, or some such homely mishap — this quiet wife, who might be called the lyric woman as contra-distinguished from the epic woman like Judith and St. Juliana, does not appear until much later in English poetry. It is not until a suaver age, and an advancing civilisation, that our poets discover how the lyric woman — the patient wife in the secure home — may indeed exhibit a finer type of heroism than all the Judiths and Julianas. With a great occasion like that on which Judith won her fame there comes a correspondingly great elevation of soul which may be only spasmodic, and which, as it may inspire a weak spirit to great momentary deeds, may likewise fade with the fading time and leave the heroine a weak spirit still. But the daily grandeurs which every good wife, no matter how uneventful her lot, must achieve, the secret endurances which not only have no poet to sing them but no human eye even to see them, the heroism which is as fine and bright at two o'clock in the morning as it is at noonday, all those prodigious fortitudes under sorrows which one is scarcely willing to whisper even to God Almighty, and of which probably every delicate-souled woman knows, either by intuition or actual experience,— this lyric heroism, altogether great and beautiful as it is, does not appear, save by one or two brief glimpses, in the early poetry of our ancestors. There is one passage in the "Gnomic Verses" of the *Exeter Book* which looks in this direction. Among many detached sayings the poet suddenly breaks off to give a very pretty picture of the Frisian sailor returning to his home from the wild seas: "Dear to the Frisian wife is her welcome wanderer when the ship stands still, the keel comes ashore, and home is the goodman again, her provident lord. She leadeth him in, washeth the weeds of the sea from his dress, and giveth him garments new: blissful is land unto him whose love on land abideth." For a portrayal of the sailor's wife in rude charcoal strokes, this is not bad. But the type of woman celebrated by the poets is this Helen seeking to discover where the Cross of Christ is buried, or Judith smiting off the head of the tyrant with his own sword, or St. Juliana winning the martyr's crown.

I shall ask you in a moment to listen to the strange legend of St. Juliana as it is told by the old writer, and will draw some contrasts between that and the types of women presented in Shakspere's play of *Love's Labour's Lost* and in Mrs. Lewes's novel of *Daniel Deronda*. Before I do so, allow me to call your attention, in passing, to an interesting circumstance which connects the first of these poems which I have mentioned — the *Elene* — with Shakspere's play of *The Merchant of Venice*. The story of Helen (or Elene) as told in the poem is briefly this. She is, as I have said, the mother of Constantine. You all remember the old tale of that monarch's conversion: how when pressed by overwhelming numbers of his enemies he saw in a sudden vision the Cross of Christ shining in the heavens with the motto, "In this Sign thou shalt conquer." The poem recites this, recounts the great victory which followed, with the conversion of Constantine, and proceeds to relate how Constantine then begged his mother Elene to take an armament of ships and men and set out for Jerusalem in the hope of finding the spot where this great and miracle-working Cross of Christ lay hidden.

Arrived at Jerusalem Elene meets with all manner of difficulties in obtaining any information of the much-desired locality: the Jews are unwilling to tell, in fact declare that they do not know, and finally turn her over to one of the wisest of their number named Judas. Elene questions this Judas, gets no satisfaction, and then endeavours to compel an answer by torturing him. She casts him into a dreary pit for seven days without food. Judas then announces his willingness to reveal the spot. This Judas turns out a noble character. In an impassioned prayer he begs the Almighty that He will indicate the precise place where the Cross is buried by sending up a stream of vapour from it. Judas then leads the men of Elene to the Hill of Calvary, and presently a wondrous smoke bursts from the ground. The Romans dig, and lo, presently three crosses are found, being Christ's and the two thieves' who were crucified with him. These they bear into the city with great rejoicing; and as it soon becomes desirable to distinguish which of the three crosses is Christ's, they bring up a dead man on a bier, and successively lift up the three crosses over him. The first has no effect — the dead remains dead; the second fails, also, to influence him; but as soon as the third cross comes near, the dead man arises and begins to glorify God. Judas, the Jew, is now himself converted; he is made a bishop under the new name of Cyriacus, the Cross is borne in triumph by Elene, and in commemoration of the event an annual feast is inaugurated which continued to be celebrated in Europe for many centuries. Such being the story of Helen, let us — for the purpose now in hand — go back to the time when she is referred by the unwilling Jews to their wise man Judas, who they hope will succeed in eluding her inquiries after the consecrated spot. When she perceives that Judas is eluding her, she begins, as I said, to torture him. At this point a singular variation in the story as found in another manuscript shows to us at this early date the precise plot of *The Merchant of Venice*, hinging upon this same Judas. Some thirty years ago a manuscript was found in the University library of Göttingen by Mr. John Mitchell Kemble which relates the adventures of the Wandering Jew, and, among others, has a curious story how that when Helen — our Helen, the mother of Constantine — was in Jerusalem searching for the Cross, she had with her a goldsmith, a Christian man, who could make all sorts of vessels and was very skilful in his craft, but was poor withal. This manuscript is of the thirteenth century, and gives such an interesting specimen of the state of our language in that time that I have here transcribed a line or two from the story of Helen's goldsmith and the Jew as there related, in order that you may compare it with the earlier English which I have occasionally brought before you.

> This levedi had that time her wid a cristen man was god goldsmith; but pover he was and hard in dette till a inn.

Continuing the story from this point, you will immediately begin to recognise the substantial facts of Shakspere's *Merchant of Venice*. The "inn" begins to press the goldsmith for his money: the goldsmith cannot pay; the Jew then asks him if he will be willing to make up out of his own flesh whatever amount in weight of gold he shall lack in settling the account. Somehow or other the goldsmith consents. Presently the Jew hauls him up before Queen Helen for judgment, and here the poem presents us with a very dramatic Middle Age scene. The Queen declares there is no escape and grants the Jew his bond; the Jew stands ready, with a short knife glittering in his hand, and, on being asked from what part of the poor goldsmith's body he will cut his pound of flesh, replies with great gusto that he is going to take first the eyes, then the hands, then his tongue, nose, etc. At this point two of Queen Helen's attendants interpose the celebrated plea, which we find in *The Merchant of Venice*, that while the Jew is entitled to go on and cut out his pound of flesh, he must be careful to take no blood. Say the two courtiers:

Take then þe fless þat granted be
Sua þat þe blood may saved be:
A drope of blood if þat be tine
We give ur dome þe wrang is þine:
Quat sum his fless was sold or boght
His blood to sell he never thoght. . . .
Þan said þat inn, bi sãt drightin,
Me þine þe wers part is min;
Fordan ye have me wid your dome
Þat ge romains brought fra Rome.

One would think this a mild enough reply on the part of the disappointed Jew; but the two courtiers make so much out of it, as vile abuse and slander, that the poor Jew is adjudged to lose all his wealth to the Queen, and to have his tongue taken out. The catastrophe is quaintly enough told, and I wish I could read it off to you in this Northern English of the thirteenth century without interrupting the flow of verse with explanation.

The inn him thoght silenthli tem
At þis dome þat was sua kene
And said on hij all might here
Me war lever you for to lere
Where lijs your lauerd rode tre
Þan dampned sua sone to be.

Godd wate, mi friend, þan said Eline
Þu sall be quitt of alkin pine
If þu wilt do als i þi bidd
To scheu us quar þat crois es hid.

It is a curious instance of our habitual association of Shakspere's plays with himself and his times that it seems an odd collocation to find the Merchant of Venice away back yonder in the fourth century revealing the hidden Cross of Christ to the mother of Constantine.

This poem of Elene, I should have mentioned, is one of those in the *Vercelli MS.* of which I spoke in the last lecture, when, as you will remember, I read you the poem of *The Phœnix* from the *Exeter Book*.

But let us now turn to the sorrowful and yet inspiring legend of St. Juliana. This is one of the longest Anglo-Saxon poems remaining to us, and is found in the *Exeter Book*, already described. I beg you to observe with some care the character of this lonely Juliana, inasmuch as she may be considered the favourite mediæval type of woman and, as such, offers some very interesting points of contrast with more modern types.

The poem recites that once upon a time, in the reign of the Emperor Maximilian,— which you may roughly associate with the early part of the fourth century,— a certain powerful Count Heliseus fell in love with a beautiful damsel Juliana (whose name in the poem appears always as *iuliana*, with a small *i* doing duty for our *J*). The father of Juliana, rejoicing in an alliance so honourable, betroths her to the Count, and presently the Count grows impatient and will have her to his house as his bride. “ But the damsel firmly withstood him, and spoke these words: ‘ If thou wilt believe on the God that is true,— my God, the Shelter of spirits,— then am I ready forthwith for thy will; but likewise I say unto thee, that as long as thou worshippest idols, thou never shalt have me; yea, never shall pain or tormenting turn me from this I have spoken.'"

A great outcry is made by the Count and his people. The astonished lover sends for the girl's father. The father is enraged, and swears that if the girl does not relent he will turn her over to the Count to be tortured as he may devise. (It is a cunning fact, by the way, lying between the lines of this poem, that torture is thought of immediately as a remedy for this sort of thing, as a matter of course.) Then the father goes to Juliana, and at first speaks very tenderly to her: "Thou art my daughter, the dearest, the sweetest, the only one fair on the earth to my soul, the light of my eyes, Juliana"; and proceeds to reason with her, setting forth the riches and glory of Count Heliseus, and urging her to worship the heathen gods. No. The father threatens torment and death. "Never shall man induce me to bow to the false dumb idols, the deaf ones, soul-destroyers. I worship the Prince of Glory; He will protect me and ward off the rage of the ruffians of hell." I must make a long story short. The damsel is led at dawn to the Count's judgment-hall. He seems really to love her, and still tries to bring her round with fair words. Here you are reading perhaps the earliest love-talk preserved in the English language.

Mín se swetesta,
    sunnun scima,
    iuliana,
hewæt þu glæm hæfast,
  giufæste g'efe,
geoguð-hades blæd.

"Mine the sweetest, sheen of sun, Juliana—why, thou hast brightness, liberal gifts, glory of youth; and why shouldst thou throw all these away? Turn while it is yet time and worship my gods!" cries the Count Heliseus, with other the like tender expostulation. But no — no; she will not hear to it; and the lover, turned by disappointment into a raging beast, proceeds to have her tortured. I will not recount her sufferings. Presently, after great horrors have been wreaked, she is cast into a dungeon, the bolts are shot, the keepers depart, and the hopeless maiden is left alone. Here comes a dramatic crisis in her fate. There, in the dark, suddenly a marvellous thing happens. A bright form like that of an angel appears in the gloom of the prison, and the young girl is not sure whether the God in whom she trusts has not sent a minister of grace to comfort her. But her pure eyes soon pierce to the heart of the matter: for this is really the devil, who has assumed the guise of an angel and has come to win her over to the worship of the false gods and to marriage with the heathen brute of a Count. The devil plays his part of angel with some policy: "Why sufferest thou, dearest and worthiest, for one who is the King of Glory, the Lord; and who therefore, it is to be presumed, would not need any smaller being's pain in His behalf? This Count hath other torments prepared for thee: haste, make the sacrifice to his gods. Sacrifice thyself, a noble victim, ere destruction seize thee and thou get naught for thy virtue but death."

At this point, while the hapless Juliana stands there alone in the dark dungeon, tempted forward by all the blandishments of wealth, of power, of marriage, driven forward by all the terrors of the scourge, the fire, the wrath and pain of parents, all the furies of physical pain,— one weak maiden against the whole world, the flesh, the devil, and death in the bargain,—let us contrast this mediæval picture of a maid against all the devils with a modern one — a scene from *Daniel Deronda*, where

Gwendolen Harleth in agony debates with herself whether or not she shall marry Grandcourt: which differs from it much less than may be first imagined, and which is as true a scene from the life of these now-passing years as the other is from that of a thousand years ago. Let us think a moment of this girl in a dungeon, with the devil in the garb of an angel persuading her to a wrongful marriage. It seems to you very absurd, a mere foolish ghost-story, far away in time, remote from your sympathies, hardly worth listening to. But hold. When we, too, you and I, have passed away for a thousand years, is it not just possible that some great scenes in our present literature will seem equally as absurd to those who come after us? Is it not just possible that people a thousand years hence will be as much inclined to smile at the doubts and fears that agitate the young woman of to-day as you at this picture of Juliana where we have left her, opening her great round eyes on the false angel that stands there in her black dungeon persuading her to evil? This devil, mark you, is just as real a personage to this old writer Cynewulf, and to the maidens of his time, as Jesus Christ is to you; the jaws of this dragon Hell are to them as living as the Christ is to you. Remembering all this, disabusing yourself of that provincialism of the period which makes us smile at beliefs as absurd simply because they are unfamiliar, compare with the scene of Juliana in the dungeon the scene in Mrs. Lewes's novel of *Daniel Deronda* which I have just referred to, and which I dare say is well known to all of you — that mournful morning after her reverse of fortunes when the poor lovely Gwendolen Harleth has received the definite offer of Grandcourt's hand, and when in the silence she is arguing the case with herself: Shall I marry him? Shall I not marry him? Here is just Juliana in the dungeon with the devil in angel's guise over again, in a merely modern redaction. On the one side is poverty; and to Gwendolen Harleth, who has been so fed on luxury that its appointments have become bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, insomuch that to take them away is quite as painful as the thousand-year-older torture of tearing out the flesh with hot pincers, — to Gwendolen Harleth poverty is only Juliana's torments indefinitely prolonged: while on the other hand lie invitingly the unlimited wealth, the proud station, the life of ease, and the security for her mother, offered by Grandcourt's alliance. "Only worship my gods," says Gwendolen's Lord Grandcourt, as said Juliana's Count Heliseus, "only worship my gods,— real gods, too, that you can see, and feel: wealth, ease, rank, unlimited horses to ride and dresses to wear,— only worship these and you shall escape the tortures of poverty and death. Why die for a fanciful ideal of womanhood which your death and sufferings will not help, instead of living for genuine enjoyment and rescuing your own mother from penury?"

Ladies and Gentlemen, carry your minds forward a thousand years from now; fancy that some lecturer is discussing before a class of ladies in the year 2879 the (then) old English literature, and, for a specimen of it, is bringing before them the story of Gwendolen Harleth — as old to them as the story of Juliana to us. May it not be that they will think Mrs. Lewes's story as foolish as you think Cynewulf's? Will they not wonder whether it was possible that a woman, heavenly bright and sweet and soulful like Gwendolen Harleth, could have so far believed in the power of mere wealth and rank to satisfy a woman's heart as that an audience of our day could read with solemn patience the details of her struggle with her devil — just as we smile with incredulity at the idea that people actually read Juliana's story much less than a thousand years

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ago with quite as much faith in every minute detail of it, devil and all, as we have in the true semblance of Gwendolen Harleth's piteous history?

The truth is, when all's said and done, the devil who appeared to Juliana and urged her to worship the false gods was not one whit more superstitious or ridiculous than the arguments by which Gwendolen Harleth persuaded herself to marry Grandcourt. The one belongs as much to an age of darkness as the other.

But we have left Juliana a long time in the dungeon with her uncanny visitant. It is pleasant to say that her treatment of her fiend offers us a fairer spectacle than the dismal surrender of Gwendolen Harleth. Juliana, with her keen insight, suspects that the dark doctrine which falls from this stranger's mouth belies the brightness of his form, and boldly asks him whence he comes.

"'An angel from God,'" says the stranger, "'am I, sent to thee, holy maiden, to save thee from torment; God Himself bade me come to thee and tell thee to save thyself from further torment.' Then was the damsel chilled with terror by that crafty speech; but she straightway began firmly to settle her soul, to cry from the deep of her youthful spirit: 'Eternal, Almighty One, let me not turn from the praise of Thy favour! Reveal, reveal, O God of the Heavens, who and whence is this minister hovering here in the air of my dungeon, that urgeth me off on the rugged road that leadeth away from Thee.'"

I find this scene intensely dramatic: the angel-like form of the devil floating overhead in the dungeon, the darkness growing more intense about his false brightness, the pale and passionate face of the young girl lighted from within by the ecstasy of true love and from without by the unholy glare of the evil minister, the white hands clasped and raised to heaven, the keen appealing cry ringing through the vaulted stone and iron: no believer with an imagination could read this unmoved.

But the girl is not without help. After her piteous cry, "beautiful down from the heavens a voice replied: 'Seize thou the false one, fearlessly fasten him hard with thy hands till he rightly relate all his errand on earth from beginning to end, and tell all his acts and attributes.'" Then Juliana did what the devil himself afterward declares was without precedent in his whole history. She seizes him boldly, and holding over him the power of God, she compels him to relate all the crimes of which he has been guilty since his career began. It is a mild catalogue of horrors, and I will not assail your ears with it. Three times the devil breaks off in his narrative and begs to be let go. But no; she holds the trembling demon like a hound under the lash, and compels him to give account of his wickedness in detail — all the shipwrecks, the feuds over drink, the diseases, the murders, betrayals, stabbings, errors, crucifixions, which he has inspired. At this point the Count Heliseus sends to fetch her out of the dungeon for new punishment. The devil is afraid she is going to draw him along with her,— for he cannot resist the power of her faith,— and this is a disgrace he cannot endure. It is bad enough to have been conquered at all, but to have been conquered by a woman is worse; and now to be dragged out in sight of all men by the weak finger of a maiden — that is a contumely too hard even for the devil; and so he abjectly implores her to dismiss him, adding that the laughter and scorn of all the devils in hell will be punishment enough for him without exposing him to such humiliation before men.

Ic thec holsige, hlæfdige mín,
iuliana, fore Goddes sibbum
ðaet ðu furþur me fraceþu ne wyrce.

"I thee implore, lady mine, Juliana, for God's kindred, that thou work me no further indignities." (Here, in passing, let me call your attention to two interesting stages of a word which appears in this and in another extract we have lately been considering — *hlæfdige* and *levedi*. Our modern word *lady* seems at first sight far enough removed from this old form of it here in the devil's address to Juliana,— *hlæfdige*,— yet there can be no doubt that *hlæfdige* is the original of *lady*. Here in the English of the thirteenth century you find the transition-form *levedi*, and, placing the one under the other,

hlæfdige,	ninth century,
levedi,	thirteenth century,
lady,	sixteenth century,

you easily see how the one, by slight changes, has run into the other since this poem was written. In passing, let me call your attention, too, to another word here in the devil's appeal, which has changed its meaning in modern times quite as much as *hlæfdige* has changed its form. "Fore Goddes sibbum," says the fiend. This word *sibbum* is the dative case of *sibb* which means *relationship*, *kin*; and the expression *Goddes sibb*, contracted into *God's sib*, was used to denote all that class of relationships such as a god-father, god-mother, and the like. Now since one would soon become intimate with one's god-brothers and the like, one's intimate friend began to be called one's *god's-sib*, or *gossip*; and since one told one's intimate friend all that one knew,— and often a great deal that one didn't know,— the tale-bearing, and news, and so on, of one *god's-sib* to another began itself to be called *god's-sib* or *gossip*, until now, when all manner of scandal and news-mongery has come to be universally called *gossip*. Thus

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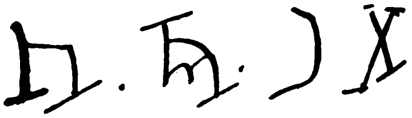
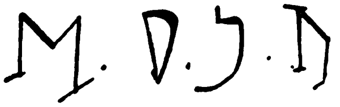
a word which originally meant kindred through God has finally come to mean scandal or gossip.)

But I must return again to our story. The maiden Juliana, bold as she is, has a soft heart, and begins to feel for the wounded sensibilities of the devil; she consents to forbear exposing him before men, and dismisses him. She is then led forth to new torture: a fire is built up about her, but the brands are miraculously dashed away and she sings in the midst unburnt. She is then cast into a great vessel of molten lead, but the fire is again scattered by protective spirits with such vigour that seventy-five of the Count's spectators are burned to death, though the maiden emerges without even the smell of fire in her hair or her garments. The Count then tells her that she must be slain with the sword; which the maiden hears with delight, as foreshowing the speedy end of torment. She is then led out to the field of death, and while the devil appears and chants a mocking yet trembling song, she is beheaded and her spirit departs into glory. The poem here departs from the narrative and, in a way quite unusual with these ancient works, goes off into a purely personal and lyric utterance of the author. In the course of this utterance appears one of the series of Runic letters which I referred to in the last chapter as having revealed to Kemble for the first time the name of Cynewulf as the probable author of these poems in the *Exeter Book*. The poet has, as I said, abandoned now the narrative of St. Juliana, and is brooding over his own fate at the Day of Judgment. "When," he says, "those two separate which are the closest of kin, the dearest of consorts,— the soul and the body,— and the spirit shall depart sad into the Unknown Land, I know not whither, then



cyning hiþ reþe
þoune synnum fah



acle hidað
hwæt him æfter dædum
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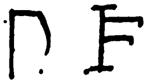

heofað."

These letters (as above) spell out *Cynewulf.* The poet now concludes the legend of St. Juliana by making a request of all his readers which I suppose we ought to comply with: "I pray every man who this lay may recite that he earnestly bear me in mind by my name, and supplicate God that His help may be mine in that hour so perilous to all in this shining creation." You must all, therefore, mention Cynewulf in your prayers to-night. "Grant, God of might," he concludes, "that we all may find Thy countenance mild at that terrible moment. Amen."

In my next lecture I shall continue the presentation of woman as a poetic subject, by giving you the remarkable picture of the model wife in Chaucer's *Clerk's Tale*, together with his pathetic story of the Patient Griselda: I shall present some of the jokes which were customary in the Middle Ages upon the subject of matrimony, and shall conclude by contrasting the Patient Griselda with the sparkling Beatrice in Shakspere's *Much Ado About Nothing.*

Let me now, upon a somewhat similar plan, close this present lecture with what I suspect will be an agreeable relief to the tragic Juliana by bringing before you a type of woman which does not make its appearance in English poetry, so far as I know, until the sixteenth century; I mean the beautiful, fresh, vivacious, sparkling young woman who can cut a man into mincemeat with keen repartee in one moment, and then make him all whole and sound again with some adorable tender speech in the next; the woman who can rail soundly upon the entire race of man, but who, once taken captive, loves her conqueror with all her soul and makes him a true wife and heavenly companion. For this purpose I beg to read you some scenes from the play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, selected with a view to bringing out as much as I can, in the limited time, of that most fascinating sweet Princess of France and her merry maids of honour, Rosaline, Maria and Katharine.

You are probably all familiar with the plot of this genial play. Ferdinand, King of Navarre, retires with three of his chosen lords, Biron, Longaville and Dumain, to a residence in a park, with the intention of studying for three years; and to forward this intent it is sworn that no woman is to be seen or talked with by him or any of his co-swearers for that time. At this juncture appears the young Princess of France, with her lord Boyet and her ladies, Rosaline, Maria and Katharine, to negotiate for the re-conveyance of Aquitain, which had been pledged to Navarre for a loan of money. The King and all his lords fall in love at sight; each breaks his oath, writes a love-letter to his chosen lady, and finally, each discovering the other's perfidy, they go to vigorous love-making openly, and are conditionally accepted.

The play opens in Navarre. Scene I: *A Park with a*

Palace in It. Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, *and* DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge,
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections
And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force:
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me,
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here:
Your oaths are passed; and now subscribe your names. . . .
Longaville. I am resolv'd; 'tis but a three years' fast:
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine:
Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.
Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified:
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves:
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die;
With all these living in philosophy.
Biron. I can but say their protestation over;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances:
As, not to see a woman in that term,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there;

And, one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside,
The which I hope is not enrolled there;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day,—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,
And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there:
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!
King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.
Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please:
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.
Longaville. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.
Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.
King. Why, that to know, which else we should not know.
Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common sense?
King. Ay, that is study's god-like recompense.
Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so,
To know the thing I am forbid to know:
As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid; . . .
Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,
Study to break it, and not break my troth. . . .
King. These be the stops that hinder study quite,
And train our intellects to vain delight.
Biron. Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchased, doth inherit pain:
As, painfully to pore upon a book
To seek the light of truth; while truth the while
Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look: . . .
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
That will not be deep-searched with saucy looks:
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
  That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights
  Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know, is to know nought but fame;
And every godfather can give a name. . . .
  King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost,
  That bites the first-born infants of the spring.
  Biron. Well, say I am; why should proud summer boast,
  Before the birds have any cause to sing? . . .
At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled shows;
But like of each thing that in season grows.
So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.
  King. Well, sit you out: go home, Biron: adieu.
  Biron. No, my good lord; I have sworn to stay with you:
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
  Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have swore,
  And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper; let me read the same;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name. . . .

Biron. (*Reads*) '*Item, That no woman shall come within a mile of my court,*'—Hath this been proclaimed?

Longaville. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. (*Reads*) '*on pain of losing her tongue,*'—Who devised this penalty?

Longaville. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why?

Longaville. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility!

(*Reads*) '*Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*'

This article, my liege, yourself must break;
  For well you know here comes in embassy

The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—
  A maid of grace and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
  To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father:
Therefore this article is made in vain,
  Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.
  King. What say you, lords? why, this was quite forgot.
  Biron. So study evermore is overshot:
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should; . . .
  King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.
  Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space; . . .
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on 'mere necessity.'
So to the laws at large I write my name:
(*Subscribes.*)
  And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame: . . .
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath. . . .

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Outside the Park. A Pavilion and Tents.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

  Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits: . . .
Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world beside,
And prodigally gave them all to you.
  Princess. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise:

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not uttered by base sale of chapmen's tongues: . . .
But now to task the tasker: good Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court:
Therefore to's seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.
Tell him, the daughter of the King of France,
On serious business craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his grace. . . .

Boyet proceeds on his mission, and presently returns announcing the approach of His Majesty. *Enter* KING, *with his three Lords and Attendants.* They are all, it would seem, under the open sky, outdoors.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre.

Princess. 'Fair' I give you back again; and 'welcome' I have not yet: the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.
Princess. I will be welcome, then: conduct me thither.
King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.
Princess. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.
King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.
Princess. Why, will shall break it; will, and nothing else.
King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.
Princess. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.
I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping:
'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.
But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.
Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

The King reads the paper, and after some parley it is agreed that the Princess shall remain lodged near the court until a certain packet containing the receipt can arrive from France.

I now pass at once to Scene III in the fourth act, where the discovery is made by the King and his three lords that each of the others has broken his oath. The spot is another part of the park, which seems to be a sort of retiring-place where lonesome and disconsolate lovers can breathe their sorrows to the woods. *Enter* BIRON, *with a paper.*

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself. . . . By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. . . . I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan!

Here Biron climbs into the tree, and settles himself comfortably while the other luckless lover approaches. *Enter the* KING, *with a paper.*

King. Ah me!

Biron. (*In the tree*) Shot, by heaven! Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap. In faith, secrets!

King. (*Reads*) *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show:
But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens! how far thou dost excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.
How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the paper:—
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes here?
(*Steps aside.*)

Enter LONGAVILLE, *with a paper.*

What, Longaville! and reading! listen, ear.

Biron. (*Aside*) Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear!

Longaville. Ah me, I am forsworn! . . .
Am I the first that have been perjured so?

Biron. (*Aside*) I could put thee in comfort. Not by two that I know. . . .

Longaville. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose. . . .

But he reconsiders.

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Longaville. This same shall go. (*Reads*)
Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?
Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;
Thy grace being gained cures all disgrace in me.
Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine:
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise
To lose an oath to win a paradise? . . .

Enter DUMAIN, *with a paper.*

By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
(*Hides himself in the shrubbery.*)
Biron. (*Aside*) . . . Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens, I have my wish!
Dumain transformed! four woodcocks in a dish!
Dumain. O most divine Kate! . . .
I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remembered be.
Biron. (*Aside*) A fever in your blood! why, then incision
Would let her out in saucers: sweet misprision!
Dumain. Once more I'll read the ode that I have writ.
Biron. Once more I'll mark how love can vary wit. . . .
Dumain. (*After reading a copy of verses*) This will I send, and something else more plain,
That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
Were lovers too! . . .

Longaville. (*Comes out from his hiding-place and advances*)
Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
That in love's grief desir'st society:
You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
To be o'erheard and taken napping so.
King. (*Advances from his hiding-place*) Come, sir, you blush;
as his your case is such;
You chide at him, offending twice as much; . . .
I have been closely shrouded in this bush
And marked you both and for you both did blush:
I heard your guilty rhymes, observed your fashion,
Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion:
Ah me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes: . . .
What will Biron say when that he shall hear
Faith so infringèd, which such zeal did swear?
How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
How will he triumph, leap and laugh at it!
For all the wealth that ever I did see,
I would not have him know so much by me.
Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.
(*Descends from the tree.*)
Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me: . . .
But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot? . . .
O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen! . . .
Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?
And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?
And where my liege's? all about the breast. . . .
King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?
Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you:
I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in; . . .
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye? . . .

Enter JAQUENETTA *and* COSTARD, *miscarrying the very sonnet that* BIRON *had intrusted them to bear to his beloved.* . . .

Jaquenetta. I beseech your grace, let this letter be read:
Our person misdoubts it; 'twas treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over. (*Giving him the letter.* BIRON *tears it to pieces, scowling at* COSTARD) . . . How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Longaville. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dumain. (*Picking up the pieces*) It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. (*To Costard*) Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.
Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lacked me fool to make up the mess:
He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die. . . .

And hereupon they fall into a wonderfully absurd and wonderfully true-semblant discussion of the perfections in general and complexions in particular of their respective lady-loves.

I now skip to Scene II of the last act. The ladies have received their gifts and verses and are discussing them. The scene is before the pavilion of the Princess.

Enter PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, *and* MARIA.

Princess. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:

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A lady walled about with diamonds!
Look you what I have from the loving king.
Rosaline. Madam, came nothing else along with that?
Princess. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
Rosaline. That was the way to make his godhead wax,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.
Katharine. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.
Rosaline. You'll ne'er be friends with him; he killed your sister. . . .
Princess. But, Rosaline, you have a favour too:
Who sent it? and what is it?
Rosaline. I would you knew:
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:
The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,
I were the fairest goddess on the ground:
I am compared to twenty thousand fairs.
O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!
Princess. Any thing like?
Rosaline. Much in the letters; nothing in the praise.
Princess. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.
Katharine. Fair as a text B in a copy-book. . . .
Princess. But, Katharine, what was sent to you from fair Dumain?
Katharine. Madam, this glove.
Princess. Did he not send you twain?
Katharine. Yes, madam, and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compiled, profound simplicity.
Maria. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville:
The letter is too long by half a mile.

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Princess. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?
Maria. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.
Princess. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

The King and his three lords, under the pious impression that they are deceiving the ladies, now enter in Russian habits for a sort of masque; but the ladies have been duly advised by Boyet, and they also masque, so cunningly that each lover is deluded and makes love to the other's sweetheart in hopeless confusion. The pretended Russians now retire, and presently the King and the three lords, attired in their proper habits, reappear, the ladies having also retired. The King addresses Boyet.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?
Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
Command me any service to her thither?
King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.
Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord.
Exit.
Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons peas,
And utters it again when God doth please:
He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares
At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;
And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show. . .
He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy; . . .
Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;
The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet:
This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales-bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

Enter again BOYET, *ushering the* PRINCESS *and her Ladies.*

Biron. See where it comes! Behaviour, what wert thou
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?
King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Princess. 'Fair' in 'all hail' is foul, as I conceive.
King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.
Princess. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.
King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.
Princess. This field shall hold me; and so hold your vow:
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke:
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
Princess. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth. . . .
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;
So much I hate a breaking cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.
King. O, you have lived in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.
Princess. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
We have had pastimes here and pleasant game:
A mess of Russians left us but of late.
King. How, madam! Russians!
Princess. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.
Rosaline. Madam, speak true. It is not so, my lord:
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stayed an hour,
And talked apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.

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I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.
  Biron. This jest is dry to me. Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: . . .
                . . . your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor.
  Rosaline. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—
  Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.
  Rosaline. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.
  Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!
  Rosaline. All the fool mine?
  Biron.   I cannot give you less.
  Rosaline. Which of the visors was it that you wore?
  Biron. Where? when? what visor? why demand you this?
  Rosaline. There, then, that visor; that superfluous case
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.
  King. We are descried; they'll mock us now downright.
  Dumain. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.
  Princess. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your highness sad?
  Rosaline. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon. Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
  Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
  Can any face of brass hold longer out?
Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;
  Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout; . . .
                . . . I here protest,
  By this white glove,— how white the hand, God knows!—
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be expressed
  In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,— so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Presently enters Mercade from France with news of the death of the Princess's father. The King and the

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lords make love, urge their suit, and appeal to their letters.

Princess. We have received your letters full of love;
Your favours, the ambassadors of love;
And, in our maiden council, rated them
At courtship, pleasant jest and courtesy,
As bombast and as lining to the time:
But more devout than this in our respects
Have we not been; and therefore met your loves
In their own fashion, like a merriment.
Dumain. Our letters, madam, showed much more than jest.
Longaville. So did our looks.
Rosaline. We did not quote them so.
King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
Grant us your loves.
Princess. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:—
If for my love, as there is no such cause,
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge; challenge me by these deserts,
And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and till that instant shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,

Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death.
If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
Dumain. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?
Katharine. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.
Dumain. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?
Katharine. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say:
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you some.
Dumain. I'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.
Katharine. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.
Longaville. What says Maria?
Maria. At the twelvemonth's end
I'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.
Longaville. I'll stay with patience; but the time is long.
Maria. The liker you; few taller are so young.
Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there:
Impose some service on me for thy love.
Rosaline. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,

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Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Rosaline. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools:
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deafed with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.
Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall,
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.
Princess. (*To the* KING) Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take my leave.
King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.
Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.
King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 'twill end.
Biron. That's too long for a play.

CHAPTER VI

THE WIFE IN MIDDLE ENGLISH POETRY

INASMUCH as this is the last opportunity I shall have to bore you with any Anglo-Saxon matters,— for presently I shall commence an entirely new series of topics,— I ask leave, for a special purpose, to call your attention to a word which I passed over in my last lecture more hurriedly than I desired. This is the word we call *lady*.

You will remember that in the *Legend of St. Juliana*, that is, in the tenth century, the form of this word appears as *hlæfdige;* while in the MS. of the *Cursor Mundi*, thirteenth century,— and in many other writings of this time, — it appears as *levedi* (pronounced *layv-e-dy*, the *e*'s being like the French *e* with acute accent and the *i* our long *e* quickly enunciated); still later it would be written *ladye*, and finally *lady*. Now there is a still earlier primitive form of the word in Anglo-Saxon, and it is this earliest form that I wish you to consider a moment for the sake of some useful considerations growing out of it. The word *lady* was originally in Anglo-Saxon *hlæf-weardige*, this being a feminine form of *hlæf-weard*. The word *hlæf-weard* means *bread-ward*, that is, the warder or guardian of the bread, or loaf. Our word *loaf* — a loaf of bread — comes from this *hlæf*, and the *weard* is the Anglo-Saxon original of our word *ward*, in the sense of *to ward off, to protect*. *Hlæf-weard* is therefore he who protects the loaf, the loaf-ward, and *hlæf-weardige* is *she* who protects the loaf, the loaf-ward*ess*; or we might say, *hlæf-weard* is the *loaf-master*, *hlæf-weardige* the *loaf-mistress*. Now, for one moment, trace with me the curiously different developments of these two words. Let us take the first one, *hlæf-weard*. As you read along in later Anglo-Saxon writings you find that this word has become *hlaford*,— a contraction, that is, of *hlæf-weard*, or *hlæf-weard* pronounced very rapidly. Thus in the Anglo-Saxon Gospel, in the Parable of the Ten Talents, the man says *hlaford*, *fil purið the seuldest me, mi ic gestrynde oðre fife*. By the time you get down to the writings of the thirteenth century you find the same word spelled *laverd* (pronounced láw-verd). It occurs in that form in the MS. of the *Cursor Mundi* from which I quoted in the last lecture, where the Jew finally promises that he will show Queen Helen the *laverd rode tre* — the Lord's rood-tree, i.e., the Lord's or Christ's Cross. This *v* is a kind of *w*, and if you will think of the word in its thirteenth-century form as *law-erd*, you will easily see how, as we read along in later writings, we come presently to find the word spelled *lord*, as it remains at this day. Note now the cyclus of changes which our common word *lord* has undergone: *hlæf-weard*; *hlaford*, tenth century; *laverd*, thirteenth century; *lord*, sixteenth century.

Keeping this in mind for a moment, let us now trace the fate of the other word: we have seen *hlæf-weard* coming out as *lord*, let us see how *hlæf-weardige* fares. In later Anglo-Saxon we find it — as we have already seen —

as *hlæf-dige;* then in the thirteenth century *levedi;* and finally *lady*. Or placing these under the corresponding masculines, we find *hlæf-weardige; hlæfdige; levedi; lady*. I have collated these two words for the special purpose of bringing vividly before you a class of word-changes which offer an inviting field of study. A person who had not been in the habit of noting the transformations of words would be apt to think that you were uttering a mere dark piece of learning if you should tell him that the very common English words *lord* and *lady* were derived from the same Anglo-Saxon original, the masculine word meaning *master of the bread*, the feminine *mistress of the bread*. But here, you see, we have found the words occurring in the original Anglo-Saxon documents in their primal form; then in the later document in a form differing but little from the first; and so on, through transitional stages, down to their present forms. Now why should *hlæf-weard* come out as *lord*, and *hlæf-weardige* come out as *lady*, instead of *lordy*,— as it should be if it had followed the same growth? We do not know; and we do not know because the facts in the case have not been collected. And here I come to the practical point up to which I have been leading. Why should not some of the intelligent ladies of this class[1] go to work and arrange the facts — as I have called them — so that scholars might have before them a comprehensive view of all the word-changes which have occurred since the earliest Anglo-Saxon works were written? The other day a young lady — one of the very brightest young women I have ever met — asked me to give her a vocation. She said she had studied a good many things, of one sort or another; that she was merely going over ground which thousands of others had trodden; that she wanted some original work, some method by which she could contribute substantially to the world's stock of knowledge: having this kind of outlet she felt sure she had a genuine desire, a working desire, to go forward. Well, of the numerous plans which I can imagine for women to pursue, I have just suggested to you one which would combine pleasure with profitable work in a most charming manner. Suppose that some lady — or better a club of ladies — should set out to note down the changes in spelling — and if possible in pronunciation — which have occurred in every word now remaining to us from the Anglo-Saxon tongue. The task would not be a difficult one. All that would be required would be to portion out to each member of the club a specific set of books to be read, each set consisting of some books in Anglo-Saxon, some in Middle English (say from the twelfth century to the sixteenth), and some in Modern English (say from the sixteenth to the eighteenth centuries). Each member would take her books and fall to reading: as she would come to each word she would write it down; and whenever she would happen upon the same word in a book of a later century she would write it down under the first one; if she came upon the same word in a book of a still later century she would write it down under the other two; and so on. As each member of the club would rapidly accumulate material, the whole body might meet once a month to collate and arrange the results. In this way a pursuit which would soon become perfectly fascinating would in no long time collect materials for a thorough and systematic view of the growth of English words for the last thousand years. The most interesting questions concerning the wonderful and subtle laws of word-change might then be solved. To take only a single example: here are three Anglo-Saxon words: *geard*, *weard*, and *beard* (pronounced *gyahrd*, etc.), which although spelled and pronounced exactly alike in Anglo-Saxon have come to be pronounced in three quite different ways in Modern English. The first has become *yard* (that is, pronounced as if written *yahrd*), the second has become *ward* (which we pronounce as if written *wawrd*), while the third has become *beard* (which we pronounce as if written *beerd*). Now why these differences? Why should this *ea* in *geard* have become *ah*, this *ea* in *weard* have become *aw*, and this *ea* in *beard* have become *ee* as in *beer?* We do not know why; but if we had such a list as I have just described, there can be little doubt that it would furnish us with some general laws which would solve this and many another like problem.

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[1] As already stated, these lectures were delivered before a class of ladies.

But I must return to our special subject. You will remember that I brought before you the type of woman held up by the early Anglo-Saxon writers, and we found her to be either the Queen, engaged in great enterprises, like Elene (Helen), the mother of Constantine, or the heroine, like Judith, or the martyr, like St. Juliana. None of these women, you observe, are celebrated as wives: they are all considered in relations other than the matrimonial. As we leave the Anglo-Saxon time, however, and come down to the Middle English period, the Wife, as such, begins to appear in our poetry, and it is the business of this lecture to present some specimens of these mediæval types of wifehood in our literature.

It must be said that these types do not exhibit, from the modern standpoint, a very elevated ideal of the position of a wife with regard to her husband. I scarcely anywhere find the doctrine understood that a wife should be as much queen as her husband is king, that she should be her husband's equal, and reign with him in all matters, neither his inferior nor his superior. The main virtue of a wife in these old presentations is obedience. If she is obedient she is all; if not, she is nothing. Even in the opening of the Merchant's story in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, the beautiful outburst of the old poet in praise of wifehood has in it a certain patronising tang that is not altogether to one's liking. There is too much talk of obedience. In the ideal marriage I do not see how obedience has any place; the loving desire of each member of the couple to please the other in every possible way is certainly something higher than obedience; or, if you call it obedience, then in this sense the husband surely ought to be as obedient to the wife as the wife to the husband. But listen to the rhapsody of Chaucer:

> A wyf? a! seinte Mary, *benedicite*,
> How might a man have eny adversite
> That hath a wyf? certes I can not saye,
> The joye that is betwixen hem twaye.
> Ther may no tonge telle or herte thinke.
> If he be poor, eche helpith him to swynke;
> Sche kepith his good and wastith never a del;
> And al that her housbond list, sche likith it wel;
> Sche saith nought oones nay, whan he saith ye;
> Do this, saith he; al redy, sir, saith sche.
> O blisful ordre, o wedlok precious! . . .
> Every man that holt him worth a leek,
> Upon his bare knees ought al his lyf
> Thanken his God, that him hath sent a wyf.

In the book written by the Knight of la Tour Landry, and translated from French into English in the fourteenth century, I find a quaint story which illustrates the estimation in which wifely obedience was held at this time. Three merchants were returning from a fair in a lordly humour, and as they rode along each began to boast that he had the most obedient wife in the world. Presently it was proposed that the three together should ride to their houses, in turn, and that each husband in the presence of the others should test the question by suddenly issuing some hard command to his wife. So they came to the house of the first merchant. Upon entering he cried to his wife to leap into the basin; but she declared the request unreasonable, and refused; which put the merchant in such a rage that he beat her. Then they rode to the house of the second merchant. As they entered he commanded his wife to leap into the basin. She was astonished, and asked him *why* he wished her to leap into the basin. Hereupon the other two merchants laughed in great glee, and he, too, beat his wife for bringing him to scorn. Then they rode to the house of the third merchant. It so happened that as they entered it was dinner-time and the goodwife had just set the meal on the table. So, being hungry, they all sat down to dine, reserving the trial of obedience until after dinner. Presently, however, the husband was in need of salt for his meat, and, finding none, told his wife shortly, "Salt on the table!" Here the story — which as I said is translated from old French — hinges upon a French pun. The husband said to his wife *sel sus table* (salt on the table). She misunderstood, in her agitation, and thought he said *saille sus table* (jump on the table), *saille* being in rapid conversation about the same as *sel.* The wife unhesitatingly jumped on the table, although in so doing she overturned the dishes, broke the tableware, and spoiled the whole dinner. It was therefore unanimously agreed that the third merchant had the most obedient wife in the world. You will hardly believe that this is not told as a joke, but is a serious story related for example by the old French Knight of la Tour Landry in a book which he wrote for the instruction of his own daughters.

The custom of resorting to blows in the small disagreements of life would seem to have been common not only among men but among women. In the book I have just mentioned, the old Knight is warning his daughters against the evils of jealousy: and the example he gives by way of warning is of a certain woman who was jealous of another woman, and happening to meet her they fell into a desperate conflict in which the jealous woman's nose was broken and her face thus disfigured for life. You will be amused to hear this terrible punishment of jealousy related in the old Knight's own words as they were translated into English in the fourteenth century. After describing the approach and quarrel of the jealous woman and her neighbour, he says: "And they ranne togedres and pulled of alle that ever was on her hedes. . . . And she that was accused caught a staffe and smote the wiff on the nose such a stroke that she broke her nose and al her lyff after she hadd her nose al croked, the which was a foul mayme and blemeshyng of her visage: for it is the fairest membre that man or woman hathe and sittithe in the middille of the visage. And so was the wiff fouled and maymed all her lyff and her husbande saide ofte to her that it had be beter that she had not be jelous thanne for to have undone her visage as she hadd."

The seriousness with which such a warning as this was held up to the young English ladies of the fourteenth century will seem less remarkable if I read you a passage between Noah and his wife out of one of the *Towneley Mysteries*. These mysteries are always so full of the most naïve realism that one cannot doubt this scene to have been one which the Englishmen of the fourteenth century recognised as true to nature. These Towneley miracle plays, or mysteries, date in their present shape from the latter part of the fourteenth century, and you can conveniently regard them as contemporary with Chaucer. They are called "*Towneley*" *Mysteries* because the MS. in which these plays have been preserved to us belonged to an old English family residing at Towneley Hall, in Lancashire. I read you from that one of the plays called *Processus Noë*, or *The Voyage of Noah*. Fancy yourselves mingling in a crowd of honest English yeomen and their wives just five hundred years ago, out in the open air, before a double platform upon which the actors appear. The sun is shining; green leaves wave to and fro occasionally in the breeze; you are elbowed by Hodge and Giles and Nokes who are crowding up to get a good view of the stage; one of them, Hodge or Nokes, has stepped on his dog, the dog yelps, and the crowd laughs; Mrs. Hodge and Mrs. Giles stand just in front of you, each with a baby in her arms; each of these babies is suffering with some one of the mysterious ills of babyhood and neither of them is exercising that self-control and reserve which we always think babies *ought* to exercise when they come out to see the miracle plays; and so, as you peep between these two stout British matrons, the play of *The Voyage of Noah* begins. Noah appears here on the lower story of the platform and says, in by no means bad verse:

And now I wax old,
Seke, sorry, and cold;
As muk upon mold
I midder away.

While he is lamenting his age and the wickedness of the world, the Lord comes in a vision and tells him of the flood,—the Lord being probably a stout brother who speaks down to Noah from the upper story of the platform. As soon as Noah receives the awful disclosure, his first thought is, it must be confessed, that of a good and dutiful husband: he will go home and tell his wife about it all. I now read from the play.

> *Noë.* Lord, homeward will I hast as fast as that I may:
> My wif will I frast what she will say;
> And I am agast that we get some fray
> Betwixt us both:
> For she is full tethde, for litille oft angre,
> If anything wrang be, soyne is she wroth,
> (*Tunc pergit ad uxorem.*)
> God spede, dere wif, how fare ye?

So far certainly no woman with a reasonable temper could object to Noah's behaviour. The wife, however, replies to this tender salutation with a hot sarcasm, and keeps up a terrific fire on poor Noah until he, too, loses his temper. It is perfectly evident that this play was written by a man. It may be — I do not say it positively — that if any of the literary ladies of the fourteenth century had turned their hands to play-writing we should have seen Noah come back from the vision cursing and swearing at this bothersome rain that was going to fall, and we should have heard the gentle wife replying to him like an angel and encouraging him with the hope that perhaps it wouldn't be more than a very heavy shower after all. The wife of Noah makes me think of a fable which was very popular at this time in Europe concerning two monsters named Chichevache and Bycorne. Chichevache (or *lean cow*) was said to live on good women: and a world of sarcasm was conveyed in always representing Chichevache as very poor,— all ribs, in fact,— her food being so scarce as to keep her in a wretched state of famine. Bycorne, on the contrary, was a monster who lived on good men: and he was always bursting with fatness, like a prize pig.

I could not help mentioning these facts before I read the shrewish reply of Noah's wife, by way of apology, as it were,— for they argue a very exclusive authorship among the males and thus temper the wind of sarcasm against the females.

"God spede, dere wif, how fare ye?" says Noah.

Uxor. Now as ever might I thryfe, the wars I thee see:
Do telle one belife where has thou thus long be?
To dede may we dryfe or lif for thee,
For want.
When we swete or swynk, thou dos what thou thynk,
Yet of mete and of drynk, have we veray skant.
Noë. Wife, we are hard sted with thy thynges new.
Uxor. Bot thou were worthi be clad in Stafford blew;
For thou art alway adred be it fals or trew:
For God knows I am led and that may I rew
Fulle ille.
For I dare be thi borow,
From even to morow,
Thou spekes ever of sorows
God send thee onys thi fille!

Here now we see on the stage Noah and his wife fall a-fighting in good earnest. In a moment Noah declares that his back is broken, while his wife responds that she is all black and blue. Noah then hobbles over to the other side of the stage, and falls to work on his ark, with many groans and grunts over his poor old back and the tremendous size of the vessel. In a few minutes he has finished the ark,— the miracle plays had a very sublime disregard for the dramatic unities,— and calls up the children, Shem, Ham, and Japheth, with their wives, and bids them all go in. Here ensues wild trouble with the wife. She does not like the looks of the vessel at all: and I am free to say that, considering the strain on Noah's back while he has been making it, her first remark as he invites her into the ship is enough to have turned the temper of an angel. Says the

Uxor. I was never bard ere, as ever might I the
In sich an oostre as this.
In faythe I can not fynd, which is before which is behind
Bot shall we here be pyned
Noë, us have then blis?

After a man has broken his back in laboriously turning out a ship for the express purpose of saving his wife,—and rather flatters himself it is a pretty good ship, too, for a raw hand,—to hear the lady call it an old oyster, and grow facetious over the likeness of the bow to the stern, is a little more than human nature can bear. The wife declares that she will *not* go in until she spins a little longer where she sits. Says Noah:

Bot thou do, bi this day
Thi hede shall I breke.
Uxor. (*With sarcasm*) Lord, I were at ese and hertily full hoylle
Might I onys have a measse of widows coylle.

Which may be paraphrased for the modern mind by fancying that she had replied to him, after he threatened to break her head, "Say, friend, where do you bury all the women you kill?" She follows up her sarcasm vigorously, so that in a moment Noah cries out in despair:

Ye men that has wifes, whyles they are yong
If he luf youre lifes, chastise thare tong:
Methynk my hert ryfes, both levyr and long
To se sich stryfes wedmen emong:
But as I have blis I shall chastise this.

By this time the rain has commenced, and matters look serious. Still the wife holds out.

Uxor. In fayth yit will I spyn,
All in vain ye carp.

Then one of the sons' wives makes a suggestion:

Tercia Mulier. If ye like ye may spyn moder in the ship.

And this would certainly have deprived Uxor of her last defence, had not Noah imprudently made another threat which gives her a chance for a diversion:

Noë. Now is this twyys, com in, dame, on my frendship.
Uxor. Whether I lose or wyn in fayth thi felowship,
Set I not a pyn: this spyndille will I slip
Upon this hille or I stir oone fote.

But the storm is increasing. Cries Noah:

Peter! I trow we dote,
Without any more note,
Com in, if ye wille.

And the flood now carries the day.

Uxor. This water nyghys so nere that I sit not dry:
Into ship with a byr therefor wille I hy
For drede that I drone here.

But they have a fight after all before she gets aboard, in which Noah's back again suffers and the wife is again variegated with *blo* (blue). The three sons, however, entreat peace, and presently Noah cries:

We will do as ye bid us, we will no more be wroth,
Dere barnes!
Now to the helme will I hent and to my ship tent.

In a few moments the flood is over, the birds are sent out, the dove returns, the whole party land again on the earth, the sons fall to ploughing the soil. The play is over. Hodge and Giles make for an ale-house, the wives chatter and gossip, the babies get quiet now the scene is over, and you — you who have gone back out of the nineteenth century to see this old play — return into your time, wondering at those vast mutations of belief by whose silent operation this religious show of one age is turned into the jest of the next, so that the quarrel between Noah and his wife in the fourteenth century has become the Punch and Judy show of the nineteenth, almost too absurd even to interest our children.

This scene is not entirely alone as a specimen of the tirade against matrimonial life presented in the mystery plays. In this same Towneley series the old author has not hesitated to depict even Joseph as inveighing against the trouble he incurs by marrying the Virgin Mary. In that one of the series which represents the Flight into Egypt, after Joseph is warned of Herod's murderous intent and advised to flee, he cries out as they are starting on their journey:

Josephus. So wylle a wyght as I, In warld was never man,
Hoosehold and husbandry Fulle sore I may it ban.
That bargain dere I by, yong men, bewar, red I,
Wedyng makes me al wan.

And then he naïvely calls to the Virgin:

Take me thi brydylle, Mary, Tent thou to that page, grothly
With alle the craft thou can.
  And may
He that the world began
Wyshe us the way.
Maria. Alas, fulle wo is me, is none so wylle as I!
My hart wold breke in thre, My son to se him dy.

But, it must be added, this lamentation of Mary immediately turns Joseph's heart, and he very tenderly cries out to her, as he fares along by the jogging beast:

Josephus. We, leyf Mary, let be,
And nothyng drede thou the, but hard hens let us hy,
  Dere leyf, . . .
My hart wold be fulle sore
In two to se you twyn.
Tylle Egypt lett us fare;
This pak tylle I com thare,
To bere I shalle not blyn,
Forthi have thou no care,
If I may help the more
Thou fyndes no fowte me in,
  I say.
God bless you more and myn
    (great and small)
And have now all good day.

The possibility of such a scene as that of Noah and his wife in the miracle play argues a state of society which one finds little pleasure in contemplating; and I gladly turn from it to invite your sympathy with the trials of the patient Griselda as they are set forth by the Clerk while Chaucer and his company are jogging along to Canterbury.

"Sir Clerk of Oxenford," cries the jolly host,

"Ye ryde as stille coy as doth a mayde
Were newe spoused sittyng at the bord:
This day ne herd I of your mouth a word.
For Goddis sake! as beth of better cheere,
It is no tyme for to stodye hiere.
Tel us some mery tale, by your fay, . . .
But prechith not, as freres done in Lente
To make us for our olde synnes wepe,
Ne that thy tale make us for to slepe.
Tel us som mery thing of adventures.
Youre termes, your colours, and your figures
Keep hem in stoor, till so be that ye endite
High style, as whan that men to kynges write.
Spekith so playn at this tyme, we yow praye,
That we may understande that ye saye."
 This worthy Clerk benignly answerde:
"Sir host," quod he, "I am under your yerde; . . .
I wil yow telle a tale which that I
Lerned at Padowe of a worthy clerk,
He is now deed, and nayled in his chest,
Now God give his soule wel good rest!
Fraunces Petrark, the laureat poete,
Highte this clerk, whose rethorique swete
Enlumynd al Ytail of poetrie. . . .
But this is the tale which that ye schuln heere.

"Ther is at the west ende of Ytaile,
Doun at the root of Vesulus the colde,
A lusty playn, abundaunt of vitaile,
Wher many a tour and toun thou maist byholde.
That foundid were in tyme of fadres olde,
And many another delitable sight,
And Saluces this noble contray hight.
 A marquys whilom dvellid in that lond, . . .
Biloved and drad, thurgh favor of fortune,
Bothe of his lordes and of his comune.
 Therwith he was, as to speke of lynage,

The gentileste born of Lumbardye.
A fair persone, and strong, and yong of age,
And ful of honour and of curtesie: . . .
Savynge in som thing he was to blame;
And Wautier was this yonge lordes name.
I blame him thus, that he considerede nought
In tyme comyng what mighte bityde, . . .
And eek he nolde (that was the worst of alle)
Wedde no wyf for no thing that mighte bifalle.
  Only that poynt his people bar so sore
  That flokmel on a day to him thay wente."

And begged that he would take him a wife (for I must cut out much of this story, time not serving to read it all). Said they:

"Bowith your neck undir that blisful yok
Of sovereigneté, nought of servise,
Which that men clepe spousail or wedlok:
And thenkith, lord, among your thoughtes wise
How that our dayes passe in sondry wise;
For though we slepe, or wake, or ronne, or ryde,
Ay fleth the tyme, it wil no man abyde. . . .
Acceptith thanne of us the trewe entente,
That never yit refuside youre hest,
And we wil, lord, if that ye wil assente
Chese yow a wyf, in schort tyme atte lest,
Born of the gentilest and the heighest
Of al this lond, so that it oughte seme
Honour to God and yow, as we can deme."

The Marquis replies:

"Ye wolde," quod he, "myn owne poeple deere
To that I never erst thought constreigne me.
I me rejoysid of my liberté,
That selden tyme is founde in mariage;

> Ther I was fre, I mot ben in servage.
> But natheles I se of yow the trewe entente,
> And trust upon your witt, and have done ay;
> Wherfor of my fre wil I wil assente
> To wedde me, as soon as ever I may.
> But ther as ye have profred me today
> To chese me a wyf, I wol relese
> That choys, and pray yow of that profre cesse. . . .
> Let me aloon in chesyng of my wif,
> That charge upon my bak I wil endure. . . .
> And farthermor thus schel ye swere, that ye
> Ayens my chois schuln never gruethe ne stryve,
> For sins I schol forgo my liberté
> At your request, as ever mot I thrive,
> Ther as myn hert is set, ther wil I wyve." . . .
> With hertly wil thay sworen and assentyn
> To al this thing, ther sayde no wight nay,
> Bysechyng him of grace, er that they wentyn,
> That he wolde graunten hem a certeyn day
> Of his spousail, as soone as ever he may;
> For yit alway the peple somwhat dredde
> Lest that the marquys wolde no wyf wedde.
> He graunted hem a day, such as him leste,
> On which he wolde be weddid sicurly;
> And sayd he dede al this at their requeste
> And thay with humble hert ful buxomly
> Knelyng upon her knees ful reverently,
> Him thanken alle, and thus thay have an ende
> Of their entent, and hom ayein they wende.

This word *buxomly* —"buxomly knelyng upon her knees" — is interesting, as we pass. In the modern sense of the word "buxomly kneeling on their knees" sounds silly, and it is curious to note how completely the word has changed its meaning. It is from the Anglo-Saxon *búgan*, *to bow, to bend:* and is originally *bug-sam*, that is, *bend-some*,—

lithe, *easily bending*, *graceful.* This is almost the opposite of the modern signification, which implies usually a certain stoutness of person rather inconsistent with the idea of bending, or grace. It would be curious to trace the gradual changes by which the word has thus reversed its original import.

As the people depart the Marquis orders a great feast to be prepared for the approaching marriage, in the midst of which the poet leaves him to describe the surroundings of the humble and beautiful Griselda.

Nought fer fro thilke palys honorable
Whereas this marquys schot his mariage,
Ther stood a throp, of sighte delitable,
In which that pore folk of that vilage
Hadden her bestes and her herburgage. . . .
Among this pore folk there duelt a man
Which that was holden porest of hem alle;
But heighe God som tyme sende can
His grace unto a litel oxe stalle.
Janicula men of that throop him calle.
A daughter had he, fair y-nough to sight,
And Grisildes this yonge mayden hight.
  But for to speke of hir vertuous beauté
Than was sche oon the fayrest under the sonne; . . .
And in gret reverence and charité
Hir olde pore fader fostered sche; . . .
  And when sche hom-ward com sche wolde brynge
Wortis or other herbis tymes ofte
The which sche schred and sette for her lyvynge,
And made hir bed ful hard, and nothing softe.
And ay sche kept hir fadres lif on lofte,
With every obeisance and diligence
That child may do to fadres reverence. . . .
The day of weddynge cam, but no wight can
Telle what womman it schulde be;

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For which mervayle wondrith many a man,
And sayden, whan they were in privité
"Wol nought our lord yit leve his vanité?
Wol he not wedde? allas the while!
Why wol he thus himself and us bigyle?"
But natheles this marquys hath doon make
Of gemmes, set in gold and in asure,
Broches and rynges, for Grisildes sake,
And of hir clothing took he the mesure,
By a mayde y-lik to hir of stature,
And eek of other ornamentes alle
That unto such a weddyng schulde falle. . . .
This real marquys, really arrayd,
Lordes and ladyes in this compaignye, . . .
With many a soun of sondry melodye,
Unto the vilage, of which I tolde,
In this array the right way have they holde.
Grysild of this (God wot) ful innocent
That for hir schapen was al this array,
To fecche water at a welle is went,
And cometh hom as soone as ever sche may,
For wel sche had herd saye, that ilke day
The marquys schulde wedde, and if sche mighte,
Sche wold have seyen somewhat of that sight. . . .
And as sche wold over the threisshfold goon
The marquys cam and gan hir for to calle
And sche set doun her water-pot anoon
Bisides the threischfold of this oxe stalle,
And doun upon hir knees sche gan to falle,
And with sad countenaunce sche knelith stille
Til sche had herd what was the lordes wille.

And here follows what is to me one of the most engaging interviews in our literature. The mild-faced girl kneeling in grave wonder, the noble, lofty, and tender seriousness of the Marquis, the thoughtful and reverent delicacy with which he first asks the old father's permission to wed his daughter, the simple faith and undismayed womanly dignity of Griselda,—all these make a most gracious picture.

This thoughtful marquys spak unto this mayde
Ful soberly, and sayd in this manere:
"Wher is your fader, Grisildis?" he sayde.
And sche with reverence and humble cheer
Answerde: "Lord, he is al redy heere."
And in sche goth withouten lenger let
And to the marquys sche hir fader fet.
  He by the hond than takith this olde man
And sayde thus, whan he him had on syde:
"Janicula, I neither may ne can
Lenger the plesauns of myn herte hyde;
If that ye vouchesauf, what so betyde,
Thy daughter wil I take, er that I wende,
As for my wyf unto hir lyves ende."
  The sodeyn cass the man astoneyde tho
That reed he wax, abaischt, and al quakyng
He stood, unnethe sayd he wordes mo,
Bot oonly this: "Lord," quod he, "my willyng
Is as ye wol, ayenst youre likyng
I wol no thing, ye be my lord so deere;
Right as you list, governith this matiere."
"Yit wol I," quod this marquys softely
"That in thy chambre, I and thou and sche
Have a collacioun, and wostow why?
For I wol aske if that it hir wille be
To be my wyf, and reule hir after me:
And al this schal be doon in thy presence,
I wol nought speke out of thyn audience." . . .
These arn the wordes that the marquys sayde
To this benigne, verray, faithful mayde.
"Grisyld," he sayde, "ye schul wel understonde
It liketh to your fader and to me

That I yow wedde;
But these demaundes aske I first," quod he,
"That sith it schal be doon in hasty wyse,
Wol ye assent, or elles yow avyse?" . . .
  Wondryng upon this word, quakyng for drede,
Sche sayde: "Lord, undigne and unworthy
I am to thilk honour that ye me bede;
But as ye will yourself, right so wol I;
And here I swere, that never wityngly
In werk, ne thought, I nyl yow disobeye
For to be deed, though me were loth to deye."
"This is ynough, Grisilde myn," quod he;
And forth goth he with a full sobre chere,
Out at the dore, and after that cam sche,
And to the pepul he sayd in this manere:
"This is my wyf," quod he, "that standith heere,
Honoureth hir and loveth hir I yow praye,
Who so me loveth; ther is no more to saye."

They are now married with great pomp, and the bride soon wins all hearts.

For though that ever vertuous was sche,
Sche was encresed in such excellence
Of thewes goode, i-set in high bounté,
And so discret, and fair of eloquence,
So benigne, and so digne of reverence,
And couthe so the peoples hert embrace
That ech hir loveth that lokith in hir face.
  Nought oonly this Grisildes thurgh hir witte
Couthe al the feet of wifly homlynesse,
But eek whan that the tyme required it
The comun profyt couthe sche redresse;
Ther nas discord, rancor ne hevynesse
In al that land, that sche ne couthe appese
And wisly bryng hem alle in rest and ese.
  Though that hir housbond absent were anoon,

If gentilmen, or other of hir contré,
Were wroth, sche wolde brynge hem at oon,
So wyse and rype wordes hadde sche,
And juggement of so gret equité,
That sche from heven sent was, as men wende,
Poeple to save, and every wrong to amende.

But in a short time that marvellous insanity of testing her obedience takes possession of her husband. I know but one other character in English Literature so exasperating as this husband of Griselda. It is King Lear. The suffering which these two personages cause by their stupendous folly — a folly which if analysed turns out to be the most hideous selfishness — this suffering, I say, is so purely gratuitous that I always find it difficult to read with patience the pages in which it is recorded. One feels that honest corporal punishment is the only fit end of such brutal folly; and I always desire to see this Marquis Walter and King Lear soundly thrashed with a good stick, for the most precious pair of wilful simpletons this world ever saw. But, to finish the story. One night, while Griselda is lying alone, most likely dreaming of the beautiful little daughter she has borne, comes her husband, Marquis Walter, and tells her a fearsome pack of lies — how that his people murmur at the low blood which is in his daughter through her peasant-born mother, and that he must therefore make way with the little girl. He communicates all this with the most brutal manufacture of heightening and heartbreaking circumstances. But she only says:

. . . Lord, al lith in your plesaunce;
My child and I, with hertly obeisance,
Ben youres al, and ye may save or spille
Your oughne thing; werkith after your wille.

And so a little while after a fierce-faced sergeant comes to her chamber, seizes the little child as if he would slay it ere he went, and starts off to kill it. Then

Mekely sche to the sergeant preyde,
So as he was a worthy gentilman
That she moste kisse hir child, er that it deyde,
And on hir arm this litel child sche leyde,
With ful sad face, and gan the child to blesse,
And lullyd it, and after gan it kesse.
And thus sche sayd in hir benigne vois:
"Farewel, my child, I schal the never see: . . .
Of thilke fader blessed mot thou be
That for us deyde upon a cross of tre:
Thy soule, litel child, I him bytake,
For this night schaltow deyen for my sake." . . .
And to the sergeant mekely sche sayde,
"Have her agayn your litel yonge mayde,
Goth now," quod sche, "and doth my lordes heste;
But o thing wil I praye yow of your grace,
That but my lord forbede yow atte leste,
Burieth this litel body in som place,
That bestes ne no briddes it to-race."

The child is carried to Bologna and carefully tended. Some time after the same thing is done with Griselda's son: the sergeant comes and carries him away, as Griselda believes, to be killed; but this she takes in like heavenly patience. Finally the Marquis, still unsatisfied, makes his third trial of his wife's obedience. He comes with sad face, and tells her that in obedience to the wishes of his people he must take another wife: to be short, she strips off all her royal gear, and barefooted, bareheaded, and clothed only in a single garment, she mournfully paces through the streets, followed by the weeping people, to her old father's hut. But this is not enough. After a

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short time the Marquis comes to the hut and tells Griselda that on a certain day his new young wife will arrive at the palace, and bids her, inasmuch as she knows his habits, come and array the rooms for the new wife and receive her and wait on her. To all she consents with unshaken constancy:

"Nought oonly, lord, that I am glad," quod sche,
"To don your lust, but I desire also
Yow for to serve and plese in my degré,
Withoute feyntyng and schol evermo;
Ne never for no wele ne for no wo,
Ne schal the gost withinne myn herte stente
To love yow best with al my trewe entente."
And with that word sche gan the hous to dighte
And tables for to sette and beddes make
And feyned hir to doon al that sche mighte,
Preying the chamberers for Goddes sake
To hasten hem, and faste swepe and schoke,
And sche the moste servisable of alle
Hath every chamber arrayed and his halle.

Walter now causes his daughter — the little one who twelve years ago was taken from Griselda ostensibly to be slaughtered — to be brought to the palace arrayed as a bride, accompanied by her little brother. Then, to cap the climax, he sends for Griselda while they sit at the feast, and asks her, in the presence of all the revellers, how she likes his new wife.

"Right wel, my lord," quod sche, "for in good fay,
A fairer saugh I never noon than sche.
I pray to God give hir prosperité:
And so hope I that he wil to yow sende
Pleasance ynough unto your lyves ende."

To which she adds, with a crushing and superhuman kindness, that she hopes the Lord Walter will not torment his new wife as he had done her, because the new one appears to have been tenderly nurtured and probably could not stand sorrow as well as she — Griselda — could, with her rude fostering in a peasant's hut. The climax is now come:

> And whan this Walter saugh hir pacience,
> Hir glade cheer, and no malice at all,
> And he so oft hadde doon to hir offence,
> And sche ay sad and constant as a wal,
> Continuyng ever hir innocence overal,
> This sturdy Marquys gan his herte dresse
> To rewen upon hir wyfly stedefastnesse.
> "This is ynough, Grisilde myn," quod he,
> "Be now no more agast, ne yvel apayed.
> I have thy faith and thy benignité,
> As wel as ever woman was, assayed; . . .
> Now knowe I, dere wyf, thy stedefastnesse:"
> And hir in armes took, and gan her kesse.
> And sche for wonder took of it no keepe; . . .
> Sche ferd as sche hadde stert out of a sleepe: . . .
> "Grisild," quod he,
> "Thou art my wyf, ne noon other I have,
> Ne never had, as God my soule save.
> This is my daughter, which thou hast supposed
> To be my wif; that other faithfully
> Schol be mine heir, as I have ay purposed: . . .
> At Bologne have I kept him privily;
> . . . I have doon this deede
> For no malice, ne for no cruelte,
> But for to assay in the thy wommanhede;
> And not to slen my children (God forbede!)" . . .
> O, such a pitous thing it was to see
> Her swoonyng, and hir humble vois to heere!
> "*Graunt mercy*, lord, God thank it yow," quod sche,

"That ye hav saved me my children deere. . . .
O tender deere yonge children myne
Youre woful moder wende stedefastly
That cruel houndes or som foul vermyne
Had eten yow;" . . .
And in that same stounde
Al sodeinly sche swapped doun to grounde.
And in hir swough so sadly holdith sche
Hir children two, when sche gan hem t'embrace,
That with gret sleight and with gret difficulté
The children from hir arm they gonne arace.
O! many a teer on many a pitous face
Doun ran of hem that stooden hir bisyde,
Unnethe aboute hir mighte thay abide. . . .
These ladys, whan that thay hir tyme saye
Hav taken hir, and into chambre goon,
And strippen hir out of hir rude arraye,
And in a cloth of gold that brighte schon,
With a coroun of many a riche stoon
Upon hir heed thay into halle hir broughte;
And ther sche was honoured as hir oughte.
Thus hath this pitous day a blisful ende;
For every man and womman doth his might
This day in mirth and revel to despende,
Til on the welken schon the sterres brighte;
For more solempne in every mannes sighte
This feste was, and gretter of costage
Than was the revel of hir marriage.

Chaucer naïvely remarks in concluding that this kind of patience is as dead now as Griselda is. Says the Envoye:

Grisild is deed, and eek hir pacience,
And bothe at oones buried in Itayle;
For which I crye, in open audience,
No weddid man so hardy be to assayle

> His wyves pacience in hope to fynde
> Grisildes, for in certeyn he schol fayle.

I have now endeavoured to give you some glimpses of English poetry from the seventh century, when Cædmon and Aldhelm began to write, up through Chaucer's time in the fourteenth century, and I have here and there managed to place before you a poem or two from the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century. I shall next commence the study of the sixteenth-century poetry with the English sonnet-writers from Surrey to Shakspere. I suspect few persons who have not specially investigated the matter have the least idea of the wealth of our language in beautiful sonnets, or of the importance of the sonnet itself as the primary type of modern English lyric poetry. You have heard, with a patience almost equal to Griselda's, the dry matters which I have had to discuss so far; I have had to bring before you many poems, especially, which I fear were as far remote from your sympathies as they are from our time: but I could not think them otherwise than essential even in the most rapid review of English poetry. It is, therefore, with all the more pleasure that I announce that we have now passed over the thorny ground, and that these next lectures offer nothing but flowers and fruit of the most delicious hue and flavour. These sonnet-writers we are now going to study have put the English language into the most dainty, the most tender, the most passionate, and the most beautiful forms it has ever worn; and my only task during these sonnet lectures will be a struggle with the embarrassment of riches.

Permit me to hope that the greedy cow Chichevache will not eat you up before you have heard these old sonneteers sing how good *all* women are.

CHAPTER VII

THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE

(1) Place of the Sonnet in Poetry

WE have now arrived at a point in the history of the English language which corresponds with the moment when Columbus first saw the twinkling fire-light on the Western Island and knew thereby that all his struggles, his trials, his failures, his wanderings over the waste seas, had resulted in a final and overwhelming triumph. It is a point so interesting — so thrilling to the fervent lover of the English tongue — that I must beg leave to concentrate your attention upon it for a moment.

We are now proposing, you remember, to study the Sonnet-Makers from Surrey to Shakspere. The name of Surrey carries us to the earlier part of the sixteenth century, and I wish you to contemplate some extraordinary circumstances which cluster about the English language just at the beginning of this wonderful period. You may have observed that I sometimes speak of the Anglo-Saxon tongue with that peculiar kind of veneration which we accord to a great hero who has fought his way into a lofty position through unspeakable checks and discouragements. English is indeed the Washington of languages; and when you shall have reviewed with me for a moment the astonishing vicissitudes and overwhelming oppressions through which our Anglo-Saxon tongue has managed not only to preserve its idioms but to conquer into its own forms all the alien elements which have often seemed to tyrannise over it, I feel sure your reverence for it will be as great as my own.

Recall then the period over which we have now passed. I have brought before you poems from the time of Aldhelm and Cædmon, in the seventh century, along through the eighth, ninth, tenth, and eleventh centuries. It is not now possible to assign a precise date to all the Anglo-Saxon poems; but for the purpose of a rapid sketch, and in order to give you a pleasant sense of symmetry, let me manage to connect them with some periods large enough to cover them certainly, so that you may have some poetic association with each century of English Literature.

The fragment of Cædmon's Scriptural Paraphrase which is preserved to us in Beda's *Ecclesiastical History* commencing

> Nú wé scęolon hęrian heofourices Weard,
> Metodes mihte ǫnd his módgeðǫnc,
> Wera wuldorfæder

dates from about the year 670, and we may therefore associate that with the seventh century. Next: you will all remember the poem of Elene, mother of Constantine. Now there is a poem which forms a sort of introduction to this one, called *The Dream of the Rood*, which connects itself with about the eighth century, at least in its earliest form. *The Dream of the Rood* is one of the few Anglo-Saxon poems which can be called strictly beautiful from the modern point of view. All of them, you will certainly agree, are big and manful and strong, and have a rhythmic rush that sweeps us away with music; but *The Dream of the Rood* is all that, and beautiful besides. It is a vision in which the poet hears the Cross of Christ relate all its adventures, from the time when it stood a green tree in the forest, to that when it bore its most precious freight of the body of Jesus Christ. I desired most strongly to read you this poem in the Anglo-Saxon portion of my lectures, but it did not come within their scope and I therefore passed it by. There is in Dumfriesshire an old monument known as the Ruthwell Cross, bearing a Runic inscription, which has been deciphered and found to be a fragment of this poem, *The Dream of the Rood*, in an early form dating from about the eighth century. The poem of *Judith and Holofernes* — a much nobler poem than that of *St. Juliana*, which I read you for special reasons — may well enough date in the ninth century, the culminating-point of the old Northumbrian culture. *The Battle of Maldon* was written in the year 991, or very soon afterward, and therefore identifies itself with the tenth century, as does probably *The Address of the Soul to the Body* which I read you. *Beowulf* in its latest form has been placed so far down as the eleventh century. For the twelfth century we may take Layamon's *Brut*, a history of Great Britain in verse, which I did not find time to bring before you. For the thirteenth century let us accept the lovely little *Cuckoo Song*.[1] For the fourteenth century we have Chaucer, from whom you have heard several readings. For the fifteenth century I read you several bits from the Scotch poets, Dunbar and Gavin Douglas, who belong to that period, notably the "Twa bonnie burdis sat on ane tre." This brings us to the beginning of the sixteenth century, where we are pausing.

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[1] See chapter xiv.

And now consider for but one moment the long catalogue of trials lying between the lines of this apparently simple list. At this point[1] the English tongue is sternly wrestling with the ancient and sacred domination of Latin as a literary language. You will realize the completeness of that domination by recurring for a moment to Aldhelm, a name which stands at the head of our drama as well as of our poetry, a name heard but little, yet to me distinguishing by far the most fascinating figure in the history of English poetry before Chaucer: I had almost said before Shakspere.[2] Why is it that I have had no English poems of this beautiful soul to read you during this course? I could have profitably occupied a half-dozen lectures with bringing Aldhelm's *Latin* poems before you; for his Latin poems all remain to us intact, while his English poems — popular as they are shown to have been by the stories of them — have utterly perished away. You see the inference: Aldhelm, though a pure Englishman in blood and spirit, writes what he considers his important poems in Latin: his English poems, not being in Latin, are not literature at all. For my part, if I had but one of the ballads that he sang on the bridge,[3] I would

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[1] The names of poems and poets, with their corresponding dates, were written in a vertical line on the blackboard.

[2] An old chronicler says that Aldhelm "was an excellent harper, a most eloquent Saxon and Latin poet, a most expert chantor or singer, a Doctor egregius, and admirably versed in the Scriptures and liberal sciences."

[3] "Look between the rows: Shakspere on the one side, Chaucer on the other, and you will find — Aldhelm on the bridge."

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cheerfully exchange it for the whole *corpus* of his Latin verses; for these contain such wealth of power, such delicate tenderness of feeling, and such true sense of music, that I am convinced he must have written noble poetry when freed from the cold limitations imposed by the Latin verse in general and the foreignness of its idioms to Aldhelm in particular. Do not imagine that this slavish paralysis of our ancestors in the hoary presence of Latin tyranny was confined to that age. Even so late as the latter part of the very century we are now going to study, it existed. If you will go up into the library and take down *The Arte of English Poesie* by George Puttenham,— in many respects one of the most acute and right-minded critics of Elizabeth's reign,— you will find a chapter devoted to show, as its title declares, "that there may be an Arte of our English Poetrye as well as of the Greeke and Latine." This book is printed in 1589; so that, you see, nine hundred years after Aldhelm and Cædmon, five hundred years after Cynewulf, two hundred years after Chaucer, and in the very midst of Shakspere and all his tuneful brethren, here is a man of authority in literary matters modestly urging the possibility of an English poetry as against the certainty of Latin and Greek poetry.

But coming down from Aldhelm, the fight goes on. Latin culture dies, but a new enemy appears. The Danes come over and overrun the land, and now it is a desperate struggle whether Englishmen shall speak and pray and write poetry in English or Danish — what is called the Danish-Saxon period of our language. This goes on until presently, in the eleventh century, the Normans appear and set up their tongue, and declare in a thousand ways that Englishmen now shall not speak English nor Danish-English, but Norman-French. This, by the way, was only the crowning event of a process which had been long going on. For centuries young Englishmen had been in the habit of going over into France to get their education, and the French culture by many insidious methods had so powerfully infected the land that it seems a pure miracle that English had not died out utterly. But the old Anglo-Saxon strives on: presently we come to Chaucer. The most casual student of English Literature must have observed the enormous error contained in that poetic line which speaks of

> Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled.

If we let down a bucket into this well it will bring you up always two distinct specimens, one good English, and one good French; there is no mixture: the English idiom and sound have not yet subjected the French, nor the French the English. If any of you have ever made that indescribable journey up the Oclawaha River in Florida, you will remember that for some distance before reaching the point where the Silver Run pours into the Oclawaha, you can, on looking down into the water, distinguish two perfectly divorced streams of water flowing along side by side, one the absolutely crystalline stream from Silver Spring — so transparent that you can see a penny on the bottom where it is a hundred feet deep — and the other the strongly shaded stream of the river. Just so French and English flow along by each other in Chaucer's poetry. But — to make this account short — finally the good old tongue prevails; we cease, a little while after Chaucer, to say *reverence*, *beauteé*, and *auctorité;* we make these good English words and receive them into the vocabulary, and by the beginning of the sixteenth century we have made a language which, for a literary instrument, is at least as effective as any the world ever had. What a strong, bright-colored, vivacious tongue it is that we find Lord Berners and Sir Thomas More and Wyatt and Surrey using! We never had a pure idiomatic, full-developed English before. Eight hundred years of battle, life and death always at issue, attacked from within by the obstinacy and ignorance of Englishmen themselves, from without by the Latin, Danish, and Norman, here now we find the language one glorious whole, and setting forth in its never-resting energy to fill the whole world with music during the sixteenth century. I do not know how I can better present you a vivid conception of the bold beauty of our language at this period than by bringing into direct contrast two poems, one of which is a paraphrase of the other. About — perhaps a little before — the beginning of the sixteenth century, the beautiful ballad of the *Nut Browne Mayde* was written. It is an almost perfect specimen of simple, pathetic, strong, unaffected English. In this ballad, a young girl of noble birth has fallen in love with a magnificent man who represents himself to her as an outlaw of the woods, and who in the sternest way raises objection after objection to taking her off with him for wife, each of which objections she parries in turn with the brightest of womanly wit and the tenderest of womanly love until finally the pretended outlaw turns out a true lord for her ladyship and they wed and are happy. But read now only the half of a stanza, which is all I have time for. Among the hardships she will have to endure, the lover urges:

Yet take good hede, for ever I drede,
That ye could not sustayne
The thornie wayes, the depe valeis,
The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
The colde, the hete; for dry or wete
We must lodge on the playne.

Now this is, as I said, almost perfect English and perfect poetry: there is not a word to spare, there is not a word wrong-aimed, it is good music; one does not see how language could readily get all these particulars into a smaller space. But some two hundred years after, in 1718, Matthew Prior, a poet of no small authority with some, thought he could improve upon this ballad; so he translated it into the English of Queen Anne's time, and here is Prior's idea of the way this particular verse ought to have been written:

> Those limbs, in softest silks arrayed,
> From sunbeams guarded and of winds afraid,
> Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
> The parching dog-star and the bleak north-east?
> When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
> We tread with weary steps the longsome plain, . . .
> Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
> Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try . . .
> To find thy father's hospitable gate
> And seats, where ease and plenty brooding sate?

And the like pitiful mush.

With this view of the eight hundred years' struggle of our tongue directly before your eyes, you are now certainly better prepared to go with a warm heart into the examination of the sonnet. For, as soon as the English language became a genuine literary instrument, the earlier poets of the sixteenth century began, as if to test its capacities at the outset, to make sonnets with it. Those who have not investigated the sonnet with some special diligence are apt to forget that it is the primal form of Modern English lyric poetry. It is perfectly true that Petrarch made sonnets a long time before Wyatt and Surrey imported them from Italy; but the moment they

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commenced to write, the sonnet acquired a new life with its new English idiom, and became just as purely an English form as the words with which we enriched our language out of other tongues.

The study of these sonnet-writers possesses such a dainty and unique propriety for a class of your sex that it becomes simply irresistible. For pretty nearly every sonnet, of all the writers whom we are to read together, is to a lady, and about love. One may say no woman has the right to be ignorant of them. Never, since time began, was there such exquisite love-making as in this short fifty years or thereabouts of English life which includes all the writings I shall bring to your attention. And I wish you particularly to note that this was not frivolous love-making. One finds in many of the popular histories of English Literature a slight and merely passing mention of this class of writings, evidently founded upon the idea that they are mostly light and flippant compositions not suited to occupy the time of serious people: and we are apt to be a little shy of them. This is a great mistake. All this love-making was manly. It was then, as it is now, that the bravest are the tenderest. In the meantime reflect that this period of English history we are now studying was without question the very strongest, the most daring, the most robust of all its periods. It is only eight years before the beginning of it — perhaps while the unknown poet was writing the *Nut Browne Mayde* — that Columbus has compelled the hitherto unconquered Western seas to listen to the victorious beating of a man's heart above their waves. Later, and just in the period we are now discussing, Englishmen are achieving the most adventurous exploits all over the world. Frobisher fares off on his wondrous voyagings. Drake sails into the Spanish Main, then goes on quite around the globe, and returns to inflame his

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countrymen with astonishing narrations. Stout and fine Walter Raleigh pushes over to America, quite as ready to sigh a sonnet as to plant a colony. Valorous Philip Sidney, who can write as dainty a sonnet as any lover of them all, can at the same time dazzle the stern eyes of warriors with deeds of manhood before Zutphen and touch their hearts to pity and admiration as he offers the cup of water — himself being grievously wounded and in a rage of thirst — to the dying soldier whose necessity is greater than his. Men's minds in this time are employed with big questions; the old theory of the universe is just losing its long hold upon the intellect, and people are busy with all space, trying to apprehend the relation of their globe to the solar system. To all this ferment the desperate conflict of the Catholic religion with the new form of faith now coming in adds an element of stern strength; men are pondering not only the physical relation of the earth to the heavens, but the spiritual relation of the soul to heaven and hell. This is no dandy period. The sonnet by Sir Philip Sidney (one of the sweetest and strongest souls of all this time) which I have already read to you[1] admirably illustrates what I have said on this point.

Fanciful, I grant, some of these sonnets are. But is fancy despicable? In the name of youth and sweet eyes and good red blood, and of all manhood and womanhood, is a man less a man because he is in love, and is love less love because the lover in the very heavenly excess of his devotion shall wreathe it about and about and about with all the flowers his fancy can gather under the whole heaven of poetry?

I am so much a believer in this love that I declare to you, Happy and well employed is the man who shall write the fancifullest sonnets to his love, if only it be true love:

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[1] See chapter i, page 8.

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happy and wise and well employed is the man who can set himself to love a woman so constantly and faithfully that not only his words shall speak forth his love, but that every act shall be but a sort of translation of his passion into noble physical forms, and his whole life shall be simply one sonnet to his Lady. And as I have just read you a sonnet from one of the earliest of the sonnet-writers, let me now clinch and confirm this last position with a sonnet from one of the latest,— one who has but recently gone[1] to that Land where, as he wished here, indeed life and love are the same, one who, I devoutly believe, if he had lived in Sir Philip's time might have been Sir Philip's worthy brother both in poetic sweetness and in honourable knighthood. I mean Henry Timrod. The sonnet bears the simple title *Love*.

> Most men know love but as a part of life:
> They hide it in some corner of the breast,
> Even from themselves; and only when they rest,—
> In the brief pauses of that daily strife
> Wherewith the world might else be not so rife,—
> They draw it forth (as one draws forth a toy
> To soothe some ardent kiss-exacting boy)
> And hold it up, to sister, child, or wife.
> Ah me! why may not love and life be one!
> Why walk we thus alone, when by our side
> Love like a visible God might be our guide?
> How would the marts grow noble, and the street,
> Worn, now, like dungeon-floors by weary feet,
> Seem like a golden court-way of the sun!

Secondly: the study of these sonnet-writers recommended itself to me because there is no sort of poetry which brings us into such intimate relation with the writer of it as the sonnet. Whenever an English poet, during the last two hundred and fifty years, has desired to embody his most tender, sacred, and personal emotion, he has almost invariably chosen the form of the sonnet. When you read a sonnet of Shakspere's, it is as if you read a letter from him to you marked *confidential* at the top. You all know how meagre is our information as to the life of this supreme genius, and what a special regret it is with many that we have none of his letters. But in reading those divine self-historical sonnets of his I often think that we are able to get a singularly fair and satisfactory view of the whole spiritual visage and stature of the man; and when we presently come to analyse his sonnets I hope you will finally agree with me that they really put us upon such close, heartsome, and friendly footing with the actual man Shakspere that there is little reason to regret the absence of other communications, which might, after all, be on a plane less high than these glorious epistles that show us the very bottom of his heart and yet violate no confidences. I cannot help reading you, in this connection, a charming sonnet about sonnets, wherein William Wordsworth sets forth the unique relation of the poet to the sonnet as the form in which he most freely utters his profoundest personality.

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[1] Written in 1879.

Scorn not the sonnet, Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With its Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Fairy-land

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To struggle through dark ways: and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.

Now I fancied this course of sonnets particularly suitable to you[1] because I think that your sex peculiarly likes to get these revelations from the poet. In merciful provision for one of the deepest needs of the poetic nature, the All-wise Master has so framed the woman's soul that it specially delights to open itself and receive into its delicate and generous sympathies these outpourings of the poet's inmost hope and fear.

In now examining for a moment the nature and more particularly the capacities of the sonnet, we are met immediately by a circumstance which connects the sonnet with music in a very interesting manner. You will immediately get a hint of this by comparing the word *sonnet* with the well-known musical term *sonata*. Our word *sonnet* comes directly from the Italian *sonetto*, and that from the verb *suonare*, which primarily implies *to sound*. In point of fact the sonnet was originally written to be *sounded*, or sung with an accompaniment on a musical instrument.[2]

I may note, in passing, that, besides this general connection with music, the sonnet is bound by special ties to the lute.[3] This was the instrument which the early sonnet-maker had always in his mind when he was composing, and they really seem, somehow, to be specially apt to each other. Sonnets and a lute go together as naturally as strawberries and cream. Petrarch is said to have had a very sweet voice, and he was in the habit of chanting his own heavenly sonnets to an accompaniment played by himself on the lute. The love which Petrarch had for this instrument may be gathered from that passage in his will where he bequeaths his lute to a friend. Several interesting traces of his musical treatment of his own sonnets are preserved: for example, in one of his original MSS. preserved at Florence this memorandum occurs (among many others) at the head of a sonnet: "I began this by the impulse of the Lord, 10th September, at the dawn of day after my morning prayers." And then, after some time, is added: "I must make these two verses over again, singing them (*cantando*)." So in MSS. preserved at Florence, of Socchetti and other contemporaries of Petrarch, at the head of some of the sonnets is written: "*Intonatum per Francum: Scriptor dedit sonum*"— *Chanted by Franco* (who was a noted singer of that day): *the writer gave the tune.*

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[1] As noted before, this series of lectures was first delivered before a class of ladies.

[2] In many of the collections of poetry, like *The Phœnix' Nest*, you will find repeatedly just after the title of a sonnet such notes as "To the tune of Greensleeves" or some other popular melody—showing that the poem was written with musical intent.

[3] It seems probable that there is a close connection between the etymological processes resulting in the actual names *sonnet* and *lute*. *Sonnet* means "that which is sounded," from the Latin *suonare;* and *lute* comes from an Anglo-Saxon root

Here I am brought to the fact that the arts of poetry, music, and dancing were originally quite woven into one thread,— constituted indeed but one art,— and that only at a later stage of development did the three strands gradually split apart and become independent. The name of the sonnet collated with that of the sonata shows a curious sign of this splitting apart in the survival of two words which were once exactly the same but which have now divorced, the poem taking the name sonnet and the

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(from which the *Lhude* of "Summer is y-comen in, Lhude sing cuckoo" is also derived) that appears to be the precise equivalent of *suonare*.

strictly musical composition that of the sonata. In this connection it will not be amiss if I remind you of some other curious traces of this old union surviving in the names of popular forms of art. Ballad, for instance, is from *ballare*, *to dance;* it was originally a dance-poem, or poem to be danced to; but the dance has now entirely dissolved away from it, and the name is exclusively retained by the poetic form.

Again, psalm, which now means something sung or chanted, is from the Greek word ψαλλειν, *to play on a musical instrument*, and thus shows itself to have been originally a parallel form with the sonnet, referring as much to the instrumental feature as to the vocal or poetic.

Permit me to mention still another circumstance which connects the sonnet with music. Those of you who may have had occasion to investigate the history of music will remember that this art owes a great part of its modern perfection to the services of a certain Guido of Arezzo, a Benedictine monk of the eleventh century. At the time when this admirable man came to the assistance of music, its condition was such as can scarcely be imagined by those acquainted only with the clear and simple system of musical notation in present use. Music was then written with the signs called *pneumata*, which were arranged along a staff of one, afterwards two, lines. There was no certainty, however, in the disposition of the notes, and the art of singing at sight was simply impossible. In fact, it was not at all settled what tones were meant by given signs. John Cuttenius, writing in the eleventh century, complains that “the same marks which Master Trudo sung as thirds, were sung as fourths by Master Albinus; and Master Salomo in another place even asserts the fifths to be the notes meant.” In this state of affairs it seemed like a marvel to people when Guido of Arezzo, by the simple device of drawing four parallel lines and placing the musical signs in these and in the spaces between them, not only gave a definite significance to each musical sign but actually indicated the pitch of the tone to the eye. The fifth line of our modern musical staff was afterwards added. This Guido is also said to have been the inventor of the system of solmisation for singers, i.e., of the use of the syllables *do*, *re*, *mi*, *fa*, *sol*, etc. These sounds, so familiar to modern ears, were the initial syllables of the first verse of a certain old Latin hymn written in the year 774, which was accustomed to be sung on the feast of St. John the Baptist. The syllable *do* was originally *ut*, and still is in France and in Germany. The first verse was as follows:

Ut queant laxis
Resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum
Salve polluti
Labii reatum,
Sancti Joannes.

The music of this hymn was so arranged that the first line (*Ut queant laxis*) commenced on *ut* (or *do*, as the Italians changed it for euphony's sake), the next line commenced on the next tone above, so that *re* (of *Resonare fibris*) fell on that tone, the next line so that *mi* (of *Mira gestorum*) fell on the next tone above, and so on, the first six syllables thus forming the intervals of a scale of six tones. The syllable *si* was changed from *sa* as a better vocable for a high tone.

The word "gamut," with which we are also familiar, owes its origin to this monk. The first tone of the scale as he found it was the *ut*; he added another to the hexachord, just below this *ut*, and called it by the name of the Greek letter "gamma"; the scale thereafter was referred to by its first two tones and thus came to be called the *gamma-ut*, which was contracted into *gamut*.

Now it so happens that a similar service was performed for the sonnet by an individual whose name was Guittone of Arezzo, and who was also a monk, though he lived some centuries after the musical Guido. Guittone of Arezzo brought the sonnet to a definite type, established its capabilities, and settled it in its place as a specialised form of poetry. The similarity of these two names misled a very enthusiastic writer of sonnets — Mr. Capel Lofft — into a curious attempt, some years ago, to establish a sort of connection between the fourteen lines of Guittone's sonnet and the fourteen tones of Guido's gamut. In a volume called "Laura" by Mr. Lofft, on a certain page he has placed side by side a sonnet of Guittone's on the Judgment Day, and the gamut of Guido, and has endeavoured to show that there is a substantial accord between the two. Of course the attempt is a mere play of fancy, and is only notable as showing into what extremes the fascination of the sonnet has led its worshippers. I will not carry you into the history of the sonnet; for one thing, it is my object to present you in this course with what you will not find in the current manuals of English Literature, or, where they are drawn upon, to collate the facts with others which would not likely lie within the range of reading of any but the specialist. Now Leigh Hunt, in a genial essay prefixed to his *Book of the Sonnet*, gives a full account of the Italian sonnet, of which he had been a fervent student.

But Hunt does not seem to have understood at all the miracles of beauty wrought by our own early sonnet-writers; he makes what may fairly be called no presenta-

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tion at all of them; and here I have additional excellent reason for plunging immediately into the direct study of some of the most beautiful of these poems left us by the sixteenth century.

Let us see, in the first place, what the sonnet can do. The range of its powers is wider than one is prepared to admit at first. On the one hand, no form of poetry is so exquisitely fitted to express the conceits of a lover in that very height of love when the least absurdity, if it be remotely related to his beloved, is of sacred importance; on another hand, it suits equally well as a form for expressing the most intense emotion of the strong man who after years of bitter struggle at length triumphs over opposition. Again, you can pray in a sonnet, or praise equally well, for it has been found to be an admirable instrument of true Christian devotion, and I shall read you some beautiful devotional sonnets of Constable and Barnes. Let me now close by reading you a collection of sonnets illustrating the enormous range of this form, from the idle conceit of a lover dying for a kiss, through the most powerful outcry of a man in the moment of triumph, and the most thrilling agony of remorse for sin, to the outbursting praise of the Christian believer.

In illustration of the first let me put before you a sonnet of Henry Constable's, in which the whole argument is a representation of his Love as Cupid in the guise of a beggar at his beloved's door, that is, at her mouth (a beggar, of course, for a kiss); lying here about to die of starvation, the little rascally Cupid sees a cherry-tree growing at the door — a wild poetic figure for that which bears the cherry-red lips of the lady, of course — and informs her that those two cherries he sees growing there will suffice to keep him from starving; she replies to the young tramp (and very properly, too) that she didn't know beggars *could* live on cherries; whereupon the poet reminds her that the young fellow is the son of a Goddess and only accustomed to very dainty food — all of which is very much like the current newspaper jokes on the delicate appetite of the tramp.

Constable says:

VII

Pitty, refusing my poor love to feede,
A beggar starved for want of helpe he lies,
And at your mouth (the doore of Beauty) cries
That thence some almes of sweete grants might proceede.
But as he waiteth for some almes-deede,
A Cherry tree before thy door he spies;
Oh deere (quoth he) two cherries may suffise,
Two only may save life in this my neede.
—But beggars, [says she] can they nought but cherries eate?
Pardon my Love, he is a Goddesse sonne,
And never feedeth but on dainty meate,
Els neede he not to pine, as he hath done:
For onely the sweete fruite of this sweete tree
Can give food to my Love and life to mee.

Bartholomew Griffin makes a comical kind of refrain for one of his sonnets out of the word "more,"—after a fashion in vogue at that time for constructing a poem which should turn upon some verbal pivot,—and pours forth a jolly lamentation as follows:

LX

Oh let me sigh, weepe, waile, and crye no more;
Or let me sigh, weepe, waile, crye more and more;
Yea, let me sigh, weepe, waile, crye evermore;
For she doth pitie my complaints no more

Than cruell Pagan, or the savadge Moore:
But still doth add unto my torments more,
Which grievous are to me by so much more
As she inflicts them and doth wish them more,
Oh let thy mercie (mercilesse) be never more!
So shall sweet death to me be welcome more
Than is to hungrie beastes the grassie moore.
Ah, she that to affliction adds yet more
Becomes more cruell by still adding more,
Wearie am I to speak of this word (more),
Yet never wearie she to plaugue me more.

Griffin has put fifteen lines to this sonnet as if to say, What do I care for the limitation of ending each line with the same word? In contrast with this idle play of a lover's fancy in the sonnet, hear one devoted to expressing the emotion of that magnificent man Christopher Columbus in that hour — one of the most intense, as I think, of all the hours of time — when he discovered just before dawn the light of some savage party's fire on the shore, which first gave him intimation that his long combat with ignorance and superstition was over. I beg here earnestly to protest that I have hesitated long before venturing to read you my own sonnets: but I do it simply because I have searched in vain for any others embodying so great a contrast to the idle lover's mood as these do, and I am warmly interested in proving the capability of the sonnet to sound the whole gamut of human emotion. These are taken from my *Psalm of the West*. At first I doubted whether so large a set of ideas as was here demanded could be made to fit into the sonnet; but I found that they really seemed to run into it of their own accord. I read you some of the sonnets in which Columbus, standing quite alone at the prow of his own ship, is calling in review the terrible experiences of the last twenty years during which he has been urging his project upon the deaf world. He remembers the heartbreaking opposition he met with; how the churchmen even proved to him out of the Bible that the earth could not be round, but was flat, and so branded his ideas of a Western world as not only visionary and preposterous but heretical; how after all the lapses of friends, disappointments of promised help, and the like, even now after he has sailed for weary weeks and weeks over the heartless waters, difficulties have seemed still to multiply: the crew has mutinied and been repressed with difficulty; the needle has varied from the pole; they have met with continual encouragements which only end in dismal disappointments, such as the evening when a sailor cries "Land!" and they all run up the ropes and look, and see what seems to be land, and chant the *Salve Regina*, only to find next morning that the land was but a low bank of clouds on the horizon; how then all sorts of signs of land had appeared: a heron, a pelican, and other land-birds had been seen, green weeds, tunny-fish, and various indications of land which — after no land appeared — the crew took to be only snares of the devil to tempt them farther into the endless West. All these he recalls as he stands in the beautiful Southern starry night, while the vessel slowly forges along over the gentle waves of the Caribbean Sea, till presently his eye fastens on what he takes at first to be a low star, but quickly recognises as a light; knowing that this light must be on shore, he immediately divines that he has reached land at last, but to make sure calls up Pedro Gutierrez first, and then Sanchez of Segovia, one of whom sees the light, though the other does not. While they stand talking, the *Pinta*, which is ahead of Columbus's own vessel, discovers the land, fires her gun, the mist clears, the dawn breaks, and the land shows out plainly before them. Of the eight sonnets in which all this is depicted I read, in order to give a fair view of the action, the first one, two from the middle portion, and the last one.

Says Columbus, as he stands alone in the night:

I

" 'Twixt this and dawn, three hours my soul will smite
With prickly seconds, or less tolerably
With dull-blade minutes flatwise slapping me.
Wait, Heart! Time moves.—Thou lithe young Western Night,
Just-crownéd king, slow riding to thy right,
Would God that I might straddle mutiny
Calm as thou sitt'st yon never-managed sea,
Balkst with his balking, fliest with his flight,
Giv'st supple to his rearings and his falls,
Nor dropp'st one coronal star about thy brow
Whilst ever dayward thou art steadfast drawn!
Yea, would I rode these mad contentious brawls
No damage taking from their If and How,
Nor no result save galloping to my Dawn! . . .

IV

" Now speaks mine other heart with cheerier seeming:
Ho, Admiral! O'er-defalking to thy crew
Against thy self, thy self for overfew
To front yon multitudes of rebels scheming?
Come, ye wild twenty years of heavenly dreaming!
Come, ye wild weeks since first this canvas drew
Out of vexed Palos ere the dawn was blue,
O'er milky waves about the bows full-creaming!
Come set me round with many faithful spears
Of confident remembrance — how I crushed
Cat-lived rebellions, pitfalled treasons, hushed
Scared husbands' heart-break cries on distant wives,
Made cowards blush at whining for their lives,
Watered my parching souls, and dried their tears.

V

"Ere we Gomera cleared, a coward cried,
Turn, turn: here be three caravels ahead,
From Portugal, to take us: we are dead!—
Hold Westward, pilot, calmly I replied.
So when the last land down the horizon died,
Go back, go back! they prayed: *our hearts are lead.*—
Friends, we are bound into the West, I said.
Then passed the wreck of a mast upon our side.
See (so they wept) *God's Warning!* Admiral, turn!—
Steersman, I said, *hold straight into the West.*
Then down the Night we saw the meteor burn.
So do the very heavens in fire protest:
Good Admiral, put about! O Spain, dear Spain!—
Hold straight into the West, I said again. . . .

VIII

"I marvel how mine eye, ranging the Night,
From its big circling ever absently
Returns, thou large low star, to fix on thee.
Maria! Star? No star: a Light, a Light!
Wouldst leap ashore, Heart? Yonder burns—a Light.
Pedro Gutierrez, wake! come up to me.
I prithee stand and gaze about the sea:
What seest? *Admiral, like as land—a Light!*
Well! Sanchez of Segovia, come and try:
What seest? *Admiral, naught but sea and sky!*
Well! But *I* saw It. Wait! the *Pinta's* gun!
Why, look, 'tis dawn, the land is clear: 'tis done!
Two dawns do break at once from Time's full hand—
God's, East—mine, West: good friends, behold my Land!"

In strong contrast with this, compare the movement of the following fine sonnet by Drummond, expressing the remorse of Peter after the denial of his Lord:

Like to the solitary pelican
The shady groves I haunt, and deserts wild,
Amongst woods' burgesses, from sight of man,
From earth's delight, from mine own self exil'd.
But that remorse which with my fall began
Relenteth not, nor is by change turn'd mild,
But rends my soul, and like a famish'd child
Renews its cries, though nurse does what she can.
Look how the shrieking bird that courts the night
In ruin'd wall doth lurk, and gloomy place:
Of sun, of moon, of stars, I shun the light
Not knowing where to stay, what to embrace,
How to heaven's lights should I lift these of mine
Sith I deniéd Him who made them shine?

I have been so fortunate as to find four sonnets on the same subject, that of Sleep, by four of the greatest artists among all the sonnet-writers, viz., Bartholomew Griffin, Samuel Daniel, Sir Philip Sidney, and William Drummond of Hawthornden. I will read Griffin's first. This I do with a special pleasure, because in so doing I can contribute toward rescuing a most worthy name from an oblivion which is certainly one of the most singular circumstances in all the annals of artistic vicissitude. I much doubt if the average reader of this has ever heard the name of Bartholomew Griffin before.[1] I am not now aware of any history of English Literature which even mentions it. There are but three original copies of his works in existence,— in the Bodleian, Huth, and Lamport Libraries. From the Bodleian volume an edition of one hundred copies was printed in 1815, and since then fifty more have been published for special subscribers. These hundred and fifty-three copies — most of which are probably buried in the great libraries — constitute the entire circulation and fame of Mr. Bartholomew Griffin in the nineteenth century. I may add that in view of the Lenten and sorrowful nature of many of the sonnets to be brought before you presently,[1] it is worth while noting as an odd coincidence that almost the only item about Bartholomew Griffin's life which can be discovered after a diligent search by one of his lovers is that — as appears from an old ecclesiastical record — on the third of April, 1582, he obtained from John, Bishop of Worcester, a special license to eat meat in Lent.[2]

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[1] See "A Forgotten English Poet," *Music and Poetry*, by Sidney Lanier, 1898.

And yet this man deserves, and will yet obtain,— for he begins to find lovers after three centuries,— a high and immortal place in English Literature, not only for the beauty of his thoughts, but specially for his skill in employing a certain subtle *rhythm of ideas*, which I will hope to elucidate for you when I come to another branch of my subject.

Griffin's sonnets, of which I shall have to read you at least a dozen when I come to the historical part of these lectures,[3] are all addressed to a certain "Fidessa,"— a lady who has no other name, for we know absolutely nothing else of her. The special one I wish to bring before you now is, as I said, on Sleep. Note particularly the dramatic turn in the last two lines, where suddenly, abandoning the quiet narrative style, he represents Fidessa as actually appearing, and personifies "Sleepe" as a coward who runs away before her mighty though gentle eyes.

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[1] This course happened to be delivered during Lent.

[2] Griffin died December 15, 1602. His third sonnet to Fidessa was reproduced with much textual alteration in the miscellany brought together in 1599 by W. Jaggard. It was there entitled "The Passionate Pilgrime. By W. Shakspere."

[3] See "A Forgotten English Poet," *Music and Poetry*, by Sidney Lanier, 1898.

XV

Care-charmer Sleepe, sweete ease in restless miserie,
The captive's libertie and his freedome's Song:
Balm of the bruisèd heart, man's chief felicitie;
Brother of quiet death, when life is too, too long;
A Comedie it is and now an Historie.
What is not sleepe unto the feeble minde?
It easeth him that toyles and him that's sorrie:
It makes the deaffe to hear, to see the blinde.
— Ungentle Sleepe, thou helpest all but me,
For when I sleepe my soule is vexèd most.
It is Fidessa that doth master thee;
If she approach (alas) thy power is lost.
  But here she is: see how he runnes amaine;
  I fear at night he will not come againe.

Let us next look at this strangely similar yet characteristically different Sleep sonnet by Daniel, a poet whose general habit of thought differs from that of Griffin much as the meditative broodings of Hamlet differ from the energetic passion of Othello.

LI

Care-charmer Sleepe, sonne of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light:
With dark forgetting of my care, returne,
And let the day be time enough to mourne
The shipwracke of my ill-adventred youth:
Let waking eyes suffice to waile their scorn
Without the torment of the night's untruth.
Cease dreames, the Images of day desires,
To modell forth the famous of the morrow.

Never let rising Sunne approve you liers
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.
  Still let me sleepe, imbracing clouds in vaine,
  And never wake to feel the dayes disdaine.

The third sonnet is by Sir Philip Sidney. It is one of those addressed to Stella, and is certainly one of the sweetest, coolest, quietest poems ever written.

Come Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the presse
Of those fierce darts Despair at me doth throw:
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf to noise and blind to light,
A rosy garland, and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.
  Oh, make in me these civil wars to cease;
  I will good tribute pay if thou dost so.

And the fourth member of our quartet, William Drummond of Hawthornden,[1] gives us the following sober progression:

Sleep, Silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are opprest,
Lo, by thy charming-rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st (alas) who cannot be thy guest.

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[1] See chapter viii.

Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show:
With fained solace ease a true-felt woe:
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
  Come as thou wilt and what thou wilt bequeath,
  I long to kiss the image of my death.[1]

In still further contrast to these emotions of human struggling and bitterness, let me close this lecture with the following sonnet by Barnaby Barnes. It is from what Barnes calls a *Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnetts* — that is, a hundred sonnets of devotional character. The one I read is a triumphant hosanna to the omnipotent victorious God, conceived in the spirit of an age when the church was much more militant, and the genius of things generally more martial, than now.

LXXIV

Armies of angelles, myriads of saintes,
  Millions of emperours and holy kings,
  Legions of sacred patriarkes, he brings
Which his rebellious foes with feare attaintes
Whose spirit at thy puissant spirit faintes,
  Great Lord of lordes! whose sacred armies sings
  Triumphant peans, and new musicke bringes
In glorious phrase, which thy sweet glorie payntes:
Whilst under thy triumphant chariot-wheeles,
  Rowling upon the starres, thy captives lye
In quenchless fiery lake, whose spirit feeles
  An endlesse torment in captivitye,
  When thy four sweete Evangelists ride by,
  Like corporalles, proclayming victorye.

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[1] It is interesting to compare with these four sleep sonnets Chaucer's "Gift to Sleep" (*Dethe of Bl.*, l. 242 *et seq.*) and the very familiar "Invocation to Sleep" of our master, Shakspere. (See chapter xi.)

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CHAPTER VIII

THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE

(2) *Tottel's Miscellany* and William Drummond of Hawthornden

I WISH to consume a moment in arousing your sympathy for a man who finds himself obliged to give some account of the English sonnet in the course of four lectures. Surely the embarrassment of riches never weighed so heavily! Consider only the names of men (and women) who wrote notable sonnets between the time of Henry VIII and that of the passing away of Shakspere; think only of Wyatt, Surrey, Barnfield, Barnes, Nicholas Breton, Constable, Daniel, Donne, Drayton, Drummond, Queen Elizabeth, the two Fletchers (Giles and Phineas), Greene, Griffin, Lodge, Nicholson, Peele, Raleigh, Sidney, Southwell, Spenser, Warner, Watson, Lady Mary Wroth, Lord Vaux, Shakspere! Of course it would be impossible for me to give an adequate presentation of the methods or works of more than a few of these writers; and I propose therefore that in the remaining lectures to be devoted to this subject we study Drummond, Constable, Daniel, Drayton, Sir Philip Sidney, and Shakspere.

My last lecture closed with some illustrations of the great variety of emotions with which the sonnet can deal successfully, that having been asserted to be one of the qualities by reason of which this form had been so universally adopted among modern English poets for the expression of their own individual feelings. A second circumstance which recommends the sonnet for these purposes is that its length and form are exactly what they should be in order to afford the most vivid expression to any lyric idea. In fact, I may here state a view of the sonnet which I think you will find one of the most convenient bases for founding a reasonable judgment of the strength and success of any poetic work of this sort. Every sonnet should be a little drama. We are accustomed to think that scarcely any two forms of poetry could be further apart than a sonnet and a play; but I believe you will not find it difficult to convince yourselves, upon a little reflection, that every sonnet approaches just so much nearer to perfection as it approaches nearer to the form of the drama. For, the type of a perfect lyrical poem always seems to me this: a flash of lightning in a dark night. The poet takes an idea susceptible of the lyric treatment, and flashes it in upon our minds by his art, so that in however unpoetic and worldly mood our hearts may be, they retain some impression of the beautiful thought, just as even the unwilling eye at night, after beholding a bright stroke of lightning, still sees the forked lines of light after they have actually disappeared. The brilliance prints itself by pure force of *intensity* on the nerve. Now it is this intensity which gauges the more or less successful treatment of an idea in a poem. What, then, is the best method of securing it? I answer, the dramatic method. You all know what are meant by the unities in a drama; and, taking the highest view of these, it is easy to see that everything which happens does so, as it were, in three acts, i.e., it has a beginning, a middle, and an end. In the beginning act, the characters are brought on the stage and we are shown their relations to each other; in the middle act, the plot thickens to ripeness; in the final act, we have the crisis. For the convenience of the ordinary drama, these unities are usually subdivided so as to result in *five* acts: sometimes we have four; but these subdivisions are mainly for the exigencies of the stage, or to avoid fatiguing the attention of the audience, by breaking into two what is really one continuous act; and the type is always the same, namely, that early in the play the characters are brought on and hints given of their relation to each other, in the middle portion the plot developes, and in the last act the crisis comes,— everything, even the most immaterial incidents of the plot, having been devised with especial view to this crisis and all converging upon it at the end.

Now this type of the drama is also the type of every strong sonnet. In the first place, the sonnet should have a single central idea which is the reason of its being, as Jealousy is of Shakspere's *Othello*, or Misanthropy is of *Timon of Athens*, or Youthful Love is of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the second place, this central idea should be gradually unfolded by means of subordinate ideas, which come on the stage like the characters in a play, the subordinate ideas acting and reacting upon each other so as to form a sort of plot which thickens and thickens, until in the last two lines of the sonnet the crisis comes, where, with some epigrammatic fire of beauty, the whole *motive* of the sonnet is clearly and forcibly displayed in its relation to all the minor terms or characters that may have been employed. For this reason, in the third place, all these minor ideas, which attend the main one, should be of such a nature that they will not be inharmonious with the central informing idea, but will all converge upon it, as I said, at the crisis, and will all add their weight and motive to it, so that the poem as a unity comes with the cumulative momentum of all its parts upon the reader. It was with a view to this flashing out of the crisis in the last two lines of the poem that I remarked in a previous lecture upon the superiority of the English sonnet in one particular to the Italian; this one particular being that the English sonnet always ends in a rhymed couplet, and this close antithesis of rhyme with rhyme affords an opportunity for a sharp and epigrammatic snapping off of the action, as it were, which is a great advantage in the hands of him who knows how to use it. Let me illustrate this with a sonnet of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Observe how first a number of pleasant ideas are put one after another before the mind as if upon the stage, and how they begin to react upon one another; how gradually the plot thickens, as the hearer's curiosity is aroused to know what is to be done with all these subordinate ideas, how they are to be bound into one poetic whole by any central informing *motive;* until presently this curiosity, which is artfully held in suspense up to the last two lines, is satisfied by the sudden crisis of the lovely antithetical ideas in the last couplet. The characters, as I may call them, of this little drama are the various phenomena of the spring season which, as he enumerates them, come on the stage like so many foresters in green in a play; then the plot thickens as one of these spring sights or sounds accumulates upon another, the art of it being the awakening and holding of our curiosity to know what is going to come of it all; and presently this is solved by the charming idea of the restless lover, that although all these spring scenes betoken everywhere the death of wintry care in nature, strangely enough, his (the lover's) care has chosen this very time to put forth and flourish as if it too were a part of the Spring. This is one of the first printed sonnets in the English language. The word *soote* here is the same with the *swoote* in the first line of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales:*

> Whan that Aprille with his shoures swoote.

Make is the word so often met with in the poems of this and the preceding time, meaning *mate; flete* is an old form for *float*, and *mings* is *mixes* or *mingles*. Here is also *smale* (i.e., *small*) as we find it two hundred years before in Chaucer's

> And smale fowles maken melodie.

This word, by the way, points to the fact that the long *a* had not yet come to be pronounced as we pronounce it in *vale*, *dale*, and the like words; for here we find *smale* rhyming with *vale*, *tale*, *pale*, *scale*, which precede it; and as we know that the *a* in *smale* was pronounced like *ah* in Chaucer's time, i.e., *smahl*, we see that if I had read this poem to you with the pronunciation of its day, I must have said the *vahle*, the *tahle*, the *pahle*, the *scahle*, and so on.

Observe in passing that there are but two sets of rhymes in the whole sonnet, this of *vale — tale*, and its series, and *brings — sings*, which runs on quite through the last couplet.

> The soote season that bud and bloom forth brings,
> With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
> The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
> The turtle to her mate hath told her tale;
> Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
> The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
> The buck in brake his winter coat he slings;
> The fishes flete with new repaired scale;

The adder all her slough away she slings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale;
The busy bee her honey now she mings;
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale:
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

As I now proceed with my presentation of sonnets before you, I ask you to notice how always the type of the little drama, as I have just presented it, is closely followed by the best works of this sort that we shall meet.

The sonnet I have just read you is from an old publication called *Tottel's Miscellany*. It is important that you should be familiar with this book, for the reason that it is the first printed collection of modern English poetry. It is the initial book of that prodigious list which soon included the immortal works of Spenser, Shakspere, and Jonson. It was published in 1557—only a short time, you will notice, before Queen Elizabeth ascends the throne. It contained the poems of Wyatt and Surrey, those two charming names which shine at the other end of the modern period of English poetry. You can associate Wyatt and Surrey, though Wyatt is the elder poet of the two, being probably about fourteen years older than Surrey. Wyatt died in 1542; Surrey was beheaded in 1547: both, you observe, had been dead some years before their writings were printed in *Tottel's Miscellany*, 1557. One of Wyatt's sonnets is the first sonnet in the English language, so far as we know; we may therefore consider him as the father of the sonnet among us. Wyatt's sonnets were nearly all upon the strict Italian model, as you will see by observing their rhymes. His friend Surrey, however, ventured to depart from this model,—you remember his rhymes were audaciously confined to two in the sonnet I just read you, and those two alternating regularly until the last rhyming couplet,— so that we may conveniently call Surrey the father of the English sonnet. It will be useful as a mnemonic if you recall also — what I mentioned in a previous lecture — that this same Surrey is the father of English blank verse. Thus these two shining poetic rays which have lighted up so many recesses of the soul of English genius — blank verse and the sonnet — if followed backward converge at last in that altogether charming spirit, Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.

You will be curious to hear one of these first sonnets of Wyatt's which appears in *Tottel's Miscellany*. I ask you to notice that while the ideas are strong and the whole composition fibrous, yet he has not at all mastered the form, and the movement of it is therefore jolting and ungainly in the extreme. If you read a sonnet of forty years later you cannot help being struck with the prodigious advance which has been made in the art of putting together English words in an easy and flowing manner. I know scarcely anything in literature more curious than a sonnet of Daniel's or Spenser's or Drayton's read alongside of one of Wyatt's in the light of the circumstance that less than half a century has intervened between the jaggedness of the one and the exquisite smoothness and polish of the other. To use the favourite simile of a musical friend of mine when he desires to describe a faulty progression in harmony, Wyatt's sonnet sounds like broken crockery falling downstairs, while one of Spenser's *Amoretti* or Griffin's outcries against Fidessa purls along like a little crystal stream gliding over the green polished stem of the water-grass.

Here is one of Wyatt's, out of *Tottel's Miscellany*, which he heads thus:

THE ABUSED LOVER SEETH HIS FOLLY, AND INTENDETH TO TRUST NO MORE

Was never file yet half so well y-filed,
  To file a file for any smith's intent,
As I was made a filing instrument
  To frame other, while that I was beguiled:
But reason, lo, hath at my folly smiled
  And pardoned me, since that I me repent
  Of my lost years, and of my time misspent.

For youth led me, and falsehood me misguided.[1]
  Yet this trust I have of great apparence,
Since that deceit is aye returnable,
  Of very force it is agreeable
That therewithal be done the recompense:
  Then guile beguiléd plainéd should be never;
  And the reward is little trust for ever.

The turns of expression are here so quaint that this sonnet at first seems to need translation even to English-speaking people; but on dwelling upon each line a little while, and returning, as it were, to the innocency of our speech, we soon begin to perceive that it is strong doctrine expressed in very nervous though stiffly set terms.

Wyatt, however, does not always make music of the broken crockery sort, but seems to have had glimpses of melodious versification. Witness the following, which appears to be an audacious variation of the sonnet by an entire change from the iambic rhythm to that of the logaœdic dactyl. The rhythm is dactylic; in other respects, both as to the position and number of rhymes and of lines, it is after the strict model of the Italian sonnet. So far as I know, this metre is unique at this time: it makes, with the quaint artless pathos of the ideas, what is to my mind a very lovely poem. Set as it is among so many of Wyatt's jagged works, it seems here like a perfect polished opal among a lot of rough stones yet untouched by any lapidary. Observe here the difference between the Legitimate or Italian sonnet, and the Illegitimate or English form. You observe the position of the rhymes here in Wyatt's sonnet. This is rigorous in the first eight lines of the Legitimate sonnet,— which are sometimes called the major portion,— while the minor portion — the last six lines — may have either three rhymes or two rhymes; and there is usually a certain change of key, or of sentiment, after the major portion.

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[1] "Misguided" does not give here the proper rhyme

In the English or Illegitimate sonnet there is no restriction as to the position of the rhymes except that the last two lines must rhyme together.

Wyatt entitles his sonnet:

THAT HOPE UNSATISFIED IS TO THE LOVER'S HEART AS A PROLONGED DEATH

I abide, and abide; and better abide,
After the old proverb the happy day.
And ever my lady to me doth say,
"Let me alone, and I will provide."
I abide, and abide, and tarry the tide,
And with abiding speed well ye may.
Thus do I abide I wot alway,
N'other obtaining, nor yet denied.
Aye me! (alas!) this long abiding
Seemeth to me, as who sayeth
A prolonging of a dying death,
Or a refusing of a desired thing.
Much were it better for me to be plain,
Than to say "Abide" and yet not obtain.

Surrey's sonnets are much smoother than Wyatt's and show a great advance in the pliable quality of language. Compare with Wyatt's, for example, a fine sonnet which Surrey has translated from Petrarch. Observe in this sonnet, as I read it, how finely the typical ideal of the little drama is carried out, as I just now unfolded it. Characters, as it were, advance upon the stage from all the four quarters of the earth and the heavens, and one is at a loss to know, all through the plot, where he is ever going to find a central thought to bind together so many diverse matters, until in the last couplet he fuses them all into one by the happy ardour of his declaration that under all these varied circumstances he intends to remain true to his love, even without the remotest hope of obtaining her.

This translation is attributed by George Puttenham to Wyatt, but I think no one can be familiar with the diverse modes in which the two men's minds moved without feeling clearly, from internal evidence alone, that the whole phrasing and tone of the poem were as impossible to Wyatt as they were natural to Surrey. The external evidence also supports this conviction.

Surrey heads this sonnet:

A VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY, HOWSOEVER HE BE REWARDED

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,
Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice;
In temperate heat, where he is felt and seen;
In presence prest of people mad or wise;
Set me in high, or yet in low degree;
In longest night, or in the shortest day;
In clearest sky, or where clouds thickest be;
In lusty youth, or when my hairs are grey;

Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell,
In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;
Thrall, or at large, alive whereso I dwell,
Sick, or in health, in evil fame or good,
  Hers will I be; and only with this thought
  Content myself, although my chance be nought.

I have found a curious sonnet by another author in a later publication of this period in which almost the same ideas with these are employed up to the very last couplet, and there, just in the crisis, a wholly different turn of thought is given. The sentiment here at the last, you will observe, is much less noble and unselfish than that of Surrey; but while the workmanship of the whole is more polished than Surrey's, the change in the application involves a droll *lapsus* of thought which I will point out when I have read it. This sonnet occurs in the collection called the *Phœnix' Nest;* it is not signed, and I have not been able to discover the name of the author.

This one says:

Set me where Phœbus's heate the flowers slaieth,
  Or where continuall snowe withstands his forces;
Set me where he his temperate raies displaieth,
  Or where he comes or where he never courses;

Set me in Fortune's grace or else discharged;
  In sweet and pleasant aire, or dark and glooming;
Where daies and nights are lesser or inlarged;
  In yeares of strength, in failing age or blooming:

Set me in heaven or earth, or in the center;
  Lowe in a vale or on a mountain placed;
Set me to danger, perill and adventure;
  Graced by fame or infamie disgraced;
    Set me to these or anie other triall,
    Except my mistress' anger and deniall.

Now if you scrutinise this sonnet closely you will see that the latter end of it has quite forgotten the beginning. "Set me," he says in the last couplet, "to *these or anie other triall*, except my mistress' anger and deniall," from which it is only consistent to expect that all the particulars noted in the preceding twelve lines should be "trialls" of one sort or another. Upon examination, however, we find that some of them can by no sort of logic be brought under the category of trials; in fact, nearly half of them are very pleasant situations indeed, as, for example, "Set me where he his temperate raies displaieth" (third line), "Set me in Fortune's grace" (fifth line), "In sweet and pleasant aire" (sixth line), "In yeares of strength" (eighth line), and finally "Set me in heaven" (ninth line)! I do not recall a more curious combination of absurd forgetfulness with evidently skilful workmanship than this.

It is certainly remarkable that after the publication of *Tottel's Miscellany* in 1557 about twenty years should have elapsed before any similar book was issued. At the end of that time, however, the spell was broken, and other collections of poetry sprang, thenceforth, into existence as rapidly as the buttercups will within the next few weeks. In spite of the preposterous alliteration-run-mad which displays itself in the titles of many of these publications which followed *Tottel's Miscellany*, there is nevertheless a debonair gaiety and flourish about them which always make me think of that careless extravagance of blue, red, yellow, and a thousand other hues which dazzles the eye in green fields on a May morning. I have already spoken of the title of one of these collections of poems, which was called *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*. The other principal books of this nature were *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, *The Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, *The Phenix' Nest*, *The Hive Full of Honey*, *The Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul*, *The Passionate Pilgrim* (which is printed with the editions of Shakspere most common amongst us), and two others of somewhat soberer sound, *England's Helicon* and *Parnassus*. In this same list might be placed the *Amoretti* (or love-sonnets) of Edmund Spenser, the ’Εκατογπάφια, or *Hundred Passions*, of Thomas Watson (each passion being expressed in a sonnet), and the *Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonets*, by Barnaby Barnes, of which I read you a selection in the last lecture. I will not burden your minds with the precise order in which these works were issued, but you may conveniently associate them all with the period between 1576 and 1600, that is, with the last quarter of the sixteenth century; and while fixing this in your minds it may be as well to complete the group of sonnets referable to the last quarter of that remarkable century by adding to it those of Michael Drayton (which he published under the title of *Ideas*), the sonnets of our friend Bartholomew Griffin to Fidessa, Daniel's *Sonnets to Delia*, and Sir Philip Sidney's *Sonnets to Stella*.

It is curious to remark that although Wyatt's sonnets were mostly in the strict Italian form, and although Surrey's, while not confined to this form, still preserved the general outline of the sonnet, having always fourteen lines each consisting of five iambic verse-bars, yet the other poets whose sonnets appear in these collections seem to have had but a vague idea of what the sonnet really was, and sometimes we find poems headed "Sonnets" differing very widely from anything that could properly be placed under that title. For example, that one of the collection called *The Handfull of Pleasant Delites* is prefaced with a poem which begins:

> You that in music do delight
> Your minds for to solace,
> This little book of Sonets may
> Wel like you in that case.

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This, by the way, is another indication of the musical origin of the sonnet; the poet, you see, addresses his appeal for his sonnets to "you that in music do delight." Now the first one of these so-called "sonets" is a long poem of some fifty or sixty lines, divided into stanzas of eight lines each, the line consisting of four iambic verse-bars. You may see in it what strange forms at this crystallising period of our poetic art passed under the name of the sonnet—an error which is all the more remarkable since a common name for the sonnet at this time was the "quatorzain" or fourteen-line poem. This poem professes to be a posy of flowers sent to the author's sweetheart which will not fade; it explains the meaning of each flower, and calls itself

A NOSEGAY ALWAIES SWEET

. . . . .

Rosemarie is for remembrance
  Between us, daie and night,
Wishing that I might alwaies have
  You present in my sight. . . .

Cowsloppes is for counsell,
  For secrets us between,
That none but you and I alone
  Should know the thing we mean. . . .

Peniriall is to print my love
  So deep within your heart
That when you look this nosegay on
  My pain you may impart. . . .

and so on through a dozen stanzas to the last, which thus entreats:

I pray you keep this nosegay wel,
  And set by it some store:
(And thus farewel! the gods thee guide
  Both now and evermore.)
Not as the common sort do use
  To set it in your breast,
That when the smell is gone away
  On ground he takes his rest.

There is about all this, slim and faint as is the poetic part of it, a certain sunny fragrance, as of flowers you come upon pressed between the pages of a book, whose dry odour takes you back to some boyish or girlish spring days when these meanings of "rosemarie" and "cowsloppes" and "peniriall" were really matters of grave import; days of perfect idleness and dimmest desire, before we knew the meaning of the words duty, responsibility, and renunciation; days which if you are now a woman you associate with some boy, and, if now a man, with some girl. This word "peniriall" (of course for the herb called "pennyroyal") suggests to me to remind you that it is interesting to note how often, in reading these old writers, we come upon spellings of words which indicate to us the origin of certain pronunciations that nowadays seem barbarous corruptions. In the Southern portion of the United States nothing is more common than to hear the people say *penniryle* for *pennyroyal;* and here you find it in this old poem in a form nearly suggesting that pronunciation. This is much more common of words in the poetry back of this time, and particularly in Chaucer. If I had time I could read you many words in Chaucer spelled exactly as they are pronounced by a Georgia "cracker" at this day; and we constantly come, in reading Chaucer, upon apparently ungrammatical forms which seem to us now to be dreadful barbarisms when we hear them used by illiterate people

Here are three stanzas from another so-called sonnet in *The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, which show a much more decided vein of poetry. This one is very artfully constructed in point of metre. The lines are very long iambics, the first in each stanza having six, the next five, the next seven, and the last five. As the poem is an utterly doleful one, the dreary movement of these long verses is exactly suitable to it, and you will see that the rhythm is very effective. It is a meditation upon the general vanity of things, and is headed

A PROPER SONET

Ay mee, ay mee, I sighe to see the scythe afielde;
  Downe greth the grasse, soon wrought to withered hay.
Ay mee, alas! ay mee, alas! That beauty needes must yeeld,
  And princes passe as grasse doth fade away.

Ay mee, ay mee, that life cannot have lasting leave,
  Nor golde take holde of everlasting joy;
Ay mee, alas! ay mee, alas! that time hath talents to receyve,
  And yet no time can make a suer stay. . . .

Ay mee, ay mee, come time, sheare on and shake the hay,
  It is no boote to baulk thy bitter blowes;
Ay mee, alas! ay mee, alas! come time, take everything away,
  For all is thine, be it good or bad, that growes.

The dismal is very well represented in *The Gorgeous Gallery*. Another poem commences thus, entitled

AN EXCELENT SONET

Passe forth in dolefull dumpes, my verse,
  Thy master's heavy haps unfolde;
His grisled greefe eache hart will perse;
  Display his woes, feare not — bee boulde.

Perhaps Shakspere, in *The Midsummer Night's Dream*, was satirising this doleful alliterative stuff where lamenting Pyramus cries out over the dead body of Thisbe:

> What dreadful dole is here? . . .
> O dainty duck! O dear!
> O fates! come, come,
> Cut thread and thrum;
> Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

In accordance with the programme just now indicated, let us now go on to study some of the sonnets of William Drummond of Hawthornden. I will not delay you with any account of his life, which was really, like that of many poets, only eventful within, and shows its biography best in the poetry it left behind. He was of a good Scotch family; was born at Hawthornden, in the parish of Lasswade, seven miles from Edinburgh, December 13, 1585, and died December 4, 1649. He is usually called William Drummond "of Hawthornden," having become Laird of Hawthornden in 1610. He was widely read in almost all languages, had one of the largest libraries of the time (552 volumes, "including 50 of the latest productions of contemporary English poets"), and was altogether a figure of importance in his world, both as regards culture and politics.[1]

Perhaps one of the most interesting outward events in Drummond's life was the visit of Ben Jonson to him, a visit which connects itself in an interesting way with Drummond's sonnets. In August of 1618 Ben Jonson walked from London to Edinburgh; and while there he went to see Drummond, one of whose poems (a long poem, not a sonnet) had greatly excited his admiration.

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[1] In 1627 Drummond took out patents on sixteen mechanical inventions of his, "mostly military."

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Drummond took notes of all the conversation of Jonson during this visit, and these notes were afterwards printed. They make queer reading for us, in many particulars. Jonson seems to have abused pretty much everybody and everything; amongst other outbursts, I find in these conversational records the tirade against the sonnet to which I have alluded. Drummond says that one day Jonson "cursed Petrarch for redacting verses to sonnets; which he said were like that Tirant's bed, wher some who were too short were racked, others too long cut short" — meaning, of course, the famous bed of Procrustes. That Jonson could say such a thing at all is merely another evidence of that lack of breadth which was so serious a defect in this otherwise admirable man; but that he could say it to William Drummond of Hawthornden is mournful proof that with all his learning he was not wise, for Drummond is the author of some scores of sonnets which are of such silken texture, and yet of such earnest and manly passion, of such fervent tenderness, yet of such airy grace, of such fibrous intellectual substance, yet of such delicate quality altogether, that I think them one of the chief glories of the English tongue, and I find no words at all to express a delight peculiar to themselves which they always bring to me. But you shall judge them by actual trial; I have spoken of this visit of Jonson's to the Scotch poet for the further reason that it led me directly to that presentation of Drummond before you which I wish to make. I now read you five of his sonnets. That you may understand their connection with each other, I must premise that Drummond had in early life a very tragical affair of the heart. He loved a beautiful young Scotch girl, and after some trouble — but no more than every true lover *ought* to have, if only to develope the quality and seasoning of his love — he was made happy by her avowal that his pas-

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sion was returned. The wedding-day was fixed; but when it was near at hand — some say on the very day appointed — the lady suddenly died, and the poor lover was plunged into the profoundest grief.[1] I find this grief breathing out from all his after-poems, even when chastened by time, like the sweet yet heavy aroma of the cape jessamine coming up out of a fresh grave where it has been dropped by a loving hand. These five sonnets do not occur in the order in which I read them, but I have selected them here and there from his numerous works in this kind in order to show the typical phases of this unfortunate-fated passion; and you may therefore regard the quintette as the five acts of the tragedy of Drummond's love.

This first one exquisitely represents the tender agitation of a young man who has but just begun to feel his veins fluttering with a passion never felt before. Fancy him, soon after the sweet eyes have snared him, lying awake just before the dawn of a fresh spring morning, by his window, which opens upon a green lawn. The trees are thick near his window, the air is heavenly sweet, and in the leaves a nightingale is singing. He finds the song at once mysteriously sad and mysteriously tender, arguing a condition in the singer like his own; with a certain fellow-feeling, therefore, he addresses the bird:

> Dear quirister, who from those shadows sends,
> Ere that the blushing dawn dare show her light,
> Such sad lamenting strain that night attends
> (Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
> If one whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
> Who ne'er (not in a dream) did taste delight,
> May thee importune who like case pretends,
> And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despite,

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[1] The better authenticated story seems to be that he was actually married in 1614, but his wife died within the year. In 1632 he was married a second time, to Elizabeth Logan.

Tell me (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing) for what thou thus complains,
Sith, winter gone, the sun in dappled sky
Now smiles on meadows, mountains, woods and plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sobbed forth,
I love, I love!

In the next sonnet one may gather that he has made enough advance in the course of his passion to let his beloved know it by those non-committal yet perfectly well understood signs with which all lovers are familiar, and that she has met this advance with coyness,— as of course she ought to do,— yet with coyness so gentle as only to urge him to new industry in setting his affection vividly before her. Fancy him, then, wandering on the woody banks of a certain lovely stream which flows down past her dwelling (and which he has celebrated in another charming sonnet); in dreaming of her, he calls out to the nymphs of the stream to carry a message for him to her, as they are going that way. I ask you to note a certain cool and crystalline something which plays through this sonnet, as light, passing through water, upon white sand at the bottom of a brook.

Nymphs, sister nymphs, which haunt this crystal brook,
And happy in these floating bowers abide,
Where trembling roofs of trees from sun you hide
Which makes ideal woods in every crook;—
Whether ye garlands for your locks provide,
Or pearly letters seek in sandy book,
Or count your loves when Thetis was a bride,—
Lift up your golden heads and on me look.
Read in mine eyes mine agonizing cares
And what ye read recount to her againe:
Fair nymphs, say all these streams are but my tears,
And if she ask you how they sweet remain,

Tell, that the bitterest tears that eyes can pour
When shed for her do cease to be more sour.

The plot now thickens. From the next sonnet one may gather that he has pushed his suit, perhaps too precipitately. Likely enough her continuing coyness is only that womanly holding back which George Eliot in the fine creation of Gwendolen Harleth calls her "fierce maidenhood." At any rate, she has not responded as the impatient and unreasoning lover desired; and so, late in the night, tossing on his bed with sleeplessness, he looks now through the window into the darkness without, now upon the darkness within, and addresses his lute, which he has been wearily strumming to ease the torment of his doubting soul. Says he:

Sound hoarse, sad lute, true witness of my woe,
And strive no more to cease self-chosen pain
With soul-enchanting sounds: your accents strain
Unto these tears incessantly which flow.
Shrill treble, weep; and you, dull basses, show
Your master's sorrow in a deadly vein;
Let never joyful hand upon you go,
Nor consort keep but when you do complain,
Fly Phœbus' rays; nay, hate the irksome light,
Woods, solitary shades, for thee are best,
Or the black horrors of the blackest night
When all the world save thou and I doth rest;
Then sound, sad lute, and bear a mourning part;
Thou hell mayst move, though not a woman's heart.

Matters now take a joyful turn. She has confessed her love; the day has been named; and he breaks out in a jubilant challenge to the heavens and the earth, to show, with all the sun and moon of the former, and with all the untold jewels that lie hid in the bosom of the latter, any such combination as this bright treasure which is now to belong to him.

He cries:

> Vaunt not, fair heavens, of your two glorious lights,
> Which, though most bright, yet see not when they shine.
> And shining, cannot show their beams divine
> Both in one place but part by days and nights:
> Earth, vaunt not of those treasures ye enshrine,
> Held only dear because hid from our sights,
> Your pure and burnished gold, your diamonds fine,
> Snow-passing ivory that the eye delights;
> Nor seas, of those dear wares are in you found,
> Vaunt not rich pearl, red coral, which do stir
> A fond desire in fools to plunge your ground:
> These all, more fair, are to be had in her:
> Pearl, ivory, coral, diamond, suns, gold,
> Teeth, neck, lips, heart, eyes, hair are to behold.

Now falls the crushing stroke which gives a piteous end to all his dream and makes the crisis in this drama of love. The lady dies just before[1] the wedding. Out of all the lovely sonnets in which he embalms his grief I select this one, because it is another address to his lute, and shows with what art he turns the same object to wholly different uses in the expression of his soul. His last lute-sonnet, you remember, wound up with a wild and even indignant protest against his lady's heart, which was harder to move than hell itself. He now tells his lute to abandon music, to be silent, to go back and turn again into the green wood of which it was originally made — the most intense admonition of silence with which I am acquainted, an admonition from a broken heart which yet, being the heart of a true artist, *cannot* be silent.

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[1] Or, more probably, shortly after.

My lute, be as thou wast when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move
And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
Sith that dear voice which did thy sound approve,
Which us'd in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
Be therefore silent as in woods before,
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow's turtle still her loss complain.

In this, as in all these dainty sonnets which I have read you, I quite despair of conveying to you more than a mere hint of all the subtle beauties which lie shimmering under the pellucid flow of words, like agates under a running stream. This is only to be obtained by reading the sonnet over and over for yourselves, until it has grown into a part of your life, like a picture in your room which you see every morning and every evening. It is only thus that the whole virtue of any great work of art ever comes to us.

Ben Jonson's animadversion upon the sonnet, then,—as I hope you have already seen,—certainly cannot apply to these of Drummond's. You do not find any sign of the Procrustean bed here. There is not the least strain of words or thought to make them fit: everything seems *grown* together naturally, the similes hanging upon the motive like so many rosebuds pendant from one stem. This, indeed, is the art of the poet, which Jonson has overlooked, namely, to make miraculous joinders and proportions where none exist to the scientific eye, and brings me back to that remark I made in a previous lecture, that the procedure of the poet is precisely opposite to that of the scientist, for the former joins together all which the latter's analytic fingers have pulled in sunder. And now, in vivid contrast to all this, let me close this lecture, which has certainly had a very Lenten and sorrowful cast, with another of Barnaby Barnes's ringing Easter-like sonnets, in which he invokes the risen Lord against spiritual enemies with a wild cry, almost as if David were singing of cannons and bullets instead of slings and arrows. I read No. LXXIII of *The Divine Centurie of Spirituall Sonnets.*

Triumphant Conqueror of Death and Hell!
   Behold what legions, though in vaine, conspire
   Thy temple militant to set on fire;
And saints (which in thy sanctuaries dwell)
To burn, whilst they against thy power rebel.
   See how like bloody tyrants they desire
   Ambitiously to rise and mount up higher
Like Lucifer which to perdition fell.
Their forces are addrest against thy saints;
   Break thou their bowes, knap thou their speares in sunder,
I know their spirit at thy presence faints
   Against their cannon plante thy dreadful thunder,
   Thy thunderbolts against their bullets dash
   And on their beavers bright let lightning flash!

CHAPTER IX

THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE

(3) Daniel, Sylvester, Constable, and Habington

I ASK permission to recur to an idea advanced in my last lecture which I desire the class to bear specially in mind during the present one. It has been my aim all along, instead of bewildering your memories with a multitude of details, to bring out before you in strong relief a few broad, clear, and definite conceptions in regard to each of the periods of English Literature which I have had occasion to treat; and in pursuance of this aim I have not hesitated to repeat ideas previously advanced, for the purpose of lighting them up with different connections or with new illustrations.

Now the idea which I desire to leave in your minds prominently associated with these sonnet studies is that every good sonnet conforms to the type of a play, and is, in point of fact, a little drama. You will remember that I illustrated this with a sonnet of Surrey's, showing how each subordinate idea was brought out like the *dramatis personæ* on the stage; how these commenced to act and react upon each other, forming a sort of plot; and how at last the whole was brought to a crisis, and a final disposition of all the ideas effected, by some luminous focal thought developed in the last two lines of the poem.

This theory of the sonnet receives a curious and interesting confirmation from the group I am going to read you to-day. Those of you who are familiar with the lesser literature of Elizabeth's time — and I mean here by "lesser literature" the whole literature of that time except Shakspere — will have been struck with the circumstance that it all labours under a common fault, namely, diffuseness. Think of the long, long poems which were written at this time by men of real genius, yet which are scarcely ever read nowadays. Think of the page after page of Daniel's versified *History of the Wars between York and Lancaster;* of William Warner's poem, *Albion's England*, which contains ten thousand lines; of Michael Drayton's *Polyolbion*, which is a description of all the "tracts, mountains, forests and other parts of this renowned isle of Britain, with intermixture of the most remarkable stories, antiquities, wonders, pleasures, and commodities of the same, digested into a poem," containing thirty thousand lines. Think of Joshua Sylvester's translation of the French poet du Bartas, the size of which you see here in this great tome which I have brought down from the Peabody Library — but of which it is probably safe to say that no unprofessional person has read a hundred lines in a hundred years; nay, think even of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, whose six long books would doubtless have six times as many readers if they were six times as short.

Now — to pursue my sonnet argument — if you examine this Elizabethan diffuseness closely you will see that it is really one of those faults which come of strength run to riot. It is not a diffuseness of words: it is a diffuseness of ideas. These men — Warner, Daniel, Spenser — really and literally had so many ideas that they didn't know what to do. If sometime you ever get so far out of the wild current of our hurrying modern existence that you can sit down quietly with Daniel's *Musophilus* or with Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and can read tranquilly along, forgetting the shortness of life, you will be astonished to find how much these men had to say and how beautifully they said it: but you will also immediately perceive that the trouble with their long poems is the extent over which they range and the consequent temptation to the vigorous and springy mind of the poet to bound off wherever his momentary fancy may lead him. He has always an idea in hand: the Elizabethan poet scarcely ever says nothing: but the terror of it is that the idea is as apt as not to be one that has little or no relation to the main point. Indeed, there is often no main point, and consequently the reader's mind is soon confused and clogged. To think, in short, of making a work of art out of a thirty-thousand-line poem like Drayton's *Polyolbion* is simply absurd: it could never be a unity, it could never blaze upon the reader's mind with that singleness of impression which a poem leaves when it *is* a work of art.

Now it so happens that the very men who wrote these long poems which have practically passed out of our literature, wrote sonnets which still remain, and will forever remain, the constant delight of those who love true art. This sonnet of Daniel's here is, with its little fourteen lines, worth the whole of his thousand-lined *Civil Warres* and *Musophilus* and the like; and I could cite you a score of Drayton's sonnets any one of which will outweigh, in the dainty balances of art, the whole ponderous thirty thousand lines of the *Polyolbion*. Why is this?

Why is it that the man who writes a bad tome writes a good sonnet?

By recurring to the dramatic theory of the sonnet which has been propounded you can see how this comes about very naturally. The sonnet, as I said, must consist of one main idea, which is gradually developed by means of the subsidiary ideas, and which finally flashes forth in a blaze of light at the end of the poem; and since there are only fourteen lines in which to do all this, the poet is necessarily obliged to compress his words, to compact his thoughts, to bring together, as it were, all the smouldering coals of his fancy and blow the mass into a white heat; in short, he is obliged to mould his sonnet upon the form of the drama; and this very obligation of form, instead of being a hindrance,— as Ben Jonson crudely supposed in his talk with Drummond,— is a help and a salvation in holding the poet straight as an arrow-flight to the central conception of the poem.

And so the really great poems of the minor Elizabethan writers are the very short ones. Hundreds of their sonnets are wonders of beauty. And what ravishing little songs do we get from them, often embedded here and there in long prosy plays, like diamonds in dismal mud! For it may be said of the song, as of the sonnet, that it must have its central idea, and must make that gleam, in a flash however momentary, upon the hearer's soul, by a process which preserves in small the unities of the drama.

With this additional illustration of the nature and true value of the sonnet, I invite you now to spend an intellectual hour with three of the maddest lovers this world ever saw. Mad lovers, indeed: yet with so beautiful a method in their madness that all the rhapsodies and ecstasies of lovers before or since have here found a form and body of matchless perfection. These three are: Samuel Daniel, in his Sonnets to Delia, Henry Constable, in his Sonnets to Diana, and William Habington, in his Sonnets to Castara. I desire to read you as many of their sonnets as I can, and so I shall bring them before you upon the very briefest thread of commentary possible: though, I confess, this is hard; I find these sonnets so full of pith and suggestive substance that it is difficult enough to refrain from pointing out the interesting paths of thought into which they lead.

Samuel Daniel was born in the year 1562, and died in 1619. This, you see, makes him quite precisely the contemporary of Shakspere, who was born in 1564 and died in 1616; and so, as it is not worth while to burthen your minds with biographical details, you may simply associate Daniel with Shakspere. He was, in fact, the friend of Shakspere and Fulke Greville and Marlowe and that ilk, and altogether a great, strong, and tender man. More of his outward life you can learn from his biographers: his real life lies here in these poems, and without more ado I proceed to give you some taste of its quality.

I ask you to analyse with some detail a sonnet of Daniel's. If you will do me the favour to read this with some attention until you are familiar with the project of it, I feel sure you will profit by contrasting it with a poor sonnet by another writer, and that you will gain a vivid idea of the enormous distance and separation which lie between a poem of mere cleverness and one of true genius. Perhaps the most pleasant way for you to make this analysis is to fancy that you — each of you — are the "injurious Delia," as Daniel quaintly calls her in another sonnet. Fancy that you are sitting at home, some quiet morning in the year 1590, with morning thoughts in your soul, and that presently comes in the maid with a packet which she reports has just been handed her by Master Daniel's servant. You — I am afraid you are a somewhat haughty beauty — you languidly turn the packet about,— you know it is a sonnet, for he has sent many a one before,— and with a killing elevation of your critical eyebrows you lazily open and read it.

It says:

> "Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,"

Very good, Master Daniel; a musical compliment enough to these locks, which are much like gold: but why "restore" them?

Here, you see, Daniel, in his little drama, has brought on his first character. As soon as the reader says, Why? and goes on to read for an answer, the plot begins; and now to thicken it:

> "Yeeld Citherea's sonne those Arkes of love,"

Arkes (says Delia): *that is, bows of love, the same being my lips, the bows of Cupid, Citherea's sonne: 'tis indifferent good, again, for a lover: but why "yeeld" my Cupid's bows to Cupid? Would the man disfeature me, and leave me no face at all to meet fortune with?*

> "Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore,"

Humph, mine eyes; I must bequeath mine eyes to heaven: he has already made me bald, and lifeless: now would he have me blind? But I will read on and see what further distribution of my beauty he will make.

> "And to th' Orient do thy Pearles remove."

My pearles: I must send my teeth into the East, it seems.

> "Yeeld thy hands' pride into th' Ivory white,"

And my hands, too, for he would have them elephant's tusks again.

"To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete:"

Aye, my breath would do a good turn, on its way to Araby, to blow over my hands and teeth to the Indies.

"Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,"

But I would not, indeed; for I would have need of all my blushes, for my own use, to stand before the world without my tresses, my lips, my eyes, my teeth, my hands' white, and my breath's odor.

"To Thetis give the honor of thy feete."

Nay, he would leave me nothing to stand upon:

"Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd,"

Willingly, what's left of them: here, Venus, 'tis but scraps, dear Goddess, and remnants; but take them: if any of your graces should have worn threadbare, these might do for a patch.

"And thy sweet voice give back unto the Spheares:"

Why, yes: down, Mars and Jupiter; ye might fly alongside of Madam Venus when she comes after my graces. And yet I will not give up my voice till I ask, nay, till I bawl again, what cause, in love or reason, hath this mad Daniel to bid me give back all that he swears to be precious?

And now the plot is ripe, and the crisis comes; the whole gist of the matter, up to which he has been leading, comes in the last four lines:

"But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind
To Hyrcan Tygres and to ruthless Beares. (*Aha!*)
Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe:
So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to plaine."

And one may hope that here the "fierce and cruell" Delia feels the woman rising in her heart, that a certain softer and sweeter light begins to glow in her eyes, and that with a more melting mood she goes back to the beginning and reads over this sonnet consecutively until she sees how artfully the poet has managed to bring out the climacteric of her cruelty — by showing that if her charms should return to their sources, all would fall into sweet environment except her mind which would go to the tigers and her heart to the cold marble:

> Restore thy tresses to the golden Ore,
> Yeeld Citherea's sonne those Arkes of love,
> Bequeath the heavens the starres that I adore,
> And to th' Orient do thy Pearles remove.
> Yeeld thy hands' pride into th' Ivory white,
> To Arabian odors give thy breathing sweete:
> Restore thy blush unto Aurora bright,
> To Thetis give the honor of thy feete.
> Let Venus have thy graces, her resign'd,
> And thy sweet voice give back unto the Spheares:
> But yet restore thy fierce and cruell mind
> To Hyrcan Tygres and to ruthless Beares.
> Yeeld to the Marble thy hard hart againe:
> So shalt thou cease to plague, and I to plaine.

Now I could not better illustrate the difference between a strong sonnet like this of Daniel's and a weak sonnet (like the multitudes that are written nowadays) than by reading you a specimen of the latter sort which was written in Daniel's time. It is by some anonymous writer; I found it in the collection called *The Phœnix' Nest*. It has partly the same thoughts with Daniel's: the lover is raving about his sweetheart's eyes, hands, hair, etc.: but see on what a low plane of thought it is built; it simply takes up the stock ideas of beauty, and contents itself with repeating them in a more musical succession than usual:

Those eies which set my fancy on a fire;
Those crispéd haires which hold my hart in chaines;
Those daintie hands which conquered my desire;
That wit which of my thoughts doth hold the rains:

Those eies for clearness doe the starrs surpas,
Those haires obscure the brightness of the sunne,
Those hands more white than ever ivorie was,
That wit even to the skies hath glorie wonne.

O eies! that perse our harts without remorse,
O haires! of right that weares a roiall crown,
O hands! that conquer more than Cæsar's force,
O wit! that turns huge kingdoms upside down.

Then Love, be judge, what hart may thee withstand:
Such eies, such haire, such wit, and such a hand.

See now how in Shakspere's treatment of the same subject, i.e., of the praise of beauty, we are rapt away into an intellectual plane as much higher than this as heaven is higher than earth. I read Shakspere's Sonnet CVI:

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead and lovely knights
Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now.
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And, for the look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
  For we, which now behold these present days,
  Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

But all the ideas in which that previous sonnet ends, you observe, even Daniel's takes for a mere beginning: instead of saying, *Those eies for clearness doe the starrs surpas*, and contenting himself with the trite simile, he assumes all that as a mere sort of alphabet and uses it in a far higher and finer construction.

This Daniel is such a pleader as makes me wonder that Delia could have held out against him long enough for him to have written all this series of sonnets addressed to her. Listen to him, for example, comparing his sufferings to an ocean, in which he is struggling towards her, like Leander in the Hellespont, while she stands like Hero on the shore:

> Most faire and lovely Maide, look from the shore,
> See thy Leander striving in the waves,
> Poore soule, quite spent, whose force can do no more.
> Now send forth hope, for now calme pitty saves,
> And waft him to thee with those lovely eies,
> A happy convoy to a holy Land;
> Now show thy power, and where thy vertue lies;
> To save thine owne, stretch out the fairest hand,
> Stretch out the fairest hand, a pledge of peace;
> That hand that darts so right and never misses:
> I shall forget old wrongs, my griefes shall cease;
> And that which gave me wounds, I'll give it kisses.
> Once let the ocean of my cares find shore,
> That thou be pleased, and I may sigh no more.

Here him plead again, in a sonnet which finely shows a certain gravity and sober dignity of tenderness which I think quite characteristic of Daniel's work in general.

I call your particular attention to the large and protective manliness displayed in the last lines of this, where, having the cruelty of the "injurious Delia" plainly before his eyes, he yet, so far from reproaching her, with a poet's subtlety invents a method of shielding her from the world's blame, and, as it were, drowns her in a fragrant sea of forgiveness. It would seem to be true and unselfish love — which, starting out under the sting of some new cruelty to reproach the sinning beloved, turns by its own unconscious generosity into the wholly different path of excusing the sin, and finally closes with new devotion and a plan for securing the world's forgiveness of the injury which the lover has already personally condoned. This is No. XXIX of the Sonnets to Delia:

Still in the trace of one perplexéd thought
My ceaseless cares continually run on:
Seeking in vain what I have ever sought,
One in my love, and her hard heart still one,
I, who did never joy in other sun,
And have no stars but those, that must fulfil
The work of rigor fatally begun
Upon this heart whom cruelty will kill.
Injurious Delia, yet I love thee still,
And will whilst I shall draw this breath of mine.
I'll tell the world that I deserv'd but ill,
And blame myself t'excuse that heart of thine.
See then who sinnes the greater of us twaine,
I in my love, or thou in thy disdaine.

Perhaps it will bring out this dignity of Daniel — a certain blue-blooded and hidalgo stateliness of lofty fervour — if I collate a sonnet from Spenser's Amoretti on this same general theme. You will readily see how Spenser, though more smooth and fluent than Daniel, is distinctly less large and noble in demeanour.

XVII

The rolling wheel that runneth often round
The hardest steel in tract of time doth tear;
And drizling drops that often do redound
The firmest flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I with many a dropping tear
And long entreaty soften her hard heart
That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to hear,
Or look with pity on my painful smart:
But when I plead she bids me *play my part:*
And when I weep, she says tears are but water:
And when I sigh she says I know the art:
And when I wail she turns herself to laughter:
So do I weep and wail and plead in vain,
Whiles she as steel and flint doth still remain.

Daniel seems particularly fine when he forgets the cruelty of Delia and abandons himself to tenderness pure and simple. For example, what manly and musical love-making this is!

LII

Let others sing of Knights and Palladines
In aged accents and untimely words;
Paint shadowes in imaginary lines
Which well the reach of their high wits records;
But I must sing of thee and those faire eies,
Autentique shall my verse in time become,
When yet th' unborne shall say, Lo where she lies
Whose beauty made him speake that else was dumbe.
These are the Arkes, the Trophies I erect
That fortifie thy name against old age:
And these thy sacred vertues must protect
Against the darke and time's consuming rage;
Though the error of my youth in them appeare,
Suffice, they shew I liv'd and lov'd thee deare.

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Note here what dignity he manages to give to the daintiest and subtlest turns of thought:

Time, cruel time, come and subdue that Brow
Which conquers all but thee, and thee too staies
As if she were exempt from sycth or Bow,
From love or years unsubject to decaies.
Or art thou growne in league with those faire eies
That it may helpe thee to consume our daies?
Or dost thou spare her for her cruelties,
Being merciless like thee, that no man weies?
And yet, thou seest, thy powre she disobayes,
Cares not for thee, but lets thee waste in vaine,
And, prodigall of howers and yeares, betraies
Beauty and youth t' opinion and disdaine.
Yet spare her, time, let her exempted be;
She may become more kinde to thee or me.

In a very elaborate edition of Joshua Sylvester's translation of the French poet du Bartas I find a sonnet of Daniel's which is interesting as showing him in another light than that of the sighing lover, and further as evincing the ease with which he could make fine fancies on any given subject. This is a sonnet in praise of Sylvester's work, printed — as was then the common custom — along with the work itself. Daniel compares Sylvester's translation of the French poet to the sallying forth of an English vessel for the purpose of ravaging the French shores; and he works out the underlying thought with great skill.

Thus to adventure forth, and re-convey
The best of treasures from a forrain coast,
And take that wealth wherein they gloried most,
And make it ours by such a gallant prey,
And that without injustice: doth bewray

The glory of the worke, that wee may boast
Much to have wonne and others nothing lost,
By taking such a famous prize away
As thou, industrious SYLVESTER, hast wrought,
And here enrich't us with th' immortal store
Of other's sacred lines: which, from them brought,
Comes by thy taking greater than before:
So hast thou lighted from a flame devout
As great a flame that never shall goe out.

By this sonnet hangs a tale which it is worth while telling here. It is, as I said, printed in this ponderous tome which contains the translation of du Bartas by Sylvester, and others of Sylvester's works. Now this book, though the purest reading imaginable, is nevertheless most instructive as an instance of the stupendous follies which contemporary criticism has committed in all ages. The French poet du Bartas, who may be called an early contemporary of Shakspere, was perhaps the most renowned poet in his own day that ever lived. He wrote two long religious poems, one on the First Week of Creation, the other on the Second Week of Creation; and his works were so sought after that they passed through thirty-eight editions in less than six years, and were translated into Latin, Italian, Spanish, English, German, and Dutch. Yet it is probable that no one now before me ever read, or ever will read, one line of these poems; and it is two hundred years since anybody considered them worth reading, except Goethe, who found a certain largeness and dignity in the ideas. Even the translation of du Bartas into English which Sylvester made was thought by some of his contemporaries to be the most wonderful poetical work of the whole era, and you see what praise even Daniel gives it: Sylvester, he says, has lighted a flame

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which never will go out. I find here another sonnet, which is an acrostic on the name of Joshua Sylvester, signed "R. N." (probably for Robert Nicholson), and which is far more enthusiastic in its encomium. How many lessons for contemporary criticism lie in the reading of such words as these written about a book which is utterly buried in oblivion for all save the antiquary and the professional litterateur!

"If profit," cries the gushing R. N.—

> If profit mixt with pleasure maist praise
> Or works divine be 'fore profane preferred,
> Shall not this heavenly work the workers raise
> Unto the clouds in columns selfly-rear'd?
> And (though his earth be low in earth interred)
> Shall not du Bartas (Poets' pride and glorie)
> In after ages be with wonder heard
> Lively recording th' universall storie?
> Undoubtedly Hee shall; and so shalt thou,
> Eare-charming eccho of his sacred voyce;
> Sweete Sylvester, how happy was thy choyce
> To taske thee thus, and thus to quit thee now!
> End as thou hast begunne; and then by right
> Rare Muses NONE SUCH shall thy work be hight.

It would be enough to make poor Joshua Sylvester grin in his grave to read this sonnet now. Sylvester's works have long ago fallen into nearly as profound oblivion as du Bartas's. He affords, by the way, an admirable illustration of the doctrine just now urged that the characteristic diffuseness of our older poets is apt to disappear when they are reined up by vigorous forms like the sonnet. Sylvester could write page after page like this extract from his poem called *Tobacco Battered:*

Then in despight, who ever dare say nay,
Tobacconists, keepe on your course; you may —
If you continue in your smoakie Ure —
The better far Hell's sulph'ry smoak endure;
And herein, as in all your other evil,
Grow nearer still and liker to the Divell:
Save that the Divell (if he could revoke)
Would flee from filthy and unhealthy Smoak: . . .
Which, herein worse than hee (the worst of Ill)
You long-for, lust-for, ly-for, dy-for still.
For as the Salamander lives in Fire,
You live in smoak, and, without smoak, expire.

But when he comes to write sonnets we find that he has really a vein of poetry in him which yields passable metal on occasion. Witness the following, for instance, which is an agreeable variation from the helpless cries of the despairing lover against his inexorable mistress. Sylvester tries the other tack and endeavours to pique her into favour.

He cries:

Thou art not faire, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosie temp'ratures in thee;
Thou art not sweet, though made of meer delight,
Nor faire, nor sweet, unlesse thou pity mee.
Thine eyes are black, and yet their glistering brightnesse
Can night illumine in her darkest denne;
Thy hands are bloudy, yet compact of whitenesse,
Both black and bloudy, if they murther men;
Thy brow, whereon my fortune doth depend,
Fairer than snow, or the most lilly thing:—
Thy tongue which saves at every sweet word's end —
That hard as marble, This a mortall sting.
I will not sooth thy follies; thou shalt prove
That beauty is no beauty without love.

While here is a sonnet which quite musically reveals some of the old lover's superstitions in vogue during Sylvester's time:

> Thrice tosse these oaken ashes in the aire,
> And thrice three times tie-up this true Love's knott;
> Thrice sit thee down in this enchanted chaire,
> And murmur soft, shee will, or shee will not.
> Goe burn these poys'ned weeds in that blew fire,
> This Cipresse gath'red at a dead man's grave;
> These scriech-owles' feathers, and this pricking bryer,
> That all thy thorny Cares an end may have.
> Then come, you Fairies: dance with mee a round:
> Dance in this circle, let my love be center,
> Melodiously breath out a charming sound;
> Melt her hard heart, that some remorse may enter:
> In vain are all the charmes I can devise:
> Shee hath an Art to breake them with her eyes.

Before I leave this beautiful poet—whom my meagre samples will tempt you to read, I hope, much more fully—let me quote a verse of a little song of his which I found in one of his tragedies, and which seems to me to illustrate very clearly how much better these old poets write when they are held tightly to the obligation of compact utterance by some rigid form. This is a song of spring; I read only the first verse:

> Now each creature joyes the other,
> Passing happy dayes and howers;
> One bird reports unto another
> In the fall of silver showers,
> Whilst the earth (our common mother)
> Hath her bosom deckt with flowers.

The lines "One bird reports unto another In the fall of silver showers" bring before my mind an indescribably glittering April landscape where, between the plashing rains, the sun gleams out and the voices of birds come ringing over from thick-topped trees that lean above swift brooks on each side of a green lawn.

I now introduce to you the second of my three lovers, Master Henry Constable. In point of time you can associate him accurately enough with Shakspere and Daniel. These sonnets I have selected are from a collection which was printed about 1592 or 1594 under the following title:

Diana,
or
The Excellent Conceitful Sonnets of H. C.

This title characterises the general work of Constable with a curious felicity. His sonnets are excellent conceitful poems. Many have thought them too conceitful; but I, for one, am not so afraid of conceits as some people. I think most persons enjoy these conceits, but usually with a certain vague sense of illegitimate pleasure, probably traceable to the circumstance that most of the critical works upon this period usually dismiss poems of this class with the remark that although artfully constructed they are yet mere bundles of conceits; and this overhasty censure is unfortunately suffered to pass without examination. Now I think this vague depreciation clearly a mistake. It seems to me to be based on what I can only call the provincialism of epochs. You know well what the provincialism of a parish is. An ignorant person, for instance, going from the backwoods of America to France finds the dress, speech, and habits of the Parisians simply absurd. He is never done laughing at the odd figures they cut. Of course they are neither absurd nor odd; they are simply different from what he has been accustomed to see.

I suspect that hardly any of us ever become entirely free from the influence of a similar sentiment when we look from out our own time upon the works of a period very unlike ours in its environment. I suspect we all are strongly inclined in such cases to think that grotesque which is really but unfamiliar. In order to counteract the influence of this prejudice of eras in the matter of poetic conceits like Constable's, let us remind ourselves that the period in which these sonnets were written was a period in which what *we* call high-flown language was practically not high-flown language at all. We can strikingly realise this by recalling some terms which have come down to us from this very period, and which, though they really are high-flown, do not seem in the least so to us.

For example, the words "your obedient servant" at the end of a letter are under many circumstances absurdly extravagant; but we do not regard them so, simply because we have seen them often. Let us remember, therefore, that the kind of language which still survives among us in the form of "your obedient servant" and the like expressions come to us from this very period, and seemed as little extravagant to Constable and Griffin and Daniel and Shakspere as the surviving forms do to us. In the same way they employed conceits much more familiarly than we do. All things among them were more fantastic (as we would call it), more fanciful (as we *should* call it) than among us.

While our men dress in gray or black, the costume of theirs was as varied in hue as that of the women of to-day. The cut of men's beards and collars was in different lines from ours, and all fancies less restrained.

But different as was a man's dress and habit then from now, his love for woman was the same, and I protest that in all these conceits I find but the same large and manly passion which rules in the heart of the true lover to-day, yet taking on an infinitely tender, cunning, and artless appearance through the naïve forms in which it is clothed. Listen to Constable, for example, describing his beloved. The main conceit of this sonnet is a representation of his lady's face as a coat of arms; and I do not know where one would look to find a more enchanting picture of golden hair, bright eyes, red lips, dainty features, and a true lover's longing than is here painted in the quaint old terms of heraldry. The last line—"But happy he that in his armes it weareth"—contains a pretty play on the words "in his armes," one sense being where a man is said to wear a lion rampant (for example) in his arms, that is, in his coat of arms, the other the ordinary sense of "in his arms."

> Heraulds at armes doe three perfections quote,
> To-wit, most faire, most ritch, most glittering:
> So when those three concurre within one thing,
> Needs must that thing of honor be a note.
> Lately I did behold a ritch fair coate
> Which wishéd fortune to mine eyes did bring,
> A lordly coat, yet worthy of a king,
> In which one might all these perfections note.
> A field of Lyllies, roses proper bare,
> Two starres in chiefe, the crest was waves of gold,
> How glittering 'twas might by the starres appear,
> The Lillies made it faire for to behold.
> And ritch it was as by the gold appeareth.
> But happy he that in his armes it weareth.

Again, here are some subtle enough turns of thought, and yet a great praise of constancy and tender love breathing throughout, while the last two lines make a very pretty epigram indeed:

Persever ever, and have never done,
You weeping accent of my wearie song:
O doe not you eternal passions shunne,
But be you true and everlasting long.
Say that she doth requite you with disdaine,
Yet fortified with hope, endure your fortune;
Though cruell now, she will be kind againe,
Such haps as those, such loves as yours importune:
Though shee protests the faithfullest severitie
Inexorable beauty is inflicting,
Kindnesse in time will pitty your sincerity,
Though now it be your fortunes interdicting:
For some can say, whose loves have known like passion,
Women are kind by kind, and coy by fashion.

Again:

Needes must I leave, and yet needes must I love,
In vaine my wit doth tell in verse my woe,
Dispayre in me disdaine in thee doth shoe
How by my wit I doe my folly prove:
All this my hart from love can never move.
Love is not in my hart, no Lady no,
My hart is love itself, till I forgoe
My hart, I never can my love remove.
How can I then leave love? I doe intend
Not to crave grace, but yet to wish it still.
Not to prayse thee, but beauty to commend,
And so by beauties prayse, prayse thee I will.
For as my hart is love, love not in mee,
So beauty thou, beauty is not in thee.

Here, again, is a most lovely sonnet, in which he shows how our moods put meanings of their own into all that surrounds us, so that if a man walks out in a happy frame of mind he turns each tree into some sort of simile of happiness; if in a dismal brooding, then all nature broods dismally. This sonnet has a singular grace in all its subtlety which makes it well worth study, and which of course I cannot hope to convey to you in one reading:

> In wonted walks since wonted fancies change,
> Some cause there is which of strange cause doth rise:
> For in each thing whereto mine eye doth range
> Part of my paine, meseems, ingravéd lies.
> The rocks, which were of constant mindes the make,
> In climbing steepe now hard refusall shoe:
> The shadie woods seeme now my sunne to darke,
> And statelie hills disdaine to looke so low;
> The restful caves now restless visions give;
> In dales I see each way a hard assent;
> Like late-mown meades, late cut from joye I live;
> Alas, sweet Brookes doe in my teares augment.
> Rocks, woods, hils, caves, dales, meades, brookes, answer mee;
> Infected mindes infect each thing they see.

In this following sonnet Constable exhibits a strength which takes the poem entirely above the plane of conceits and makes it a piece of imaginative art. He is describing love when the lover is in suspense:

> To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
> To welcome life and die a living death,
> To sweate with heate, and yet be freezing cold,
> To graspe at stars, and lye the earth beneath;
> To tread a Maze that never shall have end,
> To burne in sighs and starve in daily teares,
> To clime a hill and never to descend,
> Gyants to kill and quake at childish feares,
> To pyne for food and watch t' hesperian tree,
> To thirst for drink and Nectar still to draw,
> To live accurst whom men hold blest to be,
> And weepe those wrongs which never creature saw:
> If this be love, if love in these be founded,
> My hart is love, for these in it are grounded.

While here are two sonnets which may fairly be pronounced bad, not because they contain conceits, but because the conceit is strained beyond its capacity:

> Forgive me, deere, for thundering on thy name,
> Sith 'tis thyself that shows my love distrest,
> For fire exhal'd, in freezing clowdes possest,
> Warring for way makes all the heavens exclaim.
> Thy beautie, so, the brightest living flame,
> Wrapt in my clowdie hart by winter prest,
> Scorning to dwell within so base a nest
> Thunders in me thine everlasting fame.
> O that my hart would still contain that fire,
> Or that the fire would alwaies light my hart,
> Then shouldst thou not disdaine my true desire
> Or thinke I wrong'd thee to reveale my smart.
> For, as the fire through freezing clowdes doth break,
> So, not myselfe, but thou in me wouldst speake.

The second of these two will make you laugh with one of its conceits, which certainly does not suggest beautiful ideas to a modern mind. It is another fire-sonnet.

> Promethius, for stealing living fire
> From heavens king was judg'd eternall death
> In self-same flame with unrelenting ire,
> Bound fast to Caucasus' lowe foote beneath.
> So I, for stealing living beautie's fire
> Into my verse, that it may alwaies live
> And change his formes to shapes of thy desire,
> Thou, beautie's Queene, self sentence like dost give.
> Bound to thy feete, in chaines of love I lie,
> For to thine eyes I never dare aspire,
> And in thy beautie's brightness doe I fry
> As poore Promethius in the scalding fire,
> Which teares maintaine, as oyle the Lampe revives;
> Onely my succour in thy favour lives.

I must close these specimens of Constable's fancy with one in a wholly different vein from the preceding. It would seem that his genius, for some reason, took a more sober direction, and instead of laying sonnets at the feet of Diana he began to address them to the most exalted personages in the universe — to God himself, indeed, and the saints. In one of the early publications appears a series entitled *Spirituall Sonnettes, To The Honour of God and His Saints, by H. C.* It is interesting to observe how in these spiritual sonnets Constable's former brisk conceits are chastened into lively utterances of devotion. I have time to read only one, and have selected the one addressed to

THE HOLY GHOST

Aeternal Spryght! which art in heaven the love
With which God and his sonne each other kysse,
And who, to show who God's Beloved ys,
The shape and wynges took'st of a loving Dove;
When Christ ascendyng sent thee from above
In fyery tongues, thou cam'st down unto hys,
That skyll in uttering heavenly mysteryes
By heate of zeale both faith and love might move:
True God of love! from whom all true love sprynges,
Bestowe upon my love thy wynges and fyre,
My soul (a)[1] spyrytt ys, and with thy wynges
May lyke an Aungell fly from earth's desyre,
And with thy fyre (my)[2] hart inflamed may beare,
And in thy syght a seraphin appeare.

These specimens are meagre enough, but they will probably give you material upon which to build a fair enough judgment of Constable. He is, as you readily observe, a man of altogether less compass, less weight, less dignity, than Daniel; but withal a poet of nimble fancy, of lively wit, and of tender heart.

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[1] “And” in original: I conjecture “a,” as making sense, which “and” does not.

[2] I conjecture “my” instead of “and” in the original.

I now introduce my third lover, in the person of William Habington, a poet who, though not on the plane of Daniel or Constable, deserves to be better known than he is. In point of time Habington is considerably later than Constable and Daniel: he was born in the year 1605, and lived only until 1645. But he may, without strain, be classed with the Elizabethan poets, in virtue of the earnestness, the fervour, and the directness of his poetry, and of its entire freedom from that artificial tang which begins to appear with the Charleses. Habington was born on the 5th of November, which you will remember as the date of the Gunpowder Plot; and it is curious enough to be worth noting here that his family was connected with the history of that celebrated conspiracy in more ways than one, inasmuch as it is supposed to have been his own mother through whom the plot was discovered, while his father was imprisoned under sentence of death for harbouring some of the conspirators, though he was afterwards pardoned.

I bring forward Habington with all the more pleasure inasmuch as he is a lover of a wholly different type from Daniel and Constable, and therefore will act as a pleasant relief when placed over against them.

You must have observed what an enormous proportion of all the sonnets I have read are inspired by the cruelty of the unrelenting fair one. There is a cunning sonnet of Drummond's in which this circumstance is complained of by a lady who was good enough to stop her lover's reproach of cruelty in the sweetest fashion. She declared — and, it would seem, justly — that after she had ceased to be cruel, had relented, and had married him, she had no more sonnets written to her; and she observed that this had been always the case — the more cruelty, the more fame, through the sonnets evoked by hard-heartedness. She argued that this was wrong, that it was setting a premium, as it were, on cruelty, at the expense of sweet compliance: and her final remonstrance sums up her position in this pithy couplet:

> To cruel nymphs your lines do fame afford;
> Of many pitiful, not one poor word.

Daniel has a sonnet which, starting from a different point, arrives at the same conclusion; referring to the fact that his failure to obtain her — or, in other words, her cruelty — has been the real source of the sonnets which have immortalised both him and her:

> . . . Delia [he cries], mine error hath made me known,
> And my deceiv'd attempt deserv'd more fame
> Then if I had the victory mine owne
> And thy hard heart had yeelded up the same.
> And so, likewise, renownéd is thy blame,—
> Thy cruelty, thy glory: O strange Case
> That errors should be grac'd that merit shame,
> And sinne of frownes bring honour to the face.

Now Habington was not one of these unhappy lovers: he was not consumed with torturing fires, he did not waste away in tears, nor fill the universe with his lamentations.

His love appears to have quite belied the proverb: it was a true love, and its course seems to have been quite smooth. His sonnets are mostly inspired by delight; and to come upon them after Constable and Daniel is like emerging from some Dantesque limbo of lost spirits, filled with groans and cries of anguish, into some pleasant grove where brooks are purling and birds singing.

Habington's sonnets are all addressed to Castara, a fanciful name for Lucy Herbert, whom he loved and afterwards married. Some of the sonnets are written before his marriage, many after Castara had become his wife; but those to the wife are no less fervid than those to the mistress, and only differ in showing a fulness and perfect glory of contentment truly singular and beautiful to see. I will read some specimens of his handiwork during both these periods — before and after his marriage. Here is a sonnet which brings up a fair, saintly picture, addressed

TO CASTARA, PRAYING

I saw Castara pray, and from the skie
A wingéd legion of bright angels flie
To catch her vowes, for feare her virgine prayer
Might chance to mingle with impurer aire.
To vulgar eyes the sacred truth I write
May seem a fancie; but the eagle's sight
Of saints and poets miracles oft view
Which to dull heretickes appeare untrue.
Faire zeale begets such wonders. O divine
And purest beauty, let me thee enshrine
In my devoted soule, and from thy praise,
T' enrich my garland, pluck religious bayes.
Shine thou the starre by which my thoughts shall move,
Best subject of my pen, queen of my love.

Here is a much stronger one in which he adroitly turns even the icy winter to the praise of his mistress. It is addressed to

WINTER

Why dost thou look so pale, decrepit man?
Why doe thy cheeks curl like the ocean
Into such furrowes? Why dost thou appeare
So shaking, like an ague to the yeare?
The sunne is gone. But yet Castara stayes,
And will adde stature to thy pigmy dayes,
Warm moysture to thy veynes: her smile can bring
Thee the sweet youth and beauty of the spring;
Hence with thy palsie, then, and on thy head
Weare flowrie chaplets as a bridegroom led
To the holy fane; banish thy aged ruthe,
That virgins may admire and court thy youth,
And the approaching Sunne, when he shall finde
A spring without him, fall, since uselesse, blinde.

He sees Castara in a temporary trance, and builds this pleasant picture of a quiet voyage with her over the vast main of death. It is addressed

TO CASTARA, IN A TRANCE

Forsake me not so soone. Castara, stay;
And, as I break the prison of my clay,
I'll fill the canvass with m' expiring breath
And with thee saile o'er the vaste maine of death.
Some cherubin thus as we passe shall play
"Goe, happy twins of love!" the courteous sea
Shall smooth her wrinkled brow; the windes shall sleep,
Or only whisper musicke to the deepe;
Every ungentle rocke shall melt away;
The Syrens sing to please, not to betray;
The indulgent skie shall smile; each starry quire
Contend which shall afford the brighter fire;
While Love, the pilot, steeres his course so even,
Ne'er to cast anchor till we reach at heaven.

His nearest approach to the groaning lover is made in a sonnet written upon Castara's absence. Reason, it would seem, suggests to him that it isn't worth while going mad on this account, as she will probably return soon, or other such consoling thoughts; but he resolves to indulge in the luxury of woe, and so addresses this sonnet

TO REASON, UPON CASTARA'S ABSENCE

With youre calme precepts goe, and lay a storme
In some breast flegmatick which would conforme
Her life to youre cold lawes: in vain y' engage
Yourselfe on me, I will obey my rage.
She's gone, and I am lost. Some unknown grove
I'll find where by the miracle of Love
I'll turne t' a fountaine and divide the yeere
By numbering every moment with a teare.
Where if Castara (to avoyd the beames
O' th' neighb'ring sunne) shall wandering meet my streame,
And tasting hope her thirst alaid shall be,
Shee'll feele a sudden flame and burne like mee,
And thus distracted cry: "Tell me, thou cleere
But treach'rous fount, what lover's coffined here?"

But these mock-woes are infrequent; and soon his bliss is made perfect by his marriage with Castara. Habington's poems are divided into sets by short prose pieces, each of which heads a particular series. One of these prose introductions, or arguments, is headed "A Wife." It gives Habington's ideal of a wife, and is so good, in spite of a little tang of sententiousness to a modern palate, that I read you nearly all of it. A wife, he says, "is the sweetest part in the harmony of our being. . . . She is so religious that every day crownes her a martyr, and her zeale neither rebellious nor uncivill. She is so true a friend, her husband may to her communicate even his ambitions; and if successe crowne not expectation, remaine nevertheless uncontemn'd. Shee is colleague with him in the empire of prosperity: and a safe retyring place when adversity exiles him from the world. Shee is much at home, and when shee visits, 'tis for mutual commerce, not for intelligence. Shee can go to court and return no passionate doater on bravery; and when she hath seen the gay things muster up themselves there, she considers them as cobwebs the spider Vanity hath spun. . . . Shee so squares her passion to her husband's fortunes that in the countrey she lives without a froward melancholy, in the towne without a fantastique pride. . . . She is inquisitive onely of new wayes to please him, and her wit sayles by no other compasse than his direction. Shee lookes upon him as conjurors upon the circle beyond which there is nothing but Death and Hell; and in him she believes Paradise circumscribed. His virtues are her wonder and imitation; and his errours, her credulitie thinks no more frailtie than makes him descend to the title of man."

I am afraid there are rebellious females who will regard these last clauses as putting it a trifle too strong; but, without arguing the point, at any rate they sound very sweetly to a man's ear. Whatever may be said, Habington's Castara appears to have quite fulfilled his ideal. Here is a sonnet written after he had been married a year, called "Love's Anniversarie," and addressed

TO THE SUNNE

[Which in its course had now reached the same spot in the heavens that it occupied on the wedding-day.]

Thou art returned (great light) to that blest houre
In which I first by marriage' sacred power

Joyned with Castara hearts; and as the same
Thy lustre is as then, so is our flame,
Which had increast, but that by Love's decree
'Twas such at first it ne're could greater be.
But tell me (glorious lampe), in thy survey
Of things below thee, what did not decay
By age to weaknesse? I since that have seen
The rose bud forth and fade, the tree grow greene
And wither, and the beauty of the field
With winter wrinkled. Even thyselfe dost yeeld
Something by time and to thy grave fall nigher;
But virtuous love is one sweet endlesse fire!

And again he testifies in this more earnest and philosophical sonnet his quiet satisfaction with his wife. It is headed

WHEN TRUE HAPPINESS ABIDES

Castara, whisper in some dead man's eare
This subtill quaere; and hee'll point out where
— By answers negative — true joyes abide.
Hee'll saye, they flowe not on the uncertaine tide
Of greatnesse, they can no firm basis have
Upon the trepidation of a wave.
Nor lurke they in the cavernes of the earth
Whence all the wealthy mineralls draw their birth,
To covetous man so fatall: nor i' the grace
Love they to wanton of a brighter face,
For th' are above time's battery, and the light
Of beauty age's cloud will soon benight.
If among these content — he thus doth prove —
Hath no abode, where dwells it but in love?

I now read two other notable sonnets by the same author:

TO BEAUTY

Castara, see that dust, the sportive wind
So wantons with. 'Tis happily all you'll find
Left of some beauty; and how still it flies,
To trouble, as it did in life, our eyes,
O empty boast of flesh! though our heires gild
The farre fetch't Phrygian marble, which shall build
A burthen to our ashes, yet will death
Betray them to the sport of every breath.
Dost thou, poore relique of our frailty still
Swell up with glory? Or is it thy skill
To mocke weak man, whom every wind of praise
Into the aire doth 'bove his center raise?
  If so, mocke on; and tell him that his lust
  To beauty's madnesse; for it courts but dust.

INVITING HER TO SLEEPE

Sleepe, my Castara, silence doth invite
Thy eyes to close up day; though envious Night
Grieves Fate should her the sight of them debarre;
For she is exil'd while they open are.
Rest in thy peace secure. With drowsie charmes
Kinde sleepe bewitcheth thee into her armes;
And finding where Love's chiefest treasure lies
Is like a theefe stole under thy bright eyes.
Thy innocence, rich as the gaudy quilt
Wrought by the Persian hand, thy dreames from guilt
Exempted, Heaven with sweet repose doth crowne
Each vertue softer than the swan's fam'd downe.
  As exorcists wild spirits mildly lay,
  May sleepe thy fever calmly chase away.

Permit me now to close this lecture with a very pretty sonnet of Habington's which fitly crowns all the others in prophesying the immortality which his love craved for his wife and which her loveliness deserved. He represents his Muse as speaking down to him from above. Says the Genius of Poetry to him:

Thy vowes are heard, and thy Castara's name
Is writ as fair i' th' register of fame
As th' ancient beauties which translated are
By poets up to Heaven: each there a-starre.
And though imperiall Tiber boast alone
Ovid's Corinna, and to Arn is knowne
But Petrarch's Laura, while our famous Thames
Doth murmur Sydney's Stella to her streames:
Yet hast thou Severne left, and she can bring
As many quires of swans as they to sing
Thy glorious love: which, living, shall by thee
The only sovereign of those waters be.
Dead, in love's firmament no starre shall shine
So nobly faire, so purely chaste as thine.

CHAPTER X

THE SONNET-MAKERS FROM SURREY TO SHAKSPERE

(4) Sidney's and Shakspere's Sonnets

IN my last lecture I brought before you three types of lovers, as displayed in the sonnets of Samuel Daniel, Henry Constable, and William Habington. You remember that as we listened to their groans of torment or cries of delight we distinguished marked differences between them, Daniel being the lover of most dignity, and Constable of the nimblest fancy, while Habington was clearly discriminated from both the others by the circumstance that the course of his true love was quite smooth, and his sonnets inspired, not by the cruelty, but by the favour of his lady, who, even after becoming his wife, continued to be plentifully worshipped with these fourteen-lined hymns of love.

I ask you to spend an hour to-day in the company of two lovers who, though still declaring their passion in sonnets, are yet wholly different from the last three, as well as different from each other. These are Sir Philip Sidney and William Shakspere.

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It is with a sense of reverence — nay, I confess it is with great shrinking — that I ask you to stand with me and look in upon the very heart of hearts of these two men in whom English character and English genius culminated,— men who scarcely began to live until after their death, and who are now so much more alive than when their hearts actually beat in the flesh that I cannot rid myself of a certain sense of peering into their privacy as I read these sonnets. Yet they are so great that, after all, one need feel no more hesitation in studying their hearts than in looking into the open skies; for they were really a sort of spiritual heavens, where stars shine and clouds float, shedding light and giving rain to the whole race of man.

You are probably aware that the series of sonnets entitled *Astrophel to Stella*, usually printed with Sir Philip Sidney's works, is really a record of his passion for Lady Rich. This noble woman was the sister of that Robert Devereux who afterwards, as Essex, was known as the most brilliant of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers. Sidney fell in love with her while they were both free; but, for some reason not now known, she was forced to marry Lord Rich, a man who seems to have been in every way unsuitable to her. After his beloved was thus snatched from him Sidney's affection for her appears to have acquired double vehemence: and most of these sonnets are outbursts of his soul, written to her during this tragic period when he was in all the agonies of a death-struggle with a passion which you can easily see must have torn such a soul as his above all of lesser strength. It was like binding him to two wild horses and then lashing them in different directions. The very nobility of his nature, on the one hand, made him cling to her with all the desperate constancy of a soul that could not love lightly; while the same nobility continually tortured him with the consciousness that his love was wrong, that its object belonged to another, and that its best success could only end in inward baseness and outward disgrace. Now all the phases of this passion lie bare to our eyes in these sonnets. You remember I said in the beginning of this sonnet-series that the poets have nearly always chosen the form of the sonnet when they desired to make revelation of their most tender personal emotions, and that a sonnet was like a letter from the poet to you marked *confidential* at the top. These sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney's are even more private: they were not written for the public, but solely for Lady Rich, to whom they were sent like letters from her lover. This fact has been quite lost sight of by some of Sidney's biographers. Forgetting that these poems were not intended for the public eye, they have wholly misconstrued some of them in such a way as to fasten a stain upon the reputation of two of the whitest natures that ever the world saw. Sidney was born, as you may remember, in 1554, just ten years before Shakspere: he died in 1586, and these sonnets were not published until 1591, five years, you observe, after his death. They were given to the printer by alien hands, and were printed at random, not at all in the order in which they were written. I wish I had time to show you in detail how completely these half-aspersions upon Sidney's character, in his relations to Lady Rich, can be refuted by the internal evidence here recorded: this is impossible, in the time at my disposal; but I can partly clear up the matter, and at the same time give you a brief outline of this tragedy in sonnets, by selecting here and there five of them, which, like the five acts of a play, represent the beginning, the progress, the thickened plot, the agony and the final crisis of Sir Philip Sidney's love.

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For the first act I have selected a sonnet which admirably represents the impatience of a youthful lover to hear something about his mistress, and the insatiable appetite with which he longs for and devours all matter of news concerning her, even to the most trivial details. I fancy from this sonnet that Sidney has just seen some one who has recently left his beloved: perhaps it is his own servant whom he has despatched with a fairly copied sonnet, and whom on his return Sidney plies with eager questions,—what was she doing, what did she say, what dress had she on, and the like. The messenger apparently gives but meagre answers; whereupon the irate lover relieves his fierce curiosity in a sonnet. I read Sonnet XCII of the series *Astrophel to Stella:*

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you curtled Spartanes imitate?
Or do you mean my tender eares to spare
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phœnix-Stella's state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God, think you that satisfies my care?
I would know whether she did sit or walke;
How clothed; how waited-on; sigh'd she or smilde;
Whereof, with whom,—how often,—did she talke;
With what pastimes Time's journey she beguilde;
If her lips daign'd to sweeten my poore name;
Saie all; and, all well sayd, still say the same.

This sonnet very strongly reminds me of a most cunning scene between Rosalind and Celia in Shakspere's comedy of *As You Like It*, and I think it interesting to compare the two. You remember that after Rosalind, disguised with doublet and hose, has fled to the Forest of Arden, she and Celia are constantly finding copies of verses hanging on the trunks of trees, thereto affixed by Orlando, who is now haunting these same woods in exile. In the second scene of the third act Celia has brought in one of these poems, which she has happened to see the luckless lover fixing on the tree: and discovering thus that Orlando is the author, she begins to tease Cousin Rosalind, who of course is dying to know. Says Celia, as they sit under the tree with the verses in their hands:

> Trow you who hath done this?
>
> *Ros.* Is it a man?
>
> *Cel.* And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you colour?
>
> *Ros.* I prythee, who?
>
> *Cel.* O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter. . . . Orlando.
>
> *Ros.* Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How look'd he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.
>
> *Cel.* You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.
>
> *Ros.* But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?
>
> *Cel.* It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover. . . . I found him under a tree, like a dropp'd acorn.

In the next sonnet the disturbing element — what we may call the villain of the plot — appears on the scene.

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There are several in which Sidney turns to account Stella's married name — Rich — and plays upon the word after the quibbling manner of the Elizabethan writers. I remember the last six lines of one in which he speaks of his beloved as

> Rich in the treasure of deserved renowne,
> Rich in the riches of a royall hart,
> Rich in the gifts which give th' eternall crowne,
> Who, though most rich in these and every part
> Which make the patents of true worldly blisse,
> Hath no misfortune but that Rich she is.

In this following sonnet, however, he introduces the husband, Lord Rich, and declares that his abuse of his wife — for it seems he was not kind to her — shows him to be worse than the other rich misers, who at least have head enough to cherish and protect their treasures, although lacking heart enough to make proper use of them.

XXIII

Rich fooles there be whose base and filthie heart
Lies hatching still the goods wherein they flow,
And damning their owne selves to Tantal's smart,
Wealth breeding want — more rich, more wretched growe:
Yet to these fooles Heav'n doth such wit impart
As what their hands do holde their heads do knowe,
And knowing love, and loving lay apart
As sacred things, far from all danger's show.
But that rich foole, who by blind Fortune's lot
The richest gemme of love and life enjoyes,
And can with foule abuse such beauties blot:
Let him, depriv'd of sweet but unfelt joyes,
Exil'd for ay from those high treasures which
He knows not, grow in folly only rich.

In my third sonnet — the third act of the play — there is gathering darkness over this tormented soul. We collect from it that in the vehemence of his passion he has perhaps let fall some word of love towards her, or been betrayed into some violent forgetfulness of the tie that holds them apart, and that she has dismissed him, with a firmness all the more beautiful since, as we learn from another sonnet, she loves him in the bottom of her heart. He retires, and in the lonesome night, racked with the remembrance of his fault, he utters this pathetic cry. There is something grim in this comical line abruptly beginning what is really a wild and almost despairing supplication of a soul wrung beyond its strength. One can fancy him leaping from a tumbled bed and seizing his pen.

XL

As good to write, as for to lie and grone.
O Stella deare, how much thy power hath wrought,
That hast my mind — now of the basest — brought
My still-kept course, while others sleepe, to mone!
Alas, if from the height of Vertue's throne
Thou canst vouchsafe the influence of a thought
Upon a wretch that long thy grace hath sought,
Weigh then how I by thee am overthrown,
And then think thus,— although thy beautie be
Made manifest by such a victorie,
Yet noble conquerours do wreckes avoid;
Since then thou hast so far subduéd me,
That in my heart I offer still to thee,
O do not let thy temple be destroy'd.

By which one infers she has wrung from him some promise that he must not allow himself to be again overcome; but he proceeds to declare that he will still love her in his heart, and begs her not to deny him that last consolation,— not to overthrow even the temple in which she is worshipped. I should like you to familiarise yourselves with the form of Sidney's sonnets — which is mainly that of the Legitimate or Italian sort, as you see by the position of the rhymes. Moreover, to have the old spelling before one's eyes, I find a very important factor in my own enjoyment of all Elizabethan writing; and a thorough acquaintance with them is quite essential to seizing the ideas, which are too subtle to be caught in a single reading. But I must hurry on to the fourth act. Here the curtain rises on a piteous scene. The wild lover has relapsed: his passion has proved too strong, and he has made an abject surrender to it. He cries, I give up; he begs, Come:

LXIV

No more, my deare, no more these counsels trie,
O give my passions leave to run their race;
Let Fortune lay on me her worst disgrace;
Let folke o'ercharg'd with braine against me crie;
Let clowdes bedimme my face, breake in mine eye;
Let me no steps but of lost labour trace;
Let all the earth with scorne recount my case;—
But do not will me from my love to flie.
I do not envie Aristotle's wit,
Nor do aspire to Cæsar's bleeding fame;
Nor aught do care though some above me sit;
Nor hope nor wish another course to frame
But that which once may win thy cruell hart,—
Thou art my wit, and thou my vertue art.

But she is evidently firm in willing him "from his love to flie"; and after a great struggle, into whose depths of agony no man would care to look if he could, the true nobleman, the fine poet, the great, valorous heart, the right Sir Philip in him comes out; he conquers his heart, he becomes lord of himself, and we find this sonnet, the last of the *Astrophel to Stella* series:

Leave me, O Love which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades, but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beames, and humble all thy might
To that sweete yoke where lasting freedomes be,
Which breakes the clowdes, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
O take faste holde, let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And thinke how evill becommeth him to slide
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath:
Then, farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternall Love, maintaine thy life in me.

It was not long before he bade the world farewell indeed. Soon after this crisis he sought political employment of Queen Elizabeth; he went abroad, and in a short time his brilliant career was terminated by the wound he received at Zutphen.

I earnestly beg you to regard this as only the hastiest and most imperfect taste of the quality of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets. If you should desire more of them, it may be of service to remark that a complete collection of Sidney's poems has never been published, strange to say, until within the last four years, when the Rev. Alexander J. Grosart, of England, gathered them together from various sources and edited them. Grosart's edition is accessible to you in the Peabody Library.[1] I had intended to devote an entire lecture to Sidney's sonnets,[1] leaving the last of this series for Shakspere's; but one of my Mondays was made unavailable, you recollect, by my illness, and so, rather than prolong the course a week by making up that lecture, I resolved, inasmuch as you are being pretty severely lectured this winter, to consolidate two into one.

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[1] In Baltimore.

In leaving the subject of Sidney's sonnets: you see that he quite richly illustrates what was said in a previous lecture as to the superiority of the short works of the Elizabethan writers over their long ones. Sidney's *Arcadia* is not read nowadays; one may say it cannot be read. Life is too short for us to spare time to unravel those mazy complications of adventure and endless interrelations of antique with mediæval characters, spite of the richness of thought which surrounds them. But Sidney's sonnets will always be read. You will probably remember a charming essay of Charles Lamb in which he specifies his favourites among them. I should have been glad to bring these before you, so that you might compare tastes with the gentle Elia. In point of mechanical excellence, of technic, of musical flow, Sidney's sonnets do not compare with Daniel's, or with Constable's, or Drayton's, or Spenser's, or Griffin's; they are often ruggedly made, and harsh to the ear: but they are so rich in ideas, so genuine as outbursts of passion, and so sacred as revelations of one of the deepest and sweetest of human souls, that they must remain among those inviolate confidences which we all cherish as a sort of open secret among the whole human race.

In passing on to Shakspere's sonnets, I present you with another type of the lover, differing wholly from those who have gone before.

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[1] Michael Drayton and Barnaby Barnes were also to be treated of at some length; it has been thought inadvisable to include here a large amount of such material prepared but crowded out of the lectures.

You all recollect that the body of poems published under the general title of Shakspere's Sonnets consists of two distinct series, one of which is addressed to the man that he loved, and the other to the woman that he loved. To-day I place before you only a few of the first-named series: for of course I will not attempt any general treatment of the subject in this space. These incomparable poems are of such suggestiveness to me that if I should have been lecturing to you on them for a whole year previously I should still be in just as much want of space to finish what should be said of them — by which I mean simply that they seem to me inexhaustible incentives to thought.

The principle of selection upon which I have arranged such sonnets as I read is the setting forth of something like a connected account of Shakspere's affection for the man who inspired this first series. You will remember we found five sonnets of Drummond's which made a sort of connected drama of his unfortunate love. Let us see how Shakspere fared along the thorny path of friendship.

For a special purpose, let me say in advance that he fared but ill. You will see, as I read, that the man upon whom William Shakspere lavished his heart, in such love as few other men could give and in such poetry as no other man could write, basely betrayed him. He committed against Shakspere the most unpardonable crime of crimes, in taking advantage of their friendship to supplant him in the favour of the woman that he loved. You will see — and this the main point to which I am bringing you — that Shakspere forgave this bitter sin, voluntarily, freely, even inventing gentle excuses for it, with a magnificence of generosity to be compared with nothing but the generosity of this earth, which, the more we wound it with our ploughs and scarify it with our many-toothed harrows and rakes, so much the more returns us its immeasurable exuberance of corn for our bodies and of flowers for our souls. You will see how it was with this same immeasurable exuberance that Shakspere loved, that he praised, that he suffered, that he forgave.

And let me further remind you that we are presented with a precisely parallel set of facts in the life of Beethoven. You will probably remember with what wonderful clinging affection Beethoven pertinaciously cherished his nephew for so many years; and how the nephew was all the time but a graceless scamp, who wasted in riotous living the hard-earned money which came in for the immortal symphonies and sonatas, until at last the poor deaf old musician, whom nature and man seemed to have conspired to torment, lay down in his bleak lodgings and breathed out the breath of the most consummate artist this world has yet known. Does not, by the way, this piteous history of these two geniuses, who stand, so far, alone, each upon his own height of excellence, set us to pondering whether the sunlight and springtime are not, after all, less fruitful than darkness and winter? Passing by our astonishment that any human being could have despised the friendship of William Shakspere, that any human being could have set his contemptuous foot upon the faithful love of Ludwig van Beethoven, is it not wonderful that after shredding away from these two men's lives all that was merely incidental, or that stood for connective tissue simply, we find sorrow to have been the main fibre of their being? Is it, then, that not only the cruelty of the coy Delia or Diana inspires the sonnet, but that the cruelty of that other, more coy lady, Happiness, inspires all the works of genius? Must we say that sorrow is the nourisher of poetry and music, and that she stands — a veiled figure — ever by the germs of art, to mulch them with the ashes and dead leaves of hope, and to water them with her tears? Is art like that peculiar lily of the East Indies, of which I have read, that will only grow when watered with ice-water? Does the star of inspiration come out only when trouble has brought on the night of the soul? Are the poets and the musicians a sort of nightingales of time, who can sing only when it is dark?

He is a braver man than I who will attempt a categorical answer to these questions. But it is not merely to leave them unanswered that I have asked them. I wished that you might have them in your mind while we are studying these sonnets, to the end that I may return to them again, when I have finished, and draw from them at least one lesson which I think all of us here will find practically useful in our hurrying modern life.

Hear Shakspere, then, beginning to set forth his love for this extraordinary young man who had so taken his heart. This sonnet, and several of those immediately following it, are particularly interesting to me as revealing the man Shakspere. Our love and admiration yearn for a definite personality; we long to see him and kiss his hands. Here, then, we behold some traits of him: we find, for example, that he thinks of his own verses, and that he anticipates immortality for them; we find him longing for his friend, wretched in absence, brooding upon death, fixing ideals of constancy, loving, suffering, forgiving.

I begin with Sonnet XVIII. It is addressed to his young friend:

> Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
> Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
> Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
> And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of Heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;
  So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
  So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

In the next sonnet Shakspere makes a beautiful extension of this central thought. Here he tells his young friend that not only shall he live to all time in this verse, but he shall live *young:* for the verse paints him at that time of life, so that what posterity shall read will be the record of his youth. This must remind us of the exquisite way in which John Keats has used a similar idea in his *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

You remember that the urn which he addresses bears on its sides sculptured representations of a Greek youth in loving pursuit of a maiden and almost in the act of embracing her. Keats first brings out the melancholy thought that the youth, sculptured in the stone as he is, can never catch the maiden, but must always stand there, with outstretched arms, upon the very point and sweet verge of bliss. Immediately, however, the poet calls up the happier fancy that as these figures are sculptured young, they must ever remain so:

Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve:
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Shakspere says in Sonnet XIX:

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phœnix in her blood;
Make glad and sorry seasons, as thou fleet'st,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time; despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

In the next sonnet the poet entirely departs from that employment of unbounded hyperbole which is usually regarded as the special prerogative of the sonnet-writer. He announces his intention to praise his young friend truly and soberly, and in the last line insinuates that he is led to this course by remarking that men who praise their wares overmuch usually do so with the intention of *selling* them. As he does not intend to sell his love, he will not "praise," using that term here in the sense of overpraising.

The word "rondure" in this sonnet you will recognise as coming from the same root as *round*, and means here the circumference, implying also the spheric contents, of the atmosphere which embraces everything on the surface of the earth.

XXI

So is it not with me as with that muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse;
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse,

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Making a couplement of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare
That heaven's air in his huge rondure hems.
O let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
Let them say more that like of hearsay well,
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

Again listen while our tender master in this next sonnet makes love to his young friend. One would fancy that this poem, instead of being inspired by manly friendship, was penned by some woman's lover in a moment of ecstatic adoration. Note particularly how the thought skips daintily from one idea to another, just touching each with a sort of salutation. You will see that ever and anon, by using a term in a double sense, he causes two significations to meet in the same word, like two lips at the same point, and there to kiss out a new hint of meaning. Nothing can be more agile and dainty than this movement, where one hint turns the thought off at a pretty angle towards another, like a tiny stream in a meadow, whose current flowing against a blade of grass is deflected by the mere kiss of it towards the daisy at the other side, and thence again deflected to the water-lily at the other side, and so on in a hundred gracious zigzags, all between flowers.

XLIII

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things unrespected;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
And, darkly bright, are bright in dark directed;

Then thou whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy show
To the clear day, with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
How would (I say) mine eyes be blessèd made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay?
All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights, bright days, when dreams do show thee me.

There is a Chinese term which admirably expresses this playful use of words so common among the poets of Shakspere's time, so rare among those of ours. For a style which is full of delicate allusions they have an expression which means *a dragonfly sipping water;* such a style they call the dragonfly-sipping-water style. If ever, when idling out a hot day in August, you have lain tranquilly on a shady bank by some little stream, where the water rounds to in a broad and shallow pool which lies out full in the royal light of the sun, and there watched a burnished-blue dragonfly come sailing down upon wings so filmy that they seem like mere summer dreams of wings, until he just delicately touches the still surface of the water, makes believe to take a mere dream of a drink, and airily flutters away,—you will realise how vividly the oriental expression hits off this charming old process of sixteenth-century thought, in which Shakspere was so adroit.

Here again is a lovely sonnet in which the movement is at first a faithfully realistic description of the advance of waves upon waves, each symbolising a minute that crowds upon a minute in the progress of time; it then changes to a skipping about like the dragonfly-sipping-water style, not, however, employing the plays upon words, but flights betwixt ideas, which depend upon the agility of the poetic fancy in darting from one suggestion to another and sucking sweet similes out of the most diverse objects, as a butterfly sucks honey now out of a low weed in the sand, now out of an orange-blossom on the top of a tree. The poet is still predicting that his verse will defeat the cruel hand of time by preventing the oblivion of his young friend in common with the rest of humanity:

LX

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end,—
Each changing place with that which goes before;
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallel in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow.
  And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand,
  Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

Listen now to the tender humility with which this strong soul can plead with his friend for one little loving thought. Here the fancy is that though his verses will go down to posterity, they will become mere antique curiosities of poetry in that later time when, with the development of things, everybody may be able to write better than Shakspere.

One can scarcely resist the mournful hint of Shakspere's growing unhappiness at this time, incidentally con-

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veyed in a single word of the first line of this sonnet. "If," he says, "thou survive my *well-contented* day, When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover." This adjective *well-contented*, applied to the day of his death, makes us pause. What a prodigious sad mystery is in this hint, that a man to whose divine imagination, one would think, the whole world was but as a June flower-bed to a young humming-bird — a heavenly collection of proprietary sweets — should here be wishing to die in the prime of his powers!

XXXII

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceaséd lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the time;
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
Exceeded by the height of happier men.
O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought!
"Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:
  But since he died and poets better prove,
  Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love."

And how the sadness of this mystery grows upon us when we hear this man, to whom all men now gaze up with wistful love for his womanly sweetness and with pride for that he *was* a man, speak of beweeping his outcast state all alone, and of troubling deaf heaven with bootless cries, and of cursing his fate, and — last desperation of the wretched soul — of even wishing himself like to other men more rich than he!

Apparently some cloud is gathering over his life. The plot is thickening. Out of the gathering darkness, hear how this nightingale sings, with his bosom against the thorn:

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf Heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
   For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
   That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Even when he perceives his friend beginning to grow cold to him, his love is so lofty that it flies above all resentment and, instead of meeting coldness with coldness, sets itself to finding ingenious pretexts that will excuse his friend's default. When, for example, through his friend's defection, a cloud has come upon his friendship, see how Shakspere's shining passion irradiates it with a warm and sunlit glory of forgiveness!

I read Sonnet XXXIII:

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,

Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide
Stealing unseen to West with this disgrace:
Even so my sun one early morn did shine
With all triumphant splendor on my brow;
But out! alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
   Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
   Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

It would seem that this cloud on his friendship was caused by some vile act his friend had done which had disgraced him before all men. With what a perfection of the dragonfly-sipping-water style does Shakspere endeavour to excuse his friend's crime in this sonnet, No. XXXV!

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done:
Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun;
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
Myself corrupting, solving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are:
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense
(Thy adverse party is thy advocate)
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence;
Such civil war is in my love and hate,
   That I an accessory needs must be
   To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.

All this condoning and excusing of faults, all this forgiveness of sins against love, is not merely spasmodic. It is Shakspere's principle. In Sonnet CXVI, one of the very greatest of his sonnets, he has left us his ideal of constancy in friendship, even when the friend has cooled and changed:

> Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments. Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove:
> Oh no; it is an ever-fixéd mark
> That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
> It is the star to every wandering bark,
> Whose worth's unknown although his height be taken.
> Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
> Within his bending sickle's compass come;
> Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
> But bears it out, even to the edge of doom.
> If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
> I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

And for an ideal of perfect unselfish love I do not know where to look for anything approaching that set forth in Sonnet LXXI:

> No longer mourn for me when I am dead
> Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
> Give warning to the world that I am fled
> From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell:
> Nay, if you read this line, remember not
> The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
> That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
> If thinking on me then should make you woe.
> Oh if (I say) you look upon this verse
> When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
> Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
> But let your love even with my life decay:
> Lest the wise world should look into your moan
> And mock you with me after I am gone.

The poor master's sadness, you perceive, is all this time growing, growing. He talks of his death: and even with so cracked a bell as that theme continues to ring the most ravishing changes. To pursue these I have now neither the heart nor the time. Let me close this mere brief episode of Shakspere's sonnets with one written when his friend has basely won away from him the woman he loved. After this stupendous crime against him, still clinging to that beautiful ideal doctrine of Sonnet CXVI, just now read,—that love is not love which alters when it alteration finds,—he even sets to work to find palliating circumstances and to invent a plausible excuse for it. The excuse which he does find is a mere verbal subtlety. Practically it is nonsense: and I think this is the greatest commendation of its inventor's generosity, as showing the desperate straits to which the sin against him had reduced that invention which could frame the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *The Tempest* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. This inexhaustible fancy could find nothing better to allege than that his faithless sweetheart, in transferring her love from him to his friend, really was still loving him, because he and his friend were one. Of course this is silliness; but it is a case where silliness is sublime. I do not know a more enormous forgiveness in history. It is in Sonnet XLII:

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
That she hath thee is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve her.

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> If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
> And, losing her, my friend hath found that loss:
> Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
> And both for my sake lay on me this cross;
> But here's the joy: my friend and I are one;
> Sweet flattery! then she loves but me alone.

There is not in all this world a more touching sight than that of this great spirit thus uneasily turning upon itself in vain for resources against the vile wounds of desertion, this royal heart trying to salve its bruise with a poor play upon words, this bright intellect hugging to itself a pitiful absurdity for comfort.

But — to draw out of this lamentable history the lesson which I said we all needed in the modern time of hurry — if we think for a moment of this monstrous defection of Shakspere's personal friends, and if we remember along with that how completely his own time failed, like these recusant lovers, to esteem him at his true value, ought it not to make us all careful in our judgment of our own contemporaries? Ought it not to fasten a sharp check on the tongue of criticism? Perhaps that same tongue never wagged so heedlessly nor so glibly as in these later days. If I had opportunity, I would undertake to prove to you that absolutely every contemporary judgment of fashionable literary criticism upon the very great artists, from Shakspere's time to that of Keats, has been contemptuously rejected and reversed by that of the succeeding ages, which have fixed their permanent positions in fame. As for Shakspere, you have seen how little his intimate friend knew of his greatness: the world at large knew almost as little. It is true Ben Jonson complimented him: but it was an age of compliments, and these meant little. It is also true that Milton, somewhat later, recorded his delight in hearing

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Sweetest Shakspere, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.

But — aside from the circumstance that this description betrays a conception of Shakspere about as appropriate as one that should figure Ralph Waldo Emerson as the canary-bird of American Song — the substantial fact remains that Shakspere was comparatively an obscure person among the mass of his contemporaries. I remember that this circumstance has been remarked upon in very pithy words by Mr. Emerson: "If it need wit to know wit, according to the proverb, Shakspere's time should be capable of recognising it. . . . Since the constellation of great men who appeared in Greece in the time of Pericles, there was never any such society; yet their genius failed them to find out the best head in the universe. . . . It took a century to make it suspected; and not until two centuries had passed, after his death, did any criticism which we think adequate begin to appear. It was not until the nineteenth century, whose speculative genius is a sort of living Hamlet, that the tragedy of Hamlet could find such wondering readers. Now literature, philosophy, and thought are Shaksperised. . . . There is in all cultivated minds a silent appreciation of his superlative power and beauty, which, like Christianity, qualifies the period."

Mr. Emerson could speak by the card of this matter: I have somewhere read that in the first twelve years of his literary career only five hundred copies of his books were sold. It would be easy to unfold to you why this failure of contemporary criticism as to the great artist always occurs; and I think it not difficult to demonstrate that it is even a wise provision of nature by which the new man, in literature or in art, is always required to prove himself by a thousand tests, and to confirm his substance by en-during the gnawing tooth of obscurity and non-recognition, before the ages will accept him as a great artist. But, for the present, suffice it to ask · If this *is* so, ought we not to exercise a wise reservation of opinion when a new work is presented to our attention? Ought we not to thrust a sharp and controlling bit into the mouth of our over-ready judgment? I put this question to you with special purpose; for I think it a great advantage to any community if there be in it two hundred cultivated people who, when any new composition is brought forward for social discussion, whether it be a poem, a painting, a symphony, or a statue, should have open eyes in this matter, should listen with a quiet smile to the hasty tongues that are always ready with keen and inexact condemnations, and should say gently at the close: "Friend, let us wait awhile before we settle whether this man is a genius or not. Let us wait until we get a good way off from him. Perhaps he is a mountain, whereof you cannot see the shape at all when you are just under it. Go mark how little Shakspere's village-mates of Stratford understood him; nay, go read, in his own sonnets, that even his one friend and his one love, after all the intimacy of those relations, so faintly saw his greatness that they both could villainously rob him of the single comfort of his life, and betray him in the supreme hour of his need."

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CHAPTER XI

PRONUNCIATION OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME

AFTER the general treatment of English verse which has been given in the foregoing outline, we now come to the more special discussion of Shakspere's verse. Since we have found that the only proper view of verse is that which regards it as a phenomenon of sound,[1] I have thought that if we began this branch of our studies with an endeavour to reproduce exactly the manner in which English words sounded in Shakspere's time, we would in several ways bring ourselves into more living relations with the matter in hand. Our language as Shakspere spoke it presented a set of tone-colours to the ear very different from those of the modern tongue. Do not imagine that this inquiry is of merely antiquarian interest. Allow me to suggest two considerations, among several, which seem to place the value of such an investigation in its proper light.

When we were studying the "colours" of English verse,[1] we found that the difference between vowel and vowel, and between consonant and consonant, was due to the physical process of the composition of sounds, and that the resemblance of this process to the composition of colours had given rise to the very expressive term "tone-colour" in acoustics. Building upon this fact, we found reason to classify a number of interesting phenomena of verse as the colours of verse, because they all depended directly upon the coördination in the mind of vowel with vowel, or consonant with consonant, or vowel and consonant with vowel and consonant; in short, upon those tone-colours of the voice which constitute the elements of language.

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[1] See *The Science of English Verse.*

But if each vowel and consonant is simply a tone-colour produced by those wonderful changes which were described in this very flexible reed instrument,—the human vocal apparatus,— then each syllable in speech is simply one discrete mass of tone-colours sharply bounded from the adjacent masses. Now, from this direction of thought, we arrive at a point of view which is extremely valuable in every consideration of verse and which saves us from many errors; that is, a point of view which brings the alphabet on exactly the same plane with the common European musical system of notation. For, just as the signs ♪ and ♩, etc., which we have found so useful, constitute a system of notation for the duration of sounds; and just as the staff sign constitutes a system of notation for the pitch of sounds, exactly so do the letters of the alphabet constitute a system of notation for the tone-colour of sounds. The sign ♩ means a sound of a certain duration, the sign ♪ a sound of exactly half as much duration, and so on: and since duration is, as we found, the essential basis of rhythm, these signs become adequate methods for noting rhythm. Again, in using the staff we indicate the *pitch* of a sound by placing it here, or there, each line and space representing one degree of the musical scale. And in a precisely parallel process we indicate the tone-colour of those musical sounds which are made by this reed instrument with the various letters. Now these letters, combined as they are into syllables, present us with discrete masses of tone-colour; and since we practically read words and hear them *at least by syllables* — certainly not by letters — we may regard *each syllable* as to all substantial intents and purposes a sort of large sign of tone-colour.

Now, without taking time here to specify the advantages in all verse-discussion of considering letters and syllables purely as a system of notation for tone-colours parallel with the musical system for rhythms and pitch, the special value of it in the present lecture is that unless we find out what tone-colour was meant by a given letter in Shakspere's time, we are in the case of a musician who in studying the music of a given period should be ignorant of the pitch or time-value indicated by a given note. In other words, Shakspere's alphabet — Shakspere's system of notation for tone-colours — was different in several striking particulars from ours, and unless we know these points of difference we are in effect colour-blind to many of his verse-effects. But if we can get hold of his exact signs, then we are brought unexpectedly near to the master. In selecting the illustrations to these lectures, I have had in view, besides the immediate purposes in hand, the remoter end of trying to build up some picture of the actual man Shakspere as we went along. Now the manner in which Shakspere sounded his words, when reproduced to your ears, will certainly add another strong and characteristic feature to that picture of his own personality which I have thus been endeavouring incidentally to bring out before you. You will recollect that some contributions towards this picture presented themselves in the sonnet illustrations of the tunes of verse. We found, for example, that Shakspere was a man who thought of the fate of his work in the future, not with finical solicitude, not with small ambition, but with that gracious hope, which every poet must feel, to be on tender terms with his fellowmen through the love they may have for him as embodied in his poetry; again, it appeared that he was a man of unalterable faith in friendship. Love is not love which alteration finds, he cries (you remember) in one of the sonnets I read, and he will not admit impediments to the marriage of true minds. Again, it was discovered from the sonnets I read that, although a man of strong passions, he could forgive the bitterest injury with such large and sweeping generosity as makes even the great pardons of history seem but a small child's-play of magnanimity. All of you are acquainted with the sort of albums which have been much in vogue of late years, in which each contributor, by answering a certain set of questions, reveals his tastes and his character in such a way as to present what is very fairly called a picture of his mind, or mental photograph. Now the circumstances I have just mentioned as drawn from Shakspere's sonnets are genuine contribution towards his mental photograph; and certainly one who has never tried it would be surprised to find how many such indications can be gathered by an attentive study, not only of Shakspere's sonnets, but of his plays, with reference to this point. I think it would not be difficult to eke out a very good mental photograph of Shakspere.

But — bearing this in mind — when we come now to study Shakspere's pronunciation, we are going, you observe, *beyond* the mental photograph, on the way, at least, towards his physical photograph. In another connection I have reminded you what a large element mere pronunciation is in the general ideal of a friend which we keep in our mind, and how intimately we associate peculiarities of utterance with each of our friends. The utterance, the generic tone-colours of the voice, and the specific tone-colour of the vowels presently come to represent the friend, and the instant you hear these tone-colours your mind constructs all the other adjuncts which go to make up that friend's personality.

To give a familiar instance of these more striking differences in pronunciation,— brogues or dialects,— if you have ever travelled from Boston to New Orleans, sojourning by the way in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Charleston, Savannah, Montgomery, and Mobile, you will have become aware of a set of dialects so well marked as instantly to characterise the residence of the speaker.[1] I hope, then, these considerations have led your minds towards some impression of the complete identification we make in our thoughts of a given man with a given method of pronouncing the sounds of speech, and of the interest which attaches to the pronunciation of Shakspere, in this view.

But again: this investigation into Shakspere's mode of uttering words has the effect of widening the scope of our thoughts to a degree one is little prepared to suspect beforehand. I have elsewhere had occasion to speak of the provincialism of epochs — that ill breeding of one age towards another which inclines us to laugh at the oddity of an old poem in idea or in phrase, or to smile patronisingly — sometimes even to sneer — at the ancient customs and costumes of our ancestors. Nothing could more cunningly illustrate the strong tendency of our minds in this direction than the philological fact that the *antique* has in course of time come to be the *antic*. Here we see a word which originally meant merely the old, coming to mean the grotesque, the absurd.

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[1] Cf. the South Carolina lady: "He called a bier a bar."

How easily we forget that we might have seemed as antic to Shakspere as he is antique to us! More than all, how easily we forget the extraordinary quickness with which custom makes us recognise as perfectly natural that which in the beginning seemed monstrous and intolerable. The lifetime of any person who has reached thirty or forty will furnish instances. I remember perfectly well how the community in which I lived twenty-five years ago was quite shocked and excited over a clergyman who came amongst us wearing a moustache. They had been accustomed to seeing a hairless face in the pulpit; the moustache had rather come to be a badge of the dandy, or the young man about town. With one accord, we all forgot that the prophets did not shave, and that the orthodoxy of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John had never been questioned on account of the full beards they wore: and so there was a general suspicion, which disappeared but slowly even before the good works of this clergyman, that he could not be a thoroughly evangelical person, because he had a moustache. I have somewhere read — but I do not know whether it is true — that it is not more than twenty-five years ago since a student at Oxford, England, excited such a commotion among the University authorities by appearing in a moustache that he was at last officially requested to lay aside what they called that "disgraceful appendage."

And so, as I said, the study of Shakspere's pronunciation must greatly tend to open our minds out too wide for this narrow provincialism of epochs. Shakspere uttered many syllables in a way which sounds quite strangely to our ears; and when we find in what a different shape these great and beautiful words were thought by him, their very greatness and beauty furnish such majestic sanction to their strangeness that we soon become familiar with them, and finally acquire the true cosmopolitan habit of smiling but gently and lovingly at all grotesqueness which comes of mere unfamiliarity.

And so, without more preface, let us endeavour to see what Shakspere's pronunciation was. About twenty years ago Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, an English scholar of great attainments who had been specially identified with phonetic matters and who thus had the great advantage of a thorough phonetic training, began a series of researches which terminated in what he regards as a substantial recovery of the sounds of the English tongue during the eighteenth, seventeenth, sixteenth, fifteenth, fourteenth, and thirteenth centuries, and even as far back as the Anglo-Saxon period. Striking differences were found in the pronunciation of the past compared with that of the present; but Mr. Ellis developed what seemed a general line of change in the sounds, and although his results appear at first strange, I think no one can consider the enormous mass of evidences which he brought together and collated with wonderful skill, patience, industry, keenness, fairness, and learning, without confessing at least that he makes out a strong case. I should mention, for the sake of any who are desirous of pursuing this subject further, that these results of Mr. Ellis's are embodied in his monumental work on *Early English Pronunciation*, which has been published by both the Early English Text Society and the Chaucer Society. A few years afterwards a similar but wholly independent investigation limited to the pronunciation of Shakspere was carried on in the United States by Messrs. John B. Noyes and Charles S. Peirce, who published their conclusions in the *North American Review* for April, 1864.

The results of these two investigations did not widely differ, and Mr. Ellis attributes such differences as did exist partly to the fact that the work from which he obtained the most direct evidences of sixteenth-century sounds — an old Welsh-English Dictionary dating from 1547 — was not seen by Messrs. Noyes and Peirce, and partly to his special phonetic training.

Allow me, then, to bring before you the main points of difference between Shakspere's pronunciation of English and our own,— as established by these researches,— and then to illustrate those differences practically by reading a passage or two from Shakspere in the probable sounds which he himself would have employed.

The long *a*, then, in the sixteenth century would seem to have been usually *ah*.[1] This pronunciation of *a* is well illustrated in *The Taming of the Shrew*, where Petruchio says:

"Why, there's a wench! Come on, and kiss me, Kate."

And Lucentio replies:

"Well, go thy ways, old lad; for thou shalt ha't."

"Kaht" and "haht," you observe, rimed in Shakspere's time.

I remember, by the way, that in one of the loveliest sonnets of Earl Surrey's the word "small" is made to rime to "tale," "vale," "pale," etc. These were, in fact, all pronounced alike, sma˓all,[2] ta·˓all, va˓all, pa˓all, etc. Shakspere may be considered as living according to the fashion of a half-century after Surrey, and it is rendered probable by the modern researches of scholars that in Shakspere's time this long *a* as in *ah* or *father* was beginning to be pronounced by some persons like the *a* in *shall*

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[1] Cf. the exclamation which we spell *faugh!* but which Harvey spelled *pha!* This is probably a good test, because such a word would seem less likely than others to change its sound greatly, not being in very frequent use.

[2] This designates in palæotype the long sound of *a* with a nasal twang as in the Gaelic *math*.

— a sound represented by the two diphthongs (*âe*, *a͡e*) in palæotype, (*a͡e*), one of these diphthongs, representing the short sound of *a* in *man*. This broad *a* pronunciation is retained by a great many persons to this day, particularly the older natives of Virginia, and the sound is, so far as I know, almost universal among intelligent persons in England.

Note that this sign *a* seems never in Shakspere's time to have indicated that curious tone-colour which we call the long sound of *a*, and which is like a French *é* gliding into a short *i* sound. It is, therefore, curious to find a strong tendency in some portions of our own country to convert the old broad sound *ah* into this narrow iotacised *a*. In North Carolina and Georgia, illiterate people — those who are called " tarheels " in the one State and " crackers " in the other — exhibit this tendency in a very striking manner. A Georgia cracker, for instance, if he wishes to say, " Where are you going with that calf? " would say, " Whur air you gwine with that caief? " (kee*i*f), where the *a* of " calf " has a perceptible *i* after it, and is made quite as thin and wiry as *a* in *tale*, *dale*, *they*, etc. Going on to note a single diphthong of *a* : *ai*, as in the word *rain*, would seem to have had in Shakspere's time a sound which is quite common in Pennsylvania at the present time, and which really presents the short sound of *a* (*ae*) and the short sound of *i* (*ĭ*), *rain*. Nothing is more striking to my ear, among the peculiarities of utterance in Philadelphia, and in Chester and Delaware counties of Pennsylvania, than this *rain*, *vain*, *lain*, *r*(*ææi*)*in*, *v*(*ææi*)*n*, *l*(*ææi*)*n*, etc. Passing on to the vowel *e*, we find that while short *e* was much the same with ours, double *e* was more like the vowel *a* in the English and Northern pronunciation of the name Mary, *M*(*ee*)*ry*, where the vowel has exactly the tone-colour of the *e* in the word *Merry* prolonged. Long *e* was mostly like ours in *we*.

The diphthong *ea* presented an important difference from the modern form. We find that in Shakspere's time most of the words we now spell with an *ea* were pronounced with a tone-colour much like that which we associate irresistibly with the present Irish brogue. For example, an Irishman says, for *you mean spalpeen*, *ye m(ee)n spalpeen*, in which the *ea* of *mean* is as if the word were spelled *mane*. This is nearly the way Shakspere would have pronounced it, the *ea* having much the same sound as the prolonged *e* of *merry*. Such pronunciation of *ea* seems at first strange; but the strangeness disappears as soon as we think of some words in which we preserve it to this day, and in which it does not sound at all odd. For example, we pronounce *ea* much as Shakspere did in the word *great*. An illustration occurs in these well-known lines of that remarkable and haunting Sonnet CXIX, where the word "greater" rimes with "better" in

> Now I find true
> That better is by evil still made better,
> And ruin'd love when it is built anew
> Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.

This pronunciation of *ea*, like a prolonged short *e* of *merry*, gives additional point to one of Jack Falstaff's ludicrous evasions. You will remember that in the well-known scene of *King Henry IV* between Poins, Prince Hal, Jack, and the others, where the fat old rascal has been sorely pressed as to his lies about the robbery and his own valour, after twisting and turning in every direction, he is finally cornered, and pressed for a reason. "Come," says Poins, "your reason, Jack, your reason."

"Give you a reason on compulsion!" cries old Jack. "If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I." This "reason" was apparently pronounced *raison*, and the antithesis is rendered more perfect when you see that he is making the contrast between *raisins* and blackberries, playing upon the word so as to involve an allusion to two fruits, one of which (raisins) was scarce, while the other (blackberries) was abundant.

Passing from *ea* to the next diphthong in order—*ei*—we meet with another sound which will recall the Irish brogue to us. The word *receive*, for instance, would have been pronounced re-s(ee)ve by Shakspere, a sound suggesting though not exactly like that which an Irishman would use in saying that he has *resaved* your order. This too will appear not the least strange when we recall words in which these two letters *ei* are still pronounced by us every day very nearly as prolonged *e* in *merry* (*ee*). Think of the word v*e*in, for instance, or of s*e*ine, or of h*ei*nous, in which the *ei* of *receive* is pronounced as (*ee*) without suggesting the Irish brogue at all.

This pronunciation of *ei* in Shakspere's time gives point to the well-known modern anecdote of the Irishman who was appealed to by two persons to settle the pronunciation of the word *either* — in which, you see, the diphthong we are are now discussing occurs. Two gentlemen, walking along the road, differed as to the proper sound of the word, one holding that it should be pronounced (*ii*)*ther*, and the other that it should be (*ai*)*ther*. Meeting an Irishman, they asked him, "Is it (ii)ther, or (ai)ther?" He replied, "It's nayther, for it's *ayther*." Shakspere would have said more nearly "ayther" with the Irishman than "iither," as we most commonly pronounce it.

Leaving the vowel *e* and its diphthongs, let us see how *i* was pronounced. We are helped here by a bit of internal evidence, growing out of Shakspere's inveterate

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fondness for puns, verbal quibbles, and all sorts of tricks with words. Researches have pretty well established that the pronunciation of long *i* in Shakspere's time was not exactly the broad sound which we hear in Georgia in *bite*, *night* (*b*(*ai*)*t*, *n*(*ai*)*t*), but the allied sound, *b*(*əi*)*t*, *n*(*əi*)*t*, common in Virginia and in England, or a third somewhat more mincing sound between the two, *b*(*ei*)*t*, *n*(*ei*)*t*; while Mr. Ellis gives in his table a sound not exactly either of these for the word *night* — n(*i*H)t — during the *earlier* part of Shakspere's time. For the present, compromising upon the sound (*əı̣*) (composed of *ə*, a sound much like short *u* in *cup* and *i*, = *u-ih*), there are four lines in Shakspere which conveniently identify the sound of *I* — the pronoun of the first person — with that of *eye* and of *ay* (*yes*). These are the lines which I had occasion to read in a different connection from the second scene of the third act of *Romeo and Juliet*, where the Nurse comes in wringing her hands and crying:

> Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

Believing that she refers to Romeo, Juliet cries:

> Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but *I*,
> And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more
> Than the death-dealing eye of cockatrice:
> I am not I, if there be such an *I*.

This resemblance between the sounds of *I* (pronoun), *ay* (yes), and *eye* has been used by Shakspere as the basis of another lot of puns[1] in *Twelfth Night*, Act II, Scene V, where the monstrous joke of the pretended love-letter from his mistress is being played off upon the hapless Malvolio.

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[1] Cf. the popular saying, *Shakspere never repeats*.

Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian from the box-tree are listening as Malvolio reads his letter:

> *Mal.* *M*,— Malvolio; *M*,—why, that begins my name. . . . But then . . . *A* should follow, but *O* does.
>
> *Fabian.* And *O* shall end, I hope.
>
> *Sir Toby.* Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*
>
> *Mal.* And then *I* comes behind.
>
> *Fabian.* Ay (*I*), and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels, than fortunes before you.

The next vowel, *o*, differed in several particulars from ours. Words, for example, which we spell with *oo*, like *book*, *look*, but which were mainly spelled "boke, loke, toke" then, were sounded much as a Scotchman pronounces them at the present day, *b*(*uu*)*k*, *l*(*uu*)*k*, *t*(*uu*)*k*. A striking difference from our pronunciation existed in their sound of the word *one*, which we call w(ə)n, and they called (*oon*). This difference is quite clearly shown by a play upon words in the second scene of the fourth act of *Love's Labour's Lost* — a pitiful pun of Holofernes, which this sound renders somewhat more intelligible to the modern reader. Jaquenetta and Costard enter, to Holofernes and others. *Jaq.* "God give you good morrow, master Parson."

"Master Parson," says the quibble-mad Holofernes, "Master Parson, *quasi* pers-on. And if *one* should be *pierced*, which is the one?"

Passing on to a diphthong of *o: oi* in the word *joint*, for instance, appears to have been pronounced *j*(*oi*)*nt* (*oi* = N.G. *eu*),—verging suspiciously upon the pronunciation *jint* (=*j*(*ai*)*nt*), which we now consider as belonging only to the vulgar, — but to have varied towards the latter part of the sixteenth century to *j*(*əi*)*nt;* while *oi*

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in *boil* was also changing from *b*(*ui*)*l* ((*ui*) = Fr. *oui*) to *b*(*əi*)*l*.

The long *u* changed during Shakspere's time from the French *u* (= (*yy*)) (to make which you must round your mouth very much and think of *e* at the same time with *u*) to our peculiar *yu* = (*iu*). Spenser and the earlier poets would likely have said "nature" (= *nat*(*yy*)*re*), which in rapid pronunciation would have degenerated to *nater*, and was probably the original of the vulgar pronunciation *nater*, *legislater*, obtaining at this day. This idea is confirmed by finding such rimes as

enter,
adventure,

where *venture* might have been sounded a good deal like *venter*. But Shakspere, as I said, was often careless with his rimes, and the ordinary pronunciation (= *advėnt*(*yy*)*re*) would have been quite close enough to the sound *enter* for his purpose. The sound of *u* long, however, approached its modern form (*iu*) during Shakspere's life.

The *u* in *just*, when pronounced as French *u* (= (*yy*)), must have sounded in rapid talk as *jist*, and probably gave rise to that form, still to be heard among our unreading persons. These are all the vowel-sounds to which I will call your attention. If I now add that the *r* in Shakspere's time often made an additional syllable by itself, as in the word *Mistress*, which becomes three syllables instead of two, "Mis-ter-ess"; that the *l* often had the same effect, as in *Richard II*, where *England* is made three syllables, "En-gel-and"; and that *ti* in the termination *-tion*, while it had the force of *c*, had not yet passed into *sh*, making the one sound *shun* instead of the two-syllabled *ci-on*, I shall have given you the main points at least of Shakspere's pronunciation in so far as its difference from ours has been determined with reasonable certainty.

Before proceeding to read a passage from Shakspere in which these results are practically applied, it may be profitable to add one word as to the method pursued by these scholars, for the sake of those who may be curious to know *how* these details of pronunciation in an age three centuries removed from us could have been determined. The history of it forms one of the most delightful chapters in those amazing annals of patient and skilful research which are filled with modern scientific endeavour.

The evidences of these facts, then, are of two general sorts, external and internal. The external consists of such books, tracts, and scattered essays as have been published either in England or France during past times. The number of such works, treating more or less directly of contemporary pronunciation during the eighteenth, seventeenth, and sixteenth centuries, is surprising; indeed, the literature of any subject is surprising. Perhaps it is the experience of every one who has ever begun a special line of study to be amazed at the number of books which he finds written upon it. Mr. Ellis, therefore, quickly got together a number of works, at least of the eighteenth, seventeenth, and sixteenth centuries, which, when placed in order, formed a sort of phonetic tradition from mouth to mouth down the ages, which afforded many reliable clues to words.

It may interest you now to see an actual sample of some of these external evidences. For instance, in the year 1530 Palsgrave put forth a French grammar which contains an elaborate account of French pronunciation, often referring the sounds of that tongue to what he considered their English equivalents. Palsgrave was French tutor to the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII, at the time a marriage was arranged between her and the King of France. Here is written a little extract from his work which will give some idea of the sort of clues that were followed up in this matter. "*E* in the frenshe tong hath thre dyverse sounds, for somtyme they sounde hym lyke as we do in our tonge in these words, a *beere* (= a *bear*), a *beest*, a *peere*, a *beene*, and such lyke. . . . *e* in frenshe hath never suche a sounde as we use to gyve hym in these wordes, a *bee* suche as maketh honey, a *beere* (= modern *bier*) to lay a deed corps on, a *peere* a make or felowe, and as we sound dyvers of our pronouns endynge in *e*, as *we*, *me*, *the* (= modern *thee*), *he*, *she*, and such lyke, suche a kynde of soundynge both in frenshe and latine is allmoste the ryght pronunciation of *i*, as shall hereafter appere."

But the work from which Mr. Ellis got the most trustworthy basis, enabling him to use many authorities which were uncertain until some definite starting-clue could be obtained, was a Dictionary of English and Welsh by one Salesbury, dating from 1547. Here the sounds of many English words, as of that time, were given by reference to Welsh sounds, and means existed of determining the Welsh sounds with much certainty. Gladly availing himself of this book, upon which he had stumbled quite by accident, Mr. Ellis pushed on. He consulted Alexander Gill's *Logonomia Anglica*, Gill being an author who was born in the same year with Shakspere and who was therefore good authority for contemporary pronunciation; he weighed Palsgrave with Meigret, who put forth an account of French sounds in 1545; he balanced Salesbury with Bullokar, whose *Booke at large for the Amendment of Orthographie* dates from 1580; he compared these with Sir John Cheke's illustrations of Greek sounds, 1557, with Sir Thomas Smith's phonetic tables of words, 1568, with John Florio's Dictionary of English and Italian, 1611,

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with Ben Jonson's English Grammar of 1640, and a host of others, with whose names I will not detain you.

But this only involved the external evidences. The other class, the internal evidences, involved all such matters as rimes, puns, plays upon words, assonances, and the like. It is evident that — with many cautions and allowances which must be always kept sight of — if we can determine the sound of a word the normal rime would also determine the normal sound of the riming word. And so the rimes of Spenser, of Sir Philip Sidney, of Shakspere, of Gower, of Chaucer, and many others were patiently examined, weighed, and tabulated; all Shakspere's puns, quibbles upon like-sounding words, were hunted up and sorted; and thus from a thousand sources this scholar drew his little clues and checked his conclusions. At the very outset of his investigations it became necessary to make an entirely new alphabet. And the discussion which is now assuming such vigour as to reform in English spelling will make some account of Mr. Ellis's alphabet interesting to you. Every one is familiar, in a general way, with the fact that the vowel-sounds of our language have undergone various changes in course of time. Now this process of change has reached such a stage as to make our spelling very peculiar, and we all know the infinite jokes on it, culminating in the witty foreigner's remark that in English all the rules for spelling were exceptions. In truth, it would be hardly extravagant to apply here the saying that was made about a very fanciful etymologist who was in the habit of deriving pretty much any word from pretty much any other word: it was declared that in his etymology all the vowels were interchangeable and the consonants went for nothing.

But while we are all in a general way familiar with this confusion in our system of spelling, the extent of it is certainly not suspected by any one who has never given special thought to the matter. In explaining Mr. Ellis's system, it is necessary to illustrate that extent; and for that purpose I will give you a set of English words in common use which present an actual instance of the use of every vowel-letter in the English alphabet to denote the same tone-colour, thus showing that as a system of notation for tone-colour all the English vowel-letters *are* actually interchangeable in some instances. Consider, for example, the sound of *a* in the word *Julia*. I ask you to fix this vowel-sound in your minds independently of the sounds accompanying it; for we — peculiarly in English — use so many words which differ in spelling and meaning but have the same sound that we quite forget the similarity of sound in the difference of meaning and are surprised upon having it recalled to us. Fixing this sound *u*, *u*, *u*, here is another word in which precisely the same sound is indicated by the next vowel-letter, to wit, the word *her*, where the *e* is pronounced exactly like the *a* in *Julia*. But now here is another word in which the same sound is indicated by still a different vowel-letter, namely, the *i* in *bird;* another with the sound indicated by a still different letter, namely, the *o* in *dove* (which the illiterate, who are always phonetic orthographists, would spell *duv*); another in which the same sound is indicated by the *u* in *burn;* another in which the same sound is represented by the *y* in *myrtle*. Here now are our six vowel-sounds, *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *y* (*w* omitted, being the same as *u* when a consonant), all indicating precisely the same sound, and therefore actually used, as interchangeable: expressed, in short,

$$\left.\begin{array}{c}\mathrm{a}\\ \mathrm{e}\\ \mathrm{i}\\ \mathrm{o}\\ \mathrm{u}\\ \mathrm{y}\end{array}\right\} = \text{u in } \textit{cup}$$

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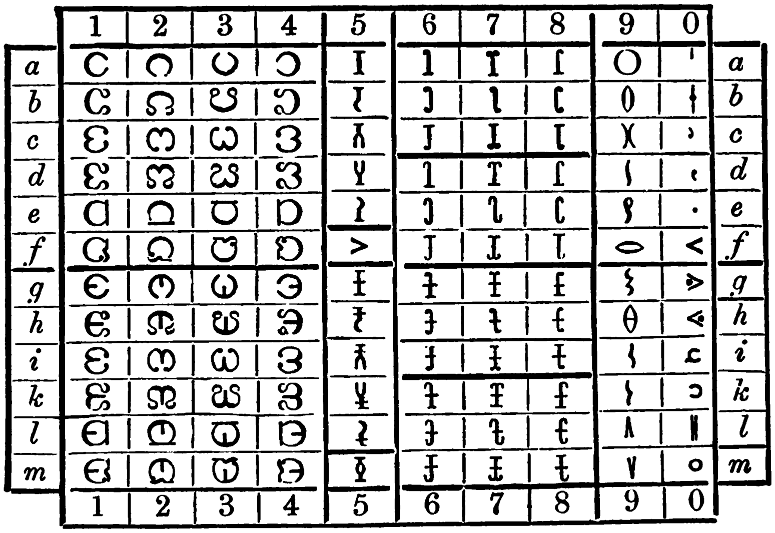
Oh, *but* (you may say) *these are vowels; the consonants are at least fixed.*

Well, the sounds ordinarily indicated by *f*, *w*, *k*, and *p* would seem to be unlike enough; yet we have one consonant combination which indicates all these. To illustrate, think of the consonants *gh* in these words: *laughter*, *slaughter*, *plough*, *hough*, *hiccough:* in the first *gh* = *f*, in "slaughter" *gh* = nothing, since the word would be pronounced exactly the same without it; in "plough" *gh* = w; in "hough" *gh* = k; in "hiccough" *gh* = p. One sign for *f*, nothing, *w*, *k*, and *p!*

These illustrations will be enough to support the proposition that if one is going to study sounds the first thing to do is to agree upon some signs which will accurately and consistently represent given sounds, always using the same sign for the same sound.

The system invented for this purpose by Mr. Ellis is called palæotype, from two Greek words, one meaning *old* and the other *type*. The significance of the name is found in the fact that to represent the actual sounds of speech, which are greatly more numerous than the letters in our alphabet, it is necessary to employ a large number of signs,—instead of 26 letters Mr. Ellis's alphabet has 271,—and it was judged to be of great advantage if these signs could be made out of combinations of our present letters, so that a printer could print any given sound with such type as are found in an ordinary font,—that is, could use his old type or palæotype. Accordingly Mr. Ellis devised a system which represents with great precision the shades of sound of a great many languages, by various combinations of the ordinary printer's signs.

In this connection it seems a duty at least to mention another system of literating sounds, known as "Bell's Visible Speech." A few years ago Mr. Melville Bell, of England, succeeded in noting all the possible changes in the larynx, the tongue, and the lips by which the speech-vibrations of the vocal chords are influenced in their result; and thus, in effect, analysed not only all the sounds of existing languages, but all the possible sounds of speech. In order, therefore, to indicate these sounds, he simply took sectional cuts of the positions of the vocal organs used in making them, and upon these as a basis he constructed a series of signs, each of which in some degree suggests, and stands for, the sound made by that position of the organs which it actually imitates. This system seems to be at once more comprehensive and more systematic than Ellis's.


1
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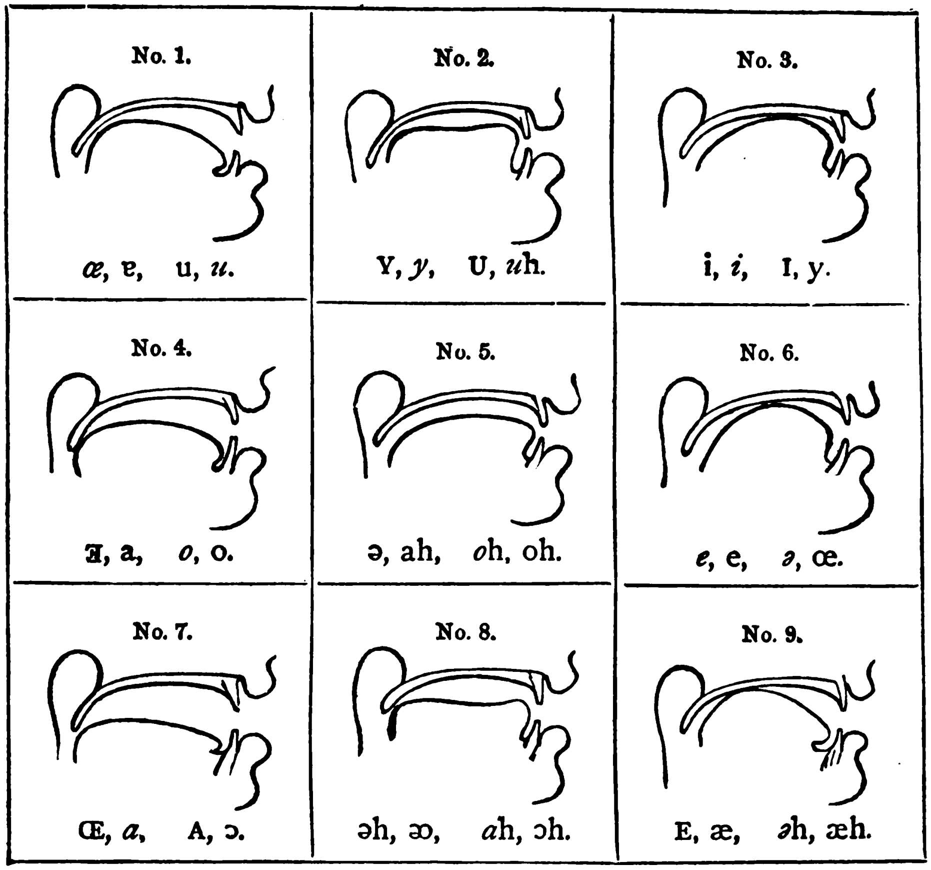
m

Melville Bell's "Visible Speech" letters

To my ear, there is a gravity, a dignity, a certain largeness and majesty of port, in the sounds of Shakspere's words according to this pronunciation, which, as soon as we throw away the merely accidental associations we have with some of the tone-colours, make them extremely interesting, and they seem to me to bring Shakspere back with an unaccountable vividness. Try their effect upon two passages wholly different in style; say, a quiet passage like Hamlet's advice to the Players, and a more ranting passage like Henry IV's Soliloquy on Sleep.[1]


No. 1.
œ, ɐ, u, *u*.
No. 2.
Y, *y*, U, *u*h.
No. 3.
i, *i*, I, y.
No. 4.
ᴲ, a, *o*, o.
No. 5.
ə, ah, *o*h, oh.
No. 6.
e, e, *ə*, œ.
No. 7.
Œ, *a*, A, ɔ.
No. 8.
əh, ɶ, *a*h, ɔh.
No. 9.
E, æ, *ə*h, æh.

Lingual positions of the vowels

From Ellis's Early English Pronunciation

Next, reading a passage which is more ranting than this, I find a peculiar effect arising from the archaic sounds, which I hope is not a mere fancy. That is, that Shakspere's rant and bombast sounds *less* ranting, less bombastic, in the old sounds than in the modern pronunciation. There is, as I said, a certain largeness of port about the older words which *lessens the distance between the word and*

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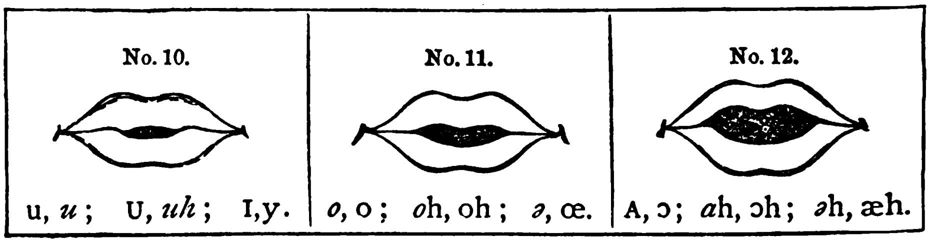
[1] See Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, part iii, page 991.

the big idea: the sounds themselves are more "robustious," are more such sounds as one would think likely to come in connection with these tempestuous metaphors—as any one can prove by reading aloud the apostrophe to Sleep in 2 *King Henry IV*, Act III, Scene I.[1]

This particular passage is the more appropriate as it forms a pleasant addition to the four sonnets on Sleep which I gathered together before. Some of you will remember that in an early lecture I read a sonnet on Sleep by Bartholomew Griffin, another on Sleep by Sir Philip Sidney, another by Samuel Daniel, and a fourth by William Drummond of Hawthornden. These afforded us admirable means of comparing the modes of thought peculiar to these authors. In adding the passage on the same subject by Shakspere, note how much more tremendous, how much more gigantic and world-shaking is his treatment than that of the beautiful sonnets which I read.



Labial positions of the vowels

From Ellis's Early English Pronunciation

The scene here is a room of the palace at night. King Henry in his night-dress, alone, unable to sleep, cries:

> How many thousands of my poorest subjects
> Are at this hour asleep! Sleep, gentle sleep,
> Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
> That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,

---

[1] See *Early English Pronunciation*, part iii, page 987.

And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hushed with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lulled with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamors in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

◆

CHAPTER XII

PRONUNCIATION OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME

With Illustrations from *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*

IN my last lecture I gave you some details upon which you might found a general idea of the pronunciation of our language by Shakspere and his contemporaries as it has been recently established through the researches of Ellis, Noyes, and Peirce. In concluding, I propose to illustrate what has been said by reading a part of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* in the old usage; but as I always like to accomplish as many ends as possible with a given means,— or to show you as many objects of interest as possible in guiding you over this beautiful literary country,— I beg to suggest some considerations which I wish you to hold in mind while we read the adventures of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and which, I think, will enable you to draw a profit from the play over and above that of hearing our tongue in the form Shakspere was accustomed to use.

Let me put this profit in the plainest terms, so that you may once for all test whether you do get it or not.

Every one who reads or hears the play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* ought to come out of such reading or hearing with clarified conceptions of the beauty of constancy in friendship, and with a passionate and working sense of the sweetness of large behaviour between friend and friend, unless all our ideas of Shakspere's greatness as a teacher are merely amateur theories. The play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* tells, as you remember, how Sir Proteus was tempted by a sudden love to intrigue against his dear and all-trusting friend Sir Valentine, and how Sir Valentine instantly forgave him when his crime was suddenly and completely discovered. In one word, this play is a most edifying sermon upon Constancy in Friendship and the Forgiveness of Injuries.

Let us quietly discuss this matter of the sermons in Shakspere's plays a little. We are accustomed nowadays to hear much of the moral teaching of Shakspere. Many of us hear it when we are quite too young to understand it. In our youthful realism and our youthful crudeness we go to Shakspere; we begin to read. Presently we come upon that which seems anything but orthodox; presently again we are quite shocked to find what seems the very reverse of moral. We feel wounded; we find a vague sense of sadness about it all coming into our mind, and in many cases our whole youth is passed with a haunting idea that the moral teaching of Shakspere is merely a kind of Pickwickian phrase invented by enthusiasts. Thus a great truth is lost to us by coming before we are ready to receive it.

For, in point of fact, Shakspere's work *is* moral teaching; it is all pure morality; every play *is*, in the strictest sense, a powerful sermon. It will help you towards a clearer idea of this if I remind you for a moment of the actual and historical connection between a play and a sermon. Many sermons have been written against plays; and in so far as these denounce the unworthy play or the profligate player, they are useful and right. But a sermon against plays in general is really a sermon against sermons. For a play is simply the modern form of what in its earlier form was nothing more nor less than a sermon. You must know that in the old times — by which let me mean here, say, the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries in England — it was not the custom, as with us, to preach a sermon as a necessary part of every Sunday's service in the church. We have become so accustomed to these that it requires an effort for us to realise how life would go on without them; and perhaps it is with still greater effort that we realise how much of our knowledge of the Bible, of its histories, its poetry, and its teachings, we owe to these weekly discourses in which information on all such matters is spread before us by learned and devout men. But now carry yourself back among the common people of England in the eleventh century, for example. Fancy yourself to be Dick Giles, an honest ploughman who makes a scant living by turning the hard clods every daylight hour from Monday morning till Saturday night. You cannot read — it is a long time before the common-school system. Even if you could read, books are scarce; printing has not yet been invented; you cannot step into the village store and buy a whole Bible in good print for a shilling. Try to think how ignorant every Dick Giles of this time must have been, even of those things which we learn in our earliest childhood! How should he know of the strange story of creation told in Genesis, of the history of Cain and Abel, of the adventures of Noah, of the romantic lives of Moses and Joseph and Jacob and David? He had no Sunday sermon in which these large old tales were told, reasoned upon, expounded, and illustrated till they became

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part of his very being. Now the priests and religious teachers of that time saw this need in the Dick Gileses who ploughed the lands about their monasteries, and finally one of them devised what he considered would be the most effective sort of sermon to preach to such souls. About the year 1110, a certain Geoffrey, who became the abbot of St. Albans, put together a set of scenes for the instruction of the common people in the history of one of the saints. This play — as we may call it — was intended and used for a sermon in the church, setting forth, as it did, in the most vivid way the facts in the life of St. Catherine, and expounding the facts by showing their actual consequences. The miracle play, as it was called, was acted by the clergy, and was simply another form of the sermon, adopted because more easily understood and more profitably appropriated by the common people than a set homily. The briefest review of the transition-forms through which this old phase of the sermon has taken on its modern shape — of the play — renders its moral purpose still clearer. The miracle play of St. Catherine in 1110 I have just mentioned; it is a specimen of the miracle play in general, which was intended as a sermon to give the common people information of sacred events in Scriptural history or in the lives of the saints. Then there was the mystery play, which was a lively sermon meant to inform the people upon those portions of the New Testament involving mysterious matters, as, for example, the Resurrection, the Incarnation of Christ, and the like. But now we come to another species of these sermons, which in its very name keeps up the moral purpose of the drama; this is the species called the morality, which arose as a development of the miracle and mystery plays. In the morality the characters, instead of being Biblical personages like Noah in a miracle play or Christ

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in a mystery play, became allegorical personages, Vices and Virtues, Riches, Death, and the like. We are now near that modern form of the sermon which *we* call a play. Presently, instead of a Virtue or abstract personage for a character in the play, we find some actual historic personage figuring who was noted for that virtue. Instead of Magnanimity, for instance, we have Alexander, in the interesting old play of *Campaspe*, and so on, until the miracle play or clerical sermon of Geoffrey in the twelfth century becomes the simple play or lay sermon of Marlowe and Shakspere in the sixteenth century. Thus you see that in point of historic fact the play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona is* a sermon, and Shakspere *is* a preacher.

From this point let us go forward and frankly discuss a further question which many a soul asks or would like to ask, and which ought to be definitely settled. Suppose you are one of these inquirers. *I understand* (you say) *these Shakspere enthusiasts to contend that he is a preacher, and that his sermons teach us by simply showing us life as it really is. But I see life as it really is every day; it is going on about me — scarcely a week but the tragic history of some friend or acquaintance culminates in death or disgrace or unhappiness; and if I thus see real life with my own eyes, how can Shakspere show me any more real life?*

This seems formidable: but it may be conclusively answered. In order to do so, I ask your particular ear for a distinction which I shall have occasion to recur to again: I mean the distinction in literature — as indeed in all art — between truth and reality. Perhaps it may be most sharply put by saying that Shakspere is at once the truest and the most unreal of writers. One who is not familiar with it will get at the bottom of this principle only by degrees and slowly: but it is so true and so important that I may say, Let no man dream he has read Shakspere until he has read him with this doctrine fully in mind — that the life depicted in Shakspere is true, but not real life. Perhaps a single illustration will convey my meaning to you more easily than much argument.

Every drama must of necessity always differ enormously from real life, because in the drama the action must be mainly told *by the words of the dramatis personæ*.[1] Now think how little your own words in real life actually represent your deepest emotions. Suppose you love any one. You can express your love by a lifetime of devotion, but imagine that you were called on to say it in words — to express your whole affection in a few sentences: you could only stammer, you could only be dumb. Yet Shakspere's Juliet will sit down and say off in glib words for us the very beating heart of the young bride's adoring love. Here, you see, where real life is most dumb, Shakspere's life is most voluble. Again, suppose any one of you were suddenly called upon for a definition of love in general, what could you say? You would most likely say nothing. And yet, in Shakspere's *As You Like It*, where the lovesick Phebe calls upon so simple a creature as the shepherd Silvius,

> Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love,

— a call which when made with that suddenness would paralyse the very best of us in this cultivated age,— the shepherd Silvius straightway breaks out with that wonderful speech:

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[1] The Chinese drama affords an extreme instance of this. In it there is no scenery; the costumes are never changed; only two characters can be on the stage at one time; the play is practically continuous throughout, though technically divided into four or five acts; and everything must be told by the characters, necessitating the dreariest long and prosy monologues.

It is to be all made of sighs and tears; . . .
It is to be all made of faith and service; . . .
It is to be all made of fantasy,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all observance;
And so am I for Phebe.

Or, again, suppose that you were the young Prince Arthur in prison, and Hubert should come in upon you with the hot irons to put out your eyes; would not wild cries of anguish and entreaty be the procedure of real life, instead of that wondrous eloquence with which the little Prince finally charms away Hubert from his dreadful intent?

In short,— not to multiply these instances, which are surely sufficient to put your minds on the track of thought I am aiming at,— everywhere in real life the strongest passions are those which at the supreme moment get beyond all expression; in real life the passion of love hopeless of expressing itself in words takes refuge in sighs and tears and kisses and caresses; the grief of real life breaks into wild inarticulate cries and groans, instead of setting itself in logical and beautiful embodiments as when the heart-broken Edgar and Lear speak in Shakspere. Everywhere the lack of ability to express one's self is so common in real life as to become characteristic of it. In Shakspere, on the other hand, everybody, clown or courtier, king or shepherd, villain or patriot, lover or lunatic, man or woman — everybody is gifted with the power of expressing, instantly and vividly and precisely, every movement of the spirit, from the most nimble caper of wit to the most ponderous writhings of wounded passion.

You must see, then, that in this view alone there is not a real man or woman in Shakspere. Yet, while the men and women of Shakspere are not real, they *are* absolutely true. Their beautiful speeches, though simply impossible in real life, give us true conceptions of the emotions which underlie them. No shepherd in real life would ever or could ever speak of love as Silvius did in the passage just quoted: yet, the speech once made, we all recognise it as a true description, and the whole world accepts it as a sort of creed and formula for all time. So when Juliet makes such divine love, when Edgar and Lear and little Prince Arthur lament and grieve and plead in words that move pity in the very cold blade of the scythe of Time, we must all see that while these speeches are so unlike actual events as to be quite impossible in real life, yet they are so true as representative of the emotions which they paint that they take the very highest place in art and live to all time as divine verities.

I hope I have now advanced enough to make it seem clear that Shakspere, as I said, while he is the most unreal, is nevertheless the truest, of writers. In real life passion is not logical nor voluble, but tends in its highest moments to vent itself in the dumb caress, the pleading look, the inarticulate cry; in Shakspere, on the contrary, passion is furnished with a tongue adequate to all its wants. Shakspere's plays always seem to me as if the gods came down and played men and women for our instruction. Yet the passions thus set forth by unreal means are true passions.

I wish I could pursue this argument into some closely related questions; but I will have occasion to recur to it when we come to the relation of Shakspere to the modern novel, which does aim to set forth real life. Leaving it, therefore, for the present, we are now able to answer the question, How is it that the life set forth in Shakspere is a moral lesson, and a clearer one to average men than the real life which goes on about us? For do you not see that the passions described in Shakspere are described with such truth and vividness that we are not puzzled about them? There is no glozing, no vagueness, no Pickwickian sense of things, as there is in real life? In Shakspere a rogue appears as a rogue; he is not called an "operator," as he might be in modern real life, if he happened to be a dealer in railway stocks and stole very large sums. How much evil in our real life comes from the fact that there are so many arguments on both sides of a given question, so many mere interests of the hour pulling our judgments this way and that, that the moral sense gets dazed and confused, and men commit acts at which their cooler moments are astonished and grieved beyond measure! You cannot think of any great question now agitating our time without perceiving how true this is. Look how the judgments of the California people have become so warped against the Chinese labourer that they have been eager to override the clearest principles of our republican system, and to violate the most solemn treaty stipulations in the grossest manner, to get him out of the country! Now if this matter were set forth in a play of Shakspere's, they would not see it clouded and obscured by such pitiful sophistries as those used in support of the recent Chinese Bill, but they would behold it clearly as vile infidelity to our Constitution and to our treaties; they would see it with all the extraneous matters shredded away; they would see it as we see the villainy of Iago, as we see the jealousy of Othello, as we see the blackness of Richard III, as we shall presently see the treachery of Sir Proteus. Perhaps there was never a time when the difference between the glozing and covering over of crimes in real life and the nakedness with which they are shown up in Shakspere was so apparent as now. Civilisation, culture, has furnished evil with many ingenious resorts for self-deception. The devil can use steam and machinery as well as the Christian. Only think, for example, of the Repudiation party yonder in Tennessee; a man beholds with grief and wonder something like half a million of intelligent human beings engaged in an effort to break the most solemn engagements of a great State in our commonwealth. They look upon their act, you see, under all the distracting incidents and conscience-blinding vaguenesses of real life; probably not a man of them but would indignantly repel the accusation that to repudiate the legal bonds of the State of Tennessee is nothing more nor less than simple rascality; probably every man has his own little set of flimsy arguments — that the bonds are of doubtful legality, that they were bought below par, that times have changed since they were issued, that this, that, and the other — by which he has at least tied the tongue of his conscience; and yet it is equally probable that not one of these men, if he saw as a cold spectator this Tennessee situation unfolded in a play with the bareness and vivid truth of Shakspere's, would hesitate a moment to cry out upon such monstrous and wholesale roguery.

Here, then, you see how the play of Shakspere can teach us a clear lesson, can preach us a clear sermon, where the deliverance of real life is uncertain and confused and ineffective.

And now, in considering specially what kind of sermon is preached to us by this particular play of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, of which I am to read a portion, it is, as I said, a sermon on Constancy in Love and Friendship. It takes three general views: it shows us the beauty of constancy, the ugliness of treachery, and the grandeur of that forgiveness which pardons the trespasser in these matters so keenly involving human happiness. As I have before had occasion to remark, I take the greatest delight

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in finding numerous evidences that our dear Master Shakspere, after passing through the most terrible storms of a wild and passionate life, and after suffering the keenest strokes of fortune, went down to his death, not in bitterness, but in the calm and majestic tranquillity of one who has truly and fervently forgiven all that the sad ingratitude and stupidity of men could accomplish against him. You may recall here that, when we were seeking for Shakspere's personal characteristics in the sonnets, we found with what divine magnanimity he forgave the friend who basely stole away his one love from him. Now there is quite a little cyclus of plays which hinge upon forgiveness, and these were written, it is believed, towards the end of his life. They are *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, and *Tempest*. You will remember the part which forgiveness plays in *Cymbeline*, in the piteous error of Leontes against Hermione and Polixenes, in the wondrous return of Prospero to his own dukedom. Did it ever occur to you that the epilogue of *The Tempest* becomes marvellously tender and seemly if we conceive it as spoken by Shakspere in his own character? The more I read it as such, the more thrilling it becomes to me as possibly the last and the most personal utterance of our beloved sweet Shakspere. As you read it, I beg you to fancy that Shakspere himself is speaking in the character of Prospero. Imagine Shakspere, a greater enchanter than his own Prospero,— one who had for years been weaving, with his plays, all sorts of spells for the islanders of his own England,— writing his last play, *The Tempest*. He contemplates the darkness of death which is presently to fall like a curtain on the fifth act of his life; a great tide of desire to part in love and tender peace with all his fellow-men comes over him; and he writes this epilogue, which, especially towards the end, falls into such an unwontedly fervid and pleading tone as

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makes the epilogue seem certainly more directly personal than anything in the whole body of Shakspere's plays. It must be, indeed, our beloved master who, in the guise of Prospero, is standing before us at the end of his great life's enchantment, and is saying to us:

> Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
> And what strength I have 's mine own,
> Which is most faint: now, 'tis true,
> I must be here confined by you,
> Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
> Since I have my dukedom got,
> And pardoned the deceiver, dwell
> In this bare island by your spell;
> But release me from my bands
> With the help of your good hands:
> Gentle breath of yours my sails
> Must fill, or else my project fails,
> Which was to please. Now I want
> Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
> And my ending is despair,
> Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
> Which pierces so, that it assaults
> Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
> As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
> Let your indulgence set me free.

The unwonted and quite unnecessary earnestness of these last lines would seem to argue that it is the man Shakspere, and not the fiction Prospero, that speaks this epilogue. The suggestion which I have followed up in this view of the epilogue I owe to a remark of the Rev. Stopford Brooke's.

And so, to the woes and loves of Sir Proteus and Sir Valentine, the two gentlemen of Verona. You all recognise the propriety of these names. Sir Proteus, the faithless friend and changeful lover, is so called after the old Greek sea-god who had the power of changing himself into different shapes and who has thus given origin to the common adjective protean. Sir Valentine is, on the other hand, named after the patron saint of true lovers who is celebrated on St. Valentine's day.

The play opens as Sir Valentine is about to set off on a journey. He and his dear friend Sir Proteus are engaged in the farewell discourse of two bosom companions.

SCENE I. *An Open Place in Verona.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.
Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.
Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.
Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee.
Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love

How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.
Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.
Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.
Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.
Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.
Pro. What?
Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.
Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.
Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you'll prove.
Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not Love.
Val. Love is your master, for he masters you:
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.
Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.
Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu! my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.
Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.
Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

At Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.
Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!
Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.
(*Exit* VALENTINE.)
Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me,
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Milan. An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.
Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.
Speed. Why, then, this may be yours, for this is but one.
Val. Ha! let me see; ay, give it me, it's mine:
Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!
Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!
Val. How now, sirrah?
Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.
Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?
Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.
Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.
Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.
Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

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Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain, for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she, I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well favoured.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

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Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her; and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then, you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them. Peace! here she comes.

I now skip to Scene II, leaving Valentine to be desperately quizzed by Silvia. Sir Proteus has unexpectedly been ordered to go and travel, and is taking leave of Julia.

SCENE II. *Verona. A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.
Jul. I must, where is no remedy.
Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.
Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner.
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.
(*Giving a ring.*)
Pro. Why, then, we'll make exchange; here, take you this.
Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: — nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell!
What, gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Proteus, travelling to Milan, has seen Silvia, the beloved of Valentine, has been suddenly seized with love for her, has resolved to abandon poor Julia back at Verona, and is meditating upon his villainy.

ACT II.

SCENE VI. *Milan. An Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury;
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss
For Valentine, myself, for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still more precious in itself;
And Silvia — witness Heaven, that made her fair! —
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Rememb'ring that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine.
This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor.
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine;

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

ACT II.

SCENE VII. *Verona. A Room in Julia's House.*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
. . . tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus. . . .
Luc. I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.
Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear:
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances as infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.
Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.
Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
Luc. Pray heaven he prove so, when thou come to him!

And now we shall see what this immaculate Sir Proteus is doing while Julia is thus. He has already succeeded in getting Valentine banished from the court. Valentine has left, has been captured by the outlaws, and has been made their captain.

ACT III.

SCENE II. *Milan. A Room in the Duke's Palace.*

Enter DUKE *and* THURIO; PROTEUS *behind.*

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,
Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.
Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.
Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.
How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?
Pro. Gone, my good lord.
Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.
Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.
Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee —
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert —
Makes me the better to confer with thee.
Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.
Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.
Pro. I do, my lord.
Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.
Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.
Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

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Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice and poor descent,
Three things that women highly hold in hate.
Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.
Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.
Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him. . . .
Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect:
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full-fraught with serviceable vows.
Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.
Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart:
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity:
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews;
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert; to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump: the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.
Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.
Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.
Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn

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To give the onset to thy good advice.
Duke. About it, gentlemen!
Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.
Duke. Even now about it! I will pardon you.

ACT IV.

SCENE II. *Milan. Court of the Palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio: now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus, are you crept before us?
Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.
Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.
Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.
Thu. Whom? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia; for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST *at a distance, and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest, methinks you're allycholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. (*Music plays.*)

Host. Hark, hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay: but, peace! let's hear 'em. (*Song.*)

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before?
How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine changes in the music!

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have *one* play but one thing. But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,— he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts. . . .

(*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*)

SILVIA *appears above at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.
Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?
Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.
Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.
Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.
Sil. What is your will?
Pro. That I may compass yours.
Sil. You have your wish; my will is even this:
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Jul. (*Aside*) 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.
Sil. Say that she be; yet Valentine thy friend
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Pro. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.

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Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave
Assure thyself my love is buried.
Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, *in* hers sepulchre thine.
Jul. (*Aside*) He heard not that.

Silvia now sets out, in secret, to find her banished Valentine, accompanied by the faithful Sir Eglamour. Julia, disguised as a page, obtains service with her unsuspecting Sir Proteus, and they two set out after the flying Silvia as soon as her flight is discovered, as do the Duke and Thurio. These are all captured by the outlaws. Valentine has not yet become aware of it, however, and Scene IV of Act V opens with Valentine meditating in a part of the forest inhabited by the outlaws:

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!
What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes here?
(*Steps aside.*)

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
Though you respect not aught your servant doth,
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love;
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.
Val. (*Aside*) How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. (*Aside*) And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
O, Heaven be judge how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul!
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.
Therefore be gone; solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd!
Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first, best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all these oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith which is too much by one:

Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!
Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?
Sil. All men but Proteus.
Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love,— force you.
Sil. O heaven!
Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.
Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion!
Pro. Valentine!
Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,
For such is a friend now; treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand
Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,
I am sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest: O time most curst,
'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!
Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.
Forgive me, Valentine: if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Val. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth, for these are pleas'd.
By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.
Jul. O me unhappy! (*Faints.*)

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Pro. Look to the boy.
Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now! what is the matter?
Look up; speak.
Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.
Pro. Where is that ring, boy?
Jul. Here 'tis; this is it.
(*Gives a ring.*)
Pro. How! let me see:
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.
Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir, I have mistook:
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. (*Shows another ring.*)
Pro. But how cam'st thou by this ring? At my depart
I gave this unto Julia.
Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.
Pro. How! Julia!
Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart.
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment, if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.
Pro. Than men their minds! 'tis true. O heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect! That one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye?
Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.
Jul. And I have mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!
Val. Forbear, I say! it is my lord the duke.
Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.
Duke. Sir Valentine!
Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.
Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath;
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milan shall not behold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch:
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.
Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I:
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.
Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.
Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.
Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banished men that I have kept withal
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile:
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.
Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

SHAKSPERE
AND HIS FORERUNNERS

PART II.

CHAPTER XIII

THE MUSIC OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME — I

I HAVE lately read a story by Mr. Tyndall to the effect that upon a certain occasion he invited Mr. Faraday into his laboratory to witness an experiment. Just as he was about to begin, Mr. Faraday said, "Stop: tell me what I am to look for." Taking my cue from a mind so great and so trained as Faraday's, you will not think it a reflection upon your intelligence if in the outset of my lecture I tell you what you are to look for. I wish that, besides any entertainment you might find in it, you may carry away with you some definite idea of the facts which I am to bring before you; and judging from my own needs in similar cases, I think that a brief synopsis of the lecture may give you serviceable grouping-points for the somewhat miscellaneous mass of circumstances which I must array.

I propose, then, first to show the great love which Englishmen had for music in Shakspere's time, and the extraordinary cultivation of it among all classes: for which purpose I shall give many citations from Shakspere and contemporary writers. Second, I will endeavour to show, by quotations from Shakspere, that music was his best-beloved art, and that he had a wonderful insight into its deeper mysteries. Third, I will discuss the various kinds of music which Shakspere was accustomed to hear, vocal and instrumental, and shall endeavour to supply you with the foundation for an instructive contrast between the music of Shakspere's time and that of our own.

There is a wide-spread notion that the native soil of music is in Italy and Germany, that the art is an alien one in England and America, and that such inclination as we English-speaking people have towards it is in the nature of an "acquired taste." It is perfectly true that in *originating* music — in what is called musical composition — we have not ever played a supreme part; but the popular love for music among English-speaking peoples has certainly been much underestimated. As to the popular attitude towards musical cultivation in the present day, you have but to cast a glance about you in order to see how many striking signs exist that even here in the United States there is a great under-passion for music already beginning to develope itself, although but a few years have passed since we were all fighting starvation, winter, and the savage too desperately to sing, save it might be a snatch betwixt two strokes of the axe or two shots of the rifle. Consider the thousands upon thousands of churches in our land, each with its organ and its choir; consider the multitudes of musical concerts to which our people flock night after night in theatre, in concert-room, in church chapel, in village hall; consider the underlying sentiment which has brought about that scarcely any home in the United States is considered even furnished which has not a piano in the parlour, and that scarcely any young woman's schooling does not embrace "taking lessons" either in playing or in singing.

As we now go back to study the state of music in Shakspere's time, we find that the English people of the sixteenth century were enthusiastic lovers of the art. There were professorships of music in the universities, and multitudes of teachers of it among the people. The monarch, the lord, the gentleman, the merchant, the artisan, the rustic clown, the blind beggar, all ranks and conditions of society, from highest to lowest, cultivated the practice of singing, or of playing upon some of the numerous instruments of the time. Early in the century Henry VIII evinced his own personal love for music, and thus established it as the fashion with his royal countenance. Hollingshead in his chronicles records that Henry VIII "exercised himself daylie in shooting, *singing*, *dancing*, wrestling, casting of the barre, *plaieing at the recorders*, *flute*, *virginals*, *in setting of songes* and *making of ballades*." You can find in the Peabody Library some part-songs of King Henry VIII's composition which are not bad — for a king. After Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth preserved a genuine delight in music, and with her queenly favour added such incentives to the popular inclination that the art flourished in her reign with the greatest vigour. The Queen herself was a good performer on the lute and the virginals. It is thought that a compliment to her playing is intended in a passage in Act III, Scene I of the first part of Shakspere's *King Henry IV*. Mortimer, you remember, has married a beautiful Welsh lady who can speak no English, while he can speak no Welsh; yet he is complimenting the dainty words which fall from her lips, and declares:

> I will never be a truant, love,
> Till I have learned thy language: for thy tongue
> Makes Welsh *as sweet as ditties highly penned*,
> *Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower*,
> *With ravishing division*, *to her lute.*

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The *ditties highly penned* is a graceful allusion, likely, to Queen Elizabeth's poems, some of which are, like Henry VIII's music, not bad for a queen. The word *division* here is a technical term of the musical science of that time. We shall presently see that their music was largely made up of old immemorial tunes, redacted and made new by all sorts of ingenious variations. These variations were called, in general, "division"; instead of saying "an air with variations," as we do, they said "an air with division."

Coming down from these royal music-lovers, the assertion just now made — that not only the monarch, but all lower ranks of society, the nobleman, the private gentleman, the merchant, the artisan, the clown, and the beggar, assiduously cultivated music in Queen Elizabeth's time — is not mere rhetoric, but is literally true. If I had time, it would be easy to cite you quotation after quotation from contemporary writers implying the common pursuit and practice of music, at this time, by all classes of people. I have just remarked that Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth were good musicians. To leap at once to the other extreme of society, I find in Shakspere's *Winter's Tale* that he could speak, without danger of hissing from the audience, of the rustic sheep-shearers as being able to sing part-songs. In Scene II of Act IV, as the cunning Autolycus strolls down the road singing,

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,

presently comes on a clown, who begins to say over to himself the numerous sweets and spices which his sister has sent him to buy against a pudding for the sheep-shearing feast. "Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice — what will this sister of mine do with rice?

But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, *three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases*." Here, you see, twenty-four shepherds are represented as all three-man song-men, that is, as able to sing their parts in those concerted songs for three men which form such a curious feature in the music of this time. The "means and bases" were names of the two parts below the first or treble in a three-part song, the part next below the treble being the mean, and the lowest the base. Again, I find Shakspere giving intimation of the universality of the part-song in Scene III of Act II of *Twelfth Night*. The jolly Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are carousing in a room in Olivia's house. Presently the fool comes in and sings them a love-song, and then Sir Toby proposes a three-man song — as the clown called it — or catch. The catch, you all probably understand, was a part-song in which one begins a melody, the next waits a couple of bars and then begins to sing the same melody, the third waits still a couple of bars and then he also begins the same melody. This is the general type of a sort of music very popular in those days. The particular species called a "catch" was always a jolly song, and often the words of the second part were a play upon the words of the first; as, for example, the first voice would start out singing *Ah, how Sophia*, and presently the second voice would begin singing the same melody to words "catching" up the first, as *A house afire*. Sometimes the catch had words which really were chosen to catch the tongue by their difficulty of pronouncing them; as, for instance, a catch which was sung in Shakspere's time called "Three blue beans in a blue bladder, Rattle, bladder, rattle." The general nature of the catch may be inferred from what follows in *Twelfth Night*. After the fool's love-song, Sir Toby roars out:

> But shall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver?
>
> *Sir And.* An you love me, let's do 't: I am dog at a catch.
> (*They sing a catch.*)

And the nature of their music may be gathered from what Maria and Malvolio presently say.

> *Enter* MARIA.
>
> *Maria.* What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.
>
> *Sir Toby.* My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! *There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!*
>
> *Enter* MALVOLIO.
>
> *Mal.* My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cosier's [cobbler's] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, or time in you?
>
> *Sir Toby.* We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Snick up!

Here we find the two knights, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and a clown, singing a three-part song; while Malvolio's rebuke that they are *gabbling like tinkers* and *squeaking out cosier's* (cobbler's) *catches* shows, as indeed we gather from other evidence, that tinkers and cobblers were in the habit of singing part-songs. To go to the other system in society, Peacham, in his *Compleat Gentleman*, requires that personage to be able "to sing his part sure, *and at first sight*, and withal to play the same on a viol or lute."

The commonness of playing the viol is shown by the circumstance that it was the custom in Shakspere's time for a gentleman to keep a base viol hanging in the drawing-room, upon which a waiting visitor could amuse himself. Ben Jonson refers to this when one of his characters, in heartening up a timid suitor to his work, says: "In making love to her, never fear to be out for . . . a base-viol shall hang o' the wall, of purpose, shall put you in presently." If we go from the gentleman's parlour to the barber-shop of the sixteenth century, we find still more unmistakable evidences of the popularity of music. People would seem to have had more time in those days than now, and do not appear to have minded waiting as much as do brisker moderns; and so the barber provided means to amuse those who were waiting their turn. For this purpose he had the virginals in one corner — the virginals being a stringed instrument, the precursor of our piano, in which, by pressing keys like our piano-keys, the strings were struck, not by a hammer as in our piano, but by a quill or an elastic piece of wood, leather, or metal. A virginal of Elizabeth's time is still preserved in the South Kensington Museum in England. But besides the virginals you would find in the barber-shop a cittern—an instrument like our guitar in shape, with four double strings of wire, tuned $\overset{1}{e}$ $\overset{2}{d}$ $\overset{3}{g}$ (below the next $\overset{4}{b}$); a gittern—an instrument like the cittern, but smaller and strung with sinew instead of wire, sometimes called "Spanish viol," as in a catalogue of the musical instruments left in charge of Philip van Wilder at the death of Henry VIII, which mentions "four Gitterons, which are called Spanish Vialls"; and a lute — an instrument larger than our guitar, with a pear-shaped back, and eight frets which, instead of brass like those on the mandolin, were made of sinew lute-strings tied round the neck and glued in place. This lute would likely be the first instrument taken up by a gentleman who was waiting while you were in the barber's hands. It was the most popular instrument of the time, ranking like the piano at the present day. Here you see a gallant of the period as he might appear to you while the barber was rubbing your head. It is worth while adding that the barber, though still a man of weight and function in all communities, was a much more important personage in sixteenth-century society. His pole, with its stripes of red and white, was not then a merely formal sign; you would often see the original of it in his shop, to wit, bare arm stretched out and the blood flowing along it: for the barber had not ceased to be a chirurgeon and to let blood from those who were ailing. Moreover, the barber was dentist. If Shakspere had wanted a tooth drawn he would have gone to the barber-shop to get it done. And he managed to connect this uncomfortable profession with music by the singular custom, which prevailed among the barber-dentists, of tying the teeth which he had drawn to the end of lute-strings and hanging them in the window of the shop. Lutes were of various sizes, from the arch-lute, the theorbo, etc., to the mandore and mandolin, strung with eleven or twelve strings, five doubled, sometimes all six doubled: tuned

Base	Tenor	Counter-tenor	Great Mean
C	F	B flat	D
Small Mean	Minikin, Treble, or Chanterelle		
G	CC		

I note, as additional evidence of the cultivation of music in this time, how often the poets of the period draw strong similes from the playing upon musical instruments. Take, for example, a passage from Ben Jonson's great comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, when a character says of another: "I can compare him to nothing more happily than a barber's Virginals; for every man may play upon him."

Here, too, one cannot help recalling that wonderful talk of Hamlet's in Act III, Scene II, to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. These two worthy gentlemen have been trying to pump him, you remember, to make him speak, and in various ways to play upon him. Presently,

Enter the Players, with Recorders.

The recorder was a wind instrument something like a clarinet in shape and like a flageolet in tone.

Ham. O, the recorders! let me see one. . . . Will you play upon this pipe?

Guild. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guild. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guild. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guild. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, yet you cannot play upon me.

Again, quaint old Thomas Tusser, author of the *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, 1570, advises every housewife to always choose a servant who *sings at work;* he says:

> Such servants are oftenest painfull and good
> Who sing in their labour as birds in the wood.

Perhaps, therefore, when next you are so unfortunate as to go to an intelligence office, when you find that the candidate whom the gentlemanly proprietor calls up can cook, it would be well to inquire also of her qualifications in singing.

And old Merrythought, in Beaumont and Fletcher, says: "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work, for his mind is of nothing but filching."

This is indeed but another method of stating the famous sentiment in Shakspere's *Merchant of Venice*, Act V, Scene I, where Lorenzo concludes his ravishing little conversation with Jessica about music by declaring that

> The man that hath no music in himself,
> Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;
> The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
> And his affections dark as Erebus:
> Let no such man be trusted.

I find quoted more than once during this period a proverb which expresses the same idea in a more general form, and which I suspect is an old Spanish saying imported into England:

Who loves not music, God loves not him.

Again, music seems to have been as much a part of the education of young ladies in Shakspere's time as now.

Some of the most cunning scenes in *The Taming of the Shrew* are connected with this circumstance. I cannot help recalling these to you, in the briefest way. You remember that Lucentio and Hortensio, the one disguised as a scholar, the other as a musician,— or rather a teacher of music,— procure themselves to be introduced into Baptista's house as tutors to his daughters Katharina and Bianca, both gentlemen being bent upon making love to Bianca. Scene I of Act II is a room in Baptista's house, where presently, after a stormy scene betwixt Katharina and Bianca, enters Baptista; then the two young women go out, whereupon enter to Baptista Signior Gremio, with Lucentio in the mean habit of a scholar, Petruchio, with Hortensio disguised as a musician, and Tranio, with Biondello bearing a lute and books.

Pet. (*Speaking to Baptista*) I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That . . .
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the witness
Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,
(*Presenting* HORTENSIO)
Cunning in music and the mathematics,
To instruct her fully in those sciences,
Whereof I know she is not ignorant:
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong:
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir; and he, for your good sake. . . .

Gre. Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am sure of it. To express the like kindness, myself, that have been more kindly beholden to you than any, I freely give unto you this young scholar (*Presenting* LUCENTIO), that hath been long studying at Rheims; as cunning in Greek, Latin and other languages, as the

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other in music and mathematics: his name is Cambio; pray, accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio. Welcome, good Cambio. . . .

Tra. Pardon me, sir. . . .
This liberty is all that I request,
That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo
And free access and favour as the rest:
And, toward the education of your daughters,
I here bestow a simple instrument, (*Pointing to the lute*)
And this small packet of Greek and Latin books:
If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. . . . Take you (*To* HORTENSIO) the lute, and you (*To* LUCENTIO) the set of books;
You shall go see your pupils presently.
Holla, within!

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead
These gentlemen to my daughters; and tell them both,
These are their tutors: bid them use them well.

It would seem that Hortensio, the pretended music-teacher, first attempts to teach Katharina the Shrew. The nature of the usage which the poor musician receives at the hands of this pupil presently appears:

Reënter HORTENSIO, *with his head broken.*

Bap. How now, my friend! why dost thou look so pale?
Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.
Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?
Hor. I think she'll sooner prove a soldier:
Iron may hold with her, but never lutes.
Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?
Hor. Why, no; for she hath broke the lute to me.
I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering;

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When, with a most impatient devilish spirit,
Frets, call you these? quoth she; *I'll fume with them:*
And, with that word, she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made way;
And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute;
While she did call me *rascal fiddler*
And *twangling Jack;* with twenty such vile terms,
As she had studied to misuse me so.

But afterwards the two pretended tutors get access to the milder Bianca, and proceed to teach her, as far as they can, the only lore in which either of them has any skill. I will not dare to give this scene as a specimen of the system employed by musicians in teaching their lady pupils during Shakspere's time; but it must be confessed the methods are not without illustration in the nineteenth century. The scene is the first of Act III: *A Room in Baptista's House. Enter* LUCENTIO (the pretended Greek and Latin tutor), HORTENSIO (the pretended musician), and BIANCA, whom I might as well call the pretended pupil, for she could doubtless have taught both her masters in that science of love which they really professed, and which every woman understands by nature better than any man does by study. The two tutors endeavour to outwit each other in giving the first lesson:

Luc. (*Scornfully addressing* HORTENSIO) Fiddler,
forbear; you grow too forward, sir:
Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal?
Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony:
Then give me leave to have prerogative;
And when in music we have spent an hour,

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Your lecture shall have leisure for as much. . . .
Bian. Take you your instrument, play you the whiles;
His lecture will be done ere you have tun'd.
Hor. (*To* BIANCA) You'll leave his lecture when I am in tune?
(HORTENSIO *retires.*)
Luc. That will be never: tune your instrument.
Bian. Where left we last?
Luc. Here, madam:

Hic ibat Simois; hic est Sigeia tellus;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—*Simois*, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love;—*Hic steterat*, and that Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—*celsa senis*, that we might beguile the old pantaloon.

Hor. (*Returning*) Madam, my instrument's in tune.
Bian. Let's hear. (*Hortensio plays.*) O fie! the treble jars.
Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it: *Hic ibat Simois*, I know you not,—*hic est Sigeia tellus*, I trust you not,—*Hic steterat Priami*, take heed he hear us not,—*regia*, presume not,—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 'tis now in tune.
Luc. All but the base.
Hor. The base is right; 'tis the base knave that jars.
How fiery and forward our pedant is! . . .
(*To Lucentio*) You may go walk and give me leave a while:
My lessons make no music in three parts.
Luc. Are you so formal, sir? well, I must wait,
(*Aside*) And watch withal; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.
Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,
To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art;

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To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade:
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.
Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.
Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.
Bian. (*Reads*) Gamut *I am*, *the ground of all accord*,
A re, *to plead Hortensio's passion;*
B mi, *Bianca*, *take him for thy lord*,
C fa ut, *that loves with all affection:*
D sol re, *one cliff*, *two notes have I:*
E la mi, *show pity*, *or I die.*

Call you this gamut? tut, I like it not:
Old fashions please me best; I am not so nice,
To change true rules for odd inventions.

Perhaps it is by the rebound of contrast that poor Hortensio's broken head in this fictitious comedy carries my mind to three all too real tragedies of this period, in each of which an unfortunate musician had his head broken beyond all mending. First in order comes poor Mark Smeaton, who taught music to the lovely Anne Bullen, and whom Henry VIII had executed upon a pretext that (like Hortensio) he had taught her more love than music; four years later — in 1540 — the same Henry VIII hanged and quartered Thomas Abel, who was musical tutor to his Queen Catherine, because Abel wrote a tract against the divorce; and twenty-six years after this David Rizzio, the musical secretary of that poor lovely Mary, was murdered in her very presence.

But I will not accumulate more circumstances or quotations to show you the fact I started out to prove — that the English in Shakspere's time were ardent music-lovers, from the highest to the lowest orders of society. Everywhere you heard the organ, the stately motett and involute (canaro), the Puritan's psalm, the jolly catch, the melodious madrigal, the tinkling of citterns, gitterns, lutes, and virginals, the soft breaths of recorders, the louder strains of clarion, sackbut, shawm, hautboy, trumpet, cymbal, and drum. Everybody sang ballads; the number of ballads printed in this time is simply enormous. There is a line in Bishop Hall's satires which always brings up to me a pleasant picture of old ballad-singing England, in which he speaks of ballads as being

> Sung to the wheel and sung unto the pail,

i.e., sung by those who sat at the spinning-wheel, and by the milkmaids as they milked into the pails.

In an old piece called *Martin Marsixtus*, dating 1592, is a livelier description of the flood of ballads which rained upon England in this period; he cries: " Every red-nosed rhymester is an author. . . . Scarce a cat can look out of a gutter, but out starts a half-penny chronicler and presently a proper new ballet of a strange sight is indited." Perhaps I can fitly conclude this sketch of the popularity of music in Shakspere's time with a remark made in *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, by Nash, a contemporary writer. It seems that a package of lute-strings was a customary present from a gallant to a young lady in that time; and it therefore shows the public favour towards music in general and the lute in particular when we find Nash's character here recording, " I knew one that ran in debt in the space of four or five years above fourteen thousand pounds in lute-strings and grey paper."

I have said that Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth were musical amateurs and made it the fashion, but I do not mean that the popular love for music in England depended at all on this royal favour. We trace the same devotion to music among Englishmen long before Henry and Elizabeth. Chaucer is full of naïve and cunning illustrations that England was as musical in the fourteenth century as in the sixteenth. You will remember the Nun, of whom I read in one of my earlier lectures, so exquisitely described in the Prologue to Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* — how

> Ful wel sche sang the servise devyne,
> Entuned in hire nose ful semyly.

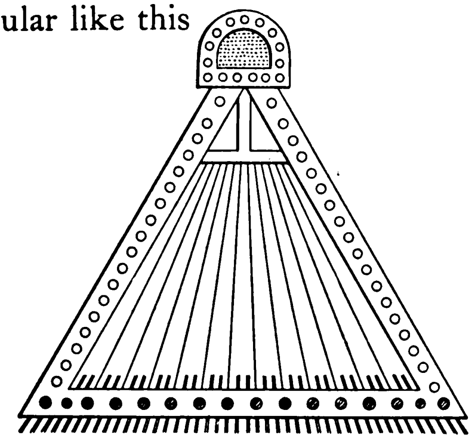
Again, we find the young Squire, in the same Prologue, "singing and floyting all the day." In this description of the musical Friar even the Chaucerian vividness is unwontedly bright:

> Wel couthe he synge and playe on a rote,
> Somewhat he lipsede for wantonnesse
> To make his Englissche swete upon his tunge;
> And in his harpyng, when that he had sunge,
> His eyghen twynkled in his hed aright
> As don the sterres in the frosty night.

Of the poor scholar Nicholas, Chaucer says:

> And al above there lay a gay sawtrye,

(The psaltery was an instrument of the harp species, sometimes triangular like this



and sometimes square.)

On which he made, a-nightes, melodye
So swetely that al the chamber rang.

The Parish Clerk Absolon could

Pleyen songes on a small Ribible;
Therto he sang a lowde quynyble,
And as wel coude he pleye on a giterne.

The ribible was an ancestor of the fiddle species. The "lowde quynyble" was when the player *sang* the melody in one key and *played* it in another key a fifth above; as, for example, when he sang a melody in the key of C and played the same melody at the same time in the key of G. Of course to a modern ear this would be intolerable; for the whole performance would consist of "consecutive fifths," which are looked upon with horror and rigidly forbidden by the modern systems of thorough-base. It may be interesting, however, to mention in this connection that I myself have heard a similar performance, and have noted that the consecutive fifth possesses a great fascination for the stronger-tympanumed ears of those who have lived outside the current of musical cultivation. I have heard, among the backwoods fiddle-players of Georgia, two persons play the same melody in fifths, that is, one playing it in G while the other played it in C; and after the first shock of strangeness to my ear was over, I found the effect weird and stirring beyond description. I have also heard the Georgia crackers sing in this way, one screaming a loud "quynyble" to the other, and this is even more striking than the instrumental performance. In Chaucer also we find that the carpenter's wife sang, and that as for

Her song, it was as lowde and yerne
As eny swalwe chiteryng on a berne.

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The Pardoner,

> Ful lowde he sang "Come hider, love, to me,"

While the Sompnour

> Bar to him a stif burdoun.

I shall have occasion to explain these "burdouns" presently. The Miller plays the "baggepipe," and there is mention here and there of lutes, shawms, trumpets, and organs. Even William Langland — who, although he wrote in the same time with Chaucer, wrote, one may say, in a different world, for he saw English life from the point of view of a ploughman, while Chaucer saw it from that of a courtier—even Langland, in his *Vision of Piers Plowman*, indignantly reproaches the clergy that

> They kennen no more mynstralcy, ne musik, men to gladde,

and he records of himself,

> Ich can not tabre, ne trompe, ne telle faire gestes,
> Ne fithelyn at festes, ne harpen,
> Japen, ne jagelyn, ne gentillich pipe,
> Nother sailen, ne sautrien, ne singe with the giterne,

implying, by his own singularity in this disability, that it was common for others to be able to do some of these things.

Thus we find Englishmen great music-lovers in Chaucer's period, and if I had time I could easily cite evidences enough to show that this love of music was a legitimate inheritance from our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, with whom this art was held in great esteem.

It is interesting, by the way,— before I leave this theme,— to ask the question, why is it that, while Englishmen have thus shown in all ages a genuine love for music, and while (as I shall presently show more in detail) the science of music was studied and the art cultivated by scores of men possessing great abilities in the sixteenth century and since, we have never yet developed a single great English composer of music? Without stopping to answer this question,— indeed, I do not know how to answer it,— perhaps it will be of interest to compare it with a similar question regarding women. We all know with what enthusiastic, even religious devotion women have loved music in all ages, and particularly in this age; one may almost say music would have perished but for the active sympathy of women for the art and its artists; and we all know, further, what brilliant heights of excellence have been attained by women as executive musicians, both in vocal and instrumental kinds: yet no woman has ever yet composed any great music. Perhaps the solution of both these questions is simply that *never yet* is not *never at all:* it is not conclusive proof that a thing may not be done in the future to show that it has not been done in the past; and perhaps women and Englishmen will both write immortal music in the ages to come.

But having now established the musical character of the age in which Shakspere lived in general, I go on further to say that I find Shakspere in particular a special adorer of music. I have counted one hundred and sixty-seven references to music in his plays, nearly all of which betray the tone of a passionate lover of the art. Not only so, but I find occasionally little touches which give solid, if subtle, proof that the awful mystery of music had in a shadowy way dawned on Shakspere's soul. A single line in that immortal scene between Lorenzo and Jessica in *The Merchant of Venice* reveals this:

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to* PORTIA'S *House.*

Lorenzo. . . . How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

Jessica breaks in upon this high talk with this intuition:

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
(*Music.*)

Jessica here pierces quite near to the root of the matter, namely, to that infinite underfeeling of serious and illimitable desire which every one who *knows* music understands and which *no* one who knows music will attempt to describe.[1] It seems much that any hint of this should have dawned upon Shakspere, when we reflect that he died, poor soul! seventy years before Bach was born, a hundred and fifty-odd years before Beethoven was born;

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[1] The sharp contrast between the feeling here expressed by Jessica and the primitive conception of music is strikingly shown by the derivation of our word *glee*, meaning joy, or mirth, from the Anglo-Saxon *gligg*, which meant music, or song. Jessica's remark is the first note we hear of the modern sorrow-cultus in music.

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that he knew nothing of the orchestra; that, in short, he never heard anything that we would call great music. I find another subtle touch of this sort in that wonderful closing scene of the play of *King Richard II.* The poor fallen monarch in his lonesome room of the castle of Pomfret, where Bolingbroke has confined him, is meditating alone, at night, but a few moments before his death. Presently the twanging of lutes and viols is heard in the darkness below his window; some faithful soul has come to sound up to him in this pathetic way that he has at least one friend left living. The current of his thought seizes upon the music and turns the stream of sound into its own sad direction.

ACT V.

SCENE V. *Pomfret. The Castle.*

King Richard. . . . Music do I hear? (*Music.*)
Ha, ha! keep time: how sour sweet music is,
When time is broke and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.
And here have I the daintiness of ear
To check time broke in a disorder'd string;
But for the concord of my state and time
Had not an ear to hear my true time broke.
I wasted time, and now doth time waste me;
. . . but my time
Runs posting on in Bolingbroke's proud joy,
While I stand fooling here, his Jack o' the clock.
This music mads me; let it sound no more;
For though it have holp madmen to their wits,
In me it seems it will make wise men mad.
Yet blessing on his heart that gives it me!
For 'tis a sign of love; and love to Richard
Is a strange brooch in this all-hating world.

Reflecting, as I said, upon the fact that Shakspere died a century before the epoch of really great musical art, I am struck with astonishment at the deep and almost adoring reverence for music which lies everywhere revealed through his writings. This astonishment, however, is only part of a greater general problem: for, from this point of view, how strange seem all the stories of the power of music which come down to us from ancient times! The Greeks had scarcely anything that we would call music; they had no harmony, their instruments were weak in tone and limited in range, their melodies were crude and poor; yet what a cyclus of Greek stories about the wonders wrought with music, culminating in that strange fable of Orpheus, who could move trees, stones, and floods with his melodies!

Again, even among a people so barbarous as the early Danes, it is related by Saxo Grammaticus that Eric, King of Denmark, having heard that a certain harper could cast men into all moods according to the tunes he played, desired the harper to play, and presently the harper played a fierce tune, under whose power the King became so enraged that he attacked even his friends standing about, and, having no weapon, killed several of them with his fist before he could be appeased by a change in the melody. Again, leaving the Indo-European peoples and passing over to the great Semitic branch of the human race, I have somewhere read a gigantic old fable — I cannot now remember whether it was Rabbinical or Mohammedan — that when God first moulded the body of Adam out of the clay, He laid it along the ground, and invited the soul to come and enter it. But the soul, upon first beholding the body, was displeased and frightened at the cold and unsightly mass lying there on the earth; and the soul of Adam for a long time could not be induced to enter his body, until finally the angel Gabriel came and sat at the feet of the body and played on the flageolet a melody so ravishing that the soul straightway entered in at the mouth of the body, and Adam arose a perfect man. What a deep and beautiful commentary do these stories make on the mysterious reality of music and on the mysterious growth of man, when we think that they were invented ages before the existence of any musical combinations which would sensibly affect the emotions of a modern hearer!

The mention of the music which Shakspere did *not* hear now leads us quite naturally to the consideration of that which he did hear, and I shall devote my next lecture to that very interesting subject. I shall then explain the two general kinds of music in Shakspere's time, to wit, extempore discant and pricksong; I shall then take up in detail the sort of church music with Shakspere's contemporaries were accustomed to hear, both the formal canons of the Church and the simpler psalms of the Puritans; I shall then consider the sorts of secular music which Shakspere was accustomed to hear, particularly the madrigal, the catch, and the ballad, on the vocal side, and the dance-tunes on the instrumental side, particularly the galliard, the passamezzo or paspy, the coranto, the morrice-dance, and the pavan; I shall next present some account of the great English musicians of Shakspere's time, who were in various ways very interesting men and ought to be better known to us than they are. I hope to be able to give you some actual reproductions of Shaksperian music in illustration of these matters; for this purpose I have selected a very pretty canon of old John Taverner's for five voices, which I found in the Peabody Library; also a part-song by John Milton, father of the poet, who was a good musician. Then I have a madrigal of Shakspere's time, and I think I shall be able to find an old catch such as the jolly Sir Toby roared out with his companions in Olivia's house; I have also a very pretty galliard by Frescobaldi dating from 1637; a song called *The Song of Anne Bullen*, and said to have been written by her not long before her execution; I have also the tune of *Greensleeves*, which Shakspere mentions, and to which scores of sonnets and ballads were sung; and finally I have the *Cuckoo Song*, which is a good specimen of a song with a "burdoun" such as the Sompnour roared with the Pardoner in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*. If I succeed in finding the voices to sing these part-songs properly, it is my desire to have the class meet at my own house, where we shall have the piano and other facilities for music; but of that you shall have due notice, and, unless you have notice, I will ask you to meet here as usual. I sincerely hope I may be able to get up the voices for the music, so that when you shall have heard it you will know what ideas Shakspere had in his mind when the bewildered Ferdinand, in *The Tempest*, following the sprite Ariel in the air, cries, "Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?"

> . . . Sure, it waits upon
> Some god o' th' island. Sitting on a bank,
> Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
> This music crept by me upon the waters,
> Allaying both their fury and my passion
> With its sweet air. . . .
> This is no mortal business.

CHAPTER XIV

THE MUSIC OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—II

IN the last lecture I discussed the general cultivation of music in Shakspere's time, and Shakspere's own special fondness for the art. In the course of the discussion we arrived at a point where we found it surprising that Shakspere should have had such an exalted idea of the power of music in view of the fact that he lived a century before that development of the orchestra was accomplished which we regard as the only adequate form of music. Thus in considering the music which Shakspere did not hear, we were led to think of the kind of music which Shakspere did hear, and that is the subject of my lecture to-day.

I have more than once had occasion in different connections to mention the term "discant." In Shakspere's time that great species of musical form which bore this name may be said to have reached its climax. It had been a long time in doing so, however; for, in order to understand clearly the kind of music which for so many years, nay, for so many centuries, ministered to the souls of our elders in this world, we must go back a thousand years beyond Shakspere. In the latter part of the sixth century, Pope Gregory the Great collected and published a number of melodies which had long been employed in the church service, including, it is said, several melodies of his own composition. This collection was called his antiphonarium. Great store was set by it, insomuch that it was kept fastened by a chain to the altar of St. Peter's, in order that it might be convenient for reference and for future additions to, or alterations in, the melodies which it contained. Now these melodies, thus brought definitely together by St. Gregory, played a part of paramount importance in music for a thousand years on, and more. You have all heard of what is called the "Gregorian chant." This is a term applied to the tunes contained in the antiphonarium of Gregory's. Observe that only a part of these tunes were composed by Gregory. A large number of them were already in existence, and had been from time immemorial. Let me call your attention to this circumstance here, which has most important bearing on the matter of the present lecture. Nowadays, when we think of a musical composer, we regard him as one who *originates melodies*, one who gives fresh *tunes* to the world. You will find, as I proceed in the development of my subject, that one great and cardinal distinction of modern music as opposed to the music of Shakspere's time is that the composers of that period did *not* address themselves to the invention of new tunes so much as to the *contrapuntal treatment of old tunes*. A number of ingenious devices, which I shall presently explain, were invented by which an old tune could be redacted into a wonderful variety of musical effects, while still preserving at least the outline of its individuality.

It would be an inquiry of deep fascination, even to many who have no special interest in music, to trace the

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origin of these melodies, known now as the Gregorian chants, which for so many ages formed the stock in trade of all musical invention in Europe. For almost the very first step in the inquiry leads us back from the sort of music which Shakspere was accustomed to hear to the sort of music which our Lord Jesus Christ was accustomed to hear. Permit me in a dozen words to point out at least the path which this inquiry would follow. I have said that Pope Gregory found a number of tunes in existence which he noted and fixed for succeeding ages. Two hundred years before Gregory's time, an event somewhat similar occurred in the history of music, which I, for one, can never recall to myself without emotion. In the end of the fourth century, Bishop Ambrose of Milan, together with his people, suffered great affliction under the relentless persecutions of the Arian empress Justina. It is a naïve and touching witness to that ideal of the connection between music and the needs of our every-day life which all fervent musicians should cherish and exalt, that the good Bishop Ambrose, for the explicit purpose of consolation in the midst of these afflictions, called in the aid of music. Expressly for the solace of his suffering people, he ordained that psalms and hymns should be sung antiphonally in the churches, and he organised many musical details to this end, perfecting the scale by a Greek tetrachord which he selected, and finally giving rise to what was known as the Ambrosian chant. I often please myself with reflecting upon an artless little inconsistency which I find in the confessions of St. Augustine,[1] and which bears a quite unconscious witness to the pleasure which he found in this old Ambrosian chant. He would seem — in a certain morbidness of feeling which very well belongs to his time, and which probably all of us can parallel in our youthful religious experiences — to have been a little afraid that he had no right to be moved too deeply by the purely sensuous fall of musical tones on the ear, but that he ought to be moved by those holy *words* of scripture which were sung; and so he says: "When I remember the tears I shed at the psalmody of the church in the beginning of my recovered faith, and how at this time I am moved not with the singing, but with the things sung, *when they are sung with a clear voice and suitable modulation*, I acknowledge the great use of this institution." Of course, if he were moved only with "the things sung," it would make no difference whether they were sung "with a clear voice and suitable modulation" or not; and in this naïve proviso the good saint's ear very cunningly sets up its claim to be a sweet and holy adviser of the soul. But this by the way. Here we find in the fourth century still a stock of tunes constituting the body of music; and it was this stock which our Gregory afterwards fixed and increased.

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[1] *Lib.* X, xxxiii, 50, cited in *Magister Choralis* by F. Zavier Haberl, F. Pustet, 1877.

The next step backwards takes us from the fourth century to the second. In the year 110 Pliny the Younger wrote a letter to Trajan, in which he describes the Christians "meeting on a certain day before daylight and singing by turns a hymn to Christ as to a God."

And the next step in this inquiry takes us to Christ himself. On that climacteric evening when He and his disciples sat at their last supper, after He had blessed the bread and given it to them as his body, and the wine as his blood, and had declared: "But I say unto you, I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine, until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom," it would seem that the emotions of the moment had risen to that point where words do not bring comfort; and

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so I find the might of music working in the next verse (of Matthew xxvi. 30), which records: "And when they had sung an hymn, they went out into the mount of Olives." If we knew the tune of that hymn!

Here, you observe, as far back as the beginning of our era, we find the world in possession of a stock of tunes. There can be little doubt that the melodies which the disciples sang with Christ in person were handed down and formed the body of those collections which Bishop Ambrose — and after him Pope Gregory — brought together; and it is possible enough that the hymn which Christ and his Apostles sang was sung yesterday in some church of Baltimore; for we have tunes in our psalmody — not to speak of the Gregorian tunes still surviving as plain chant in the Catholic churches — which have come down from quite immemorial times, and the path of church music, as I have shown, leads directly back to this hymn which was sung on the evening of the Last Supper. It leads, in truth, much farther back than that: the Greek melodies which must have formed the body of the apostolic hymns carry us to times long before the Christian era — to old pagan Greek times, to old Hebrew times, nay, to old Egyptian times.

But to go farther in that direction is not within the scope of this present lecture. I have given this brief sketch of the tunes by which the Christians always testified (as Tertullian hath it — *Apology*, chapter xxx) "in singing their prayers . . . that they did not worship as men without hope," in order to call your attention to the *corpus* of melody which presented itself when the composers of Shakspere's time began their work. This corpus consisted mainly of the Gregorian chants, with such additions and improvements as had been here and there struck out by the labours of isolated genius.

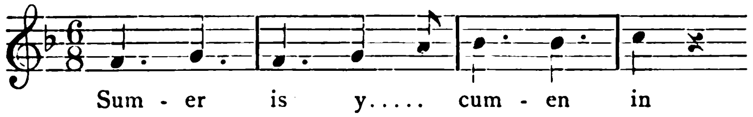
Now the general method of treating these fundamental bases of music — or tunes — in Shakspere's time was that which was called discant. Perhaps as good a definition of discant as any occurs in Richard Edwards's notable old play of *Damon and Pythias*, the first tragedy lightened with comedy which we have, dating from 1564, the year of Shakspere's birth. Here it is said that the Collier sings a "buffing base," while two of his fellows, Jack and Will, "quiddell upon it." You will get a more vivid idea of discant in general from a single example than from hours of description. If, therefore, we analyse in the briefest way a composition of this sort, you will immediately perceive the fundamental idea upon which all the varieties of discant were based.

For this purpose I have selected a piece which will illustrate at once the church music and the secular music of the period — to wit, the *Cuckoo Song*. I have before alluded to this beautiful composition; it is of interest as the first English verse which we find with the music accompanying. It was discovered, as you remember, written on the cover of what appears to have been a monk's commonplace-book, preserved in the Harleian Library. You will doubtless be struck with the slow progress of music in those days when you find me selecting a piece which dates — as the *Cuckoo Song* does — from about A.D. 1240, to illustrate the kind of music prevalent in Shakspere's time, i.e., four hundred years afterwards. It was, in truth, also with a view to bringing out this fact that I chose the *Cuckoo Song;* and from this point of view you will observe, by the way, that an astonishing phenomenon is the development which has taken place in music within the last two hundred years.

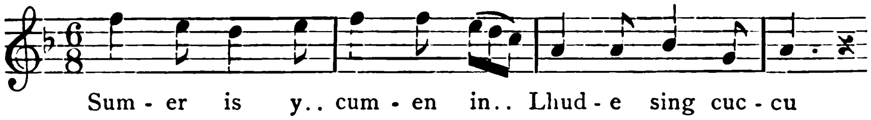
Let us consider, then, what was equivalent to the "buffing base" of the Collier, and see how Jack and Will could "quiddell upon it."

At the bottom of the original leaf on which the

Cuckoo Song is written you will notice a strain marked *Pes*. This *pes*, from the Latin word *pes*, meaning *a foot*, was the burden, or, here, buffing base, upon which the rest of the piece stood as upon a *pes*, or foot.[1] It consists of these notes, which I will put all in the treble clef for easier comprehension :



Now when the Collier commenced to buff this base, Jack, we will say, begins to quiddle upon it with this melody :



Those of you who have studied harmony will easily see that these two melodies would go together without discord. But presently Will comes in with an additional complexity in the way of quiddling. When Jack has reached the fifth bar of his melody, Will begins to sing the first bar of it, and continues then to the end, singing the same melody with Jack, but always just four bars behind, the melody being so composed that if it were divided into groups of four bars each, counting from the beginning, any one of these groups may be sung at the same time with any other of the groups without discord. Here, now, are three voices going. If there were other singers besides the Collier and Jack and Will they too could enter. In the first place the *pes*, or burden, here is so constructed that the first four bars of it may be sung at the same time with the last four. Therefore if, by the time the first four bars have been sung, a fourth singer — we will say Tom — takes up the burden and begins to sing the first bar of it as the other one enters upon the fifth, both continuing thereafter to sing straight on, repeating the *pes*, or burden, over and over until the end is reached, we will have four voices going harmoniously. But, again, if, when the upper voice, Jack, has reached his ninth bar and Will his fifth bar, still another singer — we will say Dick — commences the first bar of the same melody with Jack and Will, and then sings straight on, it will harmonise; and again, if a sixth singer — whom we must call Harry — commences the same melody at the end of the next four bars — that is, when Jack is beginning his thirteenth bar — and sings on, we will have six voices going in a true six-part song. This is, in point of fact, the plan of the *Cuckoo Song;* it was written for six voices. The whole melody is as follows:

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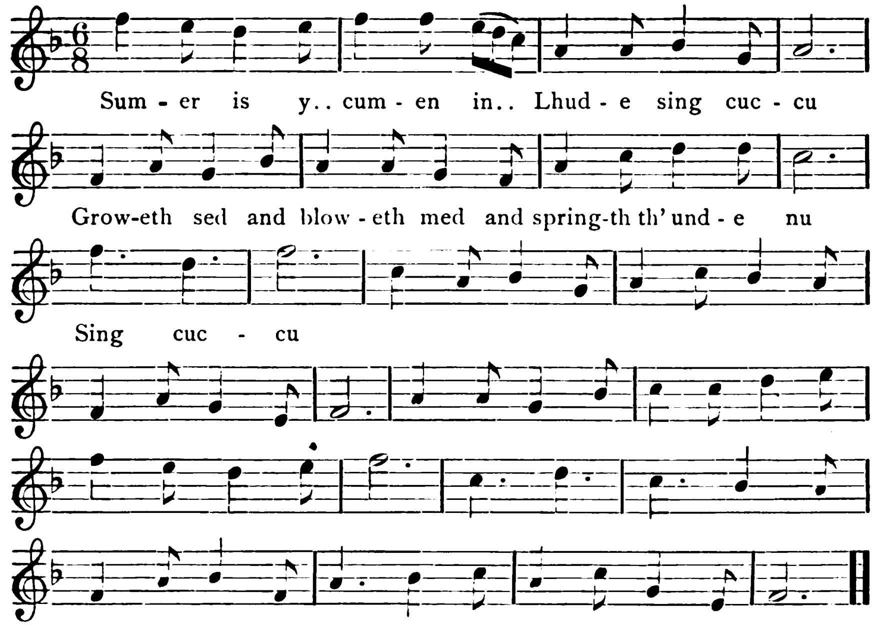
[1] Chaucer: The Pardonere sang, and the Sompnoure
"Bar to him a stiff burdoun."


Sum - er is y.. cum - en in.. Lhud - e sing cuc - cu
Grow-eth sed and blow - eth med and spring-th th' und - e nu
Sing cuc - cu

Here you have a general illustration of contrapuntal treatment. This particular method was called "canon in the unison with a burden"; and you can easily see how many varieties there might be, giving rise to the motett, the fugue, the round, and others which it would be too technical to specify here. There were also methods of varying the melody itself; one of these was called "prolation," where the notes were extended to twice or more times their original length; another method, the opposite of prolation, was "division," where each note, instead of being lengthened, was divided into two or more parts, this being the method indicated in the quotation from 1 *Henry IV*, given in my last lecture, which speaks of a tune

> Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,
> With ravishing division, to her lute.

If these discants and variations were extempore—that is, if the Collier should sit down and buff his turn, and Will and Jack should strike in with extemporised parts to harmonise with it—it was called "extempore discant"; if there were written parts, it was called "pricksong"—that is, song pricked or dotted with points on the paper. This description of discant carries us to the original of the word *counterpoint:* the melody being dotted down in points on the paper, when one part ran along counter with the other, as in the quiddling of Jack and Will and the Collier, the points or notes would of course be counter, and the system of part-music thus began to be called counterpoint. The method of discant is vividly implied in two terms which were much in use at this time, and which survive to this day in certain connections. The melody, or tune, which was usually put in the tenor as the basis of one of these quiddling compositions, was simple, and came to be called "plain song" or "plain chant," in opposition to the complex contrapuntal parts moving along with it; and this general name shows the connection between the Gregorian melodies and the subjects of such compositions, the term now used in the Catholic Church for the Gregorian service and melodies being "plain chant." The simple melody is also still called in contrapuntal science *cantus firmus* or *canto fermo*,—i.e., the firm song,—in distinction from the changing counterpoint built upon it.

Of the rage among musicians in the sixteenth century after this part-music, and of the extent to which it was cultivated,—particularly in church compositions,—it is difficult to give you an adequate idea. Perhaps a story which is told of Dr. John Bull, a celebrated English musician of this period, will sufficiently illustrate it. It was said that Dr. Bull, after having attained great eminence in counterpoint, went travelling on the Continent to see if he could learn something new in the art. In this course, without revealing his name, he engaged himself as a pupil to the organist of St. Omer's. One day this musician took his supposed pupil into a room connected with the cathedral and showed him a composition written in forty parts, boasting that he had exhausted the resources of counterpoint, and that the man did not live who could add another part to the piece. The pretended pupil asked for pens, ink and music-paper, and requested to be left alone in the room for an hour or two. After a while he called in the musician and showed him his piece with not only one new part, but forty new parts, added. The musician at first would not believe it; but upon trying them over several times, and finding them correct beyond doubt, suddenly exclaimed, "You must be either the devil or Dr. Bull," and — the narration quaintly adds — he thereupon fell at the doctor's feet and "adored him." Of course a piece with eighty different parts is absurdly impossible, and I have related this story simply to show the wild excesses of counterpoint in the sixteenth century.

These excesses, indeed, did not fail to meet with objection at that time. In the Protestation of the Clargie of the Lower House, presented to Henry VIII in 1536, seventy-eight Fautes and Abuses of Religion are enumerated, one of which is that "Synging and saying of mass, matins or even song is but ravyng, howlyng, whistelyng, murmuryng, conjuryng and jogelyng, and the playing on the organys a foolish vanitie." Later, in Elizabeth's reign, many were greatly scandalised at what they called "figurate and operose" music. Loud outcries were made against "curious singing," as they stigmatised it, and the "tossing the psalms from side to side." You can easily see that in this system of counterpoint run mad the words must suffer; in fact, the words of the discant become a mere "pretence for singing," as Dr. Burney has ingeniously called them.[1] Of course this music was not easy to sing, and in earlier times, when the method of notation was not so clear as nowadays, singers must have had great difficulty to puzzle it out from the manuscript. I have found an old poem, dating probably as far back as the fourteenth century, which gives a ludicrously doleful account of the woes of a musical pupil.

Uncomly in cloystre, in coure ful of care,
I loke as a burdeyne, and listne till my lare;
The song of the Ce sol fa does me syken sare,
And sitte statiand on a song a moneeth or mare. . . .
I herle at the notes, and heve hem al of herre:
Alle that me heres, weres that I erre;
Of effanz and elami, ne could I never are;
I fayle fast in the fa, it files al my fare.
Yet there ben other notes, sol and ut and la,
And that froward file, that men clepis fa;

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[1] For instance, in one of Taverner's canons the *nos* (of *nostram*) occupies 16½ bars in slow time; compare also the words of John Milton's song.

Often he does me liken ille, and werkes me ful wa.
Might I him never hitten in ton for to ta. . . .
Quan ilke note til other lepes, and makes him a-sawt,
That we calls a moyson in ge solventz en hawt;
Il hayl were thu boren — gif thu make defawt,
Thanne sais oure mayster, "que was ren ne vawt."

Insomuch as these songs were much sung by children in the great churches in Elizabeth's reign, one trembles to think of the drilling which the poor little wretches must have had to undergo.

The following doleful complaint (Bright MS., *Transactions of the Shakspere Society for 1848*) is most expressive:

Of all the creatures, lesse or moe,
We lytle poore boyes abyde much woe.

We have a cursyd master, I tell you all for trew;
So cruell as he is was never Turk or Jue.
He is the most unhappiest man that ever ye knewe,
For to poor syllye boyes he workyth much woe. . . .

He plokth us by the nose, he plucth us by the hawes,
He plucth us by the eares wyth his most unhapye pawes,
And all for this pevysh pryk song, not worth to strawes,
That we poore sylye boyes abyde much woe![1] . . .

There is, indeed, a circumstance connected herewith which makes one tremble still more, and quite reconciles one to the nineteenth century, with all its faults. I mean the custom in Elizabeth's time of actually impressing children and carrying them off from their homes for service in the cathedral choirs. A royal writ signed by

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[1] See also the interesting song *Long have I been a singing man*, in the same volume of the Shakspere Society's transactions.

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Elizabeth is preserved which runs thus: "Wee therefore by the tenour of these presents will and require that ye permit and suffer. . . our said servants Thos. Gyles and his deputie or deputies to take up in any cathedral or collegiate churches and in every other place . . . of this our realm of England and Wales suche child or children as he or they shall finde and like of, and the same child . . . for the use and service aforesaid with them . . . to bring awaye without anye your lette, contradictions, staye, or interruption to the contrarie"; and another section of this dreadful instrument charges every one to help these officers in performing their unnatural duty.

It would be peculiarly appropriate to the present lecture if I could enlarge upon the circumstance that it was about the middle of the period we are now discussing that many matters of church music settled themselves which form nowadays an intimate part of our life. In 1550 Marbeck published the *Book of Common Praier Notes*, which was a notation of the Episcopal Church service in form substantially as we now know it. At this time too began those translations of the Psalms which, in better form, we are accustomed to sing. Following the lead of Clement Marot in France, Sternhold and Hopkins versified the Psalms; they were then set to tunes, and in the year 1577 began to be published with the Book of Common Prayer. You are doubtless all familiar with the droning dismalness of these verses of Sternhold and Hopkins. Perhaps you are not so familiar with a versification of the Acts of the Apostles which was begun about this same time by Dr. Christopher Tye, who was one of the great musicians of Elizabeth's time.

Here are two stanzas from Dr. Tye's version of the fourteenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles, where, luckily, he stopped:

It chancéd in Iconium,
As they ofttimes dyd use,
Together they into dyd cum
The sinagoge of Jues.

Where they dyd preche and onely seke
God's grace then to atcheve,
That they so spake to Jue and Greke
That many dyd beleve,
That many dyd beleve.

The music to which Dr. Tye set these verses was not unlike them to a modern ear. In fact, to the contemporary ear his compositions do not seem always to have been agreeable; for I find it related of him that sometimes when he was exploiting his counterpoint on the organ in the chapel of Queen Elizabeth he played pieces which contained — as old Anthony a-Wood says — "much music but little delight to the ear," and when thereupon the Queen sent "the verger to tell him that he played out of tune, he sent word that her ears were out of tune."

Much of the psalmody of the Protestant churches was also brought into form and collected at this time. Marot in France had partly versified the Psalms; this version was completed by Theodore Beza, and Calvin caused it to be set to easy tunes and published with the Genevan catechism, for the purpose of being sung in the churches. Many of these "easy tunes" are still found in the hymn-books of the present day, under one and another name. They are sometimes noble melodies, and we should associate with them the names of some composers who either wrote them or rescued them from oblivion, particularly Claude Gondimel, Louis Bourgeois, Guillaume Franc, and Claude Lejeune. It must be said, however, that the psalm-tunes which were sung in Shakspere's time were not always strictly orthodox in their origin, as indeed some of the masses written abroad were said to be founded upon tunes which were very "secular." Many good souls were scandalised at hearing sacred words set to melodies which appeared originally in connection with very profane verses. In fact, I should judge this had become a common joke on the Puritans, from a remark made by the Clown in Shakspere's *Winter's Tale.* You will remember I cited a part of the Clown's speech in Act IV, Scene II of this play in my last lecture for another purpose — to prove that the four-and-twenty sheep-shearers were all able to sing in part-songs. The Clown says the four-and-twenty sheep-shearers are "three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; *but one puritan among them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes.*"

Perhaps the sturdy Puritans were only carrying out the doctrine attributed to Luther, who was in favour of impressing these secular melodies into the church service upon the principle that he saw no reason why the devil should have all the good tunes.

I find, however, another allusion in Shakspere that brings vividly before us a noble old psalm-tune of his time which is very familiar to all our modern ears. In *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act II, Scene I, where Mistress Page is discussing Jack Falstaff's letter with her sparkling gossip Mrs. Ford, the latter lady says: "I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words; but they do no more adhere and keep place together than the Hundredth Psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves.*" The tune of this Hundredth Psalm was that majestic melody which we all now associate with the Doxology, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," and it would seem, from Mistress Ford's use of it, to have been as

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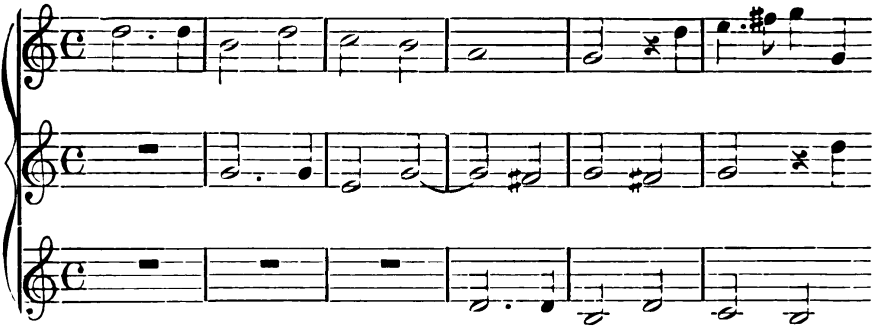
strongly placed in the popular esteem in the sixteenth century as in the nineteenth. I find it associated with the name of Claude Lejeune in the early collections, but only as arranger, not as author.

I must not leave the subject of the religious music of this time without at least mentioning the names of Thomas Tallis, Orlando Gibbons, and William Bird, who, along with Dr. John Bull and Christopher Tye, cultivated the art with great learning and devotion during this period.

In coming now to speak of the secular music of Shakspere's time, we find the madrigal, the catch, and the ballad standing out as the most prominent vocal forms of it, and I must hasten to illustrate these.

To begin with the madrigal, nothing seems more difficult than to settle the etymology of the name. One writer has derived it from the Italian *mandra*, a sheep-fold, because it was usually set to words of a pastoral nature; but this flouts all principles of etymology and seems absurd. Another, with as little reason, has derived it from the name of a town in Portugal. The original madrigal seems to have been a song of the same nature with the villanella, or country-song; it was usually built upon a proverb or common saying. And this suggests to my mind the most natural derivation of the word, — from *madre*, Spanish for mother,— upon the idea of the madrigal being at first a mother-song, or nursery-song, just as you will presently see the songs of our own Mother Goose appearing as the words of popular catches in Shakspere's time. Whatever be the derivation of the word, the madrigal was the most popular form of serious secular music in Shakspere's time, and somehow it seems to me as if the genius of our Elizabethan musical composers ran this way with a special leaning; for of all the compositions of that time the madrigals seem more interesting to a modern ear than any others I have seen. The structure of the madrigal was peculiar. After what was said of the *Cuckoo Song*,—which is a canon in the unison, with the addition of a *pes*, or burden,— you will easily understand from a slight illustration how the madrigal differed from it. Here are the opening phrases of a beautiful madrigal by Thomas Weelkes, dating from 1597. It was written to that quaint-measured poem attributed to Shakspere, in the *Passionate Pilgrim*, which you will all remember from the first lines:

My flocks feed not,
My ewes breed not,
My rams speed not,
All is amisse.
Love is dying,
Faith's defying,
Heart's denying,
Causer of this.



Where, you observe, we have not a canon in the unison, as in the *Cuckoo Song*,— that is, one voice singing exactly the same notes as the other, at definite intervals of rest,— but a partial canon of a different sort; the second voice, you see, sings the same melody with the first two bars, but *in a different key*, and then passes off into a new phrase of its own, making a kind of echo, or report, of the first voice; again the third voice comes in here with the same melody of the first two bars of the first voice, only this time neither in unison nor in a different key, but in the octave below — thus making a different kind of echo, or report, from the other two voices. And so it runs on throughout the madrigal, a little phrase cunningly reappearing in some new form from each voice here and there, like birds answering each other in a wood. In fact, Samuel Daniel, in a song in one of his plays which I quoted to you in another lecture, has beautifully applied the word "report" — which was a technical term to denote this answering and echoing of voices in a madrigal — to the pipings of birds in a wood:

> One bird reports unto another
> In the fall of silver showers.

The first English madrigals appear to have been written by the William Bird whom I mentioned just now. Foreign madrigals, set to Italian words, had appeared before, and it seemed to be doubted for a time whether English words would go to madrigals; but this doubt was soon solved by the appearance of successful madrigals written to English translations of Italian poems, and then to original English poems. They now began to multiply very rapidly. Perhaps the most notable collection of them was a volume of madrigals, all in honour of Queen Elizabeth, published at London in 1601, with the title of *The Triumphs of Oriana*. Under the pseudonym of Oriana, which is the name of the heroine in the famous old romance of *Amadis de Gaul*, Elizabeth was celebrated in a thousand devices of melodious flattery. Indeed, the book is said to have been a happy thought of some one about the Queen, who caused it to be gotten up to divert her mind after the sorrowful death of Essex. It will serve to place before your eyes at one view the most noted writers of madrigals in Shakspere's time if I write the names of the composers who contributed to *The Triumphs of Oriana*. These were Michael Este, Daniel Norcom, Mundy, Gibbons, Bennet, Hilton, Marston, Carleton, Holmes, Nicholson, Tomkins, Cavendish, Cobbold, Morley, Farmer, Wilbye, Hunt, Weelkes, Milton, Kirbye, Jones, Lisley, and Johnson. Of these composers Thomas Weelkes and John Wilbye are particularly celebrated as madrigal-makers.[1]

No one can speak of the word madrigal without thinking of the exquisite use which Marlowe has made of it in his world-famous song, *Come live with me and be my love*. In the play I just now quoted, this song is comically mentioned by Sir Hugh Evans, the Welsh parson, where he comes with Simple, looking for "Master Caius," in the first scene of the third act. "Pless my soul!" cries the Welshman, "how full of cholers I am, and trembling of mind!" and then, to calm himself, he sings a verse of Marlowe's song:

> By shallow rivers to whose falls
> Melodious birds make madrigals, etc.

Of the lighter kinds of secular music, the catch was the most popular, and we find many allusions to it in Shakspere's plays. I briefly explained in my last lecture that in the catch proper there *was* some trick or catch in the words, as in that famous one of Calcott's where the first voice sings "Ah, how Sophia," and the next *catches* this with the phrase "A house afire"; which in the rapid pro-

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[1] It is, by the way, a minute contribution to the little we know of Bartholomew Griffin that the last six lines of his sonnet to Fidessa, beginning with

So soone as peeping Lucifer, Aurora's starre,

appear in one of these collections, set to music by John Farmer.

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nunciation of that time would sound much like "Ah, how Sophia." The round, however, is often confounded with the catch; musically they do not differ, both the round and the catch being varieties of the canon in the unison illustrated by the upper parts of the *Cuckoo Song*. You are all probably familiar with the round; when I was a boy we used to sing a very familiar one which began, "Scotland's burning, Scotland's burning, fire, fire, fire, fire, cast on water, cast on water," etc. It is interesting to find among the rounds and catches of Shakspere's time some early forms of the nursery-rimes which appear in our Mother Goose. For example, in Act IV, Scene I, of *Taming of the Shrew*, where Grumio has been sent ahead to Petruchio's country house to make a fire before he and his bride arrive, presently Petruchio's other servant, Curtis, comes in, and, the fire being built, calls out to Grumio, "There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news."

"Why," says Grumio, "*Jack, boy! ho! boy!* and as much news as thou wilt." This *Jack, boy! ho! boy!* is unintelligible until you know that these are the first words of a popular catch in Shakspere's time which ran as follows:

Jack, boy, ho, boy,—news!
The cat is in the well.
Let us ring now for her knell.
Ding, ding, dong, bell.

In which you recognise the rime of Mother Goose which runs:

Ding, dong, bell;
The cat's in the well;
Who put her in?
Little Johnny Green.
Who pulled her out?
Little Johnny Stout.

It is rather a curious coincidence that when I had written thus far in my lecture the other day I happened to turn to this scene between Grumio and Curtis in *Taming of the Shrew* for another purpose, when I came upon an allusion I had never before observed, to the very round which I had just mentioned as being commonly sung in my boyhood, the "Scotland's burning, fire, fire, cast on water," etc. A few lines before Grumio flouts Curtis with his *Jack, boy! ho! boy!* Grumio, half frozen by the cold, is alone, trying to get a fire which he has to see started before his master Petruchio arrives with the bride. As he is shouting forth his complaints of the cold, Curtis, his fellow-servant, enters with the exclamation, "Who is that calls so coldly?"

> *Gru.* A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou mayst slide from my shoulder to my heel with no greater a run but my head and my neck. A fire, good Curtis.
>
> *Curt.* Is my master and his wife coming, Grumio?
>
> *Gru.* O, ay, Curtis, ay: and therefore fire, fire; cast on *no* water.

This *fire, fire; cast on no water*, is evidently a phrase out of the round, *Scotland's burning*.

Two notable collections of catches of this period were called, one *Pammelia*[1]— which is Greek for *All the Melodies* — and another *Deuteromelia*, or *Second Melodies*, being a sort of second part to *Pammelia*. The words to these catches consist of all manner of sense and nonsense. For instance, one — and a rather ghastly one which I doubt not ladies will place in the category of nonsense — was in the nature of an epitaph and expressed the following atrocious sentiments:

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[1] Pammelia (Pan-melia): "Musick's Miscellanie, or mixed varieties of pleasant Roundelays and delightful Catches of 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10 parts in one. None so ordinary as musical, none so musical as not to all very pleasing and acceptable. London: printed by William Barley for R. B. and H. W., and are to be sold at the Spread Eagle at the great north door of St. Paul's, 1609. To the well-disposed to read, and to the merry-disposed to sing."

Here lies a woman, who can deny it:
She died in peace tho' she lived unquiet;
Her husband prays, if o'er her grave you walk,
You would tread soft,— for if she wake, she'll talk.

Another, which contained some good sonorous vowels for roaring, was this:

Nose, nose, nose, nose,
Who gave thee that jolly red nose?
Sinamont and ginger, nutmegs and cloves,
And that gave me my jolly red nose.

Which recalls that famous song, in the nature of a catch, sung by Iago in *Othello*, Act III, Scene III:

Then let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
  A soldier's a man;
  And life's but a span;
Why then let a soldier drink.

Another catch, or round, which might go well enough with this was to these words:

O metaphysical Tobacco!
Fetched as far as from Morocco:
  Thy searching fume
  Exhales the rheum,
O metaphysical Tobacco!

We find the name of "John Cooke" appearing in more than one round; as, for example, in this one from the *Deuteromelia* collection:

> I. C. U. B. A. K. (-nave)
> And evermore will be:
> Though John Cooke he says nay,
> O what a Knave is he.

The true nature of the catch as distinguished from the round in general is very well indicated by a couplet quoted in the preface to *Pammelia:*

> Mirth and music to the cunning catcher [i.e., catch-singer],
> Derth and physic to the coney-catcher —

where, besides the quaint rhymes of *mirth and music* to *derth and physic*, the catch lies in the assimilation of *coney-catcher* to *cunning catcher* in rapid utterance. This preface further affords a specimen of catch-translation in interpreting the Latin, *qui canere potest*, *canat* (i.e., whoever can sing, let him sing) by *catch that catch can*, as who should say, whoever can sing, let him sing catches. This *Catch that Catch Can* was the title of a collection of catches published by John Hilton in 1562.

I must leave the subject of ballads—which were spelled "ballets" in this time, or fa-las, as they were often called—in order to say something, if only of the briefest, about the instrumental music of Shakspere's time. It is proper, before quite abandoning the subject of vocal music, to mention that a favourite mode of it in Shakspere's time — and a curious one to us, I fancy — was that of musical declamation accompanied by an instrument. This was the *recitativo accompagnato* of the Italians, some-

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times called *musica narrativa*, or music in which a story could be told. Its introducer in England, and most eminent illustrator, was Nicholas Lanier. For example, a celebrated masque was written by Ben Jonson and Nicholas Lanier to be performed in the style of *recitativo accompagnato.* Not only was the music of this masque written by Lanier, but he performed the vocal part of it, reciting the poem in the *musica narrativa* way, with great effect. Lanier did not confine himself, however, to the recitative, but wrote many other musical compositions which appear in the later collections of the time. Besides his name, it would not be proper for me to omit mention of those of Cooper (who after a visit to Italy styled himself Coperario) and Ferabasco.

Secular instrumental music was usually one of the following three sorts. Where it was concerted for orchestral instruments, it was often the parts of part-songs merely played instead of being sung; as indicated in the title of one of William Bird's publications, printed in 1611: *Psalms, Songs, and Sonets; some solemne, others joyfull, framed to the life of the words, fit for voices or viols, of* 3, 4, 5, *and* 6 *parts.*

The music for the virginals was usually a melody of some sort — a dance-tune or old air — played by one hand, while the other executed all manner of endless variations upon it. Several of these compositions of contemporary writers remain to us, notably a collection of them in what is known as *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*, and they show passages of such difficulty as must have required great technic for their execution upon the instruments of that time.

Shakspere's well-known sonnet on the virginals comes in most appropriately here:

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CXXVIII

How oft when thou, my music, music play'st
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand?
To be so tickled they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips.
Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips, to kiss.

A third sort of instrumental music — and perhaps the most highly esteemed, as such — is indicated in the title of a publication by John Dowland, one of the most celebrated musicians of this period. This was called *Lachrimae; or Seaven Teares figured in seaven passionate Pavans; with divers other Pavans, Galiards, and Almands, set forth for the Lute, Viols, or Violins, in five parts.* These dances, the Pavan, the Galliard, etc., are highly characteristic of Shakspere's time, and merit some description.

The Pavan was a slow dance, always in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, or at any rate common time, and was so called from pavo, a peacock; the significance of the name being that the Pavan was a stately measure, and the spreading of the long trains of the ladies, or of the long gowns in which it was danced by noblemen, was like the spreading of the peacock's tail.

It was customary after the slow movement of the Pavan to follow it up with the livelier dance known as the

Galliard. Selden, in his "Table-talk," complains: "In Queen Elizabeth's time gravity and state were kept up; at a solemn dancing, first you had the grave measures; then the corantos and Galliards; and at length to Frenchmore and the cushion-dance." Here, you observe, the order was first, the Pavan, a slow and stately dance, in common time; then the Galliard, a livelier dance, in ¾ (triple) time; then the cushion-dance, a still livelier measure, so called from the cushion which in one of the figures had to be brought for the dancer to kneel on. It will be interesting to musical people to remark here that the succession of movements in a sonata is supposed to be connected with this practice of following up a dance of slow time with one of faster movement, and the like; an idea which receives support when we think how much of the instrumental music of this time consisted of these dance tunes, or of what were called "fantasias" upon them.

In the Galliard, which thus followed the Pavan like a comedy after a tragedy, the dancer would make four steps forward, with the right and left foot alternately, and then spring into the air. This characteristic caper of the dance is mentioned by Shakspere: in Act I, Scene III, of *Twelfth Night*, Sir Toby is unmercifully quizzing Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who has just been bragging with his usual stupidity upon his marvellous strange delight in "masques and revels." Says Sir Toby:

What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir Toby. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take dust, like

Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? . . . What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir John Davies, in his poem *The Orchestra*, which is a charming description of the dance in general and of many dances in particular, describes the Galliard as

> A swift and wandering dance,
> With passages uncertain to and fro, . . .
> With lofty turns and caprioles in the air
> Which to the lusty tunes accordeth fair.

A Galliard by John Dowland called the "Frog Galliard"—I suppose from this jumping feature, or capriole, as Sir John Davies calls it—became a great favourite in Shakspere's time, and did duty not only as a dance tune but as a song to which words were written. It was, indeed, a common practice then to adopt words to old tunes, instead of writing music to words, as is now nearly always done. Butler speaks of the "infinite multitude of ballads with country-dances fitted into them."

This John Dowland whom I have just mentioned is the famous lute-player referred to in the sonnet printed as No. VI, in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, for Shakspere's:

> If music and sweet poetry agree,
> As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
> Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
> Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other.
> Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
> Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;
> Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
> As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.

> Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound
> That Phœbus' *lute*, the queen of music, makes;
> And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned
> Whenas *himself* to singing he betakes.
> One god is god of both, as poets feign;
> One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

A later criticism has determined this sonnet to belong, not to Shakspere, but to Robert Nicholson.

Dowland seems from contemporary accounts to have been an agreeable player on the lute, and his work just now mentioned "sets forth" the tunes in it for the lute, as well as for viols, etc. The manner of writing music for the lute was peculiar. The tuning of the instrument (*accordatura*) was as follows:

Base	Tenor	Counter-tenor	Great Mean
C	F	B flat	D

Small Mean	Minikin, Treble, or Chanterelle
G	CC

Each string was represented by a line drawn across the page, making a staff of six lines; and the frets (of which there were eight) were distinguished by letters *a*, *b*, *c*, etc.; so that a letter *a* placed on the upper line meant that the finger was to be placed on that string at the first fret; *b* on the next line would mean place the finger on the tenor string at the second fret; and so on. This method of notation was called "tablature," and music for the lute was spoken of as being written "in tablature."

Dowland's pieces, you observe, were also arranged for viols. These viols, which have since grown into such commanding importance as the very foundation of the orchestra, were just then beginning their development into the noble instruments of modern times, though no one foresaw those marvellous capacities upon the strings with which we are so familiar. It was the fashion in Shakspere's time for a gentleman to have a "chest of viols," including instruments of various sizes, from the little or treble violin through the larger sizes to the *viola di gamba* and violoncello or bass viol. The viola di gamba is mentioned in *Twelfth Night* by our friend Sir Toby, who in describing Sir Andrew Aguecheek to Maria tells her he has three thousand ducats a year, "plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature." This viola di gamba was so called from the Italian word *gamba*, which you recognise as the same with the French *jambe*, leg; and was so called because it was held between the knees in playing.

In these arrangements of Dowland's for viols we begin to see the faint foreshadowing of that enormous development of concerted instrumental music which has resulted in the grand orchestra of modern times and the stupendous works of Haydn and Beethoven and Wagner. There were in those days what were called "consorts" of music; but aside from these concerted pieces such as Dowland's for viols, and others where the parts of part-songs were played instead of being sung, the main idea in assembling instruments seems to have been simply to make that "loud noise" which has been associated with joy and festivity since, and indeed before, the Psalmist. I find that Queen Elizabeth had in her pay a number of musicians playing different instruments; and perhaps I cannot better sum up the bare outline of instrumental music in Shakspere's time, which I have tried to eke out here and there in these two lectures, than by giving the list of her musicians as they appear upon the royal pay-roll which has been preserved. There were then: 16 Trumpeters, 2 Luters, 2 Harpers, 2 Singers, 1 Rebeck-player, 6 Sackbuts [the sackbut was a wind instrument with a slide, the progenitor of the modern trombone], 8 "Vyalls," 1 Bagpipe, 9 " Minstrilles," 3 Dromslades, 2 Flute-players, 2 Players on the Virginals.

Three other sorts of dances I cannot omit to mention, though in the briefest way. These were the Coranto, or current-traverse, which seems to have been an Italian form of country-dance, somewhat like what we call the reel, where two lines are formed and dancers advance from the ends to meet and execute various figures in the middle; the Paspy (i.e., *passepied*, or *pass-foot*) or Passamezzo, which seems to have been a sort of rapid minuet; and the Morris-dance, which is commonly (though, I think, on doubtful grounds) supposed to be Moorish-dance, and to have been brought from Spain. Laneham, a writer who gives us some minute descriptions of matters in the personal household of Queen Elizabeth, writing in 1590, mentions a " lively Moris-dauns according to the auncient manner; six dauncers, Mawd-Marion and the fool." It seems from other authorities that the Morris-dancers followed a leader, guiding their movements by his, somewhat as in the modern german.

In my first lecture on this subject I gave you several citations from Shakspere's plays to show how he not only loved music with sincere passion, but how often he wrote passages which indicate gleams of insight into its mysteries. I cannot better close this account of music in Shakspere's time than by reading a sonnet in which he sends a keen shaft of inquiry into a mysterious matter lying deep in music as in all art. You remember Jessica's saying, which I read: " I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

This sonnet advances a little farther and moots the question, Why is it, if music makes us sad, that we culti-

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vate it? Perhaps it has occurred to all of you to ask yourselves why you should go eagerly to see a tragedy on the stage which harrows up your feelings, in apparent opposition to those first principles of ordinary existence which lead us to avoid — instead of seeking — that which gives us pain. Shakspere, as I said, moots this subtle question in the first part of the sonnet; but he then leaves it, and proceeds to make an argument out of musical concords to induce his young friend to leave his single state and, as it were, make himself a chord, instead of a single tone, by marrying. The first phrase, "Music to hear," is an apostrophe to his friend equivalent to "O thou whose voice is music to hear."

VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly?
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunéd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
Resembling Sire and child and happy mother,
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee, "thou single wilt prove none."

And now let us ascend, in conclusion, to a more general view which goes to the root of the whole matter. From the music of Shakspere's time let us pass to the music of Shakspere's life.

Consider for a moment the singular fact that the prin-

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ciple upon which all music depends is the principle of opposition, of antagonism. The least glance at the physical basis of sound will recall this clearly to your minds. Here is a stretched string. As stretched, it is exerting a force in this direction. If I pull it aside, disturb it,— cross it, as it were, and trouble it,— with a force acting athwart its own direction, it then, and then only, gives forth its proper tone, makes its rightful music. This principle is general throughout the physics of tone. The vibration which produces a musical sound is always set up by two forces, the one acting athwart the other.

Now it is not difficult to carry this idea over from the physical into the moral world. If it is a fancy, it is certainly not an unprofitable one, that a harmonious life, like a musical tone, comes out of opposition. Between each man, and the world about him, there is a never-ceasing antagonism. It is an antagonism which results from the very constitution of things. Just so far as I am I, and you are you, so far must we differ; the mysterious course of nature, which so often says *No* to our *Yes*, with its death and its pain and its other mysterious phenomena — this joins with the force of each individual to oppose the force of each other individual. Everywhere there is antagonism, opposition, thwarting. No person who listens at this moment need go out of his own experience for a single day to find it.

Well, then, the problem of life may be said to be to control these moral vibrations which are set up by our troubles and crosses into those ordered beats which give the musical tone, rather than those confused and irregular pulses which result in mere unmusical noise. One man's life is like the mere creaking of a wheel, the binding of a saw, the griding of bough against bough,— mere unorganised noise,— while another man's is like that clear and perfect tone of music which results from regular vibrations produced by two steady forces upon a proper material.

Now I find it delightful to think that our dear Master Shakspere was one of the musical tones, and that he wrested this music out of the most fearful antagonisms. The loving study of Shakspere during the last twenty years has developed what seems to me the certainty that about midway of his career some terrible cloud came over his life which for a time darkened his existence with the very blackness of despair. If we divide his career into three periods, we find that to his first period belong *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and all the comedies; here, however, in the second period, about 1601–1602 and on, we find him writing those murky and bitter tragedies of *Hamlet*, of *Lear*, of *Macbeth*, of *Timon*. His antagonism has come, and has plucked him rudely out of his position.

But at last marvellously he conquers it, and orders it to sweet music. Here in the third period we find him writing *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Tempest*, *Henry VIII* — plays all breathing of reunion after absence, of reconciliation, of forgiveness of injuries, of heavenly grace. So he draws his oppositions to harmony; so he converts his antagonisms into ravishing sounds.

Permit me to hope, therefore, that when life shall come to you, as the tutor of Katharina came to her, and shall hand you your lute with frets on it, you will not cry with the Shrew, "Frets, call you them? I'll fume with them," but will look upon the frets as simply the conditions of harmony, and will govern your troubles to music.

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CHAPTER XV

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—I

IN carrying out the programme laid down at the beginning, I come in the present lecture to discuss the Domestic Life of Shakspere's Time. It is my wish to make the treatment of this subject centre directly upon Shakspere himself. I desire to present not only the domestic life of his time, but that part of it which went on about the low-ceilinged and large-raftered house in Henley Street, Stratford, where Shakspere was born, or in the quiet Warwickshire fields and pleasant lanes betwixt Shakspere's home and Anne Hathaway's cottage a mile distant, or in the statelier rooms and park-grounds of Sir Thomas Lucy at Charlecote near by, or in the magnificent castle of Kenilworth, which was only a few miles distant and in which Leicester gave such royal entertainment to Queen Elizabeth in the summer of 1575. All these places connect themselves with the personal history of William Shakspere; and I shall endeavour to bring them before you, during my two lectures, in some such familiar way as will add to those features of Shakspere's personality which we have hitherto been endeavouring to piece out

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from his works. Observe that these spots I have mentioned in Stratford and the neighbourhood yield us examples of all the sorts of life in England. Working in the fields about Stratford was many a rustic who might serve as a model for Touchstone or for Audrey; hardly a summer's day would pass that the boy Shakspere, strolling about the country lanes, would not meet some tinker who would at least suggest that profound rogue and merry soul, Autolycus. Here we have the lowest class of English domestic life. Again, in the house of William Shakspere's father, John Shakspere, in Henley Street, and in the cottage of Richard Hathaway, we have the life of the tradesman, the comfortable burgess, the alderman,—for Shakspere's father was alderman of Stratford before his reverses began,—and of the substantial yeoman. Again, in the manor of Sir Thomas Lucy at Charlecote we are presented with the mode of existence of the English country gentleman, a grade higher than the middle class. "Gentleman" in those days had, as you all remember, a much more specialised meaning than in these: it was a pleasant thing to be able to write one's name *Bartholomew Griffin, Gent.*, or *Samuel Daniel, Gent.*, and we find our master not disdaining to see his name as *William Shakspere, Gentleman*, after he had gone up to London, and had become not only a popular playwright, but a man of substance, with interest in the Blackfriars and the Globe theatres and with investments in real estate. Lastly, at Kenilworth Shakspere might have seen when he was a boy the very highest phase of English life—not only that of the nobility but that of royalty itself. Perhaps it will interest you if I devote a moment at this point to showing exactly how it is that this castle of Kenilworth connects itself with Shakspere's existence. There is no eye-evidence that Shakspere was ever at Kenilworth; but a very pretty piece of circumstantial testimony to the fact comes out by comparing a certain passage in Shakspere's *Midsummer Night's Dream* with certain events which are known to have taken place at Kenilworth. The passage is that beautiful vision which Oberon relates to Puck in Scene II of Act II. Oberon and Titania have been disputing the possession of the Indian boy, and have just parted, after such a gentle and airy tiff as might be supposed to take place sometimes between a fairy husband and wife. Oberon, resolving to wreak a fantastic revenge upon Titania, wishes to get the mad-doting flower called love-in-idleness, for the purpose of dropping its juice on Titania's eyes. Calling Puck to him, he relates how it happened that this flower acquired its marvellous virtue of causing any one upon whose eyelids its juice was laid to love the next live creature that should be beheld, no matter how monstrous :

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remember'st
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.
  Obe. 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 loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts :
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.

Whereupon the erring shaft of Cupid fell upon a little flower, turned it from white to purple, and endowed it with its marvellous powers.

Now it so happens that this passage describes, with an exquisite mixture of fact and allegory, a series of events which took place at Kenilworth some fifteen or twenty years before. In the summer of the year 1575 Queen Elizabeth came down from London to visit Leicester, who was then in the very height of his ambitious purposes, and in particular was moving heaven and earth to win the hand of the Queen herself in marriage. He entertained his royal mistress in a series of pageants which were so magnificent and elaborate as to give them a supreme place even in that reign of glorious festivities. The chroniclers of the period have described these pageants in full; and among them was one which Shakspere is evidently describing in the passage quoted — when, for the entertainment of Queen Bess, Leicester had caused to come over a sheet of water in his park a figure on a dolphin's back, singing; and inasmuch as Leicester was all this time making the most vigorous love to Elizabeth,— who appears in this passage as the "fair vestal thronéd by the west," — and as she escaped his toils and passed on "in maiden meditation, fancy-free," you can imagine the grateful pleasure with which the Queen would have had all this scene thus vividly recalled to her by Shakspere; for the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was doubtless acted before the Queen,— possibly written for that special purpose,— and Shakspere probably anticipated in writing this speech of Oberon's the delight with which her mind would recur to those "princely pleasures of Kenilworth" which marked the heyday of her life and of Leicester's brilliancy.

Now if, as I say, Shakspere witnessed these royal masques at Kenilworth,— as well might have happened,

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for he was then eleven years old, and Kenilworth was close by Stratford,— we will have discovered, as I said, points in the immediate neighbourhood of Shakspere's home where he could have seen every phase of English life, from that of the tramp and the tinker and the clown, through that of the burgess and the country gentleman, up to the court's and its brilliant queen's.

I shall, then, set forth all these surroundings of Shakspere's life in the most vivid way I can, and shall recur with detail to the environment I have just now rapidly sketched.

I have woven a little romance which I shall read, in which, taking Shakspere as a boy in Stratford, I endeavour to picture English life in his time by tracing some passages in his own existence which I have made out of such facts as I could gather regarding sixteenth-century existence, only using my own fancy just enough to connect these facts with Shakspere and with one another.

But I wish to bring this man's life before you from all possible points of view; and with that purpose, only assuring you that in the end you will find all converging quite legitimately upon the subject, I beg to devote this present lecture to two matters which will serve to give depth and foundation to what might otherwise degenerate into trivial details. These are, on the one hand, those great events in the world's history which happened just previous to and during Shakspere's time and which in a thousand ways reacted upon and cropped out in all the domestic life of his period: against which, on the other hand, I wish to set those inner spiritual events which took place deep within the soul of Shakspere, which went on refining and deepening his character, and which made him a wonderfully wiser and sweeter man when he returned to Stratford about 1610 or 1612 than he was when he left it, some twenty-five years before, a youth, with all the passions of this world burning in his veins.

Permit me, then, to recall to your memories several interesting points in what one might call the Outer Life of that marvellous period which reached from the middle of the fifteenth century, 1450, to the end of the sixteenth, 1600—a period which in the highest sense we may call Shakspere's time, for he was the representative and the consummation of it.

Then, after arraying these external facts before you, I will ask leave to contrast with them the Inner Life and development of Shakspere, which I think we can trace with great satisfaction by a proper use of those appliances which modern criticism has furnished us.

Here, then, you have a convenient outline of the present lecture: we are to discuss the Outer Life of the Renaissance, and the Inner Life of Shakspere.

Take your minds back, then, to the middle of the fifteenth century. It is almost impossible to speak with philosophic calmness of the prodigious series of events which now begin to take place, not only in politics, but in religion, in art, in science, in practical industries — in pretty nearly the whole range of man's activity.

At the middle of the fifteenth century (1440–50) Gutenberg and Faust lead off with the invention of printing. Looking back on it from our standpoint in the nineteenth century, we can see that this marvellous discovery is as if some mysterious Well-wisher knew the tremendous conflict coming, and so thrust into the hands of the age this mightiest weapon against ignorance,— Printing,— as the arm in white samite rose out of the lake and placed the great brand Excalibur in the hands of Arthur.

In 1455 rage those Wars of the Roses between York and Lancaster which for so long kept blood and terror —

red and white indeed — at struggle in the whole complexion of English life.

In 1457 glass begins to be manufactured in England.

In 1471 four very notable things happen: Wolsey, the afterwards pathetic cardinal, is born; Thomas a Kempis, the sweet-souled imitator of Christ, goes to see his Master; Albert Dürer is born; and, what is perhaps a more significant circumstance than all, William Caxton, the first English printer, sets up a printing-press at Westminster, and English books straightway begin to multiply.

In 1473 Copernicus is born. In 1474 comes Michelangelo.

In 1477 they begin to make watches at Nuremberg; and in the same year Titian is born.

In 1478 the Spanish Inquisition begins.

In 1483 Raphael appears in the world; and in the same year Martin Luther is born.

In 1492 Christopher Columbus discovers America; and in the same year five hundred thousand Jews are banished from Spain.

In 1497 Vasco da Gama sails to the East Indies by the Cape of Good Hope.

In 1500 Savonarola and Machiavelli are flourishing in Italy.

In 1505 shillings begin to be coined in England; and John Knox is born.

In 1509 gardening begins to flourish in England, brought out of the Netherlands, and the people's fare is greatly varied with vegetables.

In 1512 Ponce de Leon lands on the coast of Florida; and in 1513 Balboa discovers the Pacific Ocean.

A great year is 1517. Luther preaches against indulgences; Erasmus and Melanchthon appear on the scene; gentle Roger Ascham, afterwards tutor to Queen Elizabeth and Jane Grey, is born; Europeans are seen at Canton, China; and Copernicus announces a comprehensible system of the universe.

In 1521 Gustavus Vasa begins to show the Swedish people the sight of a man; while in the same year, far down in the southwestward of the world, that brilliant buccaneer Cortez is taking possession of the City of Mexico.

In 1521 Magellan discovers the Philippine Islands, being the first man that ever sailed round the globe. In 1519 he had sailed from Spain; he kept a westerly course for some three years, and finally his ship reached home.

In 1524 a considerable part of Europe was thrown into alarm by the prediction that another deluge was about to come upon the earth, and people might everywhere be seen building arks; the season, however, happened to be unusually dry. In this year Palestrina is born.

In 1525 Sultan Baber establishes the great Mogul empire in India.

In 1529 we first hear the name of Protestant, which is applied in the Diet of Spires to those who protested against the mother church of Rome. In this same year Sir Thomas More is Lord Chancellor of England.

In 1533 Henry VIII marries Anne Bullen. In the same year Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester are born.

In 1534 Allegri (called Correggio from his Lombard village) dies.

In 1535 Ignatius Loyola founds the order of Jesuits; and Sir Thomas More is beheaded.

In 1538–39 more than six hundred monasteries and religious houses are suppressed in England and Wales by Henry VIII.

In 1542 Mary Queen of Scots is born; and in the following year the King of France first wears silk stockings.

In 1545 a very great event happens: though it was a long time before people knew how great, and probably many at this day have never heard the name of Vesalius, who in this year brought out his work on anatomy.

In 1549 telescopes are invented; and Cervantes is born, to delight all the ages with the figure of Don Quixote.

In 1553 Lady Jane Grey is proclaimed Queen of England, remains queen for ten days, is then deposed, and soon after executed. In the same year Calvin causes Servetus to be burned.

In 1554 the common people of England are forbidden to wear silk.

In 1555 Ridley and Latimer are burned at Oxford.

In 1556 Charles V leaves a throne which commanded Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and the Netherlands, and retires to a monastery.

In 1558 Elizabeth becomes Queen of England.

In 1561 Francis Bacon is born.

In 1564 three very notable events happen: Galileo is born at Pisa; William Shakspere is born at Stratford; and John Calvin dies at Geneva.

In 1572 the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in France takes place. Sir Philip Sidney is in Paris at this time, and finds refuge in the house of the English ambassador. In this same year false hair is brought into England from France, and the women thus acquire a new device against time.

In 1577 Sir Francis Drake sails away from England and goes round the globe, returning in three years, after many dangers and hardships. He is the first English circumnavigator.

In 1579 the Netherland provinces under William of Orange revolt; and the next year Camoëns dies.

In 1582 Tycho Brahe flourishes and greatly advances astronomy. In the same year Pope Gregory introduces the New Style calendar in Italy, the 5th of October being counted the 15th.

In 1583 tobacco is brought from Virginia into England. I think it notable, by the way, that Shakspere never mentions tobacco at all in his plays. One would think that a spectacle so odd as men puffing smoke from a weed out of their mouths and nostrils would certainly have furnished Shakspere with some allusion or other, for he was always hitting off current matters which occupied the people's minds in any way. Ben Jonson is full of it; Captain Bobadilla, for instance, in *Every Man in his Humour*, invites Matthew — having first carefully ascertained that Matthew has two shillings in his pocket to pay for it — to go with him to an alehouse where they will have "a bunch of radish and salt, to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco to close the orifice of the stomach." Again, Cob, the water-carrier, in describing this same Captain Bobadilla, who is a lodger at Cob's house, says: "O, I have a guest. . . . He does swear the legiblest of any man christened: *By St. George; the foot of Pharaoh; the body of me; as I am a gentleman and a soldier;* and withal he does take this same filthy roguish tobacco the finest and the cleanliest! It would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnels."[1]

In 1584 Miles Standish is born. In the same year Sir Walter Raleigh sails over to Virginia.

[1] Cf. Sir John Hawkins's account of tobacco in Lanier's *Florida*, and Sir Thomas Browne's and Stephen Gosson's account of the ancient Britons' substance, of which a piece no bigger than a bean would destroy the desire for food during two or three days, etc.

In 1585 the first English colony in America is established at Roanoke.

In 1587 Mary Queen of Scots is beheaded.

In 1589 Henry of Navarre comes to the throne of France. In the same year English people begin to ride in coaches.

In 1592 Montaigne finishes his essay-writing for this world.

In 1595 Torquato Tasso dies.

In 1596 Descartes is born.

In 1598 Edmund Spenser becomes poet laureate of England.

In the same year the Edict of Nantes carries joy to the hearts of the Huguenots.

In 1600 the great East India Company of England is established; Charles I of England is born; and Giordano Bruno, a philosopher of very nimble wit, is burned at Rome for heresy.

In 1601 Essex is beheaded.

In 1603 many thousand persons perish of the plague in London. In the same year James I, son of Mary Queen of Scots, unites the crowns of England and Scotland upon his own head.

In 1604 the great translation of the Bible which we all now use is resolved upon by the conference of prelates and ministers.

In 1606 Dr. Gilbert becomes acquainted with the powers of electric conductors and non-conductors.

In 1608 people begin to eat with forks in England.

In 1609 the thermometer is invented.

In 1614 Sir John Napier invents logarithms; and New York City is founded by the Dutch. In this year also a project which had an immense influence upon the health and comfort of the people of London is carried out.

The New River is brought to the city and supplies it with water. The inhabitants had previously been served by water-carriers, who brought the water round in tankards every morning, as our postman carries letters, to each household. The poorer sort of people had to send apprentices, servants, and children after their water. In Ben Jonson's comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*, Cob, one of the main characters, is a water-carrier. And when we think of the lavish way in which we use water from our liberal reservoirs, it gives one a startling idea of the housekeeping in those days when one finds a whole household like Kitely's, in Jonson's comedy, dependent on the water that one man, Cob, could bring; for I find in one passage where Kitely, the master of the household, reproaches Cob, who has been delayed on his rounds that day, with the trouble he had caused, telling him *the maids will have him by the back, i' faith, for coming so late in the morning*.

Perhaps in those days of the mighty consumption of ale and sack the people shared in that aversion to water which old Jack Falstaff expresses when he declares, with loathing, *water swells a man*.

In 1615 Richard Baxter is born.

In 1616 William Shakspere dies.

Here, then, you have before your eyes the outer life of this wonderful age.

I ask you now to put the agility of your imaginations to its proof, and to pass on from this dazzling array of names and events whose influence is in many cases so intimately connected with the every-day life not only of Shakspere's time but of our own, for the purpose of looking in upon some occurrences in the private life of Shakspere, which throw light upon the inner life we shall discuss later, just as these historical facts help to explain the inner life of those marvellous centuries under review.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME—II

I ANNOUNCED in my last lecture that the present one would consist of a romance which I had made, in which, taking Shakspere for a hero, I proposed to weave a picture of the manners of his contemporaries, and so complete my account of Domestic Life in Shakspere's Time.

In coming to put together the facts that I had collected with the story wherein I wished to embody them, I have found that the limits to which my lecture is confined would be wholly insufficient to develope the narrative with any satisfaction. Of course under these circumstances I sacrifice the story. I wish to give you as many of the facts of Shakspere's environment and of his age as possible; and, as it is, there will be a melancholy overplus, when I am done, of interesting matters which I should have liked to present to you, but which I must suppress for lack of time.

Instead of entirely sacrificing my story of Shakspere, however, I can, without developing it, at least give you as I go along a sort of ground-plan, or, rather, architect's bill, of it, that will serve to show how it could be constructed from the materials which I shall lay before you in the shape of facts.

Without more ado, then, fancy that on the night of Friday, July 8, in the year 1575, about twelve o'clock, when all the good burgesses in Stratford were comfortably asleep, the family of John Shakspere, residing in a double-tenement house in Henley Street, were awakened by a furious knocking at the front door. The eldest son of the family — then only a couple of months past eleven years of age — was the first to hear the noise. He was, indeed, always a light sleeper — as if Destiny intended he should lose as little as possible of the world which he was afterwards to weave into his poems. And so, hastily springing from his bed, he knocked at his father's door. His mother answered — for Mary Shakspere, like most mothers who have brought up children, started from sleep at slight sounds; and distinguishing his mother's vigorous shake of the stout alderman by her side, followed by the sudden stoppage of the snores with which honest John Shakspere was bugling the progress of the night, William passed quickly down the steps, and was in the act of unbarring the front door when his father called to him: "Hold, William! wouldst thou unbar the door to every knock, like a dicing-house? Let him thunder; perhaps it is some gallant, or drunken roisterer, that would have a night's lodging and defile the house. I'll speak him from the window." Hereupon John Shakspere thrust his head from the window of a low chamber in the second story, which projected over the lower part of the house, at the same time calling out, "Who is this below there that beats honest folk out of bed in the midnight?"

"Marry, one that wishes he was where ye have just come from," replied a voice from the street, where the family could dimly perceive a horseman who had dismounted and was holding the bridle of his horse with one hand while he banged the door with his riding-whip in the other. "Open your door, Master Shakspere; here is a great ado as far off as Killingworth"—which was the common pronunciation of Kenilworth in those days—"and Ichington, and there is no man but thee can mend it; to wit, the Queen, God save her Grace, is to be at Killingworth to-morrow, and my lord of Leicester hath had in a great army of new serving-men and folk of all degree for his pageants and his shows and his devil-may-tell-'em-alls, and there is more men than gloves, and the usher must needs have his gloves, and even he that is to play the salvage man in the woods before the Queen must have his gloves before her Grace's grace, and thou art to send by me straightway all the gloves in thy shop to Killingworth, or else, by the usher's moaning, the heaven and the earth will clap together and Domesday come a thousand year afore his time,—for lack of some dozen pieces of leather,—and I would the usher were doomed to eat 'em, for sending me on a fool's errand at night; and—hold." But John Shakspere had by this time hurriedly descended and opened his door, whereupon the servant—for they recognised him as such by his blue livery—entered and finished his story. "And again, Master Shakspere, and mind thou do this, or we will have two Domesdays together, grinding us like the upper and nether millstone. My lord of Leicester's gentleman hath come flying to me as I rode out of Killingworth Great Gate, and saith: *My lord of Leicester to-morrow at Long Ichington shall feast the Queen, and they will hunt from there to Killingworth in the afternoon, and my lord of Leicester will call for his bravest new pair of hunting-gloves, and, by the Mass, I cannot find them to have them ready, for belike some of these new gentry*

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in the castle have already stole 'em ; and my lord, if he have not his gloves to prank in before the Queen, will have my head,— saith my lord's gentleman; and therefore thou, Master Shakspere, art to fall straightway to thy work this very instant, and upon the bravest pair of hunting-gloves thou hast thou art to stitch the arms of my lord of Leicester, with the two ragged staves of silver in white silk; and thou art then to despatch a trusty messenger on a fleet horse to Long Ichington, who shall arrive by three of the clock in the afternoon of to-morrow, and shall straightway find my lord of Leicester's gentleman and hand him the gloves thou shalt stitch."

It was but a few moments before the household of John Shakspere presented the unusual scene of an entire family working after midnight as if it were midday. The package of gloves was made up, and the servant remounted his horse and galloped back towards Kenilworth. John and Mary Shakspere then went to work on Leicester's gloves, he taking the right and she the left; and, while they stitched, William, with his eyes glistening, begged that he might be allowed to carry the precious package to Long Ichington. The father was against it: the boy would have to set out before it was fairly light in order to insure against accidents, and it was a lonesome road, and the like arguments; but the mother saw a wild longing in his young eyes: a vague flash of a dream passed before her of what might happen if William were in such fine company, and so she urged his request.

The consequence was, in short, that before daylight on the Saturday morning young William Shakspere made his way on a good horse out of Stratford and took the road to Long Ichington. As he passed along the deep Warwickshire hedges and under the boughs of many a great oak, the unspeakable enchantment of the early summer morning arose out of the grass and descended from the trees; vague forms of wood-creatures seemed to sail over to him out of the forest upon the pungent waftures and odours of green leaves and flowers, forms which afterwards became Peasblossom and Mustard-seed and that pretty company; a web, spun by an early summer spider across a narrow lane, floated into his face, whereupon he fancied it the salutation of some wood-elf, and cried out, *Good morning, Cobweb.* Presently the power and the mystery of the deep green woods came over his soul; he burst into tears of unspeakable rapture, he sang at the top of his voice, while a great dome of silver built itself in the sky before the rising sun, the birds lifted up their voices, the little brooks rippled across the road, the labourers came out into the fields, the strolling tinker, the great wagon, passed him unnoticed, the farm, the thorp, the country-seat, floated by him; and so he fared through the morning in a dream of vague delight until midday, when the hot sun beating on his head suddenly admonished him to look about. He pulled himself together, and discovered during that operation that he had an amazing appetite, having eaten nothing since his early supper the night before. Upon asking the distance to Long Ichington, he was told it was but a short mile; so, having three hours to spare, he determined to avail himself of a piece of venison pasty which Mistress Shakspere had stuffed into his pouch, before he left home, for his breakfast. Observing that a brook flowed across the way just ahead, he rode up to it, turned his horse's head into the wood, and threaded his way between the tree-trunks until he found a spot, some half-mile from the highway, where the brook made a round and placid pool, embowered in cool foliage. Here he dismounted, fastened his horse to a swinging bough which would allow him to nibble the grass,—"for I will eat with thee, Flight," he said to the horse, patting his neck, "though I cared not to munch by the roadside with Jack and Jill," — and sat down on the bank. Here, with a little laugh of luxury, he drew off his girdle and loosened his doublet. He had caused his mother, some time previously, to sew him up a sort of leathern pouch of a size sufficient to hold two or three books which he owned and which he was accustomed to carry with him in his long and lonesome excursions about the country. As he opened the pouch he perceived that his good mother, in her hurry, had stuffed the pasty in with his books, and so he took all out together. He had recently made a great acquisition: this was a copy of *Tottel's Miscellany of Uncertain Authors* (the first printed book of modern poetry); and he now eagerly embraced the chance to read a poem or two while he was chewing his pasty. So he spread the book open before him, and fell to, feeding body and soul at the same time. Presently he came to that perfect parting-song of Wyatt's, "And wilt thou leave me thus," which first appeared in this book. Now Shakspere, though but eleven years old, was completely gone in love. I do not know why I should say *though* but eleven years old; the man knows not love who has not loved at eleven. Love at eleven is like a dewdrop on the end of a grass-blade before the sun is up, questioning neither its source nor its fate, limpid, brilliant, round, perfect. Of course the lady was older than himself, being Mistress Anne Hathaway, whom he had but recently seen and fallen a victim to. Now the tender words of the poem seemed to have been written for him: he had rushed out of Stratford without a chance to bid an eternal farewell to the goddess over at Shottery. "And wilt thou leave me thus," he repeated aloud,

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame,
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In woe and wealth among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!

At this moment, while he was making fantastic application of the poem to his own case, longing that he might have heard such words as these fall from the red lips of Mistress Anne, a small bird flew into the green Paradise of leaves just over his head and began to warble; with a smile, the boy gently leaned backward until he lay on the grass, flat of his back, watching the bird. And so presently the rhythm of the poem melted vaguely into the warble of the bird; the plashing of the brook, the drowsy swell and passing away of breaths of warm air among the leaves, the mysterious under-lull of the noontide, came over him with power; the boy's eyes, unaccustomed to the vigils and excitements of the day before, slowly closed, and he passed away into a blissful slumber, in which, with the fantastic absurdity of dreams, he found that Anne Hathaway's name was changed to Elizabeth, and he was seated by her, wildly declaring his passion.

Leaving him sound asleep in the gentle care of the greenwood, let us now see what is toward at Long Ichington. Here Leicester had received the Queen with a

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great feast, and after she had rested during the heat of the day, about five o'clock they set out for Kenilworth Castle. It had been arranged that they should hunt the hart on the way; and as it was but seven miles from Long Ichington to Kenilworth, Leicester had planned that the wayside hunt would bring them to the Great Gate of his castle about eight in the evening, where he had in waiting for the Queen the most magnificent preparations that had ever been seen in England. Soon after the brilliant cavalcade left Long Ichington, the Queen spurred her horse into the forest. A great longing to be quite alone among the great oaks possessed her; and so, waving her hand to her attendants, with instructions to Leicester to follow, she galloped forward until she found herself out of sight of humanity. Then she tossed the reins on her horse's neck and slowly walked him over the turf betwixt the oaks, inhaling the sweet pungent breaths that floated about the forest, and saying to herself, "Would God the air of courts was so sweet! Why be men's souls so foul, and trees so fresh?" Then she fell to meditating upon Leicester and his love. *Shall I, shall I not?* ran her mind, in one of those inward debates between the woman and the queen which she had so often to carry on. Presently, while she was absorbed in thought, with head declined on her bosom, her horse pointed his ears forward, lifted his head, and stopped, in such a way as, though gentle enough, had nearly thrown her from the saddle. "What, Roger!" she said, and, quickly recovering herself, looked forward. A few feet distant she saw a slender-limbed boy lying stretched on the green bank of a brook, one hand resting on an open volume of poems, the other lying near an undevoured slice of venison pasty. The Queen's eyes sparkled; she had all a woman's eye for a cunning sight or a pretty situation. Dismounting from her horse, she stole on tiptoe to young Shakspere,— for it was he, still dreaming of his love,—knelt by him, and bent over to kiss the lips which were parted in the ravishing smile of a dream. The rustle of her long drapery half awoke the boy, and with eyes partly open, though not yet freed from his dream, he murmured, "Elizabeth!" Then, coming to full consciousness, he opened his great eyes wide on the radiant face which was bending over him, and lay still, in a maze of wonder and pleasure. "Thou hast the best taste of any lad in England!" said the Queen, and broke into peals of laughter which rang through the forest. "To murmur Elizabeth at waking! Do the very boys in Warwickshire dream of me, Leicester?" she cried, as the earl made his appearance between the trees, and rapidly advanced, in almost as great a maze as Shakspere's at seeing the figure of the Queen bending over what seemed in the distance like the figure of a man. "Leicester, here is thy most dangerous rival! Do not eye his book! Here's a lad that eats his very venison pasty seasoned with sonnets, sleeps by the sweetest pool in all thy Warwickshire woods, and, to crown all, breathes Elizabeth's name when he is but half awake!"

"I pray Heaven the venison be not out of my park, got by night!" said Leicester, coming up to the Queen.

"Nay," she rejoined; "we shall have thee claiming the poetry next; but thou canst not, for it is Wyatt's, God rest his soul! and not Leicester's."

At the second sound of his name young Shakspere for the first time remembered his errand.

"I pray you," he said, "are you my lord of Leicester?"

"Yea," cried the Queen, with a roguish tone, "and would be my lord of the Universe an he had but his way!"

"Then," continued Shakspere, "here is a packet for your Grace," and herewith he pulled out the hunting-gloves and presented them to the earl. The Queen's mirth deepened, while a slight shade of half-amused chagrin crossed Leicester's face, as the boy proceeded to relate the history of the packet. "Last night," he said, "about midnight came one from Kenilworth to my father, John Shakspere, the glover, of Stratford, and banged us out of our beds at midnight, and said the Earl of Leicester would hunt with the Queen to-day, and his Grace's brave hunting-gloves were stolen, and his Grace's gentleman therefore bid my father send him a pair of the bravest hunting-gloves to Long Ichington to-day against his Grace's calling for them; and here are they, worked with his Grace's arms, and the two ragged staves of silver in white silk," finished Shakspere, with some pride in the prompt performance of his commission.

The Queen laughed, as this narrative concluded, till the forest echoed, and rallied Leicester unmercifully. Presently she took up Shakspere's books and cried: "Mark you, my lord of Leicester, upon what milk this baby feeds! Here is Kit Marlowe's tragedy of *Tamburlaine* and of *Edward the Second;* and thumbed, too; and do but listen, my lord of Leicester, to this"; and here the Queen struck an attitude and recited:

"And wilt thou leave me thus,
That hath loved thee so long
In woe and wealth among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! Say nay!

Nay," continued the Queen, in a sudden caprice, as Leicester moved with impatience to get her forward, "nay, thine Elizabeth will not leave thee thus; if thou drinkest in Marlowe and Wyatt,— thou hast a deep eye, look at me straight! — if thou drinkest Marlowe so early, come with me; I hear my lord Leicester hath prepared me such shows and plays and poesies at Kenilworth as never mortal beheld. Mount, young Brakespere — "

"Shakspere," corrected the lad.

"Nay, if thou shake a spear, thou shouldst break it, lad; but come, Shakspere, with thine Elizabeth, to Kenilworth!" And hereupon the Queen mounted with speed and dashed off for Kenilworth at such a round pace that Shakspere had great ado in following at a respectful distance.

And thus it was that young William Shakspere came to see the "princely pleasures of Kenilworth," which he afterwards recalled to the mind of Queen Elizabeth by Oberon's vision of Cupid, all armed, flying betwixt the cold moon and the earth, in that passage of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* which I read in my last lecture.

It is now proper I should give you some account of what these princely pleasures were. For this purpose I have selected some passages from a description of them, written by one of the most conceited, asinine, mirth-provoking dandies that ever handled a goose-quill, whose acquaintance I cannot bear you should be without. I mean Robert Laneham, who was usher to Queen Elizabeth's privy council, and who, as soon as he could get time from the Kenilworth festivities, wrote a letter containing a detailed account of them to his friend Master Humphrey Martin, a "citizen and Merchant of London."

To introduce this fop — who, I have always thought, must have sat as model for that heartbreaking fantastico, Don Adriano de Armado, in Shakspere's *Love's Labour's Lost* — before reading from his account of the Kenilworth pageants, I must give you an unconscious portrait he has drawn of himself in the last part of the same letter — in which, too, many items of the domestic life of the court of Queen Elizabeth come out here and there:

"And yet you, being a mercer, a merchant, as I am, my countryman born, and my good friend withal, whereby I know you are compassioned with me; methought it my part somewhat to impart unto you how it is here with me, and how I had my life, which indeed is this:

"A-mornings I rise ordinarily at seven o'clock; then ready, I go into the chapel; soon after eight, I get me commonly into my Lord's chamber, or into my Lord's presidents. There at the cupboard, after I have eaten the manchet served over night for livery, (for I dare be as bold, I promise you, as any of my friends the servants there; and indeed I could have fresh, if I would tarry; but I am of wont jolly and dry a-mornings); I drink me up a good bowl of ale; when in a sweet pot it is defecated by all night's standing, the drink is the better, take that of me; and a morsel in a morning, with a sound draught, is very wholesome and good for the eyesight; then I am as fresh all the forenoon after, as I had eaten a whole piece of beef. Now, sir, if the council sit, I am at hand; wait at one inch, I warrant you: If any make babbling, 'Peace,' say I, 'wot ye where ye are?' If I take a listener, or a pryer in at the chinks or at the lock-hole, I am by and by in the bones of him; but now they keep good order, they know me well enough: If he be a friend, or such a one as I like, I make him sit down by me on a form or a chest; let the rest walk, in God's name.

"And here doth my languages stand me in good stead, my French, my Spanish, my Dutch, and my Latin; sometime among Ambassadors' men, if their masters be within the council; sometime with the Ambassador himself, if he bid call his lacquey, or ask me what's o'clock; and I warrant you I answer him roundly, that they marvel to see such a fellow there: then laugh I, and say nothing. Dinner and supper I have twenty places to go to, and heartily prayed to; sometimes I get to *Master Pinner;* by my faith a worshipful gentleman, and as careful for his charge as any her Highness hath. There find I always good store, of very good viands; we eat, and be merry, thank God and the Queen. Himself in feeding very temperate and moderate as you shall see any; and yet, by your leave, of a dish, as a cold pigeon or so, that hath come to him at meat more than he looked for. I have seen him even so by and by surfeit, as he hath plucked off his napkin, wiped his knife, and eat not a morsel more. . . .

"In afternoons and at nights, sometimes am I with the right worshipful *Sir George Howard*, as good a Gentleman as any that lives. And sometime at my *Lady Sidney's* chamber, a Noblewoman that I am as much bound unto, as any poor man may be unto so gracious a Lady; and sometime in some other place. But always among the Gentlewomen by my good will; (O you know that comes always of a gentle spirit); and when I see company according, then can I be as lively too. Sometimes I foot it with dancing, now with my gittern, or else with my cittern, then at the virginals; you know nothing comes amiss to me. Then carol I up a song withal; that by and by they come flocking about me like bees to honey; and ever they cry, 'Another, good *Laneham*, another!' Shall I tell you? When I see Mistress —— (Ah! see a mad knave; I had almost told all!) that she gives me once but an eye or an ear; why, then, man am I blest; my grace, my courage, my cunning is doubled; she says sometime, 'She likes it,' and then I like it much the better; it doth me good to hear how well I can do. And to say truth; what with mine eye, as I can amorously glint it, with my

Spanish sospires, my French heighes, mine Italian dulcets, my Dutch hones [D. *hoofshied*, courtship], my double releas [roulays — roulades?], my high reaches, my fine feigning, my deep diapason, my wanton warbles, my running, my timing, my turning, and my twinkling, I can gracify the matters as well as the proudest of them, and was never yet stained, I thank God: by my troth, countryman, it is sometimes high midnight ere I can get from them. And thus have I told you most of my trade, all the livelong day; what will you more, God save the Queen and my Lord. I am well, I thank you.

"Herewith meaned I fully to bid ye farewell, had not this doubt come to my mind, that here remains a doubt in you which I ought (methought) in anywise to clear. Which is, ye marvel perchance to see me so bookish. Let me tell you in few words: I went to school, forsooth, both at Paul's and also at St. Anthony's; In the fifth form passed Æsop's fables, I wis, read Terence *vos istæc intro anferte*, and began with my Virgil *Tityre tu patulae*. I conned my rules, could construe and parse with the best of them; since that, as partly you know, have I traded the feat of merchandise in sundry countries, and so got me languages, which do so little hinder my Latin as, I thank God, have much encreased it. I have leisure sometimes, when I tend not upon the council; whereby now I look on one book, now on another. Stories I delight in; the more ancient and rare, the more irksome to me. If I told you I liked William of Malmesbury so well, because of his diligence and antiquity, perchance you would construe it because I love malmsey so well: But faith, it is not so; for sift I no more sack and sugar (and yet never but with company) than I do malmsey, I should not blush so much adays as I do; you know my mind.

". . . Well, once again, fare ye heartily well.

"From the Court, At the City of Worcester, the twentieth of August, 1575.

"Your Countryman, companion, and friend assuredly; Mercer, Merchant-adventurer, and Clerk of the Council chamber-door, and also Keeper of the same:

"*El Principe Negro, Par me, R. L.* Gent. Mercer"[1] (ending with a Latin verse).

This same coxcomb has much to say of the eatables and drinkables:

"And how bountiful Ceres in provision was, guess by this, that in little more than three days space, seventy-two tuns of ale and beer were piped up quite; . . . and yet the Master Comptroller, Master Cofferer, and divers Officers of the court, some honorable and sundry right worshipful were placed at Warwick, for more room in the castle. But here was no ho! *Master Martin*, in devout drinking alway; that brought lack unlooked for; which being known to the worshipful my lord's good neighbors, came there in two days' space, from sundry friends, a relief of forty tuns, till a new supply was got again; and then to our drinking afresh as fast as ever we did."

I now read a passage or two to show what young Will Shakspere saw or might have seen as he rode behind Queen Bess and Leicester toward the Great Gate of Kenilworth Castle.

"On Saturday the ninth of July," says Laneham, "at Long Ichington, a town and lordship of my Lord's, within seven miles of Killingworth, 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; where in the park, about a flight-shoot from the brays and first gate

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[1] Compare this letter with Don Adriano's in *Love's Labour's Lost*, addressed to the King.

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of the Castle, one of the ten Sibyls, that we read were all *Fatidica* and *Theobula*, as parties and privy to the Gods' gracious good wills, comely clad in a pall of white-silk pronounced a proper poesy in English rhyme and metre: of effect, how great gladness her goodness' presence brought into every stead where it pleased her to come, and especially now into that place that had so long longed after the same; ending with prophecy certain of much and long prosperity, health and felicity. This her Majesty benignly accepting, passed forth unto the next gate of the brays, which for length, largeness and use, (as well it may so serve) they now call the tilt-yard, where a porter tall of person, big of limb, and stern of countenance, wrapped also all in silk, with a club and keys of quantity according, had a rough speech full of passions, in metre aptly made to the purpose: Whereby (as her Highness was come within his ward) he burst out in a great pang of impatience to see such uncouth trudging to and fro, such riding in and out, with such din and noise of talk within the charge of his office, whereof he never saw the like, nor had any warning afore, nor yet could make to himself any cause of the matter. At last, upon better view and avisement, as he pressed to come nearer, confessing anon that he found himself pierced at the presence of a personage so evidently expressing an heroical sovereignty over all the whole estates, and by degrees there beside, calmed his astonishment, proclaims open gates and free passage to all, yields up his club, his keys, his office and all, and on his knees humbly prays pardon of his ignorance and impatience; which her Majesty graciously granting, he caused his trumpeters that stood upon the wall of the gate there, to sound up a tune of welcome; which, beside the noble noise, was so much the more pleasant to behold, because these trumpeters, being six in number, were every one eight feet high, in due proportion of person beside, all in long garments of silk suitable, each with his silvery trumpet of five feet long, formed taper-wise and straight from the upper part unto the lower end, where the diameter was 16 inches over; and yet so tempered by art, that being very easy to the blast, they cast forth no greater noise, nor a more unpleasant sound for time and tune, than any other common trumpet, be it never so artificially formed. These harmonious blasters, from the foreside of the gate, at her Highness' entrance, where they began: walking upon the walls unto the inner (court), had this music maintained from them very delectably, while her Highness all along this tilt-yard rode unto the inner gate, where the Lady of the Lake, (famous in King Arthur's book) with two nymphs waiting upon her, arrayed all in silks, awaited her Highness's coming: From the midst of the pool, where upon a movable island, bright blazing with torches, she floated to land, and her Majesty with a well-penned metre and matter after this sort: (viz.) First, of the ancestry of the Castle, who had been owners of the same e'en till this day, most always in the hands of the Earls of Leicester; how she had kept this Lake since King Arthur's days; and now, understanding of her Highness's hither coming, thought it both her office and duty in humble wise to discover her and her estate: offering up the same, her lake, and power therein, with promise of repair unto the Court. It pleased her Highness to thank this lady, and to add withall: 'We had thought indeed the Lake had been ours, and do you call it yours now? Well, we will herein commune more with you hereafter.'

"This pageant was closed up with a delectable harmony of hautboys, shalms, cornets, and such other loud music, that held on while her Majesty pleasantly so passed from thence toward the Castle-gate; whereunto,

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from the base-court, over a dry valley cast into a good form, there was framed a fair bridge of twenty feet wide, and seventy feet long, gravelled for treading, railed on either part with seven posts on a side, that stood twelve feet asunder, thickened between with well-proportioned turned pillars.

"Upon the first pair of posts were set two comely square wire cages, three feet long, and two feet wide; and high in them live bitterns, curlews, shovelers, hernshaws, godwits, and such like dainty birds, of the presents of *Sylvanus*, the God of fowl. On the second pair two great silvered bowls, featly apted to the purpose, filled with apples, pears, cherries, filberds, walnuts, fresh upon their branches, and with oranges, pomegranates, lemons, and pippins, all for the gifts of *Pomona*, Goddess of fruits. The third pair of posts, in two such silvered bowls, had (all in ears green and old) wheat, barley, oats, beans, and peas, as the gifts of *Ceres*. The fourth post, on the left hand, in a like silvered bowl, had grapes in clusters, white and red, gracified with their vine leaves: The match post against it had a pair of great white silver livery pots for wine: and before them two glasses of good capacity, filled full; the one with white wine, the other with claret, so fresh of colour, and of look so lovely, smiling to the eye of many, that by my faith methought, by their leering, they could have found in their hearts, (as the evening was hot) to have kissed them sweetly and thought it no sin: And these were the potencial presents of *Bacchus*, the God of wine. The fifth pair had each a fair large tray, strewed with fresh grass; and in them conger, burt, mullet, fresh herrings, oysters, salmon, crevis, and such like, from *Neptunas*, God of the sea. On the sixth pair of posts were set two ragged staves of silver, as my Lord gives them in his arms, beautifully glittering of armour, there-

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upon depending bows, arrows, spears, shield, head-piece, gorget, corslets, swords, targets, and such like, for *Mars'* gifts, the God of war. On the seventh post the last and next to the Castle, were there pight two fair bay branches of four feet high, adorned on all sides with lutes, viols, shalms, cornets, flutes, recorders and harps, as the presents of *Phœbus*, the God of music, for rejoicing the mind, and also of physic, for health to the body.

"Over the Castle-gate was there fastened a table beautifully garnished above with her Highness's arms, and featly with ivy wreaths bordered about, of ten feet square: the ground black, whereupon, in large white capital Roman fairly written, was a poem mentioning these gods and their gifts, thus presented unto her Highness: which, because it remained unremoved, at leisure and pleasure I took it out, as followeth:

AD MAJESTATEM REGIAM

Jupiter huc certos cernens te tendere gressus,
Cælicolas PRINCEPS actutum convocat Omnes:
Obsequium præstare jubet TIBI quenque benignum.
Unde suas Sylvanus Aves, Pomonaque fructus,
Alma Ceres fruges, hilarantia vina Liæus,
Neptunus pisces, tela et tutantia Mavars,
Suare Melos *Phœbus*, solidamque; longamque; salutem.
Dii TIBI REGINA hac (curu sis DIGNISSIMA) præbent:
Hoc TIBI, cum Domino, dedit se et werda KENELMI.

All the letters that mention her Majesty, which are here put in capitals, for reverence and honour, were there made in gold.

"But the night well spent, for that these verses by torch-light could easily be read; a poet, therefore, in a long, ceruleous garment, with side (i.e., long) and wide sleeves, Venetianwise drawn up to his elbow, his doublet sleeves under that, of crimson, nothing but silk; a bay garland on his head, and a scroll in his hand, making first an humble obeisance at her Highness's coming, and pointing unto every present as he spake, the same were pronounced. Thus receiving the gifts, as she passed, and how the posts might agree with the speech of the poet: At the end of the bridge and entry of the gate, was her Highness received with a fresh delicate harmony of flutes, in performance of *Phœbus*' presents.

"So passing into the inner court, her Majesty (that never rides but alone) there, set down from her palfrey, was conveyed up to her chamber: When after did follow so great a peal of guns, and such lightning by fire-work a long space together, as though *Jupiter* would have shown himself to be no further behind with his welcome than the rest of his Gods: and that he would have all the country to know, for indeed the noise and flame were heard and seen twenty miles off. Thus much, *Master Martin*, (that I remember me) for the first day's *bien venu*. Be you not weary, for I am scant in the midst of my matter.

"On Sunday, the forenoon occupied as for the Sabbath-day, in quiet and vacation from work, and in divine service and preaching at the parish church: the afternoon in excellent music of sundry sweet instruments, and in dancing of Lords and Ladies, and other worshipful degrees, uttered with such lively agility, and commendable grace, as whether it might be more strange to the eye or pleasant to the mind, for my part indeed I could not discern; but it was exceedingly well, methought, in both.

"At night, late, as though *Jupiter* the last night had forgot for business, or forborne for courtesy and quiet, part of his welcome unto her Highness appointed, now entering at the first into his purpose moderately (as mortals do), with a warning piece or two, proceeding on with increase, 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 shooting 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 testify his welcome unto her Highness, it would have made me for my part, as hardy as I am, very vengeably afraid. This ado lasted until the midnight was passed that it seemed well with me soon after, when I found me in my cabin. And this for the second day.

"*Monday* was hot, and therefore her Highness kept in till five o'clock in the evening, what time it pleased her to ride forth into the chase to hunt the hart of force: which found anon, and after sore chased, and chafed by the hot pursuit of the hounds, was fain of fine force, at last to take soil."

The following passage I take from Gascoigne, who relates the festivities at length, and who, with Goldingham and Ferrers, had been sent for to arrange the poetic devices and addresses.

There met her in the forest, as she came from hunting, one clad like a savage man, all in ivy, who, seeming to wonder at such a presence, fell to quarrelling with Jupiter as followeth:

"Ho *Echo* — *Echo*, ho,
where art thou, *Echo*, where?
Why, *Echo*, friend, where dwell'st thou now!
thou wont'st to harbour here.
(*Echo* answered.)
Here. . . .

"But thou me help,
I say my heart will break;
And therefore even of courtesy,
I pray thee, *Echo* speak.
Echo. Speak.

"I speak? yes, that I will,
unless thou be too coy.
Then tell me first what is the cause
that all the people joy?
Echo. Joy.

"Joy? surely that is so,
as may full well be seen:
But wherefore do they so rejoice?
is it for King or Queen?
Echo. Queen.

"Queen? what, the Queen of Heaven?
they knew her long agone:
No, sure, some Queen on earth,
whose like was never none.
Echo. None.

"O then it seems the Queen
of England for to be,
Whose graces make the Gods to grudge:
methinks it should be she.
Echo. She.

"And is it she indeed?
then tell what was meant
By every show that yet was seen,
good *Echo* be content.
Echo. Content."

And here is a scene from the domestic life of our ancestors — all too common — which makes us a little comfort that the times have surely bettered in some matters since then. Laneham's record says:

" *Thursday*, the fourteenth of this July, and the Sixth day of her Majesty's coming, a great sort of Ban-dogs were there tied in the outer court, and thirteen bears in the inner. Whosoever made the pannel, there were enough for the guest, and one for challenge, an need were. A wight of great wisdom and gravity seemed their foreman to be, had it come to a jury; but it fell out that they were caused to appear there upon no such matter, but only to answer to an ancient quarrel between them and the Ban-dogs, in a cause of controversy that had long depended, been obstinately full often debated, with sharp and biting arguments on both sides and could never be decided: grown now to so marvellous a malice, that with spiteful upbraidings and uncharitable chaffings, always they fret, as any where the one can hear, see, or smell the other: and indeed at utter deadly feud. Many a maimed member (God wot) bloody face and a torn coat, hath the quarrel cost between them; so far likely the less yet now to be appeased, as there wants not partakers to back them on both sides.

" Well, Sir, the bears were brought forth into the court, the dogs set to them to argue the points even face to face; they had learned counsel also on both parts. Very fierce both the one and the other, and eager in argument: if the dog in pleading should pluck the bear by the throat, the bear with traverse would claw him again by the scalp: Confess an he list, but avoid he could not, that was bound to the bar; and his counsel told him that it could be to him no policy in pleading. Therefore thus with 'fending and proving, with plucking and tugging, scratching and biting, by plain tooth and nail on one side and the other, such expense of blood and leather was there between them, as a month's licking, I ween, will not recover; and yet remain as far out as ever they were. It was a sport very pleasant of these beasts; to see the bear with his pink eyes leering after his enemies' approach, the nimbleness and wait of the dog, to take his advantage, and the force and experience of the bear, again to avoid the assault: If he was bitten in one place, how he would pinch in another to get free; that if he was taken once, then what shift with biting, with clawing, with roaring, tossing and tumbling, he would work to wind himself from them; and when he was loose, to shake his ears twice or thrice with the blood and slaver about his physiognomy, was a matter of a goodly relief.

"As this sport was held at day-time, in the Castle, so was there abroad at night very strange and sundry kinds of fire-works, compelled by cunning to fly to and fro, and to mount very high into the air upward, and also to burn unquenchably beneath the water, contrary, ye wot, to fire's kind: This intermingled with a great peal of guns, which all gave both to the ear and to the eye the greater grace and delight, for that with such order and art they were tempered, touching time and continuance, that was about two hours space."

But here we have a sweeter scene, which carries us into the fairy-land of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The Queen is standing on the bridge, looking off over the lake. The time is late afternoon, the temperature is heavenly, the green leaves are taking on that deeper air which they assume towards the coming of the evening, the world is so tranquil that voices and all sounds ring musically between the green walls of the foliage and the gray walls of the castle.

" . . . and the Lady, by and by, with her two nymphs floating upon her moveable Islands, *Triton* on his mermaid

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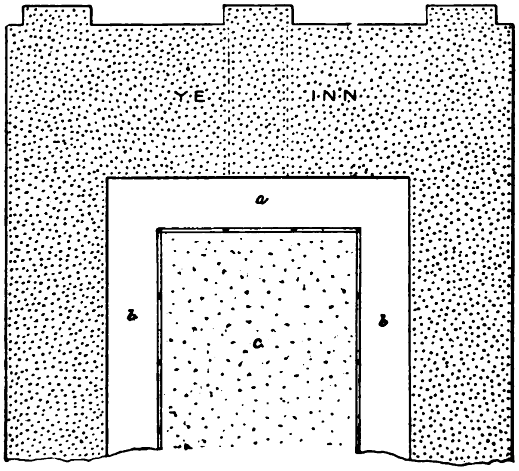
skimming by, approached towards her Highness on the bridge,— as well to declare that her Majesty's presence had so graciously thus wrought her deliverance, as also to excuse her not coming to court as she promised, and chiefly to present her Majesty, as a token of her duty and good heart, for her Highness' recreation, with this gift: which was, *Arion*, that excellent and famous musician; in tire and appointment strange, well seeing to his person, riding aloft upon his old friend the dolphin, that from head to tail was four and twenty feet long, and swam hard by these Islands. Herewith, *Arion*, for these great benefits, after a few well-couched words unto her Majesty of thanksgiving, in supplement of the same, began a delectable ditty of a song well apted to a melodious noise; compounded of six several instruments, all covert, casting sound from the dolphin's belly within: *Arion*, the seventh, sitting thus singing (as I say) without.

"Now, Sir, the ditty in metre so aptly endited to the matter, and after by voice deliciously delivered. The song, by a skilful artist into his parts so sweetly sorted; each part in his instrument so clean and sharply touched; every instrument again in his kind so excellently tunable; and this in the evening of the day, resounding from the calm waters where the presence of her Majesty, and longing to listen, had utterly damped all noise and din; the whole harmony conveyed in time, tune, and temper thus incomparably melodious; with what pleasure, (*Master Martin*) with what sharpness of conceit, with what lively delight, this might pierce into the hearers' hearts, I pray ye imagine yourselves, as ye may; for so God judge me, by all the wit and cunning I have, I cannot express, I promise you."

In these scenes I cannot help finding everywhere the suggestions which, in after years, blossomed out into the

Midsummer Night's Dream. First, for Theseus and Hippolyta hunting in the Grecian woods, we have Queen Bess and Leicester hunting in the Warwickshire forests. Again, a passage in Laneham's letter (which I did not read) relates how some of the honest souls of Coventry — which was but four miles from Kenilworth — came over one day, and sought out Queen Bess, and offered to play for her one of the good old Coventry plays; and I always fancy that young Will Shakspere saw these men of Coventry on this errand, and that he afterwards converted them into that sweet company — of Bottom the weaver, and Snug, and Quince, and Flute the bellows-mender — who play *Pyramus and Thisbe* before Theseus. The ranting of Pyramus, "Approach, ye furies fell," and the like, always makes me think that it must be a relic of young Shakspere's perusal of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* and Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, on long summer holidays in the Warwickshire woods; while the fantastic and unreal woes of Lysander and Demetrius and Hermia and Helena seem to be the man's amplifications of the boy's old reveries when he would tire of his book and lie flat and look into the upward depths of the green oaks and dream of wonders and love-scenes that might go on in the woods.

Let us now fancy that after having beheld this scene Shakspere returned to his home, to give an account of his adventures to his parents. But on his way back he could not forbear going by Warwick, the county town, only four miles from Kenilworth, where a great crowd of the country people, anxious to get a sight of Queen Bess, had collected, to remain during the nineteen days throughout which the Kenilworth festivities lasted. Of course Shakspere knew that in such a crowd all manner of jugglers and players would be found driving their trades. He is mad to see one of the plays. So, as soon as he canters into Warwick, he makes for the inn. Here he finds that at three o'clock in the afternoon some strolling players are to perform an interlude of John Heywood's, called *The Four P's.* The hour which is to pass before they begin seems like an eternity to the boy; but it finally expires, and at the first sounding of the horn he pays his penny and passes into the yard of the inn. As you walk with him into this yard you see the original model upon which our modern theatres are built. The inn-yard of the time was a sort of inner court, enclosed by the rooms of the inn, which looked down upon it, with balconies running along each side, thus:



a, End balcony used as a stage; *b*, side balcony used by gentry; *c*, courtyard used by the common people.

Shakspere stands on the ground of the yard, along with the most of the audience. Here you see the original of two terms afterwards in very common use: when Shakspere speaks of a passage which tickles the ears of the groundlings, he means by "groundlings" those who stood on the ground in what was long called the "yard," even in the theatres, but afterwards came to be known as the "pit." The players are on the balcony at the rear; more pretentious visitors among the audience are seated in the *rooms* here on the sides and at the back of the yard, looking through the windows at the performance; hence in Shakspere's time the "boxes," as we call them, and *loges* of the theatres built in London were called "rooms." At the time when young Shakspere is going into this inn-yard, i.e., in 1575, you should remember, no theatres are built. It was not until the following year, 1576, that James Burbage erected the first theatre in London. But, as I said, while the common sort are here standing in the yard of the inn, and more pretentious ones are in the rooms, the gallants and high-fliers are seated on stools on the balcony or stage, right in the midst of the players.[1] Presently the horn sounds for the third time, and this is the signal for the performance to begin.

This interlude, *The Four P's*, by the way, represents the spirit of the first formal English Comedy. It was written probably as early as 1530, and when Shakspere was beginning to write in 1598, decidedly better plays in form were being produced here and there; but it fairly represents the plays we may regard as formative in Shakspere's plastic time, the kind of play he would have been likely to see in the inn-yards of Coventry and Warwick and Stratford when he was a boy.

The interlude was originally a mere short scrap to be played for amusement between the acts of a mystery play or morality; but Heywood advanced it into an independent sort of theatrical representation. This John Heywood is mentioned by our old friend Puttenham as "John

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[1] This golden Asse, in this hard iron age,
Aspirith now to sit upon the stage:
Lookes round about, then views his glorious selfe,
Throws money here and there, swearing hang pelfe.
The Young Gallant's Whirligig.

Heywood the Epigrammatist who for the myrth and quicknesse of his conceits more than for any good learning was in him come to be well benefited by the King."

I may mention that this interlude particularly connects itself with Shakspere by the fact that in one part of it you will find the suggestion which Shakspere probably converted into that strange comical-dreadful soliloquy of the Porter in *Macbeth* who dreamed he was porter of hell, and describes the people whom he let in the gate. In fact, with a good deal of confidence we may fancy ourselves sitting in a Warwickshire inn-yard three hundred years ago, with the boy Will Shakspere, listening to this very play.

Here, then, advance the four P's upon the balcony of the inn: the four P's being *The Palmer*, *The Pardoner*, *The Poticary*, and *The Pedler*.

They straightway fall to flouting each other, and verily seem to be a quartette of as precious rascals as the world could afford. And this reminds me to mention that in reading from this old play I shall not feel quite comfortable without deprecating any appearance of sympathy with what will seem, until you get to the end of it, its flippant treatment of great matters. We shall hear much joking about the Protestant idea of hell, and as much about the Catholic idea of pardon. Neither of these will admit of any application now; and we may all legitimately allow ourselves to be amused with these old-time witticisms of Heywood without the discomfort of possible irreverence, in which, as to either Protestant or Catholic, your present lecturer would be the last to join, if we reflect, first, that this old sixteenth-century audience, among whom we are now sitting along with young Will Shakspere to witness this interlude, are really mere children who are playing with the names of things which they do not understand, as mere toys; and, secondly, that there is really a moral purpose involved in the presentation, as developed in the last lines. Moreover, and most important of all, I ask you to observe all through how infinitely above this childish flippancy is Shakspere's attitude towards all reverential things. Shakspere, indeed, makes us hate the sin and love the sinner. Heywood is not so large. Shakspere is here moral in the highest degree. How we misdirect our spiritual charities! The novel shows us a good man struggling, and we sympathise with him, and hate the weak fools in the book. But why should we be sorry for a good man, in whatever stress? Let us be sorry for nothing in the world but a bad man. Let us extend our sympathetic charity to him who is spiritually weak. Why should we weep for Little Nell? Let us weep for the old gambler. This is Shakspere's morality.

A thousand details of the life of the time come out in this old interlude:

Palmer. I am a Palmer, as ye se,
Which of my lyfe much part have spent
In many a fayre and farre countrie,
As pilgrims do, of good intent.
At Hierusalem have I bene,
Before Chryste's blessed sepulture,
The mount of Calvary have I sene,
A holy place ye may be sure.
To Josaphat and Olyvete
On fote, god wote, I wente ryghte·bare
Many a salt tere dyd I swete
Before thys carkes coulde come thare.

He describes the places where he has been, the saints' shrines, etc.

Pardoner. And when ye have gone as far as ye can
For all your labour and gostely intente
Ye will cum home as wyse as ye wente.
Palmer. Why, syr, dyspyse ye pylgrymage?
Pardoner. Nay: I not dyspraise it
But yet I discomende your wit:
I pray you shew what the cause is
Ye wente all these pylgrymages?
Palmer. Forsoth thys lyfe I dyd begyn
To rydde the bondage of my syn.
Pardoner. Nowe is your owne confessions lykely
To make yourselfe a fole quyckely.
Nowe marke in this what wyt ye have,
To seeke so farre and helpe so nye:
Even here at home is remedy;
For at your dore myselfe doth dwell
Who could have saved your soule as well
As all your wyde wandrynge shall do
Though ye wente thryes to Jericho.
Palmer. But let us here fryst what ye are?
Pardoner. Truly I am a Pardoner.
Palmer. Truly a pardoner! that may be true;
But a true pardoner doth not ensew.
Ryght selde is it sene, or never
That treuth and pardoners dwell together.
Pardoner. I say yet agayne my pardons are suche
That yf there were a thousand soules on a hepe
I would brynge them all to heven as good chepe
As ye have brought yourselfe on pylgrymage.

After some more squabbling the Palmer addresses the Pedler:

What the devyll hast thou there at thy back?
Pedler. What dost thou not knowe, that every pedler
In all kinds of trifles must be a medler?

Specyally in women's tryflinges;
Those use we cheefly above all thinges.
. . . Gloves, pynnes, combes, glasses unspottyd,
Pomanders, hookes, and lasses knotted;
Brooches, rynges and all manner of bedes,
Laces round and flat, for women's hedes;
Nedyls, threde, thymbell, shers, and all suche knackes;
Where lovers be, no such thynges lackes;
Sypers, (Cyprus) swathbandes, rybandes and sleve laces,
Gyrdyls, kyves, purses and pyncases. . . .
Pardoner. I praye you tell me what causeth this,
That women after theyr arysynge
Be so longe in theyr apparelyng?
Pedler. Forsoth, women have many lettes,
And they be masked in many nettes;

And he goes on to specify these "lets" and "nets":

As frontlettes, fyllettes, partlettes, and bracelettes;
And then theyr bonettes and theyr poynettes.
By these lettes and nettes the lette is suche,
That spede is small whan haste is muche.

Then the Pedler attempts to sell them his wares; but the

Palmer. Nay, by my trouth, we be lyke fryers;
We are but beggars, we be no byers.
Pedler. Well, though this journey acquyte no coste,
Yet thynke I not my labour loste;
Devyse what pastyme that ye thynke beste,
And make ye sure to find me prest.
Poticary. Why? be ye so unyversall,
That ye can do what so ever ye shall?

Here this is a kind of interlude in the interlude,[1] when we

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[1] In the anonymous play of *Sir Thomas More* (1590?) My Lord Cardinal's players are introduced, "exhibiting a play within a play." (Why not a play within a play within a play, etc.?) When asked

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have a perfect exhibition of the modern circus clown. They proceed to devise some pastime; the Poticary says to the Pedler:

Then tell me thys, are you perfyt in drynkynge?
Pedler. Perfyt in drynkynge, as may be wysht by thynkynge.
Poticary. Then after your drynking, how fall ye to wynkynge?
Pedler. Syr, after drynkynge, whyh the shot is tynkynge,
Some hedes be swynkynge, but myn will be synkynge,
And upon drynkynge, myn eyse will be pynkynge,
For wynkynge to drynkynge is alway lynkynge.
Poticary. If ye were desired thereto,
I pray you tell me can you synge?
Pedler. Syr, I have som syght in syngynge.
Poticary. But is your brest[1] anythynge swete.

Here they fall to discussing the respective merits of their crafts again, till presently the

Poticary. My craft is such that I can ryght well,
Sende my fryndes to heven and myselfe to helle.
. . . But for good order, at a worde,
Twayne of us must wayte on the thyrde
And unto that I do agree
For bothe you twayne shall wayte on me.
Pardoner. Nay, nay, my frende, that will not be:
I am too good to wayte on thee.

And it is only now that the real plot of the play emerges. The four fall to disputing which is the worthiest of them; and in order to determine, they agree to try their skill in

what plays are ready for representation, the player replies: "Divers, my lord; *The Cradle of Security, Hit nail o' th' head, Impatient Poverty, The Play of Four P's, Dives and Lazarus, Lusty Juventus,* and the *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom.*"

[1] Cf. *Twelfth Night,* "brest."

something in which they are all commonly proficient. It is difficult at first to find this something; but presently the Pedler solves the trouble: he says they are all proficient in lying; and they then agree that he who shall tell the most monstrous falsehood shall be accounted best man. Only compare, in passing, all this low plane with the *Midsummer Night's Dream!*

Palmer. By mi Lady, and I wolde be loth
To wayt on the better of you both.
Pedler. Yet be ye senser, for all thys dout,
Thys waytynge must be brought about;
Men cannot prosper wylfully ledde;
All thynge decay when there is no hedde.
Synnes ye cannot agree in voyce
Who shall be hed, there is no choyce
But to devyse some maner thynge
Wherein ye all be lyke conneynge.
And now have I found one masterye
That ye can do indyfferently;
And is nather sellynge nor byenge
But even onely very lyenge.
And all ye three can lye as wel
As can the falsest devyll in hell.

The Pedler goes on to add that this is a matter in which he *can* be judge, having some skill in it himself; whereupon they elect him umpire and proceed to try their skill. There is not time for detail, and we must come to the main point.[1]

Presently the Poticary happens to remark, quite incidentally and merely as a sarcastic exclamation, to the Palmer, *Forsooth ye be an honest man*, whereupon the others cry out that that is certainly the most prodigious falsehood that could be told; but it is after discussion adjudged not to count, as being an unpremeditated accident, and the Pardoner proceeds to vaunt a wonderful rescue of a soul which he recently performed; and this is the reason of being of the play.

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[1] See the subsequent chapter on "The Doctors of Shakspere's Time" for a catalogue of quaint drugs here enumerated by the Poticary.

Well syr then marke what I can say:
I have been a pardoner many a day,
And done greater cures gostely
Than ever he dyd bodily.
Namely thys one, which ye shall here,
Of one departed within thys seven yere.

A female friend of his had died suddenly.

. . . Nothynge could relese my woe
Tyll I had tried even out of hande
In what estate her soule dyd stande.

He goes first to Purgatory, but she was not there: so

. . . I from thens to hell that nyght
To help thys woman yf I myght.
And fyrst to the devyll that kept the gate
I came and spoke after this rate.
All hayle, syr devyll, and made lowe courtesy;
Welcome, quoth he, thus smilyngly.
He knew me well, and I at laste
Remembered him syns longe time paste. . . .
For oft in the play of Corpus Christi
He hath playd the devyll at Coventry. . . .
And to make my returns the shorter,
I sayd to this devyll, good mayster *porter*,
For all old love, yf it lie in your power,
Helpe me to speake with my lord and your.
Be sure, quoth he, no tongue can tell
What tyme thou couldest have com so well;

For as thys daye lucyfer fell
Which is our festival in hell,
Nothynge unreasonable craved thys day
That shall in hell have any nay.
Wherfore stand styll, and I will wyt
If I can get thy safe condyt.
He taryed not but shortely got it
Under seale, and the devyll's hande at it.
In ample wyse, as ye shall here.
Thus it began: Lucyfere,
Be the power of god chyefe devyll of hell,
To all the devylls that there do dwell,
And every of them we sende gretynge
Under streyt charge and commandynge
That they aydynge and assystant be
To such a Pardoner, and named me,
So that he may at lybertie
Passe save without any jeopardy,
Tyll that he be from us extyncte
And clerely out of hell's precyncte.
Geven in the fornes of our palys
In our highe courte of maters of malys,
Suche a day and yere of our reyne.
God save the devyll, quoth I, amain.
Quod he . . .
Thou art sure to take no harme.
Thys devyll and I walkt arme in arme
So farre tyll he had brought me thyther
Where all the devylls of hell together
Stode in array in such apparell.
As for that day there metely fell;

And here we have these children's ideas of hell.

Theyre hornes well gylt, theyr clowes full clene,
Theyr taylles well kempt, and, as I wene,

With sothery butter theyr bodies anointed.
I never sawe devylls so well appoynted.
The mayster sat in his jacket
And all the soules were playing at racket.
None other rackettes they hadde in hande
Save every soule a good fyre brand:
Wherwyth they played so pretely
That Lucyfer laughed merely;
And all the residew of the feends
Did laugh thereat ful wel like freends.
Anon all this route was brought in silens,
And I by an usher brought in presens
Of Lucyfer: then lowe, as wel as I could,
I knelyd, which he so well alowde,
That thus he beckte, and by saint Antony
He smyled on me well favourably
Bendynge his browes as brode as barn-durres,
Shakynge hys eares as ruged as burres,
Rolynge hys eyes as round as two bushels,
Flashynge the fyre out of his nosethryls;
Gnashinge hys teeth so vaynglorioously,
That we thought tyme to fall to flatery.

He falls to flattery, and then asks for the soul of his lady friend.

So good to graunt the thynge I crave;
And to be shorte, thys wolde I have;
The soule of one which hyther is flytted
Delivered hens, and to me remitted. . . .
Thorough out the erth my power doth stande
Where many a soule lyeth in my hande
That spede in maters as I use them,
As I receyve them or refuse them.
Wherby, what time thy pleasure is,
I shall requyte any part of thys,

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The leste devyll here that can come thyther,
Shall chose a soule and brynge him hyther.
Ho, ho, quoth the devyll, we are well pleased:
What is hys name thou wouldst have eased?
Nay, quoth I, be it good or evyll,
My comynge is for a she-devyll.
What calste her, quoth he, thou whoorson,
Forsooth, quoth I, Margery Coorson.
Now by our honour, says Lucyfer,
No devyll in hell shall withholde her;
And yf thou woldest have twenty mo,
Wert not for justyce they shoulde goo.
For all we devylls within thys den
Have more to do with two women

(How does this sound compared with Shakspere's Miranda, Rosalind, Perdita!)

Then with all the charge we have besyde;
Wherefore yf thou our frende wyll be tryed,
Apply thy pardons to women so
That unto us there come no mo.
To do my beste I promised by othe;
Which I have kept, for as the fayth goth
At thys day, to heven I do procure
Ten women to one man, be sure.
Then of Lucyfer, my leve I take,
And streyt unto the mayster coke
I was hadde, into the kechyn
For Margerie's offyce was therein.

And so he has her forth to the gate, and sets her upon the earth with great joy.

And on the meate were halfe rosted in dede
I take her then fro the spit in with spede.
But when she sawe thys brought to pas,
To tell the joy wherein she was;

And of all the devylls for joy
Did rore at her delyvery
And how the cheynes in hell did rynge;
And how all the soules therein dyd synge,
And how we were brought to the gate
And how we toke our leve thereat.

But the Palmer wins the prize of worth: he presently declares that he never saw any woman out of patience: this is adjudged the greatest possible falsehood. Finally, after infinite chaffing and flouting, good doctrine comes from the Pedler.

Pedler. Although they be of sundry kinds,
Yet be they not used with sundry myndes.
But as god onely doth all these move,
So every man onely for his love
With love and dred obediently
Worketh in these vertues unyformly.
Every vertue, if we lyste to scan,
Is plesaunt to god and thankful to man.
And who that by grace of the Holy Goste
To any one vertue is moved moste
That man by that grace that one apply
And therein serve God moste plentyfully.
Yet not that one so farre wyde to wreste
As lykynge the same to myslyke the reste.
For who so wresteth hys worke is in vayne;
And even in that case I perceyve you twayne. . . .
Lykynge your vertue in suche wyse
That eche other's vertue ye doo dyspyse.
Who walketh thys way for god, wold finde hym
The further they seke hym the farther behynde hym.

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CHAPTER XVII

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME — III

IN my last lecture I brought before you several personages and matters of that lighter character which we associate with comedy. We had our pleasant merrymaking over Robert Laneham as he reveals himself in his fantastic account of the Kenilworth festivities; we had our quiet smile at George Gascoigne's simple-hearted narration of some of the same events; and we had our heartier laugh, not unmixed with a certain sense of tragedy, over the witty descent into hell of the rascally Pardoner in old John Heywood's interlude of *The Four P's*. In other words: bringing together all these terms I have used,— the pleasant merriment, quiet smile of humour, the uproarious laugh tinged with terror which wit produces,— you will observe that in that lecture I endeavoured to set you by the earlier founts of that English humour which afterwards leaps out into the full stream of Shakspere's comedies. You understand that *The Four P's* was a late form of the interlude, soon giving into the *Ralph Royster Doyster* of Nicholas Udall, which we may consider the first completely framed English comedy.

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Having endeavoured to put you in sympathy with so much of the sixteenth-century domestic or social life as relates to the kind of comic plays and humourous personages which Shakspere's early contemporaries were accustomed to see, I wish in the present lecture to pursue the same course with reference to the more serious side of life. I should like to show you, first, what kind of a book people would probably be reading in Shakspere's early time; secondly, what kind of a sermon the people would hear when they went to church; and thirdly, what kind of a tragedy they would see when they went to the theatre. For this purpose I am going to take occasion to introduce to you three of the most serious, strong and withal beautiful men who ever lived — to wit: Stephen Gosson, Hugh Latimer, and Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst.

You will remember that in the last lecture we left Shakspere in the inn-yard of Warwick listening to a performance of *The Four P's*, in the summer of 1575, when he was a boy of eleven. It was just about this time that a furious debate broke out in England upon the matter of playgoing and plays generally. The quarrel had been smouldering for some years. As early as 1572 Parliament had passed an act which declared that "all Fencers Bearewardes Comon Players in Enterludes and Minstrels" were "Roges Vacabounds and Sturdye Beggers" unless they belonged to some "Baron of this Realme or to any other honourable Personage of greater Degree." Upon conviction of any one as a "Roge" or "Vacabound" within the meaning of this act, he or she — for the act applied to male and female alike — was for the first offence "to be grevously whipped, and burnte through the gristle of the righte Eare with an hot Yron of the compasse of an Ynche aboute, manifestynge his or her rogyshe kinde of Lyef."

A third offence was punished with death without benefit of clergy or sanctuary.

1575 Three years later — that is, in the same year of the Kenilworth reception — the Corporation of London expelled all players from the city. This severe measure, however,— as often happens,— had an effect precisely opposite to its intent. It increased the evil which it sought to diminish. The players, as I showed in my last lecture, had been accustomed to performing in the yards of the inns about London. But being now banished from the city, they defiantly determined to go on playing as near the city as possible; and so the players proceeded to erect special buildings for their purpose just outside the city limits. Thus the banishing edict of the London Corporation, instead of suppressing the drama, really developed it, and gave us the first theatre-building in England. In the following year three theatres were erected, all within a short distance of the boundaries of London: one was called "The Theatre," one "The Curtain," and a third "The Blackfriars." The latter was built by John Burbage, father to that Richard Burbage who was the friend and fellow-actor of Shakspere.

This bold act of the players in setting up gorgeous theatres under the very noses of their worships, the London burghers, loosed a prodigious flood of debate over the drama which can scarcely be said to have ended even at the present day. The clergy began a furious attack on the stage. In the very next year, 1577, we find Wilcocks preaching a sermon at Paul's Cross in which he ascribed the awful calamity of the plague which had been devastating London to this fearful sin of the theatres about the city. "Looke," he cries, "but upon the common playes in London, and see the multitude that flocketh to them; . . . beholde the sumptuous theatre houses, a continual monument of London's prodigalitie and folly. But I understande they are now forbidden by cause of the plague. . . . The cause of plagues is sinne, if you looke to it well; and the cause of sinne are playes; therefore the cause of plagues are playes."

In 1578 John Stockwood preaches a sermon at Paul's Cross—which seems to have been a favourite position for the anti-theatrical artillery—in which he mentions by name two of the theatres which had been built a couple of years before. "Wyll not a fylthye playe," says he, "wyth the blast of a Trumpette, sooner call thyther a thousande, than an houres tolling of a Bell bring to the Sermon a hundred? nay even heare in the Citie, without it be at this place, and some other certaine ordinarie audience, where shall you finde a reasonable companye? Whereas if you resorte to the Theatre, the Curtayne, and other places of Playes in the Citie, you shall on the Lord's day have these places, with many other that I can not reckon, so full, as possible they can throng. . . . What do I speak of beastelye Playes, against which out of this place every man crieth out? Have we not houses of purpose built with great charges for the maintenance of them, and that without the liberties, as who should say, then, let them saye what they will say, we will play. I know not how I might with the godly learned especially more discommende the gorgeous Playing place erected in the fieldes, than to terme it, as they please to have it called, a Theatre."

This debate produced many celebrated works.[1] You all remember the *Histriomastix* of William Prynne, in the time of Charles I, and his celebrated trial before the Star

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[1] Indeed, it pervaded the religious discourses by way of simile as well as of denunciation: "I pray God," runs a quaint exhortation, "the promised tears of repentance prove not the tears of the onion upon the theatre."

Chamber for alleged slanders in that book against the Queen founded upon the part she had taken in a court masque. William Rankin had written a still earlier tirade against the theatre, called the *Mirrour of Monsters*.

But the most powerful and in many respects the most interesting work against the theatre was Stephen Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, entered at Stationers' Hall in 1579. Gosson — a Kent man — had gone up to London and had taken to acting and to writing plays when he was still a mere boy. His prematurity can be inferred from the fact that he had acted, had produced at least three plays, had seen the error of his course, had resolved to quit playing and expose the abuses of the stage, and had written the *Schoole of Abuse* for that purpose, all by the time he was twenty-four years of age.

He gives us (in *Playes Confuted*) a lively account of his own change of mind.

"When I first gave my selfe to the studie of Poetrie, and to set my cunning abroache, by penning *Tragedies*, and *Comedies* in the Citie of London: perceiving such a *Gordians* knot of disorder in every playhouse as would never be loosed without extremitie, I thought it better with *Alexander* to draw ye sword that should knappe it asunder at one stroke, then to seeke over nicely or gingerly to undoe it, with the losse of my time and wante of successe. This caused mee to . . . geve them a volley of heathen writers. . . . "

Gosson dedicated his book to Sir Philip Sidney — very *malapropos*, one might judge on other plentiful grounds besides the express testimony we have in a letter of Edmund Spenser's to Gabriel Harvey in 1579: "Newe Bookes I heare of none, but only of one that writing a certaine Booke called *The Schoole of Abuse*, and dedicating it to Maister Sidney, was for hys labor scorned: if at leaste it be in the goodnesse of that nature to scorne. Suche follie is it, not to regarde aforehande the inclination and qualitie of him, to whom we dedicate oure bookes."

Gosson's book, as I said, was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1579. Now I find it easy to fancy that three or four years after,— for there were replies and counter-replies to the *Schoole of Abuse* which kept the book alive and talked about for some time,— perhaps on some late summer afternoon of 1582, when William Shakspere was eighteen years old, one of John Shakspere's neighbours who belonged to the anti-theatre party may have dropped into the house in Henley Street with a copy of Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, in the hope of rescuing John Shakspere from the fascinations of the drama. For John Shakspere was most likely a lover of playing; while he had been alderman of Stratford we find that the players of the Earl of Leicester and of the Earl of Worcester had acted in the Guildhall of the town, and records remain of moneys paid to such companies. It is not difficult, therefore, to fancy a family party at John Shakspere's house in, say, 1582, when, after some preliminary discussion of the point,— probably often discussed before,— the neighbour draws forth his volume of Gosson and proceeds to demolish John Shakspere's arguments, while at the other end of the room William Shakspere is seated, with his keen ears open, saying nothing. And so let us follow the good burgher as he reads to Master Shakspere from Gosson's book here and there. The Dedication begins with a quaint story of an anti-climax, and soon acquaints one with one of Gosson's characteristic assemblages of old saws and proverbs mixed with metaphoric inventions of his own:

"Caligula, lying in France with a great army of fighting menne, brought all his force on a sudden to the Sea side, as though he intended to cutte over and invade Eng-

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lande: when he came to the shore, his Souldiers were presently set in araye, himselfe shipped in a small barke, weyed Ancors, and lanched out; he had not played long in the Sea, wafting too and fro, at his pleasure, but he returned agayne, stroke sayle, gave allarme to his souldiers in token of battaile, and charged everie man too gather cockles. . . . The title of my book doth promise much, the volume you see is very little: and sithens I can not beare out my follie by authoritie, like an Emperor, I will crave pardon for my Phrenzie, by submission, as your worshippes too commaunde. The Schoole which I builde is narrowe, and at the first blushe appeareth but a dogge-hole; yet small cloudes carie water; slender threedes sowe sure stiches; little heares have their shadowes; blunt stones whette knives; from hard rockes, flow soft springes; the whole worlde is drawen in a mappe; Homers Iliades in a nutte shell; a Kings picture in a pennie; little chestes may holde greate Treasure; a fewe Cyphers contayne the substance of a rich Merchant; the shorteste Pamphlette may shrowde matter; the hardest heade may give light; and the harshest penne maye sette downe somewhat woorth the reading."

He now proceeds to attack poetry, music, and the drama,— which, he says, all hang together,— and begins with a blast against the poets. Presently he is gotten into this strain: "I must confesse that Poets are the whetstones of wit, notwithstanding that wit is dearly bought: where honey and gall are mixed, it will be hard to sever the one from the other. The deceitfull Phisition giveth sweete Syrropes to make his poyson goe down the smoother: the Juggler casteth a mist to worke the closer: the *Syrens* Song is the Saylers wrack: the Fowler's whistle, the birdes death: the wholesome bayte, the fishes bane: the Harpies have Virgins' faces and vultures Talentes: *Hyena* speakes like a friend, and devoures like a Foe: the calmest seas hide dangerous Rockes: the Woolf jettes in Weathers felles: many good sentences are spoken by *Danus*, to shadowe his knavery: and written by Poets, as ornamentes to beautifye their woorkes, and sette theyr trumperie too sale without suspect."

He now assembles a most surprising number of ancient stories and sayings in support of his doctrine. As, for example: "*Anacharsis* beeing demanded of a *Greeke*, whether they had not instruments of Musick, or Schooles of Poetrie in *Scythia*, answered, yes, and that without vice, as though it were either impossible, or incredible, that no abuse should be learned where such lessons are taught, and such schooles maintained.

"*Salust* in describing the nurture of *Sempronia*, says. . . . She was taught . . . both Greek and Latine, she could versifie, sing, and daunce, better than became an honest woman. . . .

"But . . . as by *Anarcharsis*' report the Scythians did it without offence: so one Swalowe brings not Summer. . . . Hee that goes to Sea, must smel of the ship; and that sayles into Poets wil savour of Pitch.

"Tiberius the Emperour sawe somewhat, when he judged *Scaurus* to death for writing a Tragidie: *Augustus*, when hee banished Ovid; And *Nero* when he charged Lucan, to put up his pipes, to stay his penne and write no more."

And now, since "Poetrie and pyping have alwaies bene so united togither," a further screed against music:

"Instruments" are "used in battaile, not to tickle the eare but to teach every souldier when to strike and when to stay, when to flye, and when to followe. *Chiron* by singing to his instrument, quencheth *Achiles* furye; *Terpandrus* with his notes, layeth the tempest, and

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pacifies the tumult at *Lacedæmon;* Homer with his Musicke cured the sick Souldiers in the *Grecian* Campe, and purged every man's Tent of the Plague. Thinke you that those miracles coulde bee brought with playing of Daunces, Dumpes, Pavins, Galiardes, Measures Fancyes, or new streynes? They never came where this grew, nor knew what it meant. *Pythagorus* bequeathes them a clookebagge, and condemnes them for fools that judge musicke by sounde and eare. If you will bee good Scholars, and profite well in the Arte of Musicke, shutte your Fidels in their cases, and looke up to heaven: the order of the spheres, the unfallible motion of the Planets, the juste course of the yeere, and varietie of seasons, the concorde of the Elementes and their qualyties, Fyre, Water, Ayre, Earth, Heate, Colde, Moysture and Drought concurring togeather to the constitution of earthly bodies and sustenance of every creature. The politike Lawes in well governed common wealthes, that treade downe the prowde, and upholde the meeke, the love of the King and his subjectes, the Father and his childe, the Lord and his Slave, the Maister and his Man . . . are excellent maisters too showe you that this is right Musicke, this perfect harmony. . . . *Terpandrus* when he ended the brabbles at Lacedæmon, neyther pyped *Rogero* nor *Turkelony*, but reckning up the commodities of friendship, and fruites of debate, putting them in mind of Lycurgus lawes, taught them too treade a better measure. . . .

"The Argives appointed by their lawes great punishments for such as placed above 7 strings upon any instrument. . . . Plutarch is of opinion that the instruments of 3 strings which were used before their time passed al that have followed since. It was an old law and long kept that no man shoulde according to his owne humor, adde or diminish, in matters concerning that Art, but walk in the paths of their predecessors.

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"As Poetrie and Piping are Cosen germans: so piping and playing are of great affinity, and all three chayned in linkes of abuse. . . . Cookes did never shewe more crafte in their junckets to vanquish the taste, nor Painters in shadowes to allure the eye, then Poets in Theaters to wounde the conscience. . . . I judge cookes and Painters the better hearing, for the one extendeth his arte no farther then to the tongue, palate and nose, the other to the eye; and both are ended in outwarde sense, which is common to us with bruite beasts. But these by the privie entries of the eare, slip downe into the hart, and with gunshotte of affection gaule the minde, where reason and vertue should rule the roste."

He now goes on to describe behaviour at the theatres in those days: "In Rome when Plaies or Pageants are showne: *Ovid* chargeth his Pilgrims, to crepe close to the Saintes, whom they serve, and shew their double diligence to lifte the Gentlewomens roabes from the grounde . . . to sweepe Moates from their Kirtles, . . . to lay their handes at their backs for an easie staye . . . too prayse that, whiche they commende; too lyke everything that pleaseth them; to presente them Pomegranates to picke as they syt; and when all is done to waite on them mannerly too their houses."

Here follows a lively picture of theatre manners in Shakspere's time. "In our assemblies at playes in *London*, you shale see suche heaving and shooving, suche ytching and shouldering, too sitte by women; suche care for their garments that they bee not trode on. Such eyes to their lappes, that no chippes light in them; such pillowes to their backes that they take no hurt; such masking in their ears, I knowe not what; such giving them Pippins to passe the time; . . . such smiling, such winking, and such manning them home when the sportes are ended, that it is a right Comedie to marke their behavior. . . . I looke still when Players should cast me their Gauntlets, and challenge a combate . . . as though I made them Lords of this misrule. . . . There are more houses than Parishe churches, more maydes then Maulkin, more wayes to the woode then one, and more causes in nature than Efficients. The carpenter rayseth not his frame without tooles, nor the Devill his woork without instrumentes; were not Players the meane, to make these assemblyes, such multitudes wold hardly be drawne in so narowe roome. . . . The abuses of plaies cannot be shown because they passe the degrees of the instrument, reach of the Plummet, sight of the minds, and for trial are never brought to the touchstone. . . . The very hyerlings of some of our Players, which stand at reversion of VI. S. by the weeke, get under Gentlemen's noses in sutes of silke," (and) " look askance over the shoulder at every man of whom the sunday before they begged an almes.

" Meantime, if Players bee called to accounte for the abuses that growe by their assemblyes, I would not have them to answere, as *Pilades* did for the Theaters of Rome, when they were complayned on; and Augustus waxed angry: *This resort O Cæsar is good for thee, for heere we keepe thousandes of idle heds occupyed, which else peradventure would brue some mischiefe.* A fit cloud to cover their abuse, and not unlike to the starting-hole that *Lucinius* found, who, like a greedy serveiour, beeing sente into *France* to governe the countrie, robbed them and spoyled them of all their Treasure with unreasonable taskes; at the last when his cruelties was so loudely cryed out on that every man hearde it; and all his packing did savour so strong, that Augustus smelt it; he brought the good Emperour into his house, flapped him in the mouth with a smoth lye, and tolde him that for his sake and the safetie of *Rome*, hee gathered those riches, the better to impover-

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ish the Country for rysing in Armes and so holde the poore Frenchmennes' Noses to the Grindstone for ever after. A bad excuse is better, they say, than none at all. Hee, because the Frenchman paid tribute every moneth, into XIII Moneths divided the yeere: these because they are allowed to play every Sunday, make IIII or V Sundays at least every weeke. . . . [All beasts have some wisdom; instances:] The Crane is said to rest upon one leg, and holding up the other, keepe a Pebble in her clawe, which as sone as the senses are bound by approache of sleep falles to the ground and . . . makes her awake, whereby shee is ever ready to prevent her enemies. . . . But wee [are always] running most greedily to those places where we are soonest overthrowne.

"I cannot lyken our Affection better than to an Arrowe, which getting lybertie, with winges is carryed beyonde our reache; kepte in the Quiver, it is still at commaundment: or to a Dogge, let him slippe, he is straight out of sight, holde him in the Lease, hee never stirres: or to a colte, give him the bridle, he flinges aboute; raine him hard, and you may rule him: Or to a ship, hoyst the sayles it runnes on head; let fall the Ancour, all is well: Or to *Pandoraes* boxe, lift uppe the lidde, out flyes the Devill; shut it up fast, it cannot hurt us.

"Let us but shut up our eares to Poets, Pypers and Players, pull our feete back from resort to Theaters, and turne away our eyes from beholding of vanitie, the greatest storme of abuse will be overblowen, and a fayre path troden to amendment of life. Were not we so foolish to taste every drugge, and buy every trifle, Players would shut in their shoppes, and carry their trashe to some other Countrie. . . . Now if any man aske me why myselfe have penned Comedyes in time paste, and inveigh so eagerly against them here, let him know that *semel insani-*

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nimus omnes; I have sinned, and am sorry for my fault: hee runnes farre that never turnes, better late than never. . . . Thus sith I have in my voyage suffred wrack with *Ulisses*, and wringing-wet scrambled with life to the shore, stand for mee *Nausicaä* with all thy traine till I wipe the blot from my forehead, and with sweet springs wash away the salt froath that cleaves too my soule. . . .

"This have I set downe of the abuses of Poets, Pypers and Players which bringe us too pleasure, slouth, sleepe, sinne, and without repentance to death and the Devill: which I have not confirmed by authoritie of the Scriptures, because they are not able to stand uppe in the sight of God: and sithens they dare not abide the field, where the word of God dooth bidde them battayle, but runne to Antiquityes. . . . I have given them a volley of prophane writers to beginne the skirmishe, and doone my indevour to beate them from their holdes with their owne weapons."

Before I leave Gosson I cannot resist giving you a snatch of his poetry, which is comical enough and yet shows through all the crookedness of metaphor and thought a certain strength of feeling and nimbleness of fancy which give one a solid liking for this evidently earnest, pure-hearted and straight-souled man. This poem is not in the *Schoole of Abuse*, but is found disconnected in a work by another author of the period. I give only a part of it:

O what is man? Or whereof might he vaunt?
From earth and ayre and ashes fyrst he came.
His fickle state his courage ought to daunt:
His lyfe shall flit when most he trustes the same. . . .
A lame and loathsome lymping legged wight
That dayly doth God's froune and furie feele;
A crooked cripple, voyde of all delight,
That haleth after him an haulting heele
And from Hierusalem on stilts doth reele.

A wretch of wrath, a sop in sorow sowst,
A bruised barke with billowes all bedowst. . . .
The wreathed haire of perfect golden wire,
The cristall eyes, the shining Angel's face,
That kindles coales to set the heart on fyre,
When we doe think to runne a royalle race,
Shall sodeynly be gauled with disgrace,
Our goodes, our beautie, and our brave aray
That seem to set our heartes on heygh for aye;
Much like the tender floure in fragrant feelde
Whose sugred sap sweet smelling savours yeelde;
Though we therein doe dayly lay our lust,
By dint of death shall vanish unto dust.

Now I find no difficulty in fancying that this tirade against the theatres had much the same effect on young Will Shakspere as banishment had upon the London players. At eighteen, to be told that a thing is dangerous is to resolve to do it. Very likely young Will Shakspere lay awake much of the night after he had heard Gosson's eloquence.

The result of his meditations was told, possibly, to Anne Hathaway next day. It may be that he went over to her house, and after they two got a quiet moment together he startled the girl by informing her that he had determined to see London. Of course Anne wept, and entreated him not to go; but the fire burnt in him, and go he must. Then suddenly Anne Hathaway's demeanour changes: she consents, and with a certain air of mysterious resolution helps him to get away.

So imagine him arriving late on a Saturday night in the great city of London, a lonesome boy of eighteen, with no definite aim, no palpable money, wondering, now that he is here, why he is here, desolate over the utter unconcern with which people pass him by, yet not without a sense that he has that in him which might work changes in these matters. He goes to the Belle Savage Inn on Ludgate Hill. The yard of this inn had been a famous place for plays before the theatres were put up; but the landlord now descants mournfully to his young guest on the loss of custom he has suffered since those driving days when the performances kept his tapsters busy.

On the next morning — being Sunday — Shakspere determines to hear a London sermon in the forenoon, before going to the Blackfriars Theatre in the afternoon. For this purpose he walks over to Paul's Cross. This famous spot, from which so many great sermons were preached in those days, was an open space near the cathedral where great crowds assembled on Sunday to hear the popular preachers of the time. The audience stood, or sat on their horses or mules, in the open air during the sermon. In bad weather they would adjourn to what was called the "Shrouds," which seems to have been a sort of covered place adjoining the walls of the cathedral.

Shakspere, therefore, with so many thoughts in his soul that the world seems too small for them, stations himself in the crowd and listens to the sermon.

Instead of giving you the discourse which young Shakspere might actually have heard on that day at Paul's Cross, it will extend the range of my presentation considerably if you will allow me to substitute a sermon — or rather some representative extracts from several sermons — of Hugh Latimer, dating some thirty years previous. This grand man had indeed preached at Paul's Cross,— where our young Shakspere is now standing,— about thirty-three years before, to great crowds of people. I cannot resist bringing him before you, because Latimer is one of those men whose names we all know so well that we do not know them at all. Every school-boy learns that Latimer was burned at the stake in the reign of Queen Mary; but few men except specialists ever read a sermon of Latimer's. It happened that in the year 1548 Latimer, then a man of great renown and favour, was invited by King Edward VI to preach seven sermons before him and the court, one on each Friday during Lent. Latimer was used to addressing kings from the pulpit: fifteen years before he had preached to Henry VIII and had not hesitated to declare his mind very plainly upon some points wherein he differed from that monarch. But here now in 1549 we find him preaching in King Edward's garden at Westminster, where the King had caused a pulpit to be set up for him in the open air so that more people could hear him. Latimer was now nearly sixty years old, and these sermons, which are nearly extempore, have the most touching flavour of that mingled authority and sweetness which is won by a strong man who has lived and who knows whereof he speaks. I find in them, too, a tenderness and earnestness which makes one feel as if they were infused with some prophetic sense of the terrible fate which awaited him. It was in truth but about six years before the good old Latimer, instead of preaching to a king in his garden, was burning in the fire at Oxford.

I wish to give you the seventh of this set of sermons substantially as Latimer preached it. Before doing so let me present you with a passage or two from the other six, taken here and there, to illustrate Bishop Latimer's methods of preaching as well as to exhibit sundry touches of the manners of the time.

Here, for example, is one from the third sermon which shows that the sturdy old man had the strength and adroitness of Mr. Moody in turning to use all manner of homely illustrations, and in making good-humoured points in his own favour. After relating in this sermon how a certain man had accused him of sedition before the King for being too plain-spoken in his preaching, and how he rebuked him in the King's presence, he goes on to tell a story about the same person:

"Ther is a certaine man that shortly after my first sermon, beynge asked if he had bene at the sermon that day, answered, yea: I praye you said he how lyked you him? Mary sayed he, even as I lyked hym alwayes, a sediciouse fellowe. Oh lord he pinched me ther in dede, nay he had rather a ful bytte at me. Yet I comfort my self with that, that Christ hym selfe was noted to be a sturrer up of the people against the Emperoure, and was contented to be called sediciouse. It becommeth me to take it in good worthe, I am not better than he was. In the kings daies that dead is, a meanye of us were called together before hym to saye our myndes in certaine matters. In the end one kneleth me downe, and accuseth me of sedicion, that I had preached sediciouse doctryne. A heavye salutacion, and a hard poynte of suche a mans doynge, as yf I shoulde name hym, ye woulde not thinke it. The king turned to me and sayed. What saye you to that syr? Then I kneled downe and turned me firste to myne accuser, and requyred hym.

"Syr what fourme of preachinge woulde you appoynt me to preache before a Kynge? Wold you have me for to preache nothynge as concernynge a Kynge in the Kynges sermon? Have you any commyssion to appoynt me what I shal preache. Besydes this, I asked him dyvers other questions, and he wold make no answere to none of them all. He had nothing to saye. Then I turned me to the Kynge, and submitted my selfe to hys Grace and sayed I never thought my selfe worthy, nor I never sued to be a preacher before youre grace, but I was called to it, and would be willynge if you mislike me, to geve place to mi betters. For I grant ther be a great many more worthy of the roume then I am. . . .

"When I was in trouble, it was objected an[d] sayed unto me, yat I was singular, that no manne thought as I thought, that I loved a syngularyte in all that I dyd, and that I tooke a way, contrary to the kynge, and the whole parliamente, and that I was travayled with them, that had better wyttes then I, that I was contrari to them al. Marye syr thys was a sore thunder bolte. I thought it an yrksome thinge to be alone, and to have no fellowe. I thought it was possyble it myghte not be true that they tolde me. . . . So thoughte I, there be more of myne opinion then I, I thought I was not alone. I have nowe gotten one felowe more, a companyon of sedition, and wot ye who is my felow? Esai the Prophete. . . .

"I am contente to beare the title of sedicious with Esai. Thankes be to God, I am not alone, I am in no singularyte. This same man that layed sedycyon thus to my charge, was asked an other tyme whether he were at the sermon at Paules crosse, he answered that he was ther, and beynge asked what news ther. Mary quod he, wonderful newes, we were ther clean absolved, my Mule and al had ful absolucion, ye may se by thys, that he was suche a one that rode on a mule and that he was a gentylman.

"In dede hys Mule was wyser than he, for I dare saye, the Mule never sclaundered the Preacher. Oh what an unhappy chaunce had thys Mule to carye suche an Asse uppon hys backe. I was there at the sermon my selfe, in the ende of his sermon he gave a generall absolucion, and as farre as I remember these, or suche other lyke were his wordes, but at the leaste, I am sure, thys was hys meanynge. As manye as do knowledge your selves to be synners, and confesse the same and standes not in defence of it, and hartelye abhorreth it, and will beleve in the death of christ, and be conformable thereunto, *Ego absolvo vos*, quod he. Now sayeth thys gentylman, his mule was absolved. The preacher absolved but such as were sorye, and dyd repente. Be lyke then she dyd repent her stumblynge, hys Mule was wiser then he a greate deale. I speake not of worldely wysedom, for therein he is to wyse, yes, he is so wyse, that wyse men marvayle howe he came truly by the tenth part of that he hath. But in wisdome which consisteth *In rebus dei*, *In rebus salutis*, in godlye matters and appartaynyng to our salvacion, in this wysdome he is as blynd as a beatel. They be, *Tanquam equus et Mulus*, *in quibus non est intellectus*. Like Horses and Mules that have no understandynge. If it were true that the Mule repented hyr of her stumbling I thynke she was better absolved than he. I praye God stop his mouth, or els to open it to speke better, and more to hys glory."

Again, in the fifth sermon he is boldly exposing the then common practice of taking bribes in office, selling appointments, and the like. "One wyl say, peradventure, you speake unsemelye . . . so to be agaynste the officers, for takynge of rewardes. . . . Ye consyder not the matter to the bottome. Theyr offices be bought for great sommes, nowe howe shall they receyve theyr money agayne but by brybynge. . . . Some of them gave CC poundes, some vC pounde, some II M pounde. And how shal they gather up thys money agayne but by healpynge themselves in theyre office? . . . If thei bei, thei must needes sel, for it is wittily spoken. *Vendere jure potest*, *emerat ille prius*, he may lawefully sel it, he bought it *before*. . . . *Ommia venelia*. Al thinges bought for money. I mervaile the ground gapes not and devours us. . . . Ther was a patron in England that had a benefice fallen into hys hande and a good brother of mine came unto hym and brought hym XXX Apples in a dysh and gave them hys man to carrye them to hys mayster. . . . This man commeth to his mayster and presented hym wyth the dyshe of Apples, sayinge. Syr suche a man hathe sente you a dyshe of frute, and desyreth you to be good unto hym for such a benefyce. Tushe tushe, quod he, thys is no apple matter. I wyll none of hys apples. . . . The man came to the pryest agayne, and toulde him what hys mayster sayed. Then quod the priest, desyre hym yet to prove one of them for my sake, he shal find them much better then they loke for. He cutte one of them and founde ten peces of golde in it. Mary quod he, thys is a good apple. The pryest standyng not farre of, herynge what the Gentleman sayed, cryed out and answered, they are all one apples I warrante you syr, they grewe all on one tree, and have all one taste. Well, he is a good fellowe, let hym have it, quod the patrone," etc.

It is evidence of the venality of this time that the honest bishop's denunciation did not much to impress his audience, for presently I find him exclaiming, "It is taken for a laughynge matter, wel, I wyl gooe on."

And then he does "gooe on," with a vengeance. His sermons were, as I said, mostly extempore, and we therefore find them often prolix and wordy. But he can tell a story in a few right English terms when he comes to it. Listen to this, for example, as a model of concise narration. He is "going on," in the same strain of attack upon bribery. It has, he continues, even gotten in the courts, among judges and juries. "I can tell," he cries, "where one man slew another, in a tounship, and was attached upon the same, XII men were impaneled, the man hadde frendes, the Shryve laboured the bench, the

XII men stacke at it and sayed, except he woulde disburse XII crownes they woulde fynde hym gyltye.

"Meanes were found that the XII crownes was payed. The quest commes in and sayes not giltye. Here was a not gyltye for XII crownes. And some of the bench were hanged, thei were wul served. . . . Crownes? If theyr crownes were shaven to the shoulders they were served wel inoughe."

Again, in the sixth sermon he is stoutly upholding the good of preaching: you must be saved by preaching, you must come to church, he says; better come with a bad motive than not come at all; and so he adds a story in his quaint old way:

"I had rather ye shoulde come of a naughtye mynde, to heare the worde of God, for noveltye, or for curiositie to heare some pastime, then to be awaye. I had rather ye shoulde come as the tale is by the Gentel-woman of London: one of her neyghbours mette her in the streate, and sayed mestres, whither go ye? Mary sayed she, I am goynge to S. Tomas of Acres to the sermon, I coulde not slepe al thys laste night, and I am goynge now thether, I never fayled of a good nap there; and so I had rather ye should a napping to the sermons than not to go at al. For with what mind so ever ye come, thoughe ye come for an ill purpose, yet peradventure ye may chaunce to be caught or ye go, the preacher may chaunce to catche you on hys hoke."

It would seem that his noble auditory was sometimes noisy; and he does not hesitate to rebuke them. For example, in the sixth sermon I find him suddenly breaking away from his matter to speak as follows:

"I remember nowe a saying of Sayncte Chrisostome, and peradventure it myght come here after in better place, but yet I wyll take it, whiles it commeth to my

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mind. The saying is this. *Et loquentum eum audierunt in silentio, ferinon locutionis non interrumpentes.* They harde hym, sayeth he, in Silence, not interruptynge the order of his preachynge. He meanes they hard hym quietely, without any shovelynge of feete or walkynge up and downe. Suerly it is an yl mysordar, that folke shalbe walkyng up and down in the sermon tyme (as I have sene in this place thys Lente) and there shalbe suche bussynge and bussynge in the preachers eare that it maketh hym often tymes to forget hys matter. O let us consider the Kynges Maiestyes goodnes, Thys place was prepared for banketynge of the bodye, and hys Maiestye hath made it a place for the comforte of the soule. . . . Consider where ye be, fyrst ye oughte to have a reverence to Godds word, and thoughe it be preached by pore men, yet it is the same worde that oure Savioure spoke. . . . Heare in silence, as Chrisostom sayeth. It maye chance that sume in the companye may fall sicke, or be diseased, if therbe any suche, let them go away, with silence, let them leave their salutacions till they come in the courte, let them departe with silence."

Again, here is an extract which gives us a cunning reminder of the theological arguments common in those days, and of Latimer's adroitness in this particular. He is preaching of the time when the Saviour went into Simon Peter's boat and told him to put forth from the shore. His opponents, it seems, had made an argument of the Pope's supremacy founded upon the fact that Christ chose Simon Peter's boat rather than any other, and spoke to Peter in the singular number instead of addressing other disciples. Here is the bishop's treatment of that argument, in which, besides his polemic skill, come out some pleasant touches of life in those days.

"Wel, he commes to Simons bote, and why rather to

Simon's bote then an other. I wyl aunswere, as I find in experience in my selfe. I came hither to-day from Lambeth in a whirry and when I came to take my bote, the water men came about me, as the maner is, and he wold have me, and he wold have me. I toke one of them. Nowe ye wyll aske me why I came in yat bote, rather then in another, because I woulde go into that that I se stande nexte me, it stode more commodiouslye for me. And so did Christe by Simon's bote. It stode nerer for him, he sawe a better seate in it. A good natural reason. . . .

"It foloweth in the text *duc in altum*. Here comes in the supremitye of the Byshoppe of Rome. . . . And their argumente is thys: he spake to Peter onelye, and he spake to hym in the singular number, ergo he gave him such a preeminence above the rest. A goodly argument, I wene it be a sillogismus, *in quem terra pontus*. I will make a lyke argument, Oure Savioure Christe sayed to Iudas, whan he was about to betraye hym *quod facis fac citius*. Nowe, whan he spake to Peter ther were none of his disciples by, but James and John, but whan he spake to Iudas they were al present. Wel, he sayd unto him,—*quod facis fac citius*. Spede thy busines, yat thou hast in thy heade, do it. . . . He spake in the singular number to him, ergo he gave him some preeminence. By like he made him a Cardinall, and it mighte ful wel be, for they have folowed Iudas ever syns. Here is as good a grounde for the Coledge of Cardinalles, as the other is for the supremitie of the Bishop of Rome. Oure Saviour Christ (say they) spake onely to Peter for preeminence, because he was chiefe of the Apostles, and you can shewe none other cause. Ergo thys is the cause why he spake to hym in the singular number. I dare say there is never a whir-

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riman at Westminster brydge, but he can answere to thys, and gyve a naturall reason for it.

"He knoweth that one man is able to shove the bote, but one man was not able to caste out the nettes, and therefore he sayed in the plural nomber, *laxate retia:* Louse youre nettes? and he sayed in the syngular number to Peter, launch out the bote, why? because he was able to do it."

But I have too long delayed to present you some connected discourse of Latimer's. For this purpose I have selected the seventh sermon, which I give substantially, though excising at least half. It is often really comical, in reading these sermons, to see the good bishop forget his point, and go feeling about, with all sorts of odd sayings and makeweight sentences, until he can find the track again. This seventh sermon was preached by Bishop Latimer just three hundred and thirty years ago last Friday two weeks, being the Good Friday sermon with which he closed his series before the young King Edward VI. Observe how it is all so good and grandmotherly and wise: every sentence has spectacles on its nose, with many an occasional gleam of the deep old eyes peering over. Thus he begins:

"*Quae cunque scripta sunt, nostram doctrinam scripta sunt.* Al thynges yat be written, thei be written to be our doctrine. By occasion of thys texte (most honorable audience) I have walked thys Lente in the brode filde of scripture and used my libertie, and intreated of such matters as I thought mete for thys auditory. I have had a do wyth many estates, even with the highest of all, I have entreated of the dutye of Kynges, of the dutye of maiestrates, and Iudges, of the dutye of prelates, allowyng that yat is good, and disalowyng the contrary. I have taught that we are all synners, I thinke there is none of us al, neither precher, nor hearer, but we maye be amended and redresse our lyves. We maye all saye, yea all the packe of us, *peccavimus cum patribus nostris.*

"This day is commonlye called good Fryday, although everi day ought to be with us good fryday. Yet this day we ar accustomed specially to have a commemoration and remembrance of the passion of our Saviour Jesu Christ. This daye we have in memory hys bitter Passion and death, which is the remedy of our syn. . . .

"The place that I wyll intreat of is in the XXVI Chapiter of saynte Matthewe, Howbeit, as I intreate of it I wyll borrowe parte of Saynte Marke and saynt Luke, for they have somewhat that Saynt Matthew hath not, and especially Luke. The texte is, *Tunc cum venisset Jesus in villam quae dicitur-gethsemani.* Then when Jesus came — some have in *villam*, some in *agrum*, some in *praedium*. But it is all one, when Christ came into a Graunge, into a peace of land, into a fielde, it makes no matter, cal it what ye wyl, at what tyme he had come into an honest mans house and ther eaten hys pascquall lambe and instituted and celebrate the lordes supper, and sette furth the blessed communion, then when this was done, he toke his way to the place where he knewe Iudas would come. It was a solitary place and thither he wente with hys leaven Apostles. For Iudas the twelfte was a boute his busines, he was occupied aboute his marchandise and was provydyng among the byshoppes and preistes, to come with an imbushment of Jewes to take our saviour Iesus Christ.

"And when he was come into this felde, or grandge, this village, or ferme place, which was called Gethsemani, there was a Garden, sayth Luke, into the whych he goeth and leves VIII of hys disciples without; howbeit, he appoynted them what they shold do. He sayth, *Sedete hic*, *donec vadam illuc, et orem.* Sit you here whiles I go yonder and prai.

"Hee lefte them there and take no more with him but III, Peter, James and John, to teach us that a solitari place is mete for prayer. . . . He toke Peter, James and John into thys garden. And why dyd he take them wyth hym rather then other? mary those that he had taken before, to whom he had reveled in the hyl the transfiguracion and declaracion of his deitye, to se ye revelacion of ye maiestye of his godhead: now in the garden he reveled to the same ye infirmity of his manhood; because they had tasted of the swete, he would thei should taste also of the sower. . . . And he began to be heavy in hys mynd. . . . And as the soule is more precious then the bodye even so is the paine of the soule more grevous then the paynes of the body. Therfore ther is another which writteth, *horror mortis gravior ipsa morte.* The horrour and ugsomnes of death is sorer than death it selfe. This is the moste grevous paine that ever christ suffered, even this pang that he suffered in the garden. It is the most notable place one of them in the whole storie of ye passion, when he sayed, *Anima mea tristis est usque ad mortem.* My soule is heavy to death. There was offered unto him nowe the Image of death, the Image, the sence, the felynge of hell, for death and hell go both together.

"I wyll entreate of thys Image of hell, whyche is death. Truelye no manne can shewe it perfectlye, yet I wyl do the best I can to make you understand ye grevouse panges that oure Savioure Christe was in when he was in the garden; as mans power is not able to beare it, so no mans tong is able to expresse it. Paynters painte death lyke a man without skin, and a body having nothing but bones. And hel they paint it horible flames of brening fier; they bungell somwhat at it, thei come no thing nere it. But thys is no true payntynge. No paynter can paynte hel unlesse he could paynte the torment and condemnation both of body and soule. . . . Death and hel take unto them this evill favoured face of fine and thorough sinne. Synne was their mother. . . . Therefore they must have suche an Image as their mother sinne would geve them. An ugsome thing and an horrible Image must it nedes be that is brought in by such a thyng so hated of God, yea this face of death and hell is so terrible, that suche as hath bene wycked men had rather be hanged than abyde it. As Achitophell that traytoure to David lyke an ambyciouse wretche thought to have come to higher promotion and therefore conspired with Absolom against hys maiester David. He when he sawe hys counsayle take no place, goes and hanges hym selfe, in contemplation of thys evyl favored face of death. Iudas also when he came wyth bushementes to take his maister Christe in beholdyng thys horrible face hanged himselfe.

"Yea the electe people of God, the faythful havinge the beholdynge of thys face, (though God hath always preserved them, suche a good God he is to them that beleve in hym, that he wyll not suffer them to be tempted above that, that they have bene able to beare) yet for all that, there is nothynge that they complaine more sore then of thys horrour of death. Go to Job. What sayeth he? *Pereat dies in quo natus sum, suspendium elegit anima mea.* Wo worth ye day that I was born in, my soule wolde be hanged, saying in his panges almooste he wyste not what. Thys was when wyth the eye of hys conscience, and the inwarde man he behelde the horrour of death and hel, not for any bodylye payne that he suffred, for when he hadde byles, botches, blaynes, and scabbes, he suffered them pacientlye. . . . Kynge David also sayed, in contemplation of thys ugsome face: *Laboravi in genitu meo.* I have been sore vexed with sighyng and mourning. . . . Ther be some writers that saies Peter, Iames and Iohn, were in thys felynge at the same tyme, and that Peter when he sayed: *Exi a me domine quia homo peccator sum*, did taste some part of it he was so astonyshed, he wist not what to saye. It was not longe that they were in thys anguyshe, some sayes longer, some shorter, but Christ was ready to comforte them, and sayed to Peter. *Ne timeas*, Be not afraid. A frend of myne tolde me of a certayne woman, that was XVIII yeares together in it. I knewe a man myself Bilney, litle Bilney, that blessed martyr of GOD, what tyme he had hys fagott, and was come agayne to Cambrydge hadde suche conflyctes, wythin hym selfe, beholdynge thys Image of death, that hys frendes were afrayed to lette hym be alone, they were fayne to be wyth hym daye and nyght, and comforted hym, as they coulde, but no comfortes would serve. As for the comfortable places of scripture to brynge theym unto hym, it was as though a man would runne hym throughe the herte wyth a sweard. Yet afterwarde for all thys he was revived, and toke his death pacientlye, and dyed wel againste the Tirannical sea of Rome. . . . Here is a good lesson for you my fryendes. If ever ye come in daunger, in duraunce, in pryson for godes quarrell, and hys sake (as he dyd for purgatorye matters . . .) I wyl advyse you fyrst and above al thing to abjure al your fryendes, all your friendeshipe, leave not one unabjured, it is they that shall undo you, and not your ennemyes. It was his very friendes, that brought Bylnye to it. By this it maye somewhat appere what oure savyour Christe suffered, he doeth not dissemble it hym selfe, when he sayth, my soule is heavye to death, he was in so sore an Agony, that there issued out of hym as I shal entreate anon, droppes of bloud, an ugsome thing suerly, whiche his fact and dede sheweth us, what horrible paynes he was in for oure sakes. . . . He woulde not helpe hymselfe with his Godhede. . . . he toke before hym our synnes, our synnes, not the worcke of synnes. I meane not so, not to do it, not to commit it, but . . . to chause it, to beare the stypende of it, and that waye he was the great synner of the worlde, he bare all the synne of the worlde on hys backe. . . . It was as if you woulde immagin that one man had commytted al the synnes since Adam, you maye be sure he shoulde be punished wyth the same horrour of death in suche a sorte as al men in the world shoulde have suffered. Feyne and put case our savyour Christe had committed al the sinnes of the world, al that I for my parte have done, al that you for youre parte have done, and that anye manne elles hath done, if he hade done all thys him selfe, his agony that he suffered should have bene no greater nor grevouser, then it was.

" . . . Well, he sayeth to his Discyples. Sytte here and praye wyth me. He wente a lytle way of, as it were a stones cast from them, and falles to hys prayer, and saieth: *Pater si possibile est transeat a me calix iste.* Father if it be possyble. Awaye wyth thys bytter cuppe, thys outragious payne.

" . . . What does he now, what came to passe nowe, when he had harde no voyce? Hys father was domme. He resortes to hys frendes, seking some comfort at theyr handes, seynge he had none at his fathers hande, he comes to hys disciples, and fyndes them a slepe, he spake unto Peter, and saied. Ah Peter, arte thou a slepe, Peter before had bragged stoutly, as though he woulde have kylled, God have mercye upon hys soule. And nowe when he shoulde have comforted Christ, he was a slepe, not once busse, nor basse to him, not a word. . . .

" What shall we not resorte to oure frendes in tyme of nede? and trowe ye we shal not fynde them a slepe? Yes I warrante you, and when we nede theyr helpe most, we shal not have it. But what shal we do, when we shall fynde lacke in theym? We wyll crye out upon theym, upbrayde them, chyde, braule, fume, chaufe and backbite them. But Christ dyd not so, he excused hys fryendes, sayinge:

"*Vigilate et orato spiritus quidem promptus est, caro autem infirma.* Oh (quouth he) watch and pray, I se wel the spirite is ready, but the fleshe is weake. . . .

"But now to the passyon again. Christ had ben with hys father, and felt no healpe, he had bene with hys frendes, and had no comfort, he had prayed twyse, and was not herd, what dyd he now? dyd he geve prayer over? no, he goeth agayne to hys father, and sayeth the same agayne, father if it be possyble awaye with this cup. . . . He prayed thryse and was not herd, let us sinners praye thre score tymes, folkes are very dul now adaies in praier. . . .

"What comes of thys geve in the ende? Wel, nowe he prayeth agayne, he resorteth to his father agayne. *Angore correptus, prolixius orabat.* He was in sorer paines, in more anguishe, then ever he was, and therefore he prayeth longer, more ardentlye, more farventlye, more vehementilie, then ever he did before. . . . It pleased God to here his sonnes prayer, and sent hym an angell to corroborate, to strengthen, to comforte hym. . . . When the aungell had comforted hym, and when thys horroure of deathe was gone, he was so strong, that he offered himselfe to Iudas, and sayed. I am he. . . . The Jewes had hym to Cayphas and Annas, and there they whypt hym, and bet hym, they sette a crowne of sharpe thorne upon hys head, and nayled hym to a tree, yet al thys was not so bytter as thys horrour of death, and thys Agony, that he suffered in the gardayne in such a degree as is dewe to al the synnes of the worlde, and not to one man's synne.

"Well, thys passion is our remedye, it is the satissfaction for oure synnes. Hys soule descended to hell for a tyme. Here is much a do, these newe upstartynge spirites say Christ never descended into hel, neyther body nor soule. In scorne they wil aske, was he ther, what did he there? What if we cannot tell what he dyd there? The Crede goeth no further, but sayeth, he descended thither. What is that to us if we cannot tell, seynge we were taughte no further. Paulle was taken up into the third heaven; aske lykewyse what he sawe when he was carried thyther; you shall not fynde in scripture what he sawe or what he dyd there; shal we not therfore beleve that he was there?

"These arrogant spirites, spirites of vayne glorye, because they knowe not by any expre(e)sse scripture the order of his doynges in hell, they wil not beleve that ever he descended into hell. Indede thys article hathe not so full scripture, so many places and testimonyes of scriptures as other have; yet it hath enough: it hath II or III textes, and if it had but one, one texte of scripture is of as good and lawfull authoritye as a M. [thousand] and of as certayne truth. It is not to be wayed by the multitude of textes. . . .

"There be some greate clarkes that take my parte, and I perceyve not what evill can come of it, in saying, yat our Saviour Christe dyd not onely in soule descende into hell, but also that he suffered in hel suche paynes as the damned spirites dyd suffer there. Suerli, I beleve vereli for my parte, that he suffered the paynes of hell proporcionably, as it correspondes and aunsweres to the whole synne of the worlde. He would not suffer onely bodelye in the gardayne and upon the crosse, but also in

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hys soule, when it was from the bodye, whyche was a payne dewe for oure synne. Some wrytte so, and I can beleve it, that he suffered in the very place, I cannot tell what it is, call it what ye wil, even in the skaldinge house, in the ugsomnes of the place, in the presence of the place, suche payne as our capacitie cannot attayne unto; it is somewhat declared unto us when we utter it by these effectes: by fyre, by gnashynge of teth, by the worme that gnaweth on the conscience. What so ever the payne is, it is a greate payne that he suffered for us. I se no inconvenience to saye that Christe suffered in soule in hell. . . . Whether he suffered, or wrastled with the spirites, or comforted Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, I wyl not desier to knowe; if ye lyke not that which I have spoken of hys sufferynge, let it go, I wyl not strive in it. I wil be preiudice to nobody, weye it as ye list. I do but offer it you to consider. It is like his soule did somwhat, the thre dayes that hys bodye lay in the grave. To saye he suffered in hell for us derogats nothing from his death, for al thinges that Christ did before his suffering on the crosse and after do worke oure salvacion; if he had not bene incarnat, he had not dyed; he was beneficial to us with al thinges he did. . . .

". . . Oure Savioure Christe hath lefte behynd hym a remembraunce of hys passion, the blessed communion, the celebration of the Lordes supper, a lacke it hath bene longe abused, as the sacrifices were before, in the oulde law. . . . There comes other after, and they consider not the fayth of Abraham, and the Patriarkes, but do theyr sacrifice accordynge to theyre owne imaginacion, even so came it to passe wyth oure blessed communion. . . . If he be gyltye of the bodye of Christ, that takes it unworthely, he fetcheth greate comforte at it, that eate it worthely. He doothe eate it worthelye that doeth it in fayeth. In fayeth? in what fayeth? . . . It is no brybynge judges or justices faith, no rentreasers fayeth, no lease mongers fayeth, no seller of benefices faith, but the fayth in the passion of oure Savioure Christ; we must beleve that oure Savioure Christ hath taken us agayne to hys favoure, that he hath delivered us hys owne bodye and bloude to plead with the dyvel, and by merite of hys owne passion, of his owne mere liberalitie.

"This is the fayth I tel you we must come to the communion with. . . . Fayth is a noble duches, she hath ever her gentleman usher going before her, the confessing of sinnes; she hath a trayne after her, the frute of good workes, the walking in the commandments of god. He yat beleveth wyll no[t] be idle, he wyl walke, he will do his business; have ever the gentleman usher with you. So if ye wil trye fayth, remember this rule, consider whether the trayne be waytinge upon her. If you have another fayth then thys, ye are lyke to go [to] ye Scalding house, and ther you shal have two dishes, wepynge and gnashyng of teeth, muche good do it you, you se your fare. If ye wil beleve and acknowledge your synnes you shall come to ye blessed communion of the bitter passion of
Christ, worthily, and
so attayne
to ever-
-lastynge lyfe, to
the whiche the
father of hea-
ven bringe
you and
me.

A. M. E. N."

CHAPTER XVIII

THE DOMESTIC LIFE OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME — IV

Ralph Royster Doyster and Gorboduc

IN my last lecture young William Shakspere, being then a boy of eighteen on his first visit to London, was left standing amid the crowd which had assembled at Paul's Cross on a certain Sunday in the year 1582 to hear the sermon.

I am sorry to say that the young man did not stay as long as reverence demands after the last amen of the services. The sermon had been lengthy: it was now growing afternoon, and there was barely time to reach the inn and snatch a hasty dinner before the play would begin. It was the custom at this period for a theatrical performance to commence at three o'clock in the afternoon; evening performances were not permitted, for the reason that they brought crowds on the streets at night, and in these days a crowd on the street in London meant brawls and troubles.

Shakspere's dinner was matter of small moment under these circumstances. He disposed of it in a few minutes, and hastily made his way to the Blackfriars Theatre. Here, as he mingled with the crowd at the doors, a grave discussion went on within his mind. The price of admission to the "yard" or pit of the theatre, where he would have to stand throughout the performance in the midst of a motley throng of people, was sixpence (it varied from one penny to sixpence), while the better places were from a shilling to two shillings, the best, half a crown. Shakspere had but a half-crown in all the world; yet an imperious desire to see the play uninterrupted and to the best advantage possessed him; he felt a dim prophecy of new plays smouldering in his heart; what was a mere trifle and amusement to other people was matter of life and death to him. It was therefore with a sort of sublime reliance upon the God who takes care of genius — a reliance all the more sublime since it was purely instinctive, and not explicit or formulated in any way — that the young man advanced, handed forth his whole earthly fortune, and asked for a place in one of the boxes, or "rooms," as they were then called.

As he entered the "room" he observed that a handsome young cavalier, of charming form but slight in stature, passed lightly in behind him and seated himself modestly somewhat in the background. Beyond these circumstances, however, Shakspere noticed nothing; the crowd, the novelty of the playhouse, all that wild fascination of the theatre which is plain enough to those who have felt it and wholly unintelligible to those who have not — these wrapped him away into an ecstasy of content. He was not anxious for the play to begin: he could have sat for hours so; an indescribable glory and sweetness of potential fame filled the air about him; it was as if he caught a breath from that perfect altar of love and reverence which all the ages were to distil for him.

Sitting so, in a great calm, large-eyed, observant, Shakspere heard the trumpet sound for the third time, and recognised it as the customary signal for the play to begin.

The large platform at the other end of the theatre which now appeared before Shakspere's eyes was a very much simpler affair than a modern stage. There were no tall scenes, no complex arrangements of grooves and pulleys and "flies" and painted scenery such as constitute the accessories of the most modest theatre in our time. As the curtain parted in the middle and drew back to each side, the actors appeared upon a platform which was hung with arras, while, above, a hanging of some blue stuff represented the heavens. Projecting over the stage in the background was a sort of porch or balcony which had uses as various as the plays which were enacted before it, ranging from Mount Olympus to the battlements of a castle. There were at this time no painted scenes, such as ours: when the place of the action changed the new locality was conveyed to the audience by hanging out a board with the name of the city or land painted on it; thus in one act a board would be hung out with "Milan" on it, in large letters; in the next act another board might appear with "Verona" inscribed.[1] If the scenes were interiors, then some little simple stage property might indicate changes: the appearance of a bed, for instance, might indicate Dame Custance's apartment; a throne on some part of the stage might convert it into a king's chamber of audience; and so on. A little later, however, I fancy that somewhat more elaborate stage properties were used. In the Prologue to Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* I find some comical allusions to certain stage devices which were in use at the time that play was written, and which appear to have excited great disgust in the soul of the irascible Ben by their transparent absurdity. I give you this Prologue here with the less hesitation because it connects itself very pleasantly with our hero's career as an actor afterwards, Shakspere himself having played one of the parts in this comedy of Jonson's in after years, probably that of Knowell.

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[1] "What childe is there that comming to a Play, and seeing Thebes written in great letters upon an olde doore, doth believe that it is Thebes?" See also page 63 *et seq.* of the *Apologie for Players.* Cf. masque scene in *Gondibert* (London, 1672), page 380.

Jonson, you observe, commences in the very Prologue to abuse directly some of those vices of shallow artifice and pretence which his comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* was intended to satirise indirectly:

Though need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As for it, he himself must justly hate.

And having thus generally condemned the playwrights who truckled to the taste of the groundlings, he proceeds to detail some of their absurd violations of the unities of time and space:

To make a child now swaddled to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
Past threescore years; or, with three rusty swords
And help of some few foot and half-foot words
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars
And in the tyring house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such to-day as other plays should be;

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Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles to tell you when the storm doth come;
But deeds and language such as men do use
And persons such as comedy would choose
When she would shew an image of the times
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

With these hints of the appearance of the stage as Shakspere saw it in 1582, I am now to set before you the play which he saw. In selecting for this purpose some representative of the drama as it existed before Shakspere began to write, I have found great trouble with the embarrassment of riches. Perhaps the most popular play about this time was *The Spanish Tragedy*, by Thomas Kyd, a play which has probably more bloodshed and red horror in it than any other that ever was written.

I should have liked, also, to make you witness along with Shakspere some play of his rival and good hater, Robert Greene. If I could read to you Marlowe's *Edward II*, or one of his comedies, I think you would agree with me that he is quite the loveliest, brightest, and most musical writer that preceded Shakspere. He was only four years older than Shakspere, but seems to have taken to authorship earlier. Greene died in 1592, being then only thirty-two years old. It was on his death-bed that he expressed that bitter hatred of Shakspere which has come down to us. This expression was in the form of a pamphlet which Greene wrote in the course of his last illness, and which was published by his executor, Henry Chettle, soon after he died, under the title of *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance.* In this pamphlet occurs the following famous sentence, in which

Greene warns the players of his time against such fellows as Shakspere: "Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." The propriety of calling Shakspere a *Johannes factotum* was that he could not only play but could write plays, either original or adapted; and the words "Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide" point to a line — "Oh tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide" — which occurs in the third part of *King Henry VI*, and thus was probably intended by Greene to hint at Shakspere's plagiarism from himself.

It is gratifying to record that this Henry Chettle who published Greene's aspersion upon Shakspere almost immediately retracted his own part in that business and apologised for it in the most liberal way. It was only some three months after the appearance of Greene's pamphlet that Chettle published one of his own, called *Kind-Harts Dream*, in which he takes occasion to say, regarding his former injury to Shakspere: "I am as sory as if the originall fault had beene my owne, because my selfe have seene his [Shakspere's] demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writting, that aprooves his art."

I think, as I said, you would have found it interesting to trace a distinct influence of Greene upon Shakspere after seeing some of Greene's work. But I remember that I have not yet brought before you either the first English comedy or the first English tragedy: and these two works are so important — as the most striking phase

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in that transition from the old moralities and interludes to Shakspere's plays which I have been endeavouring to trace out before you — that I have concluded to avail myself of this last opportunity to acquaint you with them. Let us suppose, then, that young William Shakspere — whom we have kept all this time in his "room" or box at the Blackfriars, waiting for the play to begin — during this visit to the theatre saw the play called *Ralph Royster Doyster*,[1] which is the first clearly developed English comedy, and that on the following Sunday he went again to the theatre and saw *Gorboduc*, otherwise called *Ferrex and Porrex*, which is the first clearly developed English tragedy.

The comedy of *Ralph Royster Doyster* was written by Nicholas Udall. His name is written also Woddall and Woodall, and I think likely was called Woodall, which is a good English name still existing within my knowledge. The date of its composition was for some time uncertain; but about sixty years ago Mr. Collier happened to discover that in the third edition of Thomas Wilson's *Rule of Reason, conteinyng the Arte of Logique*, the author quotes a very artful and comical letter written by one of the characters in Udall's comedy (which I will presently read to you) as an example of "Ambiguitie," that is, of "suche doubtful writing, which by reason of poincting mai have double sense, and contrari meaning," and mentions that the letter is "taken out of an enterlude made by Nicholas Udall." As Wilson's book was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1551, it fixes the date of Udall's play as before that time. Udall was born in 1504 — sixty years, you observe, before Shakspere. He was head-master of Eton;

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[1] Gabriel Harvey says in one of his letters: "I . . . have seen the madbrainest roister-doister in a country dashed out of countenance." And again: "If the world should applaud to such roister-doisterly vanity," etc.

and it is a little surprising, in view of the genial nature of his comedy, to find that he was a pedagogue who did not spare the rod on his boys. Old Thomas Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie*, 1573, hints at Udall's severity in a couple of stanzas which record Tusser's own experience at Udall's school:

From Powles I went, to Acton sent
To learne straight wayes the Latin phraise,
Where fiftie three stripes given to mee
At once I had:
For faut but small, or none at all,
It came to passe, thus beat I was;
See Udall see, the mercy of thee
To me poore lad.

Udall, though an intense Protestant, was in favour with Queen Mary and helped her to translate Erasmus's *Paraphrase of the New Testament* from the Latin into English. He seems to have been altogether a worthy and faithful man; wrote several other plays and interludes which are lost; and died a few years before Shakspere was born.

The comedy of *Ralph Royster Doyster* was published in 1566, though it was acted probably twenty years before. The following are the dramatis personæ as they appear in the published play:

RALPH ROYSTER DOYSTER.
MATHEW MERYGREEKE.
GAWYN GOODLUCK, *affianced to Dame Custance.*
TRISTRAM TRUSTIE, *his friend.*
DOBINET DOUGHTIE, *boy to Royster Doyster.*
TOM TRUPENIE, *servant to Dame Custance.*
SYM SURESBY, *servant to Goodluck.*
SCRIVENER.
HARPAX.

Dame Christian Custance, *a widow.*
Margerie Mumblecrust, *her nurse.*
Tibet Talkapace, } *her maidens.*
Annot Alyface, }

Time, about two days.

After the Prologue, which is in praise of mirth,— declaring, among other things, that the author knows

· Nothing more commendable for a man's recreation
Than Mirth which is used in an honest fashion,
For Myrth prolongeth lyfe and causeth health,
Mirth recreates our spirites and voydeth pensiveness,
Mirth increaseth amitie, not hindering our wealth,
Mirth is to be used both of more and lesse,
Being mixed with vertue in decent comlynesse,—

comes "Actus j, Scæna j," in which

Mathewe Merygreeke *entreth singing:*

M. Mery. As long lyveth the mery man (they say)[1]
As doth the sory man, and longer by a day.
Yet the Grassehopper for all his sommer pipyng
Sterveth in winter with hungry gripyng,
Therefore another sayd sawe doth men advise
They they be together both mery and wise.

And here a point of practical wisdom occurs to him:

Yet wisdom woulde that I did myselfe bethinke
Where to be provided this day of meat and drinke:

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[1] Compare Autolycus's song in *Winter's Tale:*

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a;
Your merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.

For know ye, that for all this merie note of mine,
He might appose me now that should aske where I dine
My lyving lieth heere and there, of God's grace,
Some time with this good man, sometyme in that place,
Sometime Lewis Loytrer biddeth me come neere,
Somewhyles Watkin Waster maketh us good cheere,
Sometime Davy Diceplayer when he hath well cast
Keepeth revell route as long as it will last.
Sometime Tom Titivile maketh us a feast,
Sometime with Sir Hugh Pye I am a bidden gueast,
Sometime at Nichol Neverthrives I get a soppe,
Sometime I am feasted with Bryan Blenkinsoppe,
Sometime I hang on Hankyn Hoddydoddies sleeve,
But thys day on Ralph Royster Doyster's by hys leeve.
For truely of all men he is my chiefe banker
Both for meate and money, and my chiefe *shootanker*.

Royster Doyster is the great prototype of that large class of weak brethren who figure as "gulls" so prominently in the later comedies, especially those of Ben Jonson. Merygreeke goes on to give a very lively portrait of him:

All the day long is he facing and craking
Of his great actes in fighting and fraymaking;
But when Royster Doyster is put to his proofe,
To keep the Queen's peace is more for his behoofe,
If any woman smyle or cast on hym an eye,
Up is he to the harde eares in love by and by,
And in all the hotte haste must she be hys wife,
Else farewell hys good days and farewell his life. . . .
But such sporte have I with him as I would not leese,
Though I should be bound to lyve with bread and cheese. . .
I can with a worde make him fayne or loth,
I can with as much make him pleased or wroth,
I can when I will make him mery and glad,
I can when me lust make him sory and sad,

I can set him in hope and eke in dispaire,
I can make him speak rough and make him speake faire. . . .
I wyll seeke him out: But loe he commeth thys way,
I have yond espied hym sadly comming,
And in love for twentie pounde, by hys glommyng.

Scene II of the first act now begins:

Rafe Royster Doyster *entering to* Mathew Merygreeke.

R. Royster. Come death when thou wilt, I am weary of my life.
M. Mery. I tolde you I, we should wowe another wife.
R. Royster. Why did God make me suche a goodly person?
M. Mery. He is in by the weke, we shall have sport anon.
R. Royster. And where is my trustie friende Mathew Merygreeke?
M. Mery. I wyll make as I sawe him not, he doth me seeke.
R. Royster. I have hym espyed me thinketh, yond is hee,
Hough, Mathew Merygreeke, my friend, a worde with thee.
M. Mery. I wyll not heare him, but make as I had haste,
Farewell all my good friends, the tyme away dothe waste,
And the tide they say tarieth for no man.
R. Royster. Thou must with thy good counsell helpe me if thou can.
M. Mery. God keepe thee worshypfull Maister Royster Doyster,
And fare well the lustie Maister Royster Doyster.
R. Royster. I must needes speake with thee a worde or twaine.
M. Mery. Within a month or two I will be here againe,
Negligence in greate affaires ye knowe may marre all.
R. Royster. Attende upon me now, and well rewards thee I shall.
M. Mery. I have take my leave and the tide is well spent.
R. Royster. I die except thou helpe, I pray thee be content,
Do thy part well nowe, and aske what thou wilt,
For without thy aid my matter is all spilt.

M. Mery. Then to serve your turne I will some paines take,
And let all myne owne affaires alone for your sake.

And so Merygreeke falls to work.

M. Mery. What is this great matter I would fain knowe,
We shall fynde remedie therefore I trowe.
Do ye lacke money? Ye knowe myne old offers,
Ye have always a key to my purse and coffers. . . .
R. Royster. Nay I have money plentie all thinges to discharge.
M. Mery. That knewe I ryght well when I made offer so large.

And so presently, after much talk, it comes out that Royster Doyster is in love.

M. Mery. Who is it?
R. Royster. A woman yond.
M. Mery. What is her name?
R. Royster. Hir yonder.
M. Mery. Whom.
R. Royster. Mistresse ah.
M. Mery. Fy fy for shame,
Love ye, and know not whome?

And so, after more talk, the lover looks about him and cries:

She dwelleth in this house.
M. Mery. What, Christian Custance?
R. Royster. Except I have hir to my wife I shall runne madde.
M. Mery. Nay unwise perhaps, but I warrant you for madde.
R. Royster. I am utterly dead unlesse I have my desire.
M. Mery. Where be the bellowes that blewe this sodeine fire?
R. Royster. I heare she is worth a thousande pounde and more.
M. Mery. Yea, but learne this one lesson of me afore,
An hundred pounde of Marriage money doubtlesse
Is ever thirtie pound sterlyng, or somewhat lesse,
So that hir Thousande pounde yf she be thriftie

Is much neere about two hundred and fiftie,
Howbeit wowers and Widowes are never poore.
  R. Royster. Is she a Widowe? I love hir better therefore.
  M. Mery. But I heare she hath made promise to another.
  R. Royster. He shall goe without her, and he were my brother. . . .
  M. Mery. Yet a fitter wife for your maship might be founde.
Such a goodly man as you, etc. (*Flattery ad nauseam.*)
  R. Royster. I am sorie God made me so comely doubtlesse,
For that maketh me eche where so highly favoured,
And all women on me so enamoured.
  M. Mery. Enamoured quod you? have ye spied out that?
Ah sir, mary nowe I see you know what is what.
Enamoured ka? mary sir say that againe,
But I thought not ye had marked it so plaine.
  R. Royster. Yes, eche where they gaze all upon me and stare.
  M. Mery. Yea malkyn, I warrant you as muche as they dare.
And ye will not beleve what they say in the streete,
When your mashyp passeth by all suche as I meete
That sometimes I can scarce fynde what aunswere to make,
Who is this (sayth one) sir *Lancelot* du lake?
Who is this, great *Guy* of Warwike, sayth an other?
No (say I) it is the thirtenth *Hercules* brother.
Who is this? noble *Hector* of *Troy*, sayth the thirde?
No, but of the same nest (say I) it is a birde. . . .
Who is this? greate *Alexander?* or *Charle le Maigne?*[1]
No, it is the tenth Worthie, say I to them agayne: . . .
To some others, the thirde *Cato* I do you call.
And so as well as I can I aunswere them all.
Sir I pray you, what lorde or great gentleman is this?
Maister Ralph Royster Doyster, dame, say I, ywis.
O Lorde (sayth she than) what a goodly man it is,
Woulde Christ I had such a husbande as he is.
O Lorde (say some) that the sight of his face we lacke:
It is inough for you (say I) to see his backe.

---

[1] Charlemagne.

His face is for ladies of high and noble parages.
With whom he hardly scapeth great mariages.

In the third scene Royster Doyster comes upon MAGE MUMBLECRUST, *spinning on the distaffe*, TIBET TALKAPACE, *sowyng*, ANNOT ALYFACE, *knittyng*; and after a lot of servant-maids' talk, Royster Doyster offers them the common salutation of the time — a kiss. The old nurse Mumblecrust takes hers without ado; but when he comes to Tib Talkapace, she draws back and chaffs him mercilessly, as by the following specimen:

R. Royster. I would faine kisse you too, good maiden, if I myght —
Tib. Talk. What shold that neede?
R. Royster. But to honor you, by this light.
I use to kisse all them that I love . . . I vowe.
Tib. Talk. Yea, sir? I pray you when dyd ye last kiss your cowe.

And so finally Royster Doyster gets the old nurse Mumblecrust alone, and begins to curry her good offices with her mistress.

R. Royster. Ah good sweet nourse.
M. Mumbl. A good sweete gentleman.
R. Royster. What?
M. Mumbl. Nay I can not tell sir, but what thing would you?
R. Royster. Howe dothe sweet Custance, my heart of gold, tell me how?
M. Mumbl. She dothe very well, sir, and commaunde me to you. . . .
R. Royster. I promise thee nourse I favour hir.
M. Mumbl. Een so sir.
R. Royster. Bid her sue to me for mariage.
M. Mumbl. Een so sir.
R. Royster. And surely for thy sake she shall speede.

M. Mumbl. Een so sir.
R. Royster. I shall be contented to take hir.
M. Mumbl. Een so sir.
R. Royster. But at thy request and for thy sake.
M. Mumbl. Een so sir.
R. Royster. And come hearke in thine eare what to say.
M. Mumbl. Een so sir.
(*Here lette him tell hir a great long tale in hir eare.*)

In the next scene Royster Doyster and Merygreeke ply the old nurse to bear a letter to the beloved Custance: Merygreeke standing by and stuffing the old lady with the most marvellous tales of Royster Doyster's powers and strength — how that Royster was a great hunter,

> Yea and the last Elephant that ever he sawe
> As the beast passed by, he start out of a buske,
> And e'en with pure strength of armes pluckt out
> his great tuske: . . .
> Why he wrong a club
> Once in a fray out of the hande of Belzebub.

Whereupon the old nurse declares that he is "a sore man by zembletee," and takes the letter.

Dame Custance scolds them all soundly for bringing her a letter from any man, and here follow several scenes of by-play among the servants, all of them resolving to be revenged upon Royster Doyster for bringing them into disfavour with their mistress. Meantime she declines even to read the letter at first, and tosses it aside. Merygreeke comes and offers the hand of Royster Doyster in marriage, but she refuses with all contempt. She now reads the letter, and her disdain is wrought to the highest pitch. It seems that Royster Doyster had employed a scrivener to compose the letter for him, but had copied it off himself, and, in copying, had so changed the punctuation as to convert the sentiments from those of a love-letter into a tirade of abuse. How this is done comes out in the third act. Custance, in the fourth scene, finds Merygreeke and Royster Doyster dawdling before her house.

C. Custance. What gaudyng and foolyng is this afore my doore?
M. Mery. May not folks be honest, pray you, though they be pore?
C. Custance. As that thing may be true, so rich folks may be fooles.
R. Royster. Hir talke is as fine as she had learned it in schooles.
. . . sweete heart . . . accept my service.
C. Custance. I will not be served with a foole in no wise.
When I choose an husbande I hope to take a man. . . .
M. Mery. Ye know not where your preferment lieth, I see.
He sending you such a token, ring and letter.
C. Custance. Mary, here it is, ye never saw a better.
M. Mery. Let us see your letter.
C. Custance. Holde, reade it if ye can,
And see what letter it is to winne a woman.
M. Mery. *To mine owne deare coney birde, swete heart, and pigsny*
Good Mistress Custance present these by and by:
Of this superscription do you blame the stile?
C. Custance. With the rest as good stuffe as ye redde a great while.
M. Mery. Sweete mistresse where as I love you nothing at all,
Regarding your substance and richesse chiefe of all,
For your personage, beautie, demeanour and wit,
I commende me unto you never a whit.
Sorie to heare report of your good welfare. . . .
And nowe by these presentes I do you advertise
That I minded to marrie you in no wise.
For your goodes and substance I coulde bee content
To take you as ye are. If ye mynde to bee my wyfe,

Ye shall be assured for the tyme of my lyfe
I will keepe ye ryght well from good rayment and fare,
Ye shall not be kepte but in sorow and care —
Ye shall in no wyse lyve at your own libertie,
Doe and say what ye lust, ye shall never please me,
But when ye are mery, I wil be all sadde,
When ye are sory, I will be very gladde.
When ye seeke your hearte's ease, I will be unkinde,
At no tyme in me shall ye muche gentlenesse finde. . . .
Thus good mistresse Custance, the lorde you save and kepe,
From me Royster Doyster, whether I wake or slepe.

Whereupon Custance cries in triumph:

Howe by this letter of love? is it not fine?
R. Royster. By the armes of Caleys, it is none of mine.
M. Mery. Fie, you are fowle to blame, this is your owne hand.
C. Custance. Might not a woman be proud of such an husbande?
M. Mery. Ah that ye would in a letter shew such despite.
R. Royster. Oh I would I had hym here, the which did it endite.

In the next scene he has brought before him the Scrivener "the which did it endite," and hotly rebukes him:

R. Royster. All the stocke thou comest of later or rather
From thy fyrst father's grandfather's father's father,
Nor all that shall come of thee to the worldes ende,
Though to three score generations they descende,
Can be able to make me a just recompense,
For this trespasse of thine and this one offense.

The Scrivener is greatly astonished and will know what is the matter.

R. Royster. I say the letter thou madest me was not good.
Scrivener. Then did ye wrong copy it of likelihood.
R. Royster. Yes, out of the copy worde for worde I wrote.

The Scrivener now conjectures that "in reading and pointyng there was made some faulte," and to prove it produces the original; adding to Royster Doyster's embarrassment thereby, for that gentleman had bragged very loudly at sending the letter that it was written by himself. "Howe saye you," says the Scrivener, "is this mine originall or no?"

R. Royster. The selfe same that I wrote out of, so mote I go.
Scrivener. Looke you on your owne fist, and I will looke on this,
And let this man be judge whether I read amisse.

Upon the Scrivener's reading, the letter sounds beautiful and very tender, the trick being in the punctuation, as you will easily perceive from a little study of the text and breaking up of the lines. But Royster returns to the pursuit. In the fourth act we find him standing by while his factotum pleads for him.

"Will ye take him?" says Merygreeke.

"I defie him," says Custance. "Waste no more wynde, for it will never bee."

But Merygreeke will waste "wynde."

Gentle mistresse Custance now [says he], good mistresse Custance,
Honey mistresse Custance now, sweete mistresse Custance,
Golden mistresse Custance now, white mistresse Custance,
Silken mistresse Custance now, faire mistresse Custance.
C. Custance. Faith rather than to mary with such a doltish loute,
I woulde match myselfe with a begger out of doute.
M. Mery. Then I can say no more, to speede we are not like,
Except ye rappe out a ragge of your Rhetorike.

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But Royster Doyster, failing in grace, resolves to try terror, and, egged on by the treacherous Merygreeke, who arranges the whole business for a huge joke, he threatens Mistress Custance that he will come with his whole following and tear and burn and destroy her household utterly. In the seventh scene of the fourth act we find him in a ridiculous armour, with drums and colours, actually marching upon the doomed house with his followers. In the next scene the valiant Dame Custance sets her maidens in array to withstand him. No better fun for Tib Talkapace and Annot Alyface and the rest of them; they fall upon Royster Doyster with brooms and household utensils, and the comedy becomes a pure farce. Tib accomplishes a brilliant military manœuvre by bringing up a terrible warlike goose and letting it fly at the enemy; Dame Custance herself, who had at first fled by a previous arrangement with Merygreeke, now returns and undertakes the redoubtable Captain Royster Doyster in single combat. Merygreeke flies to the rescue of his master, and, pretending to defend him from the ferocious lady Custance, manages ingeniously to miss her every time and to whack poor Royster Doyster, insomuch that the latter receives a fearful drubbing, until finally Royster Doyster is utterly put to rout and runs off, pursued by the derision of the women.

In the fifth act Gawyn Goodlucke, the betrothed of Dame Custance, appears on the scene, coming, it seems, from sea, after an absence. There is at first some obstructive plot. His man Sym Suresby had come on ahead to Dame Custance's house, and, having arrived there at a moment when Merygreeke had been talking of the ring and letter which Royster Doyster had sent, had posted back to his master with talk that Dame Custance was treating with another lover. But Gawyn Goodlucke comes to find out for himself. He meets Tristram Trusty,

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an old friend of his and of his betrothed, who vouches for her constancy to Goodlucke and her contempt for Royster Doyster; so that finally, in the plenitude of his happiness, Gawyn Goodlucke brings all together. Royster Doyster is brought up and appeased, they all chaff him to their heart's content, and so the play ends with a merry song and a rimed prayer for the Queen.

At the end of the published play is given *The Psalmodie*, which Merygreeke chants derisively when Royster Doyster says he must die for the love of Custance:

Placebo dilexi. Maister Royster Doyster wil streight go home and die,
Oure Lorde Jesus Christ his soule have mercy upon;
Thus you see today a man, to morrow John.
Yet saving for a woman's extreeme crueltie,
He might have lyved yet a moneth or two or three,
But in spite of Custance which hath him weried,
His mashyp shall be worshipfully buried.
And while some piece of his soule is yet hym within,
Some parte of his funeralls let us here beginne.
Dirige. He will go darklyng to his grave.
Neque lux, *neque crux*, *nisi solum* clinke
Never gentman so went toward heaven I thinke. . . .
Good night Roger olde knave, Farewel Roger olde Knave.
Good night Roger olde Knave, knave, knap.
Nequando. *Audivi vocem*, *Requiem æternam.*

The Peale of belles rong by the parish Clerk
And Royster Doyster's foure men.

The first Bell a Triple,
When dyed he? When dyed he?
The Seconde,
We have hym, We have hym.
The thirde,
Royster Doyster, Royster Doyster.

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The fourth Bell,
He commeth, He commeth.
The greate Bell,
Our owne, Our owne.

When the play ended, Shakspere moved out as well as he could through the struggling throng. Just as he gained the street, he observed that the handsome young cavalier who had shared his box was apparently in haste to get ahead of him. At the same moment Shakspere noticed that the stranger, while quite elegantly appointed, wore his sword awry and seemed to manage it awkwardly as if unaccustomed to bear arms. In the next moment stronger proof of this fact appeared; for as the small cavalier quickened his pace forward his sword dangled between his legs and tripped him so that he fell flat on the ground. As Shakspere ran forward and lifted the prostrate young gallant from the earth, the latter, as if to thank him, turned upon him a charming face which was now itself a very pretty comedy of blushes and smiles; and in the same instant Shakspere recognised that the stranger was no other than Anne Hathaway disguised in male costume. For the moment he was quite stupefied with astonishment, while Anne Hathaway's eyes shone and sparkled with unbounded merriment at his serious face. As they walked back to the Bell Savage Inn — for Anne Hathaway also lodged there — Shakspere recovered himself, and presently the whole delicious romance of the adventure took possession of him, and he entered into it with the maddest abandonment. What could be more delightful? Two young lovers on their first visit to London, one a poet with all the world in his soul, the other an adoring, spirited, adventurous girl. It seems that Anne Hathaway, when a child, had a great passion for climbing trees, as I have known more modern girls sometimes to have; and her mother, like a wise farmer's wife, had indulged her in a costume suitable for this purpose, and had allowed her often to roam about the woods dressed in her brother's clothes. Thus she had in early life acquired that familiarity with her present costume of which she had now availed herself to accompany Shakspere to London.

Perhaps this adventure, or some one like it, is the original of all those employments of this device which Shakspere so often makes. In *As You Like It*, you all remember, Rosalind dresses herself in boy's clothes and finds her lover in the Forest of Arden; in *All's Well That Ends Well*, the sweet, womanly Helena dresses herself in boy's clothes and follows her lover like a protecting angel to France; in *Cymbeline*, Imogen dresses herself in boy's clothes and fares off towards her Leonatus; in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia arrays herself in boy's clothes and seeks her absent Proteus; while in *The Merchant of Venice*, Portia pranks it as a doctor of laws, Nerissa as a lawyer's clerk, and Jessica as a boy.

And so, after a week of glory in London Sunday came round again, and Shakspere and Anne Hathaway went again to the theatre. This time the play was a tragedy; let us say that it was *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy.

Gorboduc, or *Ferrex and Porrex*, was written by Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, in collaboration with Thomas Norton. Modern criticism has assigned to the latter, however, the smaller part of the work. Sackville, to whom criticism has assigned the best share in the work, was a great and strong soul and a true poet, by his famous Induction to *The Mirrour for Magistrates;* and his portions of the play of *Gorboduc* are not difficult to discriminate by one who is familiar with the musical terms and huge imaginations of the Induction.

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Gorboduc was first acted in 1562. You will observe, as I go on to read the substance of it, that it is a vast and solid mass of good thought and correct language. Sackville was indeed endeavouring to impose the limitations of the Greek tragedy upon English dramatic endeavour: *Gorboduc* was a professed attempt to revive the methods of the classic drama; it had its chorus, its unities, and a stern severity of treatment. It belongs to a period, you remember, when the union of tragic and comic elements in the same play would have been looked upon as worse than folly by the greatest critics — a period when we find even Sir Philip Sidney condemning in the strongest terms such a blasphemous perversion of all the spiritual unities as the introduction of wit into a tragedy.

Sir Philip Sidney was, in fact, very fond of this very play. "*Gorboduc*," he says in his *Defense of Poesie*, "is full of stately speeches and well-sounding phrases, climbing to the height of Seneca his style, and as full of notable morality; which it doth most delightfully teach, and thereby obtain the very end of poetry."

The argument of the tragedy, as given in the quaint and strong English of the old edition, is this (and if you have ever meditated upon the subtle indications which are revealed in the very choice of subjects you will be able to formulate a certain moral status from the very plot as given here; I must ask you to observe also, by the way, the wonderfully brief, pithy, and effective sentences which, I think, make this argument a most notable piece of sixteenth-century prose): "Gorboduc, *king of* Brittanie, *divided his realme in his lifetime to his sonnes*, Ferrex *and* Porrex. The sonnes fell to discention. The younger killed the elder. The mother that more dearely loved the elder, for revenge killed the younger. The people moved with the crueltie of the fact, rose in rebellion and slew both father and

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mother. The Nobilitie assembled, and most terribly destroyed the Rebels, and afterwards for want of issue of the Prince, whereby the succession of the Crown became uncertain, they fell to civil Warre, in which both they and many of their issues were slain, and the land for a long time almost desolate and miserably wasted."

The edition of 1571 has a naïve address of the printer to the reader which gives us a lively idea of the manner in which plays were often stolen from their owners, the proprietors of the theatres (either by reporters who copied them off imperfectly during the representation and then filled up the gaps out of their own stupid heads afterwards, or in other ways), and sold to publishers, who thus gave to the world such corrupt editions as those which have since given us so much trouble in restoring the true text of Shakspere.

"THE P. [PRINTER] TO THE READER.

"Where[as] this Tragedie was for furniture of part of the grand Christmasse in the Inner-Temple, first written about nine yeares agoe by the right honourable Thomas, now Lorde Buckherst, and by T. Norton, and after shewed before her majestie and never intended by the Authors thereof to be published: yet one W. G. getting a copy thereof at some young man's hand that lacked a little money, and much discretion in the last great plage in 1565, about 5 yeares past, while the said lord was out of England, and T. Norton farre out of London, and neither of them both made privie, put it forth exceedingly corrupted."

(Before each act of the play, what was called the Domme Shew[1] came forth and expressed by some allegorical pantomime the substance of the act which was to follow.)

"Order of the Domme Shew before the first Act and the Signification thereof:

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[1] Dumb-show.

"*First*, the musicke of violenze began to play, during which came in upon the stage sixe wild men clothed in leaves. Of whom the first bare on his neck a fagot of small stickes, which they all both severallye and together assayed with all their strengthes to breake, but it could not be broken by them. At the length one of them plucked out one of the sticks, and broke it: and the rest plucking out all the other stickes one after another, did easely breake the same being severed, which being enjoyned, they had before attempted in vaine. After they had this done, they departed the stage and the musick ceased. Hereby was signified that a state knit in unitie doth continue strong against all force, but being divided, is easily destroyed; as befel upon duke Gorboduc dividing his lande to his two sonnes, which he before held in monarchie, and upon the discention of the brethren to whom it was divided."

NAMES OF THE SPEAKERS:

GORBODUC, *King of Great Britain.*
VIDENA, *Queene and wife to King Gorboduc.*
FERREX, *elder sonne to King Gorboduc.*
PORREX, *younger sonne to King Gorboduc.*
CLOYTON, *duke of Cornewall.*
FERGUS, *duke of Albanye.*
MANDUD, *duke of Lacgris.*
GWENARD, *duke of Cumberland.*
EUBULUS, *secretarie to the king.*
AROSTUS, *a counsellor to the king.*
DORDAN, *a counsellor assigned by the king to his eldest son, Ferrex.*
PHILANDER, *a counsellor assigned by the king to his youngest son, Porrex.*
(*Both being of the olde kinges counsel before.*)
HERMON, *a parasite remaining with Ferrex.*
TYNDAR, *a parasite remaining with Porrex.*

NUNTIUS, *a messenger of the eldest brother's death.*
NUNTIUS, *a messenger of duke Ferrex rising in arms.*
MARCELLA, *a lady of the queenes privie-chamber.*
CHORUS, *foure auncient and sage men of Brittaine.*

"Actus Primus, Scena Prima" opens with these musical lines from Videna, Queen to King Gorboduc:

Videna. The silent night that bringes the quiet pawse,
From painefull travailes of the wearie day,
Prolonges my carefull thoughtes, and makes me blame
The slowe Aurora, that so for love or shame
Doth long delay to shewe her blushing face;
And now the day renewes my griefull plaint.

She goes on to complain that the king her husband intends to give half the kingdom to the younger son, Porrex, instead of giving it all to the elder, Ferrex, according to custom; and she prophesies harm from it: "Murders, mischief, or civill sword at length, Or mutual treason or a just revenge."

In Scene II, Gorboduc, with his counsellors Arostus, Philander, and Eubulus, appears. Observe the weight and sweet dignity and courteousness of the speeches. Shakspere unquestionably drew liberal sustenance from this source. Everywhere you see reproductions of the grave politeness and musical cadence of these stately speeches upon high matters.

Gorboduc. My Lords, whose grave advise and faithfull aide
Have long upheld my honour and my realme,
And brought me to this age from tender yeres
Guidyng so great estate with great renowne;
Nowe more importeth me than erst to use
Your faith and wisdom whereby yet I reigne;

> That when by death my life and rule shall cease,
> The kingdom yet may with unbroken course
> Have certayne prince, by whose undoubted right
> Your wealth and peace may stand in quiet stay:
> And eke that they whom nature hath preparde
> In time to take my place in princely state,
> While in their father's tyme their pliant youth
> Yeldes to the frame of skilfull governaunce,
> Maye so be taught, and trayned in noble artes,
> As what their fathers which have reigned before
> Have with great fame devined down to them
> With honour they may leave unto their seede. . . .

In Arostus's reply, note by the way the rhythmic tendency to group terms by threes, particularly at the end of a stately line, as in

> To me, and myne, and to your native land,

or

> Whose honours, goods, and lyves are whole avowed,
> To serve, to ayde, and to defende your grace.

or

> For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weales;

and compare, in the opening of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus's

> With mirth, with triumph and with revelry.

These three groups are a sort of sporadic rhythm agreeably varying the monotony of regular rhythms in poetry. You will all remember how they were quite characteristic of English prose not many years ago, when they became, not sporadic, but regular rhythms. It is, indeed, a habit of composition which is apt to grow to extremes if not watched. A pleasant story is told of a most worthy clergyman who had fallen into the trichotomous style, and who was betrayed by its necessities once, in offering an extemporaneous prayer, as follows: "O Lord, make all the *in*tractable tractable, all the *in*temperate temperate, and all the *in*dustrious dustrious."

Arostus goes on to respond to the King that his advisers shall not

> neede in boasting wise to shewe
> Our trueth to you, nor yet our wakefull care
> For you, for yours, and for our native lande. . . .
> Doubt not to use our counsells and our aides
> Whose honours, goods and lyves are whole avowed,
> To serve, to ayde, and to defende your grace.
> *Gorboduc.* My lordes, I thanke you all. This is the case.
> Ye know, the Gods, who have the soveraigne care
> For kings, for kingdoms, and for common weales,
> Gave me two sonnes in my more lusty age,
> Who nowe in my decaying yeres are growen
> Well towardes ryper state of minde and strength
> To take in hande some greater princely charge. . . .
> When fatall death shall end my mortall life
> My purpose is to leave unto them twaine
> The realme divided in two sondry partes:
> The one, Ferrex, myne elder sonne shall have,
> The other, shall the younger Porrex rule.

They advise, some for, some against. But the old King Gorboduc has made up his mind; he proceeds to divide the kingdom, and the two young kings depart to assume their realms. Act II opens at the court of Ferrex, with a scene between him, Hermon the parasite, and Dordan the old counsellor, in which the parasite succeeds in so far poisoning Ferrex's mind against his younger brother as to persuade him to raise an army in order to protect himself against possible invasion. The next scene of the act is at the court of the younger brother, who has heard of his elder brother's raising an army, and immediately resolves not only to do the same but to push forward and be beforehand in invading Ferrex. We now come to Act III. It opens with Gorboduc, surrounded by his counsellors, to whom Nuntius the messenger has just brought the wretched tidings of the war between the brothers. Gorboduc is stricken to the soul with a sudden vision of the terrible mistake he has made, and cries:

> O cruell fates, O mindful wrath of goddes
> Whose vengeance neither Simois stayned streames
> Flowing with bloud of Trojan princes slaine,
> Nor Phrygian fieldes made ranck with corpses dead
> Of Asian kings and lordes, can yet appease,
> Ne slaughter of unhappie Priam's race,
> Nor Ilion's face made levell with the soile
> Can yet suffice; but still continued rage
> Pursues our lyves and from the farthest seas
> Doth chase the issues of destroied Troye,
> Oh, no man happie till his ende be seene.

Hereupon follow disastrous tidings in quick succession, culminating in the arrival of Nuntius with news that Porrex has slain his elder brother and usurped his realm, the scene ending with a majestic and mournful chant from the chorus which begins:

> The lust of kingdome knowes no sacred faith,
> No rule of reason, no regarde of right,
> No kindely love, no feare of heaven's wrath,
> But with contempt of goddes, and man's despite,
> Through blodie slaughter doth prepare the waies
> To fatall scepter and accursed reigne.

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Act IV now opens. Queen Videna is discovered alone. After a considerable soliloquy she resolves to avenge her favourite son's death by slaying her other son, his murderer. Scene II now comes on, and shows us Porrex standing repentant before his father and the counsellors, receiving the weight of the King's wrath for his conduct. Presently,—and here we have a quaint illustration of the contempt of the old play for the unities,—without any notification that Porrex has even gone out, and with the intervention of only one or two short speeches of the counsellors since Porrex himself was speaking, in rushes Marcella, a lady of the Queen's, and horrifies them with the news that Porrex has been stabbed in his sleep by the Queen herself. After their first exclamations of horror, she proceeds to relate his death in a very dramatic and beautiful speech. Here is the only touch of love in the whole play:

Marcella. But heare hys ruthful end.
The noble prince, pearst with the sodeine wound,
Out of his wretched slumber hastely start, . . .
When in the fall his eyes, even now unclosed,
Behelde the queene, and cryed to her for helpe;
We, then, alas, the ladies which that time
Did there attend,
. . . hearing him oft call the wretched name
Of mother, and to crye to her for aide,
Whose direfull hand gave him the mortall wound,
Pitying, alas, (for nought else could we do)
His ruthefull ende, ranne to the wofull bedde,
Dispoyled straight his brest, and all we might
Wiped in vaine with napkins next at hand
The sodeine streames of bloud that flushed fast
Out of the gaping wound: O what a looke,
O what a ruthefull stedfast eye me thought
He fixt upon my face, which to my death

Will never part from me, when with a braide
A deepe fet sigh he gave, and therewithal,
Clasping his handes, to heaven he cast his sight,
And straight pale death pressing within his face,
The flying ghost his mortall corpes forsook.

After this relation of the manner of the young prince's frightful death, Marcella, who appears — though by this sole indication — to have loved the dead prince, falls into a beautiful lament, which makes me think of Othello's farewell to the instruments of war:

O queen of adamant, O marble brest,
If not the favour of his comely face,
If not his princely chere and countenance,
His valiant active armes, his manly brest,
If not his faire and seemely personage,
His noble limmes in such proportion cast
As would have wrapt a sillie woman's thought;
If this mought not have moved thy bloodie hart. . . .
Should nature yet consent to slay her sonne? . . .
Ah, noble prince, how oft have I behelde
Thee mounted on thy fierce and trampling stede,
Shining in armour bright before the tilt,
And with thy mistresse sleve tied on thy helme,
Charge thy staffe, to please thy ladies eye,
That bowed the head-peece of thy frendly foe!
How oft in armes on horse to bend the mace,
How oft in armes on foot to breake the sworde,
Which never now these eyes may see againe!

And in the fifth act we find all the direful facts come to pass which were briefly rehearsed in the argument. The people, enraged at the cruelties which go on in the court, rise and slay the King and the Queen; whereupon the four dukes proceed to slay the rebellious people. Then the

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dukes fall to war for the succession; everywhere there is battle, bloodshed, and sudden death, till, as Mandud says, we

beholde the wide and hugie fieldes
With bloud and bodies spread of rebelles slayne;
The lofty trees clothed with corpses dead,
That strangled with the cord do hang thereon.

And finally, in the last lines of the play, Eubulus closes a wild scream of lamentation with these words:

But now, O happie man, whome spedie death
Deprives of life, ne is enforced to see
These hugie mischiefes and these miseries,
These civill warres, these murders, and these wronges.
Of justice yet must God in fine restore
This noble crowne unto the lawfull heire:
For right will alwayes live, and rise at length,
But wrong can never take deepe roote to last.

CHAPTER XIX

THE DOCTORS OF SHAKSPERE'S TIME

IN endeavouring to reconstruct these times of our Master Shakspere — the spacious times of great Elizabeth, as Tennyson calls them — I have been struck with the circumstance that what we may call the modern doctor and modern medicine really *begin* in this wonderful period,— this last half of the sixteenth century,— just as so many other modern matters first show themselves emerging out of the universally excited activities of that time. And thus I find that in any proper picture of Shakspere's time the physicians must form a prominent and striking figure, as indeed they do in any picture of any time. We all know how the ever-busy doctor, the never-refusing doctor, has interwoven himself, in these modern times, into the whole texture of our lives. We begin to call for him — I was going to say — even before we are born; we continue calling for him all through our lives when we are in bodily trouble, often when we are in mental trouble — at midday or at midnight; when he has given us the prescription, we always keep him a little while longer to talk to us, or rather to let us talk to him about our majestic selves — that most interesting of topics which somehow scarcely any of our acquaintances seem to appreciate except our doctor; and finally, after having treated him all our lives as a being entirely superior to the ordinary claims of humanity regarding dinners and sleep and rest, we at last call for him again when we are going to die, and then leave our executors or administrators to higgle with him about his bill after we are gone. So that practically, you observe, the doctor is more than interwoven with our whole life, for he is busied about us one way or another from before our birth until after our death.

Thus, as I was saying, since the modern doctor stands in the very foreground of modern society, and since the modern doctor,— the follower of Vesalius and Harvey,— as distinguished from the ancient doctor, *begins* just about Shakspere's time, I felt a much more than merely antiquarian interest in collecting such references to him as I could find in Shakspere and his contemporary poets, together with such facts about the medicines and practice peculiar to his class as might be of interest to a general audience.

We have already studied somewhat the music of Shakspere's time, a theme which connects itself very charmingly with the physic of Shakspere's time through the fact that music was regarded *as* physic in Shakspere's time — as a true remedial agent, like cassia and aloes and colocynth, and other drugs. And there is even a further congruence between the two lectures in the fact that now, without more ado, I can begin my treatment of the present subject by introducing to you, in a lovely scene from one of Shakspere's own plays, a doctor actually engaged in employing music as a medicine to restore a very sweet patient.

At the moment when we are to come upon him, Cerimon has just had opened the chest containing the body of the unfortunate Thaisa, and the piteous scroll from Pericles asking that whoever finds her should bury her as befits a queen. The first sight of the supposed dead body at once awakes all the physician in Cerimon. He breaks out, quick, sharp, decided:

This chanc'd to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.
Cerimon. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough.
. . . Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet.
(*Exit a* SERVANT.)
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Reënter SERVANT, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.
The rough and woful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!
The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!

It is very delightful to think that this superb portraiture of the ideal doctor which Shakspere has given us in the figure of Cerimon — a portraiture which ought to be in gold letters and framed and hung up in every

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medical college in the land — was possibly drawn from an actual personage. We know, historically, that in the year 1607 Dr. John Hall married Shakspere's youngest daughter, Susannah. Now Shakspere's part of the play of *Pericles* was probably written just about this time, and it seems very likely that this son-in-law, Dr. John Hall, furnished him with at least some of the features which go to make up the noble Dr. Cerimon. He was himself a writer, and was a physician of great repute in Stratford. This physician may indeed have been the son of a certain Dr. John Hall who wrote a work called *An Historical Expostulation Against the Beastly Abuses both of Chirurgery and Physyke in Oure Tyme.*

In rummaging about the Peabody Library some days ago I came upon this work of Dr. John Hall's in one of the volumes of the Percy Society's reprints. Before describing the abuses, Dr. Hall gives us an ideal physician according to his views, and we can easily see that a very lineal tradition from father to son might have made the younger doctor a fair model for Shakspere's picture of Cerimon.

Here are some of the elder Hall's ideas of the proper chirurgeon; and they let us into some curious features of medical matters in his time.

"Why," says he, "is every rude, rustick, braynsicke beast, fond fool, indiscreete idiote; yea, every scoldinge drabbe suffered thus . . . to abuse this worthy arte upon the body of man? What avayleth the goodly orders taken by our forefathers and auncient authores, that none should be admitted to the art of chirurgery that are miscreate or deformed of body; as goggle or skwynte eyed, unperfecte of sight, unhelthy of body, unperfecte of mynde, not hole in his members, boystrous fingers or shakyng hands. But contrarywyse that all that should be admytted to that arte should be of clean and perfect sight, well formed in person, hole of mynde and of members, sclender and tender fingered, havyng a softe and stedfast hande:—or as the common sentence is, a chirurgien should have three dyvers properties in his person. That is to saie, a harte as the harte of the lyon, his eyes like the eyes of an hawke and his handes as the handes of a woman: what avayleth this order, I saye, sithe the contrary in all poyntes is put dayly in use, and that almost without hope of redresse? Seyng also that those auncient authors had not only this regarde to the forme of the body, but also, and as well, to the bewtie or ornament of the mynde, and an honest conversation of him that should be admitted to chirurgery, as are thes: He ought to be well manered, and of good audacitie, and bolde when he may worke surely; and contrariwise, doubtfull and fearfull in things that be dangerous and desperate. He [ought to] be gentyll to his patients, witty in prognostications, and forseyng of dangers, apte and reasonable to answer and dissolve all doubtes and questions belongynge to his worke. He must also be chaste, sober, meeke and mercifull; no extorcioner, but so to accomplish his rewarde at the hands of the ryche to maynteine his science and necessary lyvynges, that he may helpe the poor for the only sake of God; what meaneth it, I saye (those things considered) that so many sheepe heads, unwytly, unlearned . . . dronkards, beastly gluttons, . . . envious, evill manered, shall thus myserably be suffred to abuse so noble an arte."[1]

But our author's *Treatise of Anatomie* gives us a melancholy view of the state of knowledge at that time, even among such good intenders as himself.[2] For example, "May it not be proved," says he, "that the brayne (lyke

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[1] Cf. Nicholas Breton's "Worthy Physician" in *Good and Bad*, *Brydges' Archaica*.

[2] And there is a dismal hint of the sixteenth-century cure-all in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*: "This question, aick between us, by bleeding must be cured."

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unto the heavens) hangyth without any maner of staye or proppe, to hold by the same? Nay, it is so evident that every learned anatomiste writeth of the same as a thynge not to be doubted of, and therefore judge the same to have a certayne lykeness with the heavenly nature." (Here is an argument!) "And as the world hath two notable lyghtes to govern the same, namely, the sonne and the moone; so hath the body of man, planted lykewyse in the highest place, two lyghtes called eyes, which are the lyghtes of the body as the sonne and the moon are the lyghtes of the world. And it is also wrytten of some doctors, that the brayne hath VII concavities, being instruments of the wyttes, which answer unto the VII spheres of the planetes." But the good doctor now goes on to give us many lively pictures of the travelling quacks that went about England, and here we come to a terribly effective foil to his bright ideal of the physician. We are apt nowadays to think that the times are frightfully full of quacks and cure-alls and all manner of medical impostures; but from the long list of wretched charlatans which Hall gives here, and the description of their pretensions, their ignorance, and their brutal juggleries, we are forced to believe that Shakspere's day was far more cursed in this kind than ours. Here, for example, are two or three of these charlatans, as Dr. Hall saw them:[1]

"Fyrst there came into the towne of Maydstone, in the yere of our Lorde 1555 a woman which named herselfe Jane. . . . This wicked beast toke her inn at the signe of the Bell . . . when she caused within short space

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[1] The *Apologie for Poetrie* has a vicious fling by the way at the regular practitioners: "How often, thinke you, doe the Phisitians lye, when they aver things good for sicknesses, which afterwards send Charon a great number of soules drowned in a potion before they come to his Ferry?"

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to be published that she could heale all maner, both inward and outward diseases. One powder she carried in a blader, made of the herbe daphnoydes and anise seed together, which she (as an onelye sufficient remedie for all grefes) administered unto all her foolish patients, in lyke quantitie to all people neyther regarding tyme, strength nor age." He tells how she worked away at a sick child who finally died of her terrible doses; whereupon she ran away; and the irate doctor adds exultingly that in running away she stole "the sheets, pillow-beres and blankets" from the landlord's bed, and not only that: it was discovered after she left that she had ordered the servant at the inn to bring her up muscadel wine whenever she ordered beer.

"Then again in the next year came to Maydstone one Robert Harris, professing by only looking in one's face to tell what they had done and what had chaunced to them all their lyfe tyme before. And for jestyng a lyttell agaynst the madness of this deceaver, I had a dagger drawne at me not long after.

"Again, a couple of years afterward came one Thomas Lufkyn, a cloth-fuller by trade, who had been long absent from the towne, in which time he had been roving abroad, and had become a physician, a chirurgien, an astronomier, a palmister, a phisiognomier, a sothsayer, a fortune devyner, and I cannot tell what. . . . This deceaver was the beastliest beguiler by his sorcerys that ever I herd of, making physike the only colour to cover all his crafty thefte and mischieves, for he set uppe a byll at hys fyrste commynge, to publishe his beyng there, the tenour whereof was in effect as followeth:—If any manne, womanne, or childe bee sicke, or would be let blood, or bee deseased with any maner of inward or outwarde grefes, as al maner of agues, or fevers, plurises, cholyke, . . . goutes . . . bone ache

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. . . and payne of the joynts . . . let them resorte to the sygne of the Sarazen's Hedde, in the easte lane, . . . and they shall have remedie,

By me, Thomas Luffkin.

Unto this divell incarnate reserted all sortes of vayne and indiscrete persons, as it were to a God,— especially women to know how many hisbands . . . they should have, and whether they should burie their husbands then lyving. . . . There was not so great a secret that he would not take it upon him to declare . . . by astronomie. Well, the ende of hys being there was as it is commen wyth them all, wythoute anye difference, for he sodainlye was gone wyth many a poore man's moneye, whyche he had taken beforehand promisinge them helpe, which onlye he recompensed wyth the winge of his heles."

And then came another different medical impostor calling himself Master Wynkfelde, pretending to tell all diseases by looking at people's faces. Upon a certain occasion sending a verbal prescription to the apothecary, the apothecary asked the messenger why Wynkfelde did not write for his things, whereunto the messenger answered that "Mayster Wynkfelde was a right Latynist, for he could wryte no Englysh. By this ye may perceave he was a well learned man." Many adventures he had, and much report; presently it turned out that Master Wynkfelde "had III wyves lyving at present." Whereupon he had to flee; and Hall adds, "The truthe was . . . he had no learnyng in the world, nor could reade English (and as I suppose knewe not . . . a b from a bateldore) . . . yet made he the people believe that he could speke Latin, Greek and Hebrue." And again there came a woman professing to have travelled everywhere, administering physic;[1] but upon being examined by the authorities as to her knowledge and her certificate to practise medicine, "she sayde she was never before so examined . . . neither sawe she ever the place that a woman could finde so little curtesie; . . . nevertheless she was expelled the town." Finally there came one Nichols who had a very prosperous career; and the sturdy Hall got him up for examination and showed that he did not know one medicine from another, and that he thought *cassia* was so called because it was like a case; but still he remained and practised. "One day this man made his vaunte that he sawe his maister close a man's head together that was cleft from the crown of his head down to the necke, who sayde he was after healed, and did live. This shameless lye, beyng hearde of a mery man was quited, on this sorte. *Tushe*, (sayd this mery man) I have heard of as great a matter as this; for a certayne man fallyng into the hands of theves was robbed, and his head so smoothe cutte off that it stoode styll upon his necke tyll he rode home; whose wyfe metyng him at the doore, perceived his bosome bloudy, and asked him if his nose had bledde; which wordes when the man heard, he tooke his nose in his hand to blow it, and therewith threw his head in at the dore. And now," says the doctor, "I leave this . . . monster least I should too much weary the lovynge reader." But he cunningly goes on. Paragraph after paragraph he begins: "I will omit to tell of So-and-so, who did so-and-so": omitting also one Carter who was a sorcerer and did so-and-so; and he will also "omitte to tell of Grygge the Poulter" who did so-and-so; and of the "joyner" in London, a Frenchman, who did so-and-so; and so on.

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[1] Cf. the Lady Loose-pain in the *Percy Ballad*. It would be interesting to compare in detail the ancient lady leeches and the modern women doctors.

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It may be well enough, however, to cap these specimens of sixteenth-century quackery with an account of a certain wholesale quackery written by a medical friend with whom our Dr. John Hall seems to have been intimate — Dr. Thomas Gale — in 1563. Gale had served in the army, and in one place he says: "I remember when I was in the wars in the time of the most famous prince, King Henry VIII, there was a great rabblement there, that took upon them to be surgeons. Some were pig-doctors, some were horse doctors, some tinkers and coblers. This noble sect . . . got themselves . . . for their notorious cures, called dog-leachers, for in two dressings they did commonly make their cures so that they neither felt heat nor cold nor no manner of pain after. But when the Duke of Norfolk, who was then general, understood how the soldiers did die, and that of small wounds, he sent for me and certain other surgeons; and we made search through all the camp and found many of the same good fellows which took upon them the name of surgeons,— not only the name but the wages also. We asking of them whether they were surgeons or no, they said they were. . . . Then we demanded of them what chirurgery stuff they had to cure men withal, and they would show us a pot or box, wherein was such trumpery as they did use to grease horses heels withal . . . and such like. And other that were coblers and tinkers, they used shoemaker's wax, with the rust of old pans, and made therewithal a noble salve as they did term it. But in the end this worthy rabblement was committed to the Marshalsea and threatened by the duke's grace to be hanged . . . except they would declare what they were, and in the end they did confess, as I have declared to you."[1]

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[1] Cf. Chettle's *Kind Heart's Dream:* "To the impudent discreditors of Phisickes Art, either speedy Amendement or punishment." (The

After looking upon these pictures, we need not be surprised to find that Shakspere, among the thousand types of characters which he studied, gives us some views of the doctor quite different from that of Cerimon. For example, compare the celebrated passage in Act V, Scene III of *Macbeth*, where we get a vivid glimpse of the relations very likely to subsist between a man of affairs, like Macbeth, and a man of pure ideas, like a doctor. It is in Scene I of this act, you remember, that the Doctor is first introduced. Lady Macbeth's gentlewoman has happened to see the guilty Queen walking in her sleep; and, not knowing what to do about it, has called in the Doctor — showing that old times were very much like modern ones in this particular. We have in this scene the wonderful sleep-walking speech of Lady Macbeth, while the gentlewoman and the Doctor stand close; and the Doctor, after she retires, concludes: "More needs she the divine than the physician." But in Scene III we have the wild Macbeth one minute cursing the servant who brings him news of the English, the next minute calling for his armour, and then turning to the physician. "How does your patient, doctor?" he asks.

Doct. Not so sick, my lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,
That keep her from her rest.
Macb. Cure her of that.
Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?

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tooth-drawers had acquired the name of Kind-heart—possibly because some famous dentist bore this name and so cognomened the tribe.)

Doct. Therein the patient
Must minister to himself.
Macb. Throw physic to the dogs, I'll none of it,[1] etc.

And it is not surprising to hear the Doctor presently declaring:

Were I from Dunsinane away and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here.[2]

This *Throw physic to the dogs* always reminds me of a cunning passage in Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* when Arcite has been thrown and fearfully crushed by his horse, and after telling how all the leechcraft of the time — bleeding being the main resort — has been tried to no purpose, because nature hath now no "dominacioun" over the man's body, Chaucer exclaims in one of his peculiar bright sallies:

And certeynly when Nature wil not wirche,
Farwel phisik; go bere the man to chirche.

It is interesting to think that etymologically "physic" *means* nature: cf. Greek φυσικός, *natural*, from φύσις, *nature;* and we can here get a realising sense of the distance to which the meaning of a word may depart from its original sense when we here find Chaucer using nature and physic as two precisely contradictory terms, though physic originally meant exactly nature and nothing more.

It would seem that the functions of the apothecary and the doctor were not so distinct in Shakspere's time as at present, and so a view of the doctors of this period must embrace also a glimpse at the apothecary. As such a glimpse, recall that powerful description of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V, Scene I. Balthasar brings the mortal news from Verona that Juliet is dead; and, in his customary lightning way, Romeo instantly resolves to go and die alongside her dear body. And then, how to die? "Let's see for means." And straight the idea of poison comes.

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[1] Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act I, Scene I: "He hath abandoned his physicians, madam," etc.

[2] Cf. Dr. Pinch in *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV, Scene IV, and Dr. Caius in *Merry Wives*, passim

> I do remember an apothecary,
> And hereabouts a' dwells, which late I noted
> In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
> Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
> Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
> And in his needy shop

(doubtless Shakspere is here picturing some actual apothecary's shop he had seen)

> a tortoise hung,
> An alligator stuff'd and other skins
> Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
> A beggarly account of empty boxes,
> Green earthen pots, bladders and musty seeds,
> Remnants of packthread and old cakes of roses,
> Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a show.
> Noting this penury, to myself I said,
> An if a man did need a poison now,
> Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
> Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him. . . .
> What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

Apoth. Who calls so loud?
Romeo. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison; such soon-spreading gear
As will disperse itself through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Apoth. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Romeo. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back,
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
Apoth. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Romeo. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Apoth. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
Romeo. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murder in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell: buy food, and get thyself in flesh.
Come, cordial and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave; for there must I use thee.

Several items in this apothecary picture lead me now to bring before you a very lifelike account of the *rascally* apothecary, given by a writer whom we may call Shakspere's contemporary, though he is a few years before Shakspere. I mean old John Heywood, of whom we have already had a taste in another connection. In that same interlude called *The Four P's* — the four P's being, you remember, *The Palmer* (Pilgrim), *The Pedler*, *The Poticary*, and *The Pardoner* —he introduces us to four very notable characters, and manages to make them lampoon themselves very effectually in the absurd dialogue which they carry on throughout this interlude.

After some flouting and gibing at each other's rascality — and they are certainly as precious a quartette of rascals as ever gulled the people — the Pardoner, you will recall, begins to brag of the efficacy of his bulls and indulgences and pardons.

> I say yet againe [says he] my pardons are suche
> That yf there were a thousand soules on a hepe
> I wold brynge them all to heaven, as good chepe,
> As ye have brought yourselfe on pylgrymage
> In the least quarter of your vyage;
> With smale cost and without any payne
> These pardons bring them to heaven playne;
> Geve me but a peny or two pens
> And assone as the soule departeth hens,
> In half an houre, or three quarters at the moste,
> The soule is in heven, with the holy ghost.

Here the Poticary strikes in:

> Sende ye any soules to heaven by water?
> *Pardoner.* If we doo sir, what is the mater?
> *Poticary.* By god, I have a drye soule shoulde thyther;
> I praye you let our soules go to heven togyther:
> So bysy you twayne be in soules helth
> May not a poticary come in by stelth? . . .
> No soule, ye knowe, entreth heven gate,
> Tyll from the bodye he be separate:
> And whome have ye knowen dye honestly
> Without helpe of the potycary?
> Nay, all that commeth to our handlynge,
> Except ye happe to come to hangynge;
> That way perchanse, ye shall not myster
> To go to heven without a glyster,
> But ye be sure I wold be wo
> If ye shoulde chaunce to begyle me so,
> As good to lye with me a nyght
> As hang abrode in the mone light.

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Syns of our soules the multitude
I sende to heven when all is vewd,
Who should but I then all togyther
Have thanke of all theyr comynge thyther?
Pardoner. If ye kyl'd a thousande in an houre space,
When come they to heven, dyenge out of grace?
Poticary. If a thousande pardons about your necks were teyd,
When came they to heven yf they never dyed?

And here we have a curious list of the names of apothecaries' drugs:

Poticary. Here is a syrapus de Byzansis
A lytell thynge is inough of thys:
For even the weyght of one scryppal
Shall make you as strong as a cryppul.
Here are other as diosialos,
Diagalanga and sticados
Blanka, manna, diaspoliticon,
Mercury sublyme and mitridaticon,
Pellitory and arsefetita
Cassy and colloquintida,
These be the thynges that breke all stryfe,
Between man's sycknes and his lyfe. . . .

This list of medicines leads me now to speak of one drug which played a much more important part in the pharmacy of Shakspere's time than ours, though we use it much more freely than then, under a very different rubric. I mean tobacco. When Shakspere was just emerging into manhood — twenty or twenty-one years old, say — tobacco was widely regarded as one of the most wonderful medicines the world had ever known, and was often prescribed by physicians in case of sickness. Indeed, — as you will presently see by some citations from contemporary writers,— many regarded it as a perfect cure-all, and thought that tobacco-smoke, if sent into the body, would chase out diseases, just as hunters smoke game out of hollow trees. Some of the literature of this subject is so curious, and reveals to us so many of the crude notions which our ancestors — even the wisest among them — held regarding the human organs and the action of medicines upon them, that I think you will be interested in several citations from writers of Shakspere's time relating to the medicinal virtues of tobacco. Singularly enough, I can cite you nothing on tobacco from Shakspere. So far as I now recollect, there is not a single word about tobacco, or the remotest allusion to it, in all his plays and poems. This is the more remarkable because other writers of his time abound in allusions to it; a whole war of books and pamphlets in prose and verse was carried on about tobacco, in which even King James was one of the disputants; and in a thousand ways we see that the wonderful rapidity with which tobacco took hold of the English people had excited great attention long before Shakspere died. Although Shakspere was a man when people began to smoke tobacco (or to drink tobacco, as it was then called — you asked a friend to drink tobacco with you), the custom had become so common that we find King James early in the seventeenth century foreboding that it would ruin the health of his whole people. And, what is more specially to the point here, smoking appears to have been carried on at the theatres more vigorously than anywhere else. I find this often mentioned, and Shakspere himself must have had to act day after day in the midst of a stage reeking with smoke from the pipes in the pit and those affected by the gallants who used to sit on the stage among the players. But withal never a word from Shakspere about tobacco: and it must certainly be regarded one of the most curious silences, that one whose eye never missed anything in his time has omitted to make any record of what we may perhaps fairly call the most novel sight of his age — the sight of people everywhere swallowing the smoke of a drug and puffing it out again from mouth and nostrils.

Here are some citations giving the early stories and opinions about this drug when it was first being introduced into England and France.[1]

The first mention of the herb in English seems to be in a translation, by "John Frampton, Marchant," of a Spanish work which Nicholas Monardes issued at Seville in 1571. Frampton says in the dedication to his first edition (1577): "Retourning right worshipfull, home into Englande oute of Spaine, and now not pressed with the former toiles of my old trade, I to passe the tyme to some benefite of my countrie, and to avoyde idlenesse: tooke in hande to translate out of Spanishe into Englishe, the thre bookes of Doctour Monardes of Scvill, the learned Phisition, treating of the singuler and rare vertues of certaine Hearbes, Trees, Oyles, Plantes, Stones, and Drugges of the Weste Indies. . . . "

Among the "singuler and rare vertues" of the "Hearbe *Tabaco*" ("an Hearbe of much antiquitie," the proper name of which "amongest the Indians is *Picielt*, for the name Tabaco is geven to it by our Spainardes, by reason of an Island that is named Tabaco") was that of divination:

"One of the mervelles of this hearbe, and that which bringeth most admiration, is, the maner howe the Priestes of the Indias did use it, which was in this manner: when there was emongest the Indians any manner of businesse, of greate importaunce, in the which the chiefe Gentlemen

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[1] See King James's "Essayes in Poesie" and "Counterblaste to Tobacco" in Arber's *English Reprints*, pages 81 et seq.

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called *Casiques*, or any of the principall people of the countrie, had necessitie to consult with their Priestes, in any business of importance; they went and propounded their matter to their chiefe Priest, forthwith in their presence, he tooke certayne leaves of the *Tabaco*, and cast them into the fire, and did receive the smoke of them at his mouth, and at his nose with a Cane, and in taking of it, he fell downe uppon the ground, as a Dead man, and remayning so, according to the quantitie of the smoke that he had taken, when the hearbe had done his worke, he did revive and awake, and gave them their answeres, according to the visions, and illusions which he sawe, whiles he was rapt in the same manner, and he did interprete to them, as to him seemed best, or as the Devill had counselled him, geving them continually doubtful answeares, in such sorte, that howsoever it fell out, they might say that it was the same, which was declared, and the answeare that he made.

"In like sort the rest of the Indians for their pastime, doe take the smoke of the *Tabaco*, too make themselves drunke withall, and to see the visions, and thinges that represent unto them that wherein they doe delight: and other times they take it to knowe their businesse, and successe, because conformable to that, whiche they have seene beyng drunke therewith, even so they judge of their businesse. And as the Devil is a deceaver, and hath the knowledge of the vertue of hearbes, so he did shew the vertue of this Hearb, that by the meanes thereof, they might see their imaginations, and visions, that he hath represented to them, and by that meanes deceave them."

Under the name of *Nicotiane* (modern *nicotine* — after a French John Nicot, who was ambassador in Portugal, and who sent it to France as a wonderful medicine) the "hearbe" now acquired a reputation for working most wonderful cures of all sorts. Nicot's own story of its discovery by him occurs in Liebault's edition of Charles Estienne's *Farming and the Country House* (*L'Agriculture et Maison Rustique*):

"Maister Iohn *Nicot*, Counseller to the King, being Embassadour for his Maiestie in Portugall, in the yeere of our Lorde. 1558. 59. 60. went one day to see the Prysons of the King of Portugall: and a Gentleman beeyng the keeper of the sade Prisons presented him with this hearb, as a strange Plant brought from *Florida*. The same Maister *Nicot*, having caused the said hearb to be set in his Garden, where it grewe and multiplied marvellously, was uppon a time advertised, by one of his Pages, that a young man, of kinne to that Page made asaye of that hearbe brused both the hearbe and the Iuice together uppon an ulcer, which he had upon his cheeke . . . wherewith hee found himselfe mervellously eased. Therefore the saide Maister *Nicot* caused the sicke younge man to bee brought before him, and causing the saide hearb to bee continued to the sore eight or ten daies, this said *Noli me tangere* was utterly extinguished and healed. . . .

"Within a while after, one of the Cookes of the sayde Embassadour having almost cutte off his thombe, with a great chopping knyfe, the Steward of the house of the sayde Gentleman ran to the sayde *Nicotiane*, and dressed him therewith five or six tymes, and so in the ende thereof he was healed: from that time forward this hearbe began to bee famous throughout *Lishebron*, where the court of the kyng of Portugall was at that present, and the vertue of this sayde hearbe was extolled, and the people began to name it the Ambassadours hearbe." People came from all parts to be cured of ulcers, and many other afflictions, ranging apparently from ringworm to "shorte breath"!

"Moreover," continues Liebault, "the inhabitantes of *Florida* do nourish themselves certaine tymes, with the smoke of this Hearbe, which they receave at the mouth through certaine coffins, suche as the Grocers do use to put in their Spices."

It was in this matter of receiving its smoke at the mouth "through certaine coffins" that tobacco began to occupy a large amount of attention from Englishmen during the last decade of the sixteenth century. It seems probable, by the way, that Sir Walter Raleigh had far less to do with the introduction of tobacco into England than had Master Ralph Lane; and the well-known tale of his being doused while smoking by his servant, who thought his master on fire, exists in too many variations to be considered very trustworthy.

The controversy which soon arose over this new and strange custom is very ingeniously presented by Ben Jonson in his comedy of *Every Man in his Humour* (acted November 25, 1596):

Says Bobadilla:

> Body of me: here's the remainder of seven pound, since yesterday was sevennight. It's your right *Trinidado:* did you never take any, signior?
>
> *Stephano.* No truly sir? but i'le learne to take it now since you commend it so.
>
> *Bobadilla.* Signior beleeve me, (upon my relation) for what I tel you, the world shall not improve. I have been in the Indies (where this herbe growes) where neither my selfe, nor a dozen Gentlemen more (of my knowledge) have received the taste of any other nutriment, in the world, for the space of one and twentie weekes, but Tabacco onely. Therefore it cannot be but 'tis most divine. Further, take it in the nature, in the true kinde so, it makes an Antidote, that (had you taken the most deadly poysonous simple in all Florence, it should expell it, and clarifie you, with as much ease, as I speak. And for your greene wound, your *Balsamum*, and your —— are all mere gulleries and trash to it, espe-

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cially your *Trinidado;* your *Newcotian* is good too: I could say what I know of the vertue of it, for the exposing of rewmes, raw humors, crudities, obstructions, with a thousand of this kind; but I professe my selfe no quack-salver: only thus much: by *Hercules* I doe holde it, and will affirme it (before any Prince in Europe) to be the most soveraigne and pretious herbe, that ever the earth tendred to the use of man.

Cob presently has his say on the other side:

> By gods deynes: I marle what pleasure or felicitie they have in taking this rogish Tabacco: it's good for nothing but to choake a man, and fill him full of smoake, and imbers: there were foure died out of one house last weeke with taking of it, and two more the bell went for yester-night, one of them (they say) will ne're scape it, he voyded a bushell of soote yester-day, upward and downeward. By the stockes; and there were no wiser men then I, I'ld have it present death, man or woman, that should but deale with a Tabacco pipe; why it will stifle them all in the'nd as many as use it; it's little better than rats bane.

King James himself took a leading part in the battle over tobacco. His *Counterblaste to Tobacco* is a piece of invective against the users of the herb that seems to have difficulty in finding words strong enough. It winds up: "A custome loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the Nose, harmefull to the braine, dangerous to the Lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, neerest resembling the horrible Stigian smoke of the pit that is bottomlesse."

Yet in spite of the kingly displeasure which did not even stop at words but proclaimed fines and "corporall Punishments" for the disobedient, it is astonishing to see how rapidly the practice of smoking grew. "Barnabee Rych Gentleman, Servant to the Kings most Excellent Maiestie," says in 1614:

"I have heard it tolde that now very lately, there hath bin a *Cathalogue* taken of all those new erected houses that have set uppe that Trade of selling Tobacco, in London and neare about London: and if a man may beleeve what is confidently reported, there are found to be upward of 7000. houses that doth live by that trade." He goes on presently: "It may well bee supposed to be but an ill customed shoppe, that taketh not five shillings a day, one day with another, throughout the whole yeare, or if one doth take lesse, two other may take more: but let us make our account, but after 2 shillings sixe pence a day, for he that taketh lesse than that, would be ill able to pay his rent, or to keepe open his Shop Windowes, neither would *Tobacco* houses make such a muster as they doe, and that almost in every . . . by-corner round about London.

"Let us then reckon thus, 7000. halfe Crouns a day, amounteth just to 319,375 poundes a yeare. *Summa totalis*, All spent in smoake."

And yet our Shakspere, who seems to sum up in his plays the whole world of his fellow-men, and whose term of writing corresponds almost exactly to these thirty years during which his countrymen, from knowing nothing of tobacco, came to consume hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth each year, does not so much as mention the herb or the practice of smoking.

I should have liked to give some account of the more famous physicians of this time in England; of "that famous Phisition, Master Thomas Twyne"; of Dr. Thomas Linacre, the founder of the London College of Physicians, who went over from England in 1484 to Italy and studied medicine in Florence, where he was companion to the children of the great Lorenzo de' Medici. Italy was at this time the centre of medical learning: the learned refugees from Constantinople had found an asylum there, and attendants upon their lectures were attracted from all parts of the world. Foreign physicians were greatly esteemed in England; and I find cunning indications cropping up here and there in contemporary literature that perhaps they were sometimes esteemed more because they were foreign than because they displayed any superiority over native doctors. For example, in an old play called *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom* there is a lampoon upon a quack aping these foreign doctors or outlandish men, like this:

> Now you shall hear how finely Master Doctor
> Can play the outlandish man.
> (And he apes the foreigner):
> Ah, by Got, me be the Doctor,
> Me am the fine knave, I tell ye,
> Me have the excellent medicine
> For the blaines and the blister. . . .
> The bee have no so many herbes
> Whenout to suck honey
> As I can find shifts whereby to get money.

But the length of the medical course pursued at this time in Italy would astonish the young gentlemen who are so impatient of a few months before they can enter the world as doctors. Dr. Linacre must have remained fifteen years in Italy, studying in Florence, Rome, and Padua, before he came back to England and began his career.

I should also have liked particularly to dwell upon the life of William Harvey, who discovered the circulation of the blood at this time, and who, you remember, was a contemporary of Shakspere.

It was in 1616 that he put forth his doctrine of the circulation of the blood. Harvey is an instructive person, particularly when we think of the trouble that often fell upon him in consequence of his discoveries. Aubrey reports that he had heard Harvey say that "after his booke of the Circulation of the Blood came out, he fell mightily in his practice and . . . 'twas believed by the vulgar he was crack-brained." What a curious crisscross of things it is that the vulgar should believe Harvey crack-brained and accept as wise men the ignorant charlatans whom we saw them running after in Dr. John Hall's book!

Yet Harvey lived to see his doctrine established. And the metaphysician Hobbes, well enough acquainted with the vanity of such success, spoke of him as "the only man I know that conquering envy, hath established a new doctrine in his life-time." People knew in a vague sort of way, before Harvey, that the blood moved; but they were utterly ignorant of what made it move; and even in Shakspere's time we find a writer speaking of the liver as the fountain of the blood — evidently fancying that, from some cause or other, the blood spouted out of the liver as a fountain out of the ground. Servetus appears to have narrowly missed forestalling Harvey's *Exercitatio anatomica de motu cordis et sanguinis.* Harvey's own position against his antagonists was dignified and noble. He says in one of his own works that scarce a day has passed that he has not heard both good and evil of his doctrine. Some with great disdain opposed him; others dispraised with childish slight his dissections and his frogs and serpents; but he thinks it unworthy of a philosopher and a searcher of the truth to return bad words for bad words, and thinks he will do better and more advised if with the light of true and evident observations he shall wipe away those symptoms of incivility. He died in 1657, after great gifts to the College of Physicians.

And I cannot better close this meagre lecture than by citing the words of another young physician of this period named Harvey, who appears to have been altogether a beautiful soul, and to have died lamented at a very early age. This was Dr. John Harvey. In some letters of the learned Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Sir Philip Sidney and particularly of Edmund Spenser, I find a short but touching allusion to the death of Dr. John Harvey, who was his brother. "He that lived not to see nine and twenty years, . . . in Norfolk," says Gabriel, ". . . as skilful a physician for his age as ever came there. I . . . can never forget that sweet voice of the dying cygnet." And then follow the dying words of his brother: "*O frater, Christus est optimus medicus, et meus solus medicus. Vale Galene, valete humanæ artes: nihil divinum in terris, praeter animum aspirantem ad cœlos.* (*O brother, Christ is the best physician, and my only physician. Farewell Galen, farewell human arts: there is nothing divine in the world, except the soul aspiring to the heavens.*)"

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CHAPTER XX

THE METRICAL TESTS—I

Rime Test and Run-on and End-stopped Line Test

AND now, having studied various conditions of the life and literature of Shakspere's day, let us again devote our attention for a while to some considerations of the forms of his poetry, and to tracing from the poems their development along certain artistic and spiritual lines. In the remaining lectures we shall begin to apply the theory of forms already developed[1] to the understanding of that general formulation of the phenomena of life which we call Shakspere's character, just as we shall apply the special doctrines to the understanding of that special formulation of the phenomena of sound which we call Shakspere's verse.

Note in the first place that phenomena of tone-colour, as we saw in the case of phenomena of pitch, reduce themselves in the last analysis to phenomena of rhythm.[2]

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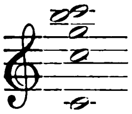
[1] See *The Science of English Verse.*

[2] It is, by the way, a circumstance which I think has not been sufficiently attended to that a play cannot ever really be said to have metre. It is always prose measure,

We have found that a tone-colour was the joint product of several tones, as, for instance, the flute C was known as such because it combined the upper partials,  while the same tone on the oboe would sound differently because the even tones here would be obscured and the odd ones relatively more prominent. But since this tone simply represents so many vibrations, we may call it a 250-rhythm; and this is a 500-rhythm, and so on; and thus we find that the tone-colour is simply a combination of a number of different-rated *rhythms* acting simultaneously upon the ear.

But we have found also that the principle of Opposition is at the bottom of all rhythm. Since, then, tone-colour analyses into rhythm, and rhythm into Opposition, we may strike out the intermediate term in our minds and regard tone-colour — as we have found reason to regard tune, and rhythm proper — as another phase of the great organising principle of Opposition.

And here we may add the second of our two contributions, by considering the curious minuteness with which we find this principle flowering out into the most unexpected effects in verse.

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and measured rhythmically, not metrically. For let us examine by the absolutely accurate method of musical notation what is meant by a "pause" as Mr. Furnivall, Mr. Ellis, Mr. Fleay, etc., use that word. It is a rest in music; the interposition of it as they wish wholly changes the metre; in fact, the interposition of it as demanded by the exigences of dramatic business (the long pause while one is making eyes, or adjusting the countenance in silence, or doing any of those hundred things that constitute the actor's part while the audience is looking at him, not listening) almost destroy the metrical character of dramatic blank verse. Our blank verse is not blank verse, that is, not 5's, at all—as may be easily seen by dividing up the verse properly in musical notation for rests, etc. (See *The Science of English Verse.*)

For example, collate, in this view, two singularly differing preferences of the ear as between the artistic manner of using vowel-colours and the artistic manner of using consonant-colours in English verse. Here, for example, is a line from Tom Hood's poem written in illustration of his comical " Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme." The plan was for making the three last words of each line rime with each other, though no two lines rimed together — which Hood, writing in the person of a needy poetaster, trumpeted as a discovery that placed him alongside of Newton, Harvey, and Columbus. The poem begins:

> Even is come, and from the dark park, hark,
> The signal of the setting sun — one gun!

and ends:

> While ribbons flourish and a stout shout out
> That upward goes shows Rose knows those bow's woes.

Now you remember that, in discussing the colours of verse, one of the first matters presented to you was the proper variation of vowel-colours in each line, so that not more than two like colours should be consecutive, and so on — a variation which, although scarcely ever thought of by the lay reader, is absolutely vital to the success of any work in verse. Here in Hood's poem the principle is even more strongly illustrated, you see, by showing that an irresistibly comic effect is produced by what we may call — using Professor Sylvester's happy term in a somewhat different sense — these vowel-syzygies. In short, we may formulate the principle that *our ear does not like several identical vowel-colours in succession.*

But how curious this seems when we come to collate it with the fact that our ear *does* like several consonant-colours in succession!

For example, in Shakspere's line,

> Let me not to the marriage of true minds
> Admit impediments,

we found that there were actually ten *t*-colours and six *m*-colours, and that these were very graciously recognised and coördinated by the ear. Or, again, in that very justly famous line of Tennyson's which my friend Dr. William Hand Browne has recalled to me as a beautiful illustration of consonant-colours in artistic syzygy,

> The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
> And murmur of innumerable bees,

besides the very striking syzygy of *m*'s, there are other predominances of consonant-colour which show in the most striking manner *how the ear in its reception of consonant-colours is delighted with the very resemblances which it cannot tolerate in vowel-colours.* Now from these two facts the inference is clear that in verse there are two precisely opposite functions of vowels and consonants, when coördinated as syzygetic tone-colours — besides, of course, all the other functions discharged by them when coördinated with reference to other particulars: the vowel-colours in the line must differ, the consonant-colours must agree, to give the ear its pleasure. In other words, the vowel-colours represent the chaos element, the consonant-colours the form element, in our opposition list: the vowel-colours represent accident, the consonant-colours law.

We can here advance to the principle that this Opposition, in larger applications, is the *life of verse*, as we shall hereafter more fully find: and so in verse, as in actual life, prevail these great contradictions which I have here set down as a partial list of limiting forms of thought. How wonderfully Shakspere knew and felt all this, just as well in his life as in his verse, we shall, I hope, come to see in these remaining lectures when we analyse his verse in the light of the Metrical Tests which are now to be explained. Meantime, here is a glimpse of his perception of it, which occurs in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act IV, Scene III, where the First Lord says:

"The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together: our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipt them not; and our crimes would despair, if they were not cherished by our virtues."

In coming now to apply the theory of verse, which has been already developed, to the examination of the Metrical Tests, please carefully observe that we are arriving at the convergence of the two distinct trains of study which we have been carrying on, to wit: the technical train, resulting in the physical theory of verse, which has given us the laws of poetic form in special; and the larger train, which has resulted in showing us at least some of the laws of form in general — and particularly of that kind of form in the affairs of behaviour which we call character. Now these Metrical Tests, which are to be discussed in this lecture and the next, have for their direct object the settling of the dates of Shakspere's plays. At first thought this does not seem to be a very important matter; we associate dates with antiquaries and dry-as-dusts, and many a man may feel inclined to say, Why potter about your dates and chronologies? If the plays are good, they are good, whether they were written in 1590 or in 1610.

But it so happens that here a whole view of the greatest mind which the human race has yet evolved hangs essentially upon dates: it so happens that the entire process of Shakspere's growth as man and artist comes blazing out upon us in clear and — to me, I confess — startling sequence the instant we admit the chronology of his plays to be presently given. How this comes about — how it befalls that our study of Metrical Tests, which we begin as a mere antiquarian research into dates, straightway transforms itself into a probe and touchstone of Shakspere's whole development as a moral and artistic being — will come out clearly from a very brief consideration of the diagram which is here shown.

BRIGHT PERIOD		DARK PERIOD		HEAVENLY PERIOD	
Carelessness		*Bitterness*		*Forgiveness*	
1590–1601		1601–1608		1608–1613	
Love's Labour's Lost	(1590)	All's Well	(?1601–2)	Pericles	(1608)
Comedy of Errors	(1591)	Julius Cæsar	(1601)	Cymbeline	(1609)
Romeo and Juliet	(?1591)	Hamlet	(1602)	Tempest	(1610)
	(?1596–7)	Measure for M.	(1603)	Winter's T.	(1610–11)
2 and 3 Henry VI	(1591–2)	Troilus and C.	(?1603)	Henry VIII	(1612–13)
Two Gentlemen of V.	(1592–3)		(Rev. ?1607)		
Richard III	(1593)	Othello	(1604)		
Midsummer N. D.	(1593–4)	Lear	(1605)		
Richard II	(1594)	Macbeth	(1606)		
King John	(1595)	Antony and C.	(1607)		
Merchant of Venice	(1596)	Timon of A.	(1607–8)		
1 and 2 Henry IV	(1597–8)	Coriolanus	(1608)		
Taming of the Shrew	(?1597)				
Merry Wives of W.	(?1598)				
Much Ado About N.	(1598)				
Henry V	(1599)				
As You Like It	(1599)				
Twelfth Night	(1600–1)				

Omitting *Titus Andronicus*, *1 Henry VI*, and *Two Noble Kinsmen*, in which Shakspere's part is either unfledged or doubtful.

Reserving till a later lecture the actual proof of these dates, and merely requesting you for the present to accept this chronological scheme as a working hypothesis if you should wish to be cautious, I ask you now only to consider the importance which our Metrical Tests would assume if they should be found upon due examination to confirm, by cumulative evidence upon evidence, the arrangement here given. As you run your eye along this list, and slowly recall and compare the main motives of plot after plot, what surprising revelations of Shakspere's inward development rise up out of the mere sequence thus displayed, and take form before the mind! One almost feels like shrinking back — as if one had suddenly opened the door of Shakspere's room while he was saying his prayers.

And, to put this development clearly before you, allow me to recall in a flying way the main points suggested by this chronological scheme and to be confirmed or not by the Metrical Tests.

Shakspere began writing about the year 1588, when he was twenty-four years of age, and ceased about 1612 or 1613, when he was nearly fifty. This term of his authorship naturally, even necessarily, divides itself into three periods, each of which includes, I think, a very strikingly marked phase of growth. The first period begins about 1590 and ends about 1601; the second begins about 1602 and ends in 1608; the third begins in 1608 and ends in 1613. The common characteristics among the plays in each of these groups point in the most unequivocal manner to the workings of Shakspere's spirit.

Here, in the first — what I have called the Bright or Carelessness — period, you perceive the vivacious imagination of the youth — who has but lately flown out of the quiet Warwickshire fields up into the gay life of London — rioting about the contemporary world and down through the ages like a young swallow in the early morning, now flitting his wing in the water,— and like as not muddy water,— now sailing over the meadow-grass, now sweeping through the upper heights of heaven. Notice first that *all* the comedies belong to this period. *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night* — this debonair and immortal set of plays comes in the first ten years of Shakspere's life as a writer in London.

There is but one strict tragedy,— *Romeo and Juliet*,— and here the real reason of being is not the tragic death of the lovers, but their young love, which is depicted with the unspeakable fire and freshness of a young imagination. *Romeo and Juliet* is simply a bridegroom's passionate song, set off with a funeral-hymn for a foil.

Besides these you notice the purely historical plays. Now these do not seize upon some one awful passion or crime, like *Othello* or *Lear* or *Macbeth* or *Hamlet*, but they are written to comply with the popular and patriotic demand for this kind of play,— written more from without than from within,—and they deal with their subjects in what seems to me a distinctly lighter and less personal manner than later plays — the manner of a young man who has not yet been brought into any actual conflict or dreadful grind with the forces of nature and of accident and of passion and of the twist of life, in his own personal relations with his fellow-men. In the *2* and *3* *Henry VI*, and in *Richard III* we behold the influence of Marlowe's powerful historical plays on our poet; he is writing more from Marlowe than from Shakspere. In *Richard II* and *King John* we find him taking two weak and unlovely kings for title heroes, and doing much work as a playwright. In *1* and *2* *Henry IV* he has fallen in love with old Jack Falstaff; and these plays, although ranging among the historical series by virtue of their titles, really should go among the comedies in right of those of their dramatis personæ, who have retained most hold upon the world's regard. In *Henry V* we find some show of a serious thought. The wild young Prince Hal, who even in his revels has always impressed us as being among them, not of them,— a sort of amateur roisterer, not a professional light-o'-wit like Falstaff and his crew,— has discovered, on the death of his father, that he too has actual personal relations with life: the meaning of duty, of responsibility, of the fact of one's fellow-men, dawns upon him; and he makes a magnificent king and manful warrior whom Shakspere paints in glory. Whether Prince Hal's reformation means that Shakspere is now awaking, amid that gay life which flutters about in the comedies of this period, to some graver and deeper necessities of life, is a question. Something is thrusting him into larger fields of thought. And this much is clear: that it must be something very terrible, very profoundly shaking his heart. For he has had griefs before now which do not seem to have so stirred him. His old father, John Shakspere, from the state of a successful glove-maker and prosperous burgess of Stratford, has some time ago fallen into money troubles; insomuch that when a commission is appointed in 1592 to ascertain whether the Warwickshire people approve themselves good followers of the established religion by going to church at least once a month, according to the orthodox regulation, it is found that John Shakspere does not attend, and the reason assigned in the report of the commission is that he is afraid of being arrested for debt. Moreover, in addition to such evidences that things do not go on well down in Stratford, in 1596 William Shakspere's only son, Hamnet, dies.

But yet, as we see by looking at the dates of these works, the hilarious spirit of the man continues to turn out comedy after comedy, and we find *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, and the like, all written after his son Hamnet's death. So, I say, if the misfortunes of his father and the death of his son do not sober his spirit, it must needs be that some prodigious wrench of his soul comes from some hand or other about this time.

At any rate, after this brimming and crystal comedy of *Twelfth Night* in 1601, here come suddenly two bloody tragedies — *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* — in the same and following years. Brutus and Hamlet, these are the two heartbreaking characters which Shakspere draws at this time: both men of strength and parts, yet not of quite strength and parts *enough* for the need of the moment; both of them born into a time out of joint, and both — instead of exultantly accepting the responsibility which is thrown upon them of reforming evil — shirking the duty and crying, *O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right!* Following upon these, you see, in the next year comes *Measure for Measure*, that wretched slough of a play. Never did the world hear a more dismal business than this plot — all murky with shame and weakness and brutality and low suffering and death and dark questions, so that the strong and saintly Isabella scarcely relieves its oppressive atmosphere. Then we have the inconceivable treachery of the false-hearted Cressid; and here it is worst of all to find our sweet Shakspere preaching worldly wisdom and Poor Richard maxims. Closely following these come the enormous single-passion tragedies: Othello murders his wife for a causeless jealousy; Lear and his daughters and best friends all die in a heap, all the deaths being brought on by one unfortunate blunder of a silly old

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man; Macbeth murders sleep and loyalty and his good King, all at a stroke, for ambition; Antony betrays wife and country for lust; Coriolanus turns outlaw for revenge; and Timon twists the neck of the world for misanthropy. These plays are like a mortal outcry of grief. The poor master seems to be wondering, in all this melodious amazement, if the world is really going to be too hard for him, as it was for Hamlet and Brutus and Timon. I seem to find the taste of this bitter period in many of the sonnets, notably in several from Sonnet LXVI to Sonnet CXII.

> Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,

wails the first of these piteous sonnets.

> No longer mourn for me when I am dead
> Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
> Give warning to the world that I am fled
> From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell,

begins the seventy-first.

> O, lest the world should task you to recite
> What merit lived in me, that you should love
> After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
> For you in me can nothing worthy prove
> Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,

says the seventy-second.

> Alas, 'tis true [says the one hundred and tenth] I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motley to the view,
> Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
> Made old offences of affections new;

Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely.

Again, in the next sonnet, he continues this strain:

O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd.

While in Sonnet XC we have this lamentable outbreak:

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath 'scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquered woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come: so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
  And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
  Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

But, as suddenly as he entered it, our strong man emerges from this Dark Period into one which, without wishing to be fanciful, I have found no other name for than the Heavenly Period. He is, as his sonnet says, renewed. Instead of the bleak storms of the *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* time, now we have the great and beautiful calm of a spirit which, after having seen and shared in all the crime and all the grief of the world, has at length attained God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain. If you contemplate this group of plays which I have here placed in the last period, you find them all hinging upon the sweet that follows the bitter: *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Henry VIII*, all these, in great and noble music, breathe of new love after estrangement, of the recovery of long-lost children, of the kissing of wives thought dead, of reconciliation, of new births of old happiness — most of all, of sweeping magnanimity, of heavenly forgiveness. If we listen to that epilogue of *The Tempest*, we cannot help believing that it is the old poet Shakspere himself who is writing his last play, or believes he is, and who, in the guise of Prospero, is laying down the mantle of his magic and preparing to depart from the lonesome island of this world into the Strange Country. *Now*, he says in this epilogue which is spoken by Prospero, *Now my charms are all o'erthrown, And what strength I have's mine own, Which is most faint;* and you cannot forget the beautiful and passionate fervour of his closing appeal:

As you from crimes would pardoned be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

And finally we seem to discover the recollection of this great struggle, and of his final triumphant emergence from it into the calm of assured victory, in many of his sonnets. It seems most probable that after Shakspere's eventful London career he went back to Stratford about 1612, or a little before, and quietly took up the life of a simple citizen with wife, children, grandchild, and friends, and so lived there until his death. The calm content which could enable him to do this doubtless came into his spirit contemporaneously with all these plays of sweetness and forgiveness.

I take great pleasure in contemplating what seems to be the only genuine relic of Shakspere preserved at Stratford, and which brings vividly to our eyes this period of peaceful reunion with his wife and of tranquil life in the tranquil Warwick country. The relic I speak of is a round piece of glass some four or five inches in diameter on which are painted the letters W and A — for *William* and *Anne* — under the common letter S, for *Shakspere*, with the date 1615, as if it were a sort of memorial of the enclosure of the life of this once parted William and Anne in a final circle of harmony, reconciliation, and pardon.

Here, then, we have the ground-plan of Shakspere's career, and our research is now to convince us not only that this is true but that this advance in moral scope is accompanied by — or, better, is only another phase of — a corresponding advance in Shakspere's technic as a verse-artist.

The Metrical Tests which I am to bring before you are five in number: the Rime Test, the Run-on and End-stopped Line Test, the Weak-ending Test, the Double-ending Test, and the Rhythmic Accent Test. The first of these in the historic order was the rime test, and I may therefore properly begin with some account of that.

It is just about a hundred years ago since Malone — whose name you all recognise as that of one of the most acute editors of Shakspere — remarked, in the course of certain comments on the play of *Love's Labour's Lost*, that rimes were much more frequent in those of Shakspere's plays which seemed to belong to the early portion of his authorial career than in those of the later portion; and he concluded his remark by observing: "Whenever, of two early pieces, it is doubtful which preceded the other, I am disposed to believe (other proofs being wanting) that play in which the greater number of rhymes is found, to have been first composed." But this observation of Malone's remained in the condition which I have heretofore described as inexact criticism for a long time. In the year 1874 a paper by the Rev. F. G. Fleay was read before the New Shakspere Society, in which that scholar took up Malone's idea and carried what he called Malone's "qualitative analysis" to the far more accurate plane of quantitative analysis. In other words, Mr. Fleay went patiently to work and *counted* the actual number of rimes in Shakspere's plays: and having thus arrived at a basis for exact conclusions, he set down the plays in the order of the relative frequency of their rimes, and boldly claimed that this tabulation must represent the actual order in which those plays were written by Shakspere, upon the theory that Shakspere gradually more and more disused the effect of rime as he grew older. In Mr. Fleay's Table (pages 218, 219), *Love's Labour's Lost* shows 1,082 rimes out of a total of 2,789 lines, and so on.

Of course it was to be expected that in announcing a theory so novel as to propose reducing a whole artistic career to numbers and showing it up in terms of 2, 4, and 6, the theorist went too far. Without now going into the details of the matter, we may fairly consider ourselves entitled to say, as summing up the present stage of the rime test, that upon applying all the numerous other evidences and tests which scholarship has accumulated there seems to be no doubt that a steady decrease in the number of rimes is shown, as between Shakspere's early plays and his later ones, so that there are, for instance, in general, many less rimes in the plays of the second period than in those of the first, and many less in those of the third period than in those of the second.

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METRICAL TABLE OF SHAKSPERE'S PLAYS.

PLAY.	TOTAL OF LINES.	PROSE.	BLANK.	RIMES, 5 MEASURES.	RIMES, SHORT LINES.	SONGS.	DOUBLE ENDINGS.	ALTERNATES.	SONNETS.	DOGGEREL.	1 MEASURE.	2 MEASURES.	3 MEASURES.	4 MEASURES.	6 MEASURES.
I. PLAYS OF FIRST (RIMING) PERIOD.															
Love's L. Lost.	2789	1086	579	1028	54	32	7	236	71	194	4	12	13	—	1
Midsum. N. D.	2251	441	878	731	138	63	29	158	—	—	—	5	3	—	—
Com. of Errors.	1770	240	1150	380	—	—	137	64	—	109	3	8	9	—	—
Rom. and Jul.	3002	405	2111	486	—	—	118	62	28	—	10	20	16	4?	6
Richard II.	2644	—	2107	537	—	—	148	12	—	—	11	17	26	22	33?
II. HISTORIES OF SECOND PERIOD.															
Richard III.	3599	55?	3374	170	—	—	570	—	—	—	20	39	13	23	16
King John.	2553	—	2403	150	—	—	54	12	—	—	1	9	4	4	2
1 Henry IV.	3170	1464	1622	84	—	—	60	4	—	—	16	17	16	16	13
2 Henry IV.	3437	1860	1417	74	7	15	203	[Pistol 64 l.]			3	13	7	—	6
Henry V.	3320	1531	1678	101	2	8	291	[Pist. 157 l.]	14	—	2	13	10	4	23
III. COMEDIES OF SECOND PERIOD.															
T. Gent. of V.	2060	409	1510	116	—	15	203	16	—	18	8	15	32	8	5
Mer. of Ven.	2705	673	1896	93	34	9	297	4	—	4	8	16	22	2	14
Twelf. Night.	2684	1741	763	120	—	60	152	—	—	—	8	21	23	5	10
As you Like it.	2904	1681	925	71	130	97	211	10	—	2	3	10	33	1	5
Merry Wives.	3018	2703	227	69	—	19	32	[Pistol 39 l.]			—	3	3	—	3
Much Ado, &c.	2823	2106	643	40	18	16	129	22	—	—	2	7	15	4	4
IV. COMEDIES OF THIRD PERIOD.															
All's Well.	2981	1453	1234	280	2	12	223	8	14	—	7	31	31	5	14
Meas. for Me.	2809	1134	1574	73	22	6	338	—	—	—	10	29	66	5	47
V. TRAGEDIES OF THIRD PERIOD.															
Troylus and C.	3423	1186	2025	196	—	16	441	—	—	—	10	46	62	13	43
Macbeth.	1993	158	1588	118	129	—	399	—	—	—	8	28	43	8	18
Cymbeline.	3448	638	2585	107	—	32	726	[84 l. in vision]			8	15	31	18	42
Hamlet.	3924	1208	2490	81	—	60	508	[86 l. in play]			20	53	55	11	47
Othello.	3324	541	2672	86	—	25	646	—	—	—	19	66	71	13	78
King Lear.	3298	903	2238	74	—	83	567	—	—	—	18	34	116	22	50
VI. PLAYS OF FOURTH PERIOD.															
Julius Cæsar.	2440	165	2241	34	—	—	369	—	—	—	14	31	55	6	16
Coriolanus.	3392	829	2521	42	—	—	708	—	—	—	3	33	76	19	42
Antony and C.	3964	255	2761	42	—	6	613	—	—	—	14	38	84	31	61
Tempest.	2068	458	1458	2	—	96	476	[54 l. in masq.]			2	16	47	5	11
Winter's Tale.	2758	844	1825	0	—	57	639	[32 l. in chor.]			8	14	19	13	16
VII. PLAYS IN WHICH SHAKSPERE WAS NOT SOLE AUTHOR.															
Henry VIII.	2754	67?	2613	16	—	12	1195	[46 l. in Prol.			2	19	18	3	32
Two Noble K.	2734	179	2468	54	—	33	1079	& Epilogue].			9	19	46	17	5
Pericles.	2386	418	1436	225	89	—	120	[222 l. Gower].			17	49	59	26	18
Timon of A.	2358	596	1560	184	18	—	257	—	—	—	15	28	54	30	37
VIII. FIRST SKETCHES IN EARLY QUARTOS.															
Rom. and Jul.	2066	261	1451	354	—	—	92	28	—	—	7	26	30	21	92
Hamlet.	2068	509	1462	54	43	—	209	[36 l. in play]			13	45	76	37	30
Henry V.	1672	898	774	30	—	—	104	—	—	—	1	25	35	31	15
Merry Wives.	1395	1207	148	40	38 [fairies]		19	—	—	—	—	1	—	5	4
IX. DOUBTFUL PLAYS.															
T. of Shrew.	2671	516	1971	169	15	—	260	—	—	49	4	18	22	23	5
Titus Andron.	2525	43	2338	144	—	—	154	—	—	—	4	8	9	9	12
1 Henry VI.	2693	—	2379	314	—	—	140	—	—	—	5	5	4	7	12
2 Henry VI.	3032	448	2562	122	—	—	255	—	—	—	8	25	15	21	12
3 Henry VI.	2904	—	2749	155	—	—	346	—	—	—	13	11	14	11	7
Contention.	1952	381	1571	44	—	—	54	—	—	—	—	14	16	32	44
True Tragedy.	2101	—	2035	66	—	—	148	—	—	—	14	21	29	38	34

FROM DR. FLEAY'S PAPER IN THE PROCEEDINGS

TABLE OF RATIOS OF RIME-LINES

IN RIME-SCENES TO BLANK-VERSE LINES IN EACH PLAY.

(FIRST APPROXIMATION.)

COMEDIES.		HISTORIES AND TRAGEDIES.	
	First period.		
Love's Labour's Lost	.6		
Mid. Night's Dream	1	Richard II.	4
Comedy of Errors	3	Romeo and Juliet	4.3
1st Pt of 2 Gent. of Ver.	7	1st Plot of Troy. & Cress.	8.4
1st Plot of Twelfth Night	7.5	2nd do. do.	13.6
	Second period.		
		Richard III.	*
Merchant of Venice	16	John	16
Much Ado, &c.	21	1 Henry IV.	19
Merry Wives of Windsor	22	2 Henry IV.	19
As You Like It	19	Henry V.	19
Compln. of 12th Night. Prose.			
Com. of Tam. of the Shrew *			
	Third period.		
All's Well, &c. (rewrit.)	22	Julius Cæsar	*
Measure for Measure	22	Hamlet	about 30
		Othello	,, 30
		Lear	,, 30
		Macbeth?	,, *
		Cymbeline	,, 30
		Part of Pericles	32
		Part of Timon of A.	23
	Fourth period.		
		Compln. of Troyl. and Cres.	54.5
		Coriolanus	60
		Julius Cæsar?	*
		Antony and Cleopatra	66
	Fifth period.		
Tempest	729	Part of Two N. Kinsmen	281
Winter's Tale	infinity	Part of Henry VIII.	infinity

The above table is corrected up to the date of my present investigations (May 17, 1874) from one published in *The Academy* by me (March 28, 1874).

My reasons for all alterations will be given in my special paper on each play. They are based chiefly on more scientific application of the *rime-test*, aided by the *weak-ending test*, the *middle-syllable test*, and above all by the *cæsura-test*, which is next in importance to the *rime-test:* and has helped me much in making a different division of the plays in some instances. *Cymbeline*, however, was misplaced through another cause, a numerical blunder; which I have now corrected. As these investigations extend, this table will require further correction.

Much Ado and *Merry Wives* are apparently out of order. There is so much prose in them that two rimes would be a sufficient difference to justify their present position: this number is too small to overbalance other considerations which will be given in due time.

F. G. FLEAY.

But while this general line of advance is clear, when the theory is pressed to the extent of holding that we can minutely determine priority as between two plays which we know to have been written close together but whose exact dates we do *not* know, and that we can confidently assume the play containing the greater percentage of rimes to have been written earlier — though it may be only a few months earlier — than the play with the smaller percentage, then surely we must pause, we must indeed say No, unless all the other considerations and tests support the conclusion: in which event the rime test is certainly admirable *as cumulative evidence*. For example, proceeding upon the relative number of rimes alone, Mr. Fleay places the *Midsummer Night's Dream* here a long time before *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. But loving and acute criticism finds many indications that this is not the proper order as between those two plays, and it would certainly seem that a sober view would never allow the rime test alone to outweigh all those indications, when we consider (1) that the growing disuse of rimes, unquestionable as between large periods, cannot, from the very nature of the mind, be taken to have gone on, like the growth of a Madeira vine, at the uniform ratio of so many inches a day, and (2) that there would be some plays whose fanciful nature might naturally call for treatment in rime, such as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, while a more serious play like *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* — which I have always thought was a very earnest sort of comedy — might as appropriately contain less of rime. When we investigate the *history* of English rime, we find that rime has been unquestionably the favourite artistic form in which the Englishman has habitually embodied his prayers, his thoughts of death, his aspirations, all his deepest feelings, ever since a long time before Chaucer. Suddenly in the sixteenth century we hear Surrey chanting his translation of Virgil in the old Chaucer *rhythm* but without the Chaucer *rime;* and then, fifty years afterwards, we come across a noisy debate about rime which went on just as Shakspere was beginning to be a craftsman in verse, Harvey and Nash and Greene and Puttenham and Webbe and Gascoigne and even Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney all appearing on one side or other. Now the light of these facts streams all along the path of Shakspere's advance as a craftsman, and certainly reveals that general line of development as one which by the most natural course in the world proceeded, not, as Mr. Fleay's very pardonable eagerness would have it, by a uniform rate of disuse of rime, but to the much higher plane of artistic technic where rime came to be regarded as a perfectly appropriate vehicle for some kinds of matters and as a less appropriate one for other kinds of matters, making the whole question of the use or non-use of rime a question of artistic propriety. That Shakspere so regarded it, and that every word-artist who looks at matters from a lofty point of view *must* so regard it, I have no doubt.

With these precautions, then, we may safely use the rime test. The practical application of it will presently be illustrated when we come to make the special contrast between the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, in summing up all the doctrines developed in these lectures.

Meantime, let us now go on to a view of a wholly different metrical test from the rime test, namely, the remarkable change in Shakspere's habit of versification shown by the great difference in the relative numbers of what are called run-on lines and end-stopped lines in his later plays as compared with his earlier ones.

An end-stopped line in verse is a line in which a comma or other punctuation-mark, or a break in the sense, compels the voice to pause at the end of the line in reading, and thus to mark off that line sharply for the ear as a group of five bars.

For example, take the following stately speech of Theseus in that heavenly opening of the *Midsummer Night's Dream:*

> Go, Philostrate,
> Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
> Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
> Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
> The pale companion is not for our pomp.
> (*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.)

And Theseus turns to Hippolyta.

> Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword,
> And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
> But I will wed thee in another key,
> With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

Now here, you observe, each line ends with a pause of the sense and of the voice. Each line is here, therefore, an end-stopped line. On the other hand, take an example of the run-on line from *The Tempest*. Prospero, in Scene II of Act I, is describing to Miranda the treachery of his brother, who had ousted him from his kingdom:

> To have no screen between this part he played
> And him he played it for, he needs will be
> Absolute Milan. Me, poor man, my library
> Was dukedom large enough: of temporal royalties
> He thinks me now incapable; confederates
> (So dry he was for sway) wi' the King of Naples, etc.

Here, you observe, no line ends with a comma, and at the end of none is there any occasion for a reader's voice to pause. On the contrary, each mark of punctuation, each pause of the reader's voice, occurs somewhere in the body of the line. Now, before advancing farther, I ask you to notice the precise effect of using these two very different kinds of lines — the end-stopped and the run-on. The end-stopped, you must observe immediately, if used continually gives a stiff character to the verse. In the speech of Theseus I just quoted it happens to be well enough, for a certain large formality and regulated pomp seem suited to his kingly state; but you have no difficulty in perceiving that the general effect of a continuous succession of such lines is to give a stilted, wooden, and monotonous character to the movement of the verse. You are all familiar with that exaggeration of this stiffness which reaches its height when not only a comma but a rime terminates every line, as in the verses of the Pope school. A quotation from Pope, which is quite in point in more ways than one, occurs to me, and illustrates this woodenness perfectly. Pope, using the same line with blank verse, you observe — the five-barred iambic — drones through page after page like this, fondly thinking it a copy of the "exact Racine."

He is speaking of the superiority of French verse to English, and remarks apologetically:

Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakspere, fair in Otway, shone;
But Otway failed to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspere scarce effaced a line:
E'en copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art — the art to blot.

The lines move two and two, by inexorable couples, like charity-school children in procession, each pair holding hands; and the exactness becomes presently intolerable to the modern ear.

On the other hand, notice the freedom, the elasticity, the possibilities of varied swing, which come as soon as the pause is allowed to pass the end of the line and fall wherever it likes in the body of the next line. Here the poet has almost the scope of prose with the rhythmic pulse and beat of verse; it is, in fact, nothing more than a *prose mesurée*.

Now if we examine Shakspere's plays with reference to his use of these two sorts of lines,— the end-stopped and the run-on,— we find that in the early plays, that is, in the plays which we know by indisputable external evidence to be early, he used the end-stopped lines almost exclusively, while in the late plays there is an increase in the number of run-on lines so great and striking as to offer a notable proof of advance in his technic. The versification of the late plays is freer, more natural, and larger in music than that of the early plays. This metrical test agrees perfectly with the order of the plays which is here placed before you based upon other evidences. Now careful Shakspere students, proceeding upon the hint of end-stopped and run-on lines, which was given first, I think, by Bathurst, have counted the number of end-stopped lines and the number of run-on lines in all Shakspere's plays, and have calculated their percentages relatively to the whole number of lines in each play; and it is invariably found that while he used the end-stopped or stiff line almost exclusively in the earlier plays, he varied it more and more with the run-on or free line in the later plays. For example: in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, which is one of the earliest plays, it is found that there are ten times as many end-stopped lines as run-on lines; while in *The Tempest*, which, you remember, is one

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of the very latest plays, there are only about three times as many. Stating it in another way, Shakspere uses about three times as many run-on lines in *The Tempest* as he does in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Between other plays the proportion is still greater. Thus in the *Comedy of Errors*, which is one of the early plays, the proportion of run-on lines to end-stopped lines is only as 1 to 10.7; while in *Cymbeline*, which belongs to the latest group, the proportion is as 1 to 2.52: that is, there are more than four times as many of the free lines in *Cymbeline* as there are in *The Comedy of Errors*. But again: in *Love's Labour's Lost*, which is among the first plays, the proportion of run-on lines to end-stopped lines is only as 1 to 18.14, while in *The Winter's Tale* it is as 1 to 2.12; that is, in *The Winter's Tale* Shakspere has used about nine times as many of the run-on or free-form lines as in *Love's Labour's Lost*. Here we see Shakspere's growth in technic so far brought to mathematical measurement that when estimated by this particular metrical test the plays arrange themselves substantially in that order which their other internal characteristics would lead us to suspect and which the external evidence forces us to admit. It does not require that one should be practically familiar with versecraft in order to recognise in the use of these run-on lines a certain advance in breadth of view which simply embodies in technic that spiritual advance in majesty of thought, in elevation of tone, in magnanimity, in largeness of moral scope, which you perceive as you reflect upon the plots of the plays as here chronologically arranged. When the line runs on, as in my quotation from *The Tempest*, you see that it acquires a larger port and a more sweeping carriage. It has quite the same effect as the long phrase in music compared with the short phrase. Those of you who heard the *Romance* in the

Suite by Bach played at the Peabody concerts last winter will remember the sense of heavenly breadth and infinite expanse given by the length of the musical phrases which Bach has there employed; and if you compare the grandeur of these phrases with the slighter-proportioned phrases of an ordinary waltz or march, you will have a good musical analogue of the difference between Shakspere's later verse, which is full of run-on lines, and his earlier verse, which is full of end-stopped ones; while at the same time you will have a good musical analogue of the difference between the moral width and nobleness of such plays as *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest* and all this forgiveness-and-reconciliation group, and the wild, delicious riot and undebating abandon of the comedy group, the Bright Period.

And now there is but a moment to carry these two metrical tests we have been discussing over into the larger plane and bring them into their proper relations in the larger scheme of form in general.

For this purpose let us note precisely the very different *rhythmic* functions of rime and of the end-stopped line on the one hand, and of the run-on line on the other hand. A rime at the end of two lines marks off those two lines as a discrete rhythmic group in a very distinct manner for the ear; and if the rime recur regularly throughout the verse then a striking rhythmic pattern is clearly defined throughout the whole series of sounds by this recurrent tone-colour. Just so, the pause or rest at the end of an end-stopped line has the rhythmic effect of grouping all the bars of sound in that line into one larger bar, as it were, and thus of presenting the ear with that pattern — a five-pattern if it be a five-barred line like these, a four-pattern if it be a four-barred line, and so on. In other words, just so long as a succession of end-stopped lines continues in *blank verse*, just so long does the ear run a regular formal pattern of 5's through the mass of sounds.

The rhythmic function, therefore, of the rime and of the end-stopped line is a function of regularity, or form. But precisely antagonistic is the rhythmic function of the run-on line. Here, instead of marking off regular sets, of five bars in a set, by the line group as defined through the end-stop, we interrupt the pattern, we disturb the regularity, we break the form, by placing the pause at different and unexpected points so as to mark off groups of bars larger or smaller than the line group. In short, it is easy to see that the rhythmic function of the run-on line is to *disestablish* the very rhythmus which it is the function of the end-stopped line and the rime to establish. If now we remember the opposition list headed by the words Form — Chaos[1] as limiting terms of thought, we see

---

[1] We find the poet or maker (ποιητής) presiding at the genesis of a poem to be exactly the image of the Maker presiding at the genesis of a world: both are rhythmising chaos, both weaving patterns of tune, of rhythm proper, and of tone-colour upon the woof of things, as dimly hinted in the old saying, God made the world by measure, weight, and tune. Hence, remembering the doctrine of opposition in rhythm or nature, let us oppose the terms:

Form	Chaos

Then, bearing in mind that just as the poetic imagination rhythmises its chaos, so the scientific imagination rhythmises its chaos, we have as parallel terms of opposition:

Generalisation	Particular

Going on to assemble various terms of opposition which have been used in these discussions, we may place here

Aristotle's Katholon	Kathekaston
The all	The Individual
The others	Myself
Altruism	Egoism
Love	Selfishness

And through the good spirit op-immediately that the rime and the end-stopped line belong on this Form side, because they tend to form, while the run-on line belongs on this Chaos side, because it tends toward chaos.

Now these opposite rhythmic functions lead us to a large principle which rules over all the work of the verse-craftsman as it rules over all art and all form. The ear will neither tolerate rigid form, nor lawless chaos, in sounds. It must have form. Form, in art, is like that agreeable-disagreeable fellow of whom it was said:

> He had so many quips and cranks about him,
> There is no living with him nor without him.

posed to the evil spirit whose sin was selfishness we have

Good	Evil

And through this evil which was said to come of selfishness or liberty we have

Foreknowledge	Freewill
Design	Accident
Belief	Scepticism

Now, to do no more at present than to supply the means of profitably collating these partial terms, our life is a sort of lane which is bounded by these great contradictories. We live between them, as we live between those two other great contradictories, the mystery of birth and the mystery of death, which we shall presently find taking their appropriate place in this list of terms. We cannot deny either: we must accept both.

Here, then, we have a few of what, when we complete the list, we may find reason to call limiting forms of thought. According as a given philosophy approaches near to one or the other, so it takes its character. Philosophies, as well as life, live in this little lane between these two mysterious contradictions. These limiting forms bound our human thought on either side much like those two darknesses which appear in the pathetic story of the old Anglo-Saxon Thane. "Sir," said he, describing the heathen life, when the missionary had been unfolding to the assembly the wonders of revelation, "Sir, like as at night when one ray of light streams from the illuminated hall, and a sparrow flits across from the darkness on one side to the darkness on the other, so is the life of man."

Now, such being the opposition of things, we shall find our Shakspere rhythmising his spheres and atoms, making music from antagonism, making good of ill.

In other words, the ear insists upon having form but no monotony, and chaos but no lawlessness. The more form you give me, the better, says the ear; and at the same time says, The more chaos you give me, breaking the uniformity of your forms, the better.

We shall find this principle of opposite functions greatly enlarging itself in the next lecture. Meantime, looking upon this enormous chasm between the limiting forms of thought and of procedure which the artist must fill, and wondering at the miracle of it, I am reminded of a story which comes to us from old Beda. It is related that upon a certain occasion a good father died, but afterwards came again to life. During his short sleep of death he had a vision of hell, which he remembered and told. He thought that he beheld a profound and terrible gulf, which was bounded on the one side by an infinite wall of flame, on the other by an infinite wall of ice. Between these two awful boundaries vibrated a prodigious swarm of souls in search of rest, now flying to the wall of flame, driven by it over towards the wall of ice, again repelled by that towards the wall of flame.

When we think that the artist is placed over just such a gulf, between two like walls, driven now towards the flame of chaos which would consume all things to ashes, now toward the ice of form which would chill all things to deadness, we must needs wonder anew at the divine miracle of genius which not only in verse, but in life, thus placed, rescues itself from these awful oppositions, and converts this hell of antagonism into the heaven of art. It is by this process of converting a hell into a heaven that we find Shakspere crying, in that wonderful Sonnet CXIX:

> What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
> Distilled from limbecks foul as hell within,
> Applying fears to hopes and hopes to fears,
> Still losing when I saw myself to win!

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What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
  So I return rebuk'd to my content,
  And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

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CHAPTER XXI

THE METRICAL TESTS — II

Weak-ending, Double-ending, and Rhythmic Accent Tests; Complete List of Limiting Forms

IN the last lecture we had some account of two of the five proposed Metrical Tests, namely, the Rime Test and the Run-on and End-stopped Line Test. Let us now study the three remaining ones: the Weak-ending, the Double-ending, and the Rhythmic Accent Tests. A weak-ending line is one which ends in some merely connective word, such as a conjunction or a preposition or an auxiliary verb, instead of ending, as is most natural and as a large majority of lines do end, in a noun or a verb or some such important vocable. Words like *and*, *for*, *that*, *if*, *upon*, *be*, *could*, *or*, and the like, are specimens of weak endings. For example, take these lines from *The Tempest:*

> Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
> A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
> . . . did give us,

where *that* is a weak ending;

> I find my zenith doth depend upon
> A most auspicious star,

where *upon* is a weak ending;

> A freckled whelp hag-born — not honour'd with
> A human shape,

where *with* is a weak ending;

> Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
> Which end o' the beam she'd bow,

where *at* is a weak ending.

These examples will be sufficient to make you recognise the weak ending without difficulty: it is always some merely relational word which would leave the thought incomplete without the word in the next line. Weak endings have been divided into two classes, one called the Light Ending and one the Weak Ending proper, a Light Ending being a word such as *am*, *be*, *could*, an auxiliary verb in general, or a pronoun, *I*, *they*, etc.; while a Weak Ending proper is any one of the still less important words, such as *and*, *if*, *or*, *but*, and the like. For the purpose of the present account, however, we can conveniently and accurately include both these classes under the general term of Weak Endings.

Now the weak-ending line as a metrical test differs in an interesting particular from the others. You observe that the weak-ending line is indeed only a species of run-on line; in the lines last quoted, for example,

> Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
> Which end o' the beam she'd bow,

one sees immediately that the preposition *at* inevitably runs the mind and the voice on to find its regimen *end* in the next line. Since, then, the weak-ending line *is* only one sort of run-on line, there would be no necessity for erecting it into a special class if it were not for the peculiarity that while Shakspere's use of the run-on line increased (as we saw) gradually on the whole from his first plays to his last ones, his use of the weak-ending line may be said to begin abruptly, far on in his career, at *Macbeth*. To reduce this statement to numbers, according to the table of Professor Ingram, with whose name we may specially associate the weak-ending test, in the *Comedy of Errors*, which is an early play, there is not a single weak-ending line; in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* not one; in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there is one; in *As You Like It* there are two; in *Twelfth Night* there are four: but when we get to *Macbeth* we find suddenly twenty-three, and then in *Antony and Cleopatra* the number jumps up to ninety-nine, while in *The Tempest*, with only about half the whole number of verse-lines in *Antony and Cleopatra*, we have sixty-seven weak endings, equivalent to about one hundred and thirty as compared with the other play.

This numerical exhibit — without going into more details of it, which any of you who may desire can find in Professor Ingram's Table of Weak Endings, published in Part II of the *New Shakspere Society's Transactions* for 1874 — this numerical exhibit would seem to give us beyond doubt a keen glimpse into the process of Shakspere's mind as regards versification. It seems clear that up to a certain point he avoided the weak-ending line in making his verse; and that at that point, about *Macbeth* or a little earlier, he entirely changed his opinion about it, and thereafter permitted himself to use the weak-ending line with perfect freedom. This result we might, indeed, have looked for. The weak-ending line is, as we just now saw, only one species of run-on line; and the same process

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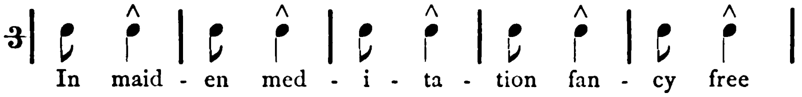
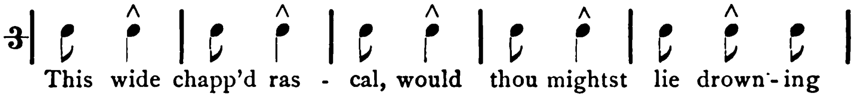
in his mind which led him to use the run-on line with more and more freedom must have led him to use the weak-ending line with like freedom.

Let us now advance to the fourth of our Metrical Tests, that called the double-ending test. The nature of the double-ending line may be precisely seen by comparing one with the musical notation of a normal or single-ending line, which I have here made. For example:

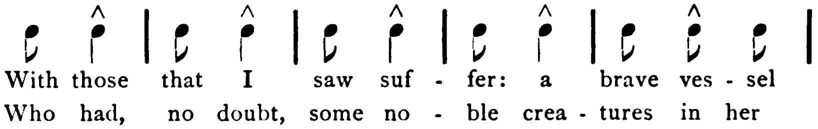

3
In maid - en med - i - ta - tion fan - cy free

is a normal line, ending in the single quarter-note "free." But


3
This wide chapp'd ras - cal, would thou mightst lie drown-ing

differs from it strikingly, you observe, in the last bar. Here we find the quarter-note is split into its two equivalent eighth-notes, and the bar has three sounds in it instead of two. In other words, this is a double-ending line. Notice that the last sounds need not be syllables of the same word, but may be two independent words. This we see in the next lines:

OH! I HAVE SUFFER'D


With those that I saw suf - fer: a brave ves - sel
Who had, no doubt, some no - ble crea - tures in her

The line ending in "vessel" shows the double ending as two syllables of the same word, while the next shows it as two words — "in her." Note, then, that just like the disuse of rime, just like the run-on line, just like the weak-ending line, the double-ending line is *a variation of the normal form*, is a departure from regularity of structure in

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the verse. Regularity of structure demands the normal bar, which is a bar of two sounds bearing to each other the relations of duration and intensity indicated by these musical signs: but the double-ending line shows us this normal type of bar departed from, so as to offer the ear three sounds instead of two in the bar. Note, too, that this departure is made at what we may fairly call the most prominent point in the whole line, namely, the last bar in the line. For since in every normal end-stopped line a pause is made after this last bar, for the purpose of marking off for the ear the group of bars contained in that line, the ear gets in the habit of listening for that bar, and thus any variation in that bar is more pronounced than it would be at any other point of the verse-structure.

These considerations are enough to show that the double ending is a very striking innovation upon the normal rhythmic movement, and that any verse in which double-ending lines should be frequent would present a very striking characteristic, as opposed to verse in which it was rare.

When, therefore, we come to apply this test like the others to Shakspere's verse, and find — as we might naturally expect from what has gone before — that the plays shown to be late by the other tests are also shown to be late by this test, we are driven to confess that the evidence is accumulating in a way that sets up a strong probability in favour of this general scheme of chronology. To give some exact determination of these matters: according to the table of double endings prepared by Mr. Fleay, there are in *Love's Labour's Lost* only 9 double endings; in *Midsummer Night's Dream* there are 29; in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* we advance to 203; in *As You Like It* to 211; when we get into the second period *Macbeth* shows us 399, *Hamlet* 508, and *Othello* 646 double endings; while when we come to the third period *Cymbeline* yields us 726 double endings and *The Tempest* (with about 1,400 less lines in its total than *Cymbeline*, nevertheless) yields 476 double endings. The steady advance here is most striking; and when we compare the extremes, taking an early play like the *Midsummer Night's Dream* with only 29 double endings and opposing it to *The Tempest* with its 476, we are certainly confronted by a very notable change in Shakspere's versification.

And here let us pause a moment to note one curious feature in Shakspere's use of the double ending, remarkably illustrating that enormous self-control of his which I shall have occasion to develope in the next lecture. While it is true that Shakspere gradually found so much more freedom in using the double-ending line that his late play *Cymbeline* shows us the enormous disproportion of 726 double endings when compared with his early play *Love's Labour's Lost*, which has only 9 — while, I say, the double ending thus evidently grew in its charm for him, yet note that it never ran away with him, as it did with some other poets of his time. The significance of this remark will come out if we compare Shakspere's employment of the double ending with that of a famous dramatist who had the honour of being part author with Shakspere in one of his greatest plays, and perhaps in others — I mean John Fletcher. A short time ago an English scholar who has great faith in the Metrical Tests, the same Mr. Fleay, carefully examined, with reference to the double endings, a number of plays written by Fletcher alone, including several thought to be written by him, but not known by positive evidence to be so, the whole number of Fletcher plays being seventeen. Upon counting the double endings the following results appeared — and as I read off two or three of these determinations, compare the least of them with the greatest number of double endings in any of Shakspere's plays: in Fletcher's play of *Custom of the Country* were found 1,756 double endings; in *Women Pleased* appeared 1,823; in *Wild Goose Chase* appeared 1,949; in the *Humorous Lieutenant* 2,193; and in *The Loyal Subject* 2,266 double endings.

These figures show us unmistakably how a peculiarity of versification like the double-ending line can take hold of a writer's artistic taste, much as tobacco can take hold of his physical taste, and can grow into an inexorable habit. Now when we compare these thousands of Fletcher's double endings with the modest scores and hundreds of Shakspere, we come face to face with that manful control and balance in artistic matters which we shall presently find ruling in just the same way over Shakspere's whole moral conduct.

While we are thus comparing Shakspere's and Fletcher's employment of the double ending, let us take the appropriate occasion to see how the Metrical Tests are applied to other important matters besides determinations of chronology. Consider, for example, the recent investigations into the play of *King Henry VIII*, which would seem not only to have settled quite conclusively that the play was written by Shakspere and Fletcher, but to have separated with great accuracy the precise scenes and lines which were written by Fletcher from those which were written by Shakspere. Now in this determination the double-ending metrical test was used with singular effect in reducing to exactness such vague opinions as were before held on this matter. It had been before suspected by several writers that in this play of *King Henry VIII* another hand was discernible besides Shakspere's. Perhaps the most interesting citation I could make in this connection is from our own Ralph Waldo Emerson. That

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deep-seeing eye had detected a great difference between parts of *King Henry VIII* in artistic construction. In his essay on Shakspere, in *Representative Men*, Mr. Emerson says: "In *Henry VIII* I think I see plainly the cropping out of the original rock on which his [Shakspere's] own finer stratum was laid." These parts of it were "written by a superior thoughtful man with a vicious ear. I can mark his lines, and know well their cadence. The lines are constructed on a given tune." Here, Emerson does not seem to have suspected Fletcher; but how inimitably do his words describe that dramatist — "a superior thoughtful man with a vicious ear!" Fletcher, however, had been conjectured as the co-writer by others as long ago as 1850. In that year Mr. Spedding published a paper in which many considerations were adduced to show Fletcher's part in *Henry VIII*, and this was followed by an independently worked out judgment of Mr. Samuel Hickson's, published in *Notes and Queries* during the same year.

But these judgments were necessarily more or less vague, because depending more or less upon that variable element between individuals which astronomers call the personal equation; and at this point the Metrical Tests come in with most satisfactory effect to confirm previous conclusions with great exactness. You remember that we just now found from Mr. Fleay's table of the double endings in a group of Fletcher's plays that the numbers ranged 1,700, 1,900, 2,000, and so on. Now it involved only the work of adding up all these figures for each play and dividing the total by the number of plays to get an average of double endings which might be considered fairly characteristic of Fletcher's work when taken in connection with the total number of verse-lines considered. Such an average was found to be 1,777, and

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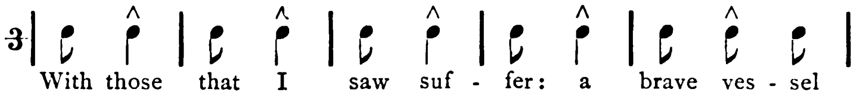
this number then became — as you easily see — a sort of graph or sign-manual of Fletcher, so that in going through the play of *Henry VIII* it was almost as if many passages were enclosed in brackets and signed with Fletcher's name.

By using the double-ending test,— particularly with reference to a peculiarity of Fletcher's in this connection which I could not explain here without going into too much technical detail,— and by checking such conclusions with other tests and with various more general considerations of style and matter, the respective scenes, passages, and even lines of Shakspere and Fletcher in the play of *Henry VIII* have been sorted out with a minuteness which is truly interesting. The metrical and other tests, employed in such number and variety, constitute a kind of sieves or screens like those employed in the coal-yards to sort out the different sizes of coal — separating here the big Shakspere lump in one bin, there the smaller Fletcher lump in another, and so on.

While in this connection I ought to mention that the play of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which is usually put into the back part of our ordinary editions of Shakspere and classed as a doubtful play, has also been, as one might say, chemically treated with the Metrical Tests, particularly with the average double-ending test just now described, with the result of confirming in the most satisfactory manner judgments based on other considerations; and perhaps we may fairly consider not only that Shakspere is now established to be part author of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, — the other being Fletcher,— but that we know with much accuracy every passage which is Shakspere's and every passage which is Fletcher's throughout the play.

And now let us pass on to the fifth and last metrical test to which I have proposed to invite your notice. Consider this fourth bar in the line



Remembering that, as we often saw in studying rhythm, the musical sign ^ represents the rhythmical accent, here you see that the rhythmical accent falls upon a word which does not take an accent in ordinary speech: we would not say,

> With those that I saw suffer: á brave vessel,

but "a brave véssel." Of course every one, however little acquainted with versecraft, knows that the normal method by which the verse-maker indicates the point where the rhythmic accent should fall in his verse is to arrange words which have a certain well-known accentuation in our ordinary speech in such a manner that each syllable taking the *ordinary* accent falls at the place where the *rhythmic* accent is intended to be. Thus in writing,

> In maiden meditation, fancy free,

the poet indicates to us that the *rhythmic* accent must fall upon "maid-," "med-," "fan-," etc., by so arranging the words of which these syllables are part that the voice puts the accent at those points where it would fall in ordinary speech.

This seems simple enough when thus approached; and you might wonder at even so much preliminary detail about accent if it were not stated that this subject has been hopelessly confused by some of the most earnest and otherwise successful Shakspere scholars through the failure to discriminate between the different sorts of accent which are in ordinary use among English-speaking people. The value of such a discrimination will appear if I briefly recall to your minds a clear conception of at least three wholly different phenomena which are all termed "accent." There are several more; but these will suffice for the matter now in hand.

In ordinary English speech every word of more than one syllable is pronounced with an unequal intensity upon some special syllable; and this syllable thus accented is fixed in each word. Thus *content*, *admirable*, etc., where the syllables *con-* and *ad-* are clearly differentiated from their neighbours by their relative intensity. Let us call this the pronunciation accent, for the sake of distinction. But, again, we have a distinct accent from this, exercising a wholly different function in our speech. That is the logical accent, which we place upon every important word in a sentence. This accent, you see, concerns the whole word in its relation to its neighbouring words, not a syllable in relation to neighbouring syllables. Thus we say: "Did you want *this* book or *that* book?" when the logical antithesis between *this* and *that* is indicated by their respective accents — this accent, mark, consisting not only of a relative variation in intensity but also of a variation in pitch. The voice is perceptibly not only more forcible but higher on *this* than on *that* in the given sentence. Let us, then, call this the logical or word accent, in distinction from the other, the pronunciation or syllable accent.

But, again, there is a third accent, differing entirely in function from these two; that is, the rhythmic accent, which is common to both poetry and music, and which plays exactly the same part in every piece of verse as in every piece of music. This part is to point off the whole series of sounds for the ear into those equal groups which are called bars. In every musical composition it is understood that the first note in each bar, no matter what may be its pitch or duration or tone-colour, is to be singled out by a slight increase in its intensity, so that the ear instantly recognises the boundaries of each bar as the piece is played, and is thus able to coördinate bar with bar throughout the whole piece. This is the rhythmic determinant of every musical piece, this recurrence of the rhythmic accent at exactly equal intervals of time upon the first tone in each bar. Now each bar in a line of poetry is in exactly the same way indicated to the ear by including its beginning and its terminus between two slight variations in intensity which mark its first tone and the first tone of the next bar. Without such a system of marks the rhythms which we call trochaic, iambic, etc., would be marked off with much less distinctness to the ear. But note, as of paramount importance in this particular test we are now studying, that just as the place of the rhythmic accent in any bar of music may be changed for a moment from the first note in the bar to any other note in it, and that this change is often made, in one bar or two bars, simply for the purpose of variety,— of breaking up the monotonous succession of bar after bar, all accented on the same corresponding note,— so in verse the same breaking of the bar-monotony occurs when the verse-maker, instead of placing a syllable which takes the *pronunciation* accent or a word which takes the *logical* accent ("maid-," and "free") in the rhythmically accented place of the bar, allows a syllable or word ("a brave vessel") to fall in that place which does not take the other accent in ordinary speech. In music a special sign is used to indicate this change, and in reading the notes, the musician, when he sees that sign, does not accent the first note in the bar, but accents the note which has the sign over it. Please note that in verse, as in music, the effect of this changing the relative place of the rhythmic accent is to vary the rhythmic pattern set up by the general systematic recurrence of this accent at the beginning of the bar, where the ear has learned to look for it. It is instructive, for the use presently to be made of all this discussion of metrical tests, to note how precisely parallel is this variation of monotony by change in accent with that variation of monotony which we just now saw effected by the double ending. Then, when the ear had learned to look for two sounds in each bar,— and particularly for two sounds and a pause in that special bar which terminates the line,— we found that Shakspere more and more tended to give *three* sounds in that bar — that is, the double-ending line — in order to vary the bar-structure agreeably from its rigid form.

I have thought it worth while thus to discriminate the true function of the rhythmic accent as distinguished from the pronunciation accent and the logical accent, specially because one of the greatest modern scholars has founded a whole theory of blank verse upon what is clearly a confusion of these accents, with the result of arriving at conclusions which are wholly absurd as to their general effect, and which as to their special effect would rob Shakspere's verse of its most wonderful and subtle features.

If, then, regularity of verse-structure is determined by the regular recurrence of the rhythmic accent on a given note in each bar, and if a temporary change in the place of the accent would tend to relieve the monotony of the rhythmic flow, we should expect to find, from what has been revealed of Shakspere's progress by the other tests, that he became more and more fond in his later plays of placing such unimportant words as *a*, *in*, *of*, *the*, etc., in the accented place of the bar, so as in effect to change the accent by throwing the voice upon some more important word or syllable.

Here I am not able to present you with any exact reductions to numbers, as in the case of the other metrical tests we have studied. The possibility of such a test as this rhythmic accent test occurred to me last summer while writing a work on English verse; but other pressing occupations have prevented that patient count which would have to be made by taking every line in Shakspere's plays, applying it to this normal type of blank verse, and setting down every time where an unimportant word like *a*, *in*, *the*, or the like fell under the place of the rhythmic accent. The importance of such a test would be very great. Without now taking time to detail the special technical value of this rhythmic accent test, it is easy to infer its general value by considering that necessarily the degree of probability established by these evidences increases, not in arithmetical ratio, but in a more than geometrical ratio with every new test. The evidence, you observe, is cumulative: the effect of every new test is not only to multiply the probability as many times as there are tests in all, but much more.

We have now considered the special function of our five Metrical Tests in determining the relative dates of Shakspere plays; and so many cautions have already been given in various connections with each one that it is not necessary to do more, in summing up our conclusions, than to say that, while no one or two or more metrical tests must be pushed to over-minute determinations in settling the place of a play within small limits,— that is, while we must carefully avoid over-minuteness in applying them,— on the other hand, we can make them of very high value in checking other conclusions and in setting up broadly discriminated periods in Shakspere's artistic growth.

And now let us assume a higher point of view, and regard the general revelation, made to us by *all* the Metrical Tests, of the line of Shakspere's advance as an artist in verse-making. It is at this point that we can see the line of his artistic advance uniting with that of his moral advance; and we can now effect a complete junction between the two trains of discussion, embracing so many details.

For consider the general line of artistic tendency in Shakspere, which *all* the Metrical Tests we have studied agree in disclosing. (1) We found that he tended more and more, from the early plays to the late ones, to disuse rime; and since the rime recurring at the end of each line is a very striking method of marking off a *regular* line-group for the ear, of impressing a regular pattern of fives upon the ear, the *disuse* of rime is clearly an advance towards *freedom*, towards the *relief from monotony*, towards the greater display of *individuality* in verse.

(2) If you carry this on to the next test you find it showing a precisely similar advance towards freedom by another particular of verse-construction. We found that the end-stopped line, just like the rime, marked off the end of each line very strikingly for the ear by the *pause* which comes after it, and thus made a *regular* grouping of fives; while the run-on line broke up this regular grouping by running one line into another, and thus relieved the monotony of the rhythm; and thus the clear and notable increase in the number of run-on lines in the late plays simply represented the same progress towards freedom, towards individuality, towards relief from monotony, which the disuse of rime indicated.

(3) Then the weak-ending test, which was simply a species of run-on line, showed us, by the great increase of weak endings in the late plays over the early ones, the same progress towards relief from monotony, towards freedom, towards individuality.

(4) Then the double-ending test, with its 476 occurrences — that is, 476 *variations* of the normal bar — in *The Tempest*, contrasted with only 29 such variations in the

Midsummer Night's Dream, showed us exactly the same tendency towards variations of monotonous regularities, towards freedom, towards individuality.

(5) And finally the changes of the normal rhythmic accent, which are certainly far more numerous in *The Tempest* than in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, exhibit the same artistic growth. But now, on the other hand, mark carefully that these departures towards freedom are not wild, like Fletcher's; Shakspere in the later plays still uses rime, still has the greater number of his lines regular or end-stopped, still has the greater number of his endings normal instead of abnormally weak or double, still has the greater number of his rhythmic accents in the normal regular places instead of the abnormal irregular places. In other words, the artistic advance towards freedom is a controlled temperate advance, in which the law of verse, the regularity of verse-structure, is preserved reverently, while it is merely *varied* with the occasional departures.

In short, Shakspere's general advance is clearly a more *artistic balancing of the oppositions which constitute verse;* and this idea enables us now to present a perfectly clear statement of that artistic advance in terms of our theory of oppositions, and thus to bring out this artistic advance as only one side of his general moral advance.

For this purpose, let us place these oppositions of regularity and irregularity, of monotony and variety,— upon the artistic balancing of which the whole music of verse depends,— let us place, I say, these oppositions on the sides of our opposition diagram, to which they belong. You will remember that through a great variety of details and principles, accumulating from lecture to lecture, we have climbed to a point of view which commands the whole field of form so far as to show in parallel lines a poem as a form in art, a generalisation as form in science, a balanced character as form in morals or behaviour; and we have found the principle of opposition underlying this matter in every one of its widely differing phases, from the opposition of forces which cause the minute rhythms of sound and light and the great rhythms of the periodic planets, to those oppositions of verse-structure, rime and no rime, end-stopped line and run-on line, single-ending and double-ending, and the like, which we have just seen Shakspere using to make his verse good; and finally to those oppositions in the moral structure of things which every man must balance in order to make his character good. Now let us recur to those limiting terms of this universal opposition which form vanishing-points into which all the lines of man's activity, spiritual, physical, artistic, moral activity, must run; let us, I say, recur to these terms, and set before our eyes the artistic advance of Shakspere revealed by the Metrical Tests in similar terms. Here, starting with the fundamental terms of opposition, Form and Chaos, and using no more of the list than necessary for the present purpose, we have in nature, as including all forms,

Form	Chaos

and correlatively in those forms produced by drawing a scientific induction,

Generalisation	Detail

and correlatively in those forms connected with character,

Law	Freedom
Regularity	Irregularity
Love	Self
Not-me	Me

and since the *me* is what we are immediately conscious of, the *not-me* intermediately, we have the correlative

Possible	Actual

and these give us clearly the

Ideal	Real

and so on. Now let us put our metrical matters into this same nomenclature: We find that the rime is the regular element in verse, and that Shakspere balances it with its opposite irregular element, and we have as regularity element,

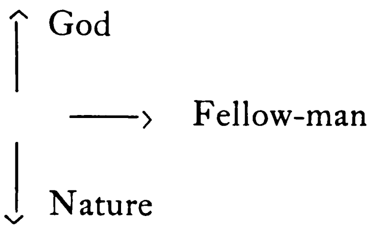
Rime used	Rime disused

and similar

End-stopped Line	Run-on Line
Strong-ending Line	Weak-ending Line
Single-ending Line	Double-ending Line
Regular Accent	Irregular Accent

Here we have the task of the three next and concluding lectures of this course marked out plainly before our eyes. It is proposed to prove (1) that the very same advance which has been revealed by the Metrical Tests between the beginning and the end of Shakspere's career in his verse-technic is clearly revealed to us in his character; (2) that just as we saw Shakspere more artistically balancing the necessary oppositions of verse-structure in *The Tempest*, 1610, than in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, 1590, so we can clearly see him more artistically balancing those oppositions in life and in morals which go to make up character-structure if we rightly investigate his utterances; in short, that Shakspere's advance in art and his advance in morals is one and the same growth, resulting in this direction as a finer verse-structure, in that direction as a finer character-structure.

And now, to prove this theorem, let us take the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which we can prove by all sorts of evidence, positive, indirect, external, internal, metrical tests, higher tests, and all, to represent Shakspere's first period, and let us contrast this with *The Tempest*, which we can prove nearly as conclusively to represent his last period. Note that never were two ends of an artist's life so beautifully framed for a contrast as these two plays. It will give definite direction to our appreciation of this if we reflect (as outlined in a previous lecture) that there are three comprehensive directions in which we may trace a man's view of the world: in the direction of the lower, that is, his views of man's relations towards nature; the level direction, that is, his views of man's relations towards his fellow-man; and the higher direction, that is, his views of man's relations towards God.



? 1595	1602	1610
Dream Period	Real Period	Ideal Period
Midsummer Night's Dream	*Hamlet*	*The Tempest*

Now it so happens that these two plays, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Tempest*, contain just the material for deducing Shakspere's ideas upon these points. In both we have man's relation towards nature,— nature tricksy in the Puck and Oberon of the one, nature conquered and drawing water for man in the allayed tempest and the monster servant Caliban of the other; again, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* shows us man's relations to man in the twist and cross of love which never runs smooth (this famous quotation is from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*), while *The Tempest* shows us the same relations to one's fellow-men in the affairs of power, of ambition, of state, of fatherhood, of love, of forgiveness, and so on. And, to make their fitness for comparison grow to the exquisite degree, both these plays are a sort of fairy-tales, admitting unbounded freedom of treatment and unshackled by any such considerations of time or place or environment as would prevent Shakspere from giving his full and untrammelled utterance.

In the next three lectures, then, we will see what we can find of Shakspere's opinions in these three great relations of man. And finally, if this discussion shall then be allowed to have made out its case, if we shall then find this artistic and moral advance thus inseparable, we may recognise that supreme value of the poet which was posited at the beginning of these lectures. For we must then find that it is he who balances these terrible oppositions of life, balances them, not in ignorance, not by shutting his eyes upon them, but by that enormous faith which, seeing them, is not dismayed. It is he, the poet, who moves with level eye down this lane of life hedged about with these mysteries, and keeps Love and Reconciliation alive with art and music. It is our Shakspere who, when we find him, after his dream of Youth here, after his terrible shock with the Real here in *Hamlet*,— using his art to allay tempests and to bring all things right and to set forth Prospero's prodigious forgiveness of his brother's injury,—

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it is our Shakspere who then makes us cry, amid the heart-breaking perplexities of life's oppositions and complex antagonisms, *Sursum corda! Here is a poet who met these oppositions and managed them; and do but listen to our Shakspere singing in the dark!*

CHAPTER XXII

MAN'S RELATIONS TO THE SUPERNATURAL AS SHOWN IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," "HAMLET," AND "THE TEMPEST"

IN the last lecture not only did two trains of discussion come fairly together and coalesce, but a number of other strands of thought which have been presenting their ends here and there twined into the main result. Permit me for a single moment to present this coalescence of all our inquiries freshly before your minds from a common point of view, as affording the proper light in which we are now to contrast these wonderful plays of Shakspere.

You remember that as we studied those phenomena of sound which are connoted under the term Verse, we found that all our three largest classifications — the Tunes of Verse, the Rhythms of Verse, and the Colours of Verse — were in reality due to rhythmic vibration in various forms, and, going further, we found that all rhythmic vibration seemed to be produced by the Opposition of Forces. In short, after having viewed a great many technical details of verse-construction, the outcome appeared to be that the poet, in arranging the tunes of verse, the rhythms of verse, and the colours of verse, was simply managing a diverse set of vibrations, that is, of oppositions — managing these as the material of his poetic art. The diagram

$$\left.\begin{array}{l}\text{Tunes of Verse}\\[1em]\text{Rhythms of Verse}\\[1em]\text{Colours of Verse}\end{array}\right\} = \text{Vibrations} = \text{Oppositions}$$

brings this outcome clearly before your mind.

But then the theory of oppositions came upon us from quite another direction. In two lectures we studied the Metrical Tests; and having examined Shakspere's early verse as compared with his late verse by these tests, we found that his whole progress as an artist in versification was towards *a more artistic management of oppositions*, these oppositions being a wholly different set from those last named, a set depending upon the singular esthetic demands of the ear in listening to series of sounds. We found that the ear demanded *regularity* in verse-structure: but that it also demanded with equal rigour the very opposite of that, namely, *irregularity;* and since by the rime test we found Shakspere ever more artistically balancing the rime line, which represented regularity, against the blank line, which represented its opposite irregularity, the
end-stopped line (regularity) against run-on line (irregularity),
single-ending (regularity) against double-ending (irregularity),
strong-ending (regularity) against weak-ending (irregularity),
normal accent (regularity) against abnormal accent (irregularity),

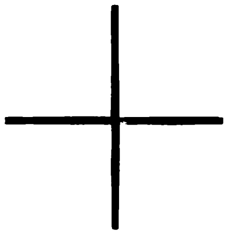
we were here led to contemplate Shakspere's artistic management of a wholly different set of oppositions, these being the oppositions of the esthetic demands of the ear, instead of, as before, the oppositions of forces, which result in periodic or rhythmic vibration. The next diagram here, then, will present this outcome clearly to your eyes, viz.:

Rimed	*vs.* Blank Line	
End-stopped	*vs.* Run-on Line	
Single-ending	*vs.* Double-ending	= Oppositions
Strong-ending	*vs.* Weak-ending	
Normal Accent	*vs.* Abnormal Accent	

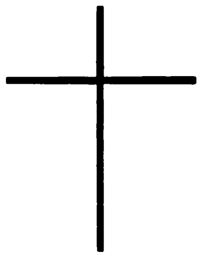
Thus we discovered that Shakspere grew all the time in the artistic management of these verse-oppositions.

We are now to go on and show, by the comparison of these plays, the *Midsummer Night's Dream* as representative of Shakspere's youthful period, and *The Tempest* as representative of his perfectly mature period, that just as he advanced in the artistic management of these rhythmical oppositions, so he advanced in the artistic management of those moral oppositions which make up human life as these esthetic and physical oppositions make up verse. And we are to see if it is not, after all, the same exaltation of faculty, or genius, which arrives at supreme excellence in the due ordering of moral oppositions with that which arrives at supreme excellence in the due ordering of esthetic oppositions.

It will add a valuable weight of cumulative evidence to this now pending inquiry if I here ask your notice of a still different set of artistic oppositions which Shakspere clearly learned better and better how to manage as he grew older. These are the oppositions of character against character, of figure against figure, of event against event, which are arranged with so much more freedom in later plays than in earlier ones. You observe that all these oppositions here in our diagrams concern Shakspere's art as verse-maker: the oppositions I now speak of concern his art as drama-maker, as playwright. Notice in how many of the early comedies there is a suspicion of stiffness, arising from the tendency to present every figure in the play with a kind of contrasting figure or foil to set it off, or at least with a kind of echo or companion. For example, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we have Valentine, the symbol of constancy in love, set off with his contrast and foil, Proteus, the symbol of inconstancy; the one is named from the Valentine of St. Valentine's day, you observe, the other from the old Proteus of the Greek mythus who changed his shape at will and so represented the inconstant lover. Further, we have Speed, the servant of Valentine, set over against Launce, the servant of Proteus; and so on. Again, in the *Comedy of Errors* we have Antipholus of Ephesus and his servant Dromio of Ephesus set over against their twins Antipholus of Syracuse and Dromio of Syracuse. Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost* we have King Ferdinand set over against the Princess, Biron against Rosaline, Dumain against Katherine, Longaville against Maria, Armado against Jaquenetta, and so on, till at the last the whole company go off in pairs, every Jack having his Jill. Again, in *Midsummer Night's Dream* we have Theseus against Hippolyta, Lysander against Hermia, Demetrius against Helena, by way of echoes; and, by way of foils, a group of clowns against a group of fairies, a rude ass against a dainty queen, a tragedy of Pyramus and Thisbe turned into its opposing farce, and so on; while — to cite no more examples — in *Romeo and Juliet* we have the enmity of Montague and Capulet set off against the love of Montague and Capulet, bridal scene set off against burial scene, love against death. In short, at first, if we narrowly scrutinise Shakspere's early management of his oppositions as playwright, we perceive everywhere a tendency of things to go in pairs, to move by twos, in short, a tendency towards direct and pronounced oppositions. But if we consider the later plays with reference to this matter, there is a clear advance towards less pronounced pairing of figures and events, in short, towards less direct oppositions. There are still oppositions of this sort; there must be: the esthetic sense of proportion in the spectator demands them, just as the esthetic sense of the ear demands these other oppositions. But also, in the present series of oppositions, we find, as I said, Shakspere using more art in ordering these playwright's oppositions, more temperately and exquisitely adjusting figure to figure and foil to foil, when we come to the later plays, just as we found him exercising precisely the same temperance and wise control in ordering the oppositions of effect in verse-technic. This relation of the stiff oppositions of the early plays to the freer and more graceful oppositions of the later plays may be very clearly illustrated to the eye by asking one's self, if we had two lines to arrange in the most pleasant relations to each other,— the most pleasant relations, that is, for satisfying the eye's sense of proportion,— how should we go about it? Well, Shakspere goes about it in the early plays by making both lines exactly equal in length and laying one exactly athwart the middle of the other, presenting the effect of this cross to the eye:



while in the later plays he arranges them, with a more delicate sense of proportion, in a form much more pleasing to the eye, by abolishing the direct, flat opposition of equal line to equal line and centre to centre and direction to direction, and taming it down, as it were, with the substitution of a shorter line for the crossing one, and the moving up of the crossing-point to a place where every eye will take more pleasure in the figure, like this:



Now, then, in going on to look at these plays, we shall find, I think, that the same miraculous sense of proportion which has resulted in the finer ordering of these versecraft oppositions and these playwright's oppositions results, too, in the finer ordering of the moral oppositions of life. Let us see if this be not so by contrasting the views of life presented here in *Midsummer Night's Dream* with those in *The Tempest*, linking both to the intermediate view in *Hamlet*.

Here I will write the succession of these plays, in order that their relations in time might be clearly before your eyes:

1595	1602	1610
Midsummer Night's Dream	*Hamlet*	*The Tempest*

Here, you observe, we have the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, dating about 1595; and if you will recall the more extended chronology which was developed during the last two lectures, you will observe that this date 1595 may be called the full flush of Shakspere's youthful period as a writer, when he had passed beyond the raw inexperience of his first attempts as playwright, and had certainly gathered his powers together sufficiently to express his whole thought of *that* time with marvellous force and beauty. We may therefore regard the *Midsummer Night's Dream* as beautifully representative of the very heyday of his youthful period; and so we may regard *Hamlet* as representative of his Dark Period, when the rude shock of the real had come upon him; and *The Tempest* as equally representative of that wondrous period of calm when he had conquered the real, when he had learned to forgive, when he showed his whole state of mind in that group of plays which hinge upon reconciliation and forgiveness of injuries — *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, *Tempest*, *Henry III*, and so on. I should have liked to array before you all the evidences, external and internal, of the precise dates here given; but this would have involved an indulgence in minute scholarship which would not have suited such a course as the present, and, even passing this objection, it would have been impossible to devote so much time as would be required for a matter which of itself has a voluminous literature. So perhaps it will suffice as to the question of dates if I say as to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that its date is quite clearly fixed for us within certain limits through its mention by Francis Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, *Wits Treasury*, published in 1598, where he speaks of it as if it were an already well-known play of Shakspere's. We thus know positively that the *Midsummer Night's Dream* was written *before* 1598; various scholars have assigned it various places within that period: the New Shakspere Society, building upon various evidences, places it as early as 1590–91, Mr. Fleay puts it in 1592, Drake has it 1593, Malone 1594, Stokes 1595 (upon what seems to me a very rational view of all the evidences), and Gervinus also in 1595. We are therefore perfectly safe in assuming that the enormous weight of scholarly opinion is clearly in favour of a date at least by 1595, if not earlier.

Again, in the case of *Hamlet:* while Stokes gives 1599 as the date when it was written and 1600 the date of its revision by Shakspere, Malone gives 1600, Mr. Fleay 1601, and Gervinus, Delius, and the New Shakspere Society agree in assigning the date 1602; so that, while—as you will please carefully observe — either of those dates would subserve the purpose of the present demonstration (which only requires *Hamlet* to have been written *about* 1600), and you see from the dates I have just given that the whole consensus of scholarship does point to about that period, perhaps we may fairly assume the weight of opinion to favour the date 1602, which is well on into the Dark Period, when he was writing all those grim and bitter tragedies of *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Timon of Athens*, *Troilus and Cressida*, and the like.

And lastly, in the case of *The Tempest*, there are such positive external and quasi-external evidences pointing to about the year 1610 as that in which Shakspere wrote it that I find Stokes, Fleay, the New Shakspere Society, Gervinus, Delius, Malone, and Drake all fixing independently upon 1610 or 1611, while Chalmers fixes upon a date so late as 1613. Personally I am well disposed towards 1613, but certainly the overwhelming weight of scholarship is in favour of 1610 or 1611.

In the order of time, then, which is here given we may consider ourselves upon a safe basis for judgments as to Shakspere's growth. The keenest scholarship, the freest discussion, the widest search for external evidence, the most careful checking of conclusions by the Metrical Tests one after another, have all been applied to establish this general succession in time of these three plays; and it is not in the least necessary to commit ourselves to the exact years here given in order to feel sure that these three plays represent three perfectly distinct epochs, separated from each other by several years, in Shakspere's spiritual existence.

Leaving, then, the question of chronology with satisfaction to this extent, mark, now,— by way of a sweeping outline which we will presently fill out with details and support with citations,— mark how completely these three plays form perfect types of three periods which inexorably occur in the life of every man, distinctly marked in the life of the man who thinks, vaguely but no less really in the life of the most thoughtless. Here is the young Shakspere's view of life: his thought is mainly upon love and acting, hence Theseus and Hippolyta, hence Lysander and Hermia and Demetrius and Helena, hence Bottom and Snout and their fellow-players; his eye, though a young eye, is sufficiently keen to have seen already that love does not run smoothly, that many a popular stage-play is as absurd as *Pyramus and Thisbe*, that many a popular actor, or popular poet, who has come to be the fashion and has got the world in love with him, is no more than a Bottom with an ass's head on his shoulders, so that Titania coying the ass's cheeks is but the sight so often seen when the world is petting a popular statesman, or actor, or poet, who will presently go out of fashion and be as much despised by succeeding ages as Bottom will be when Titania's eyes are uncharmed: in short, the young eye already sees the twist and cross of life, but sees it as in a dream: and those of you who are old enough to look back upon your own young dream of life will recognise instantly that the dream is the only term which represents that unspeakable *seeing* of things without in the least *realising* them which brings about that the youth admits all we tell him — we older ones — about life and the future, and, admitting it fully, nevertheless goes on right in the face of it to *act* just as if he knew nothing of it. In short, he sees as in a dream. It is the Dream Period. But here suddenly the dream is done. The real pinches the young dreamer and he awakes. This, too, is typical. Every man remembers the time in his own life, somewhere from near thirty to forty, when the actual oppositions of life came out before him and refused to be danced over and stared him grimly in the face: God or no God, faith or no faith, death or no death, honesty or policy, men good or men evil, the Church holy or the Church a fraud, life worth living or life not worth living — this, I say, is the shock of the real, this is the Hamlet period in every man's life.

And finally,— to finish this outline,— just as the man settles all these questions shocked upon him by the real, will be his Ideal Period. If he finds that the proper management of these grim oppositions of life is by goodness, by humility, by love, by the fatherly care of a Prospero for his daughter Miranda, by the human tenderness of a Prospero finding all his enemies in his power and forgiving their bitter injuries and practising his art to right the wrongs of men and to bring all evil beginnings to happy issues, then his Ideal Period is fitly represented by this heavenly play in which, as you recall its plot, you recognise all these elements. Shakspere has unquestionably emerged from the cold paralysing doubts of Hamlet into the human tenderness and perfect love and faith of *The Tempest*, a faith which can look clearly upon all the wretched crimes and follies of the crew of time, and still be tender and loving and faithful. In short, he has learned to manage the Hamlet antagonisms, to adjust the moral oppositions, with the same artistic sense of proportion with which we saw him managing and adjusting the verse-oppositions and the figure-oppositions.

And now, with this general direction of Shakspere's moral growth before us, let us descend to some details of it as they shine out in these plays. And remembering the useful division of man's possible relations in life as given in the last lecture, let us inquire, What is the attitude of man towards the *supernatural* in these three plays?

Beginning with the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, clearly man is the sport of vague, unseen powers, of the powers of Nature. It must be observed with the greatest care, for proper views on this matter, that there is a sense of the word *Nature* in which it means exactly the supernatural, and perhaps this is the most common sense in which it is thought by many persons. Those who have vague beliefs, or who do not wish to specify their beliefs at the particular moment, will say, for example, that Nature has made man thus and so, or Nature has arranged this and that order, or that such a matter is a law of Nature — meaning, you observe, always what is meant by the supernatural when other senses of the word *Nature* are thought. Now this purposely vague use of Nature by one who has a vague belief is exactly the conception of the dreaming youth, and here in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* the powers of

Nature are playing with man as the supernatural, sometimes crossing him, sometimes blessing him, but with no reason or order in either cross or blessing. The logical outcome of it, here, is simply chance. Chance is Oberon and Puck and Titania: Lysander loves Hermia and Demetrius loves Hermia; Helena loves Demetrius and Demetrius hates Helena. Presently a chance mistake of the careless minister of chance, Puck, reverses these conditions, and things are more hopelessly twisted than ever: Demetrius dotes on Helena, Helena dotes on Lysander, Titania dotes on an ass; the whole world of love is awry, and a laughing or bad-humoured spirit working it all, no reason guiding him, nothing but caprice for a conscience.

In short, here is no formulated faith at all in Shakspere. Why have any faith? What is faith? He does not know the meaning of it. The world is rich; life is full. If there is a twist and a contradiction in things, why, come forward, imagination; I will build me a better world. Down with care and dismal thought and death; this is May-time; let us go forth into the greenwood and do our observance. Such seems the final utterance of this dream: no belief formulated, and, if the logical result should be drawn,—though he has not had time to draw it, of course,—nothing but a Puck and an Oberon at the helm of things, the one tricksy by nature, the other peevish or smiling as the humour takes him — in short, chance regnant.

But here life arises, puts out a stern finger, and says to our young Shakspere: "Answer me these questions straightway: What is death, and why is it? How comes it that the Omnipotent allows such crimes as the murder of Denmark's king by the wife of his bosom? What is the ministry of revenge in this life? How far may a man pay off murder with murder? What is duty to a time out of joint? What is love, what is religion, what is the soul, what is the grave? Answer me! The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." And what answers Hamlet? From beginning to end he never really makes up his mind. Hamlet is morally an interrogation-point. He answers life's question by asking another question: Ought I to do this or that? To be or not to be? Shall I believe this Ghost or doubt him? Shall I stab the King or not stab him? Shall I be insane or shall I not be insane? Ought I to avoid this awful mission of setting right a disjointed time, or accept it?[1] Thus the real thrusts at Hamlet, and Hamlet thrusts not back, but leaps aside. Perhaps, with all the floods of Hamlet commentary and Hamlet literature, this absolute lack of belief, *combined with the yearning belief that he does believe*, in Hamlet, has never been properly insisted on. Permit me to call your attention to a very clear and striking instance of it. Let us analyse Hamlet's thought in the soliloquy, and then lay it alongside his thought at a very important moment only a little while afterward. First, he is pondering the question of the after-death — to be or not to be? And the outcome of his pondering is simply that we do not and cannot know *what* comes after death; that that absolute and inexorable ignorance is the very respect that makes calamity of so long life, as against suicide which could end it:

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[1] The French proverb says *Qui porte épée, porte paix* (Who bears a sword, bears peace). But it is in a very different sense that Christ anticipated this saying when he declares, *I come not to bring peace, but a sword.* The proverb refers to that peace which comes from dread of one's neighbour's sword, Christ to that which results from struggle against old superstition and final emergence into the serenity of higher planes of thought. The proverb means the peace of defeat, Christ's utterance the peace of victory. And compare with either of these the cowardly Hamlet's cry: "The time is out of joint: O cursed spite, That ever I was born to set it right!" Cf. old Gabriel Harvey's saying: "It is enough for one, yea, for the best one, to carry the burthen of his own transgressions and errors."

> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
> When he himself might his quietus make
> With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear,
> To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
> But that the *dread of something*

(something — *what* we know not)

> after death,
> The undiscover'd country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
> And makes us rather bear those ills we have
> Than fly to others that we know not of?

But in a little while we find that Hamlet does not really believe we are so ignorant of what is to happen after death: we find that death is so far from being an undiscovered country to him that he really believes, or *believes* he believes, that we know all about it. For look what he presently does, and argues. The *To be* soliloquy is in Act III, Scene I; presently in Scene III, that is, only two scenes farther on in the same act, Hamlet, on the way to his mother for that dreadful interview, comes unawares behind the guilty King, who is kneeling at his prayers. If Hamlet ever desired to put this monster out of the way, now is the time: but he does not stab him; and why? Why, because, as he alleges, of a perfectly clear conviction *as to what will happen to the King after death*, a point which a moment ago he said neither he nor any other man had or could have any clear convictions on at all. Hear him, with the soliloquy in your mind. As Hamlet, pacing along the corridor towards his mother's room, suddenly finds the King there praying, his back turned to Hamlet, absorbed, unconscious of an enemy, defenceless, the thought rushes over him and stops him like a shot, *kill him* now. *Now*, he says,

> might I do it pat, now he is praying;
> And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven:
> And so am I reveng'd? That would be scann'd:
> A villain kills my father; and for that,
> I, his sole son, do this same villain send
> To heaven.
> Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
> . . . And am I then reveng'd,
> To take him in the purging of his soul,
> When he is fit and season'd for his passage?

(That is, in saying his prayers.)

> No.
> Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid bent:
> When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage, . . .
> At gaming, swearing, or about some act
> That has no relish of salvation in't;
> Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven
> And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
> As hell, whereto it goes.

Just now death was an undiscovered country; we knew and could know nothing of what happens in it: *now* we know all about it; we know heaven and hell; we know that if a villain be killed while he is saying his prayers he will go to heaven, and that if he be killed while he is asleep he will go to hell; and I Hamlet believe that I believe this, and so I will not take this opportunity for revenge. Nay, how absurd is Hamlet's undiscovered country from which no traveller returns, when even now the ghost of his father, *who had travelled* beyond death, *returns*, and *discovers* to Hamlet how he is doomed to walk for a certain time, and so on! Thus we see that the key to Hamlet's character is that half-belief which does not *know* that it believes, but only *believes* that it believes, and so twists its belief from moment to moment to suit its mood, and hence a thousand inconsistencies. This shifting the belief to suit the desire, this half-belief which is worse than no belief, seems wonderfully characteristic of our present age, and well may it be called the Hamlet age. I do not know how I can better illustrate this curious and puzzling state, which is so characteristic of much that we flatter as belief, than by recalling an incident which occurred a short time ago, and which seemed to me to illustrate a whole belief, the opposite of Hamlet's half-belief, in a most admirable manner. Four or five years ago I happened to be in St. Augustine when a party of Indians arrived who had been captured in the West and sent to this far-away place by the government, for confinement as notorious disturbers of the peace on our Western frontier. When these Indians left the cars at the station, I observed that one of them was very ill, and that another was nursing the sick man. I was greatly impressed with the tenderness of the rude nurse, and with the evident love which underlay his ministrations. The sick Indian was sent to the hospital, and his friend, who I afterwards learned was his cousin, was allowed to go with him and nurse him. On the next night the sick one grew worse, and was told that he must presently die. Soon afterward he called to his cousin to hand him his bundle from under his cot; fumbling in it, he drew out a knife which he had secreted there, and, while his cousin was tenderly leaning over him, he suddenly plunged the open blade into his cousin's breast. The feebleness of death was upon him, and the wound was slight; and presently, when the commotion over this singular act had subsided, the hospital people asked the dying Indian what conceivable reason he could have for desiring to murder his best friend in such a manner. He replied: "I am going to the Happy Hunting Grounds; I wished to kill him, that he might go with me: I love him so that I cannot part with him."

No undiscovered country here; and this rude whole faith is a good foil to set off Hamlet's cultivated half-faith. In short, the attitude of man towards the supernatural in Hamlet is that of practical doubt underlying a belief that he believes: the most wretched and perplexing of all conditions. Even when the Ghost comes from the undiscovered country to give him light, he never quite knows whether to doubt the Ghost or not, in the midst of all his plots based on the Ghost's information.

But if we go on to see how this condition of mind as to the supernatural has arranged itself by 1610, we are met with a faith as fine and clear as the Indian's, and as intelligent as the Indian's was ignorant. In *The Tempest* there is a Providence indeed. We find Him shining, here and there, all through. In Act I, Scene II, when Prospero has been telling Miranda how he, and she, a pitiful infant, were put into the open boat and turned out to the wild sea, Miranda says:

> O the heavens!
> What foul play had we, that we came from thence?
> Or blessed was't we did?

Prospero replies:

> Both, both, my girl:
> By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heav'd thence;
> But *blessedly holp* hither.

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Acknowledging, of course, that there is One who blessedly helps.

Again, we have it in terms. Presently, after hearing the tremendous story of their voyage in the open boat, Miranda cries:

How came we ashore?

and Prospero answers:

By Providence divine.

More than that, the character of this Providence is very different from any that has before appeared. In *Hamlet* Providence is sending a ghost back out of the jaws of darkness, for what purpose? To organise Revenge. In *The Tempest* Providence sends supernatural powers to Prospero to organise Forgiveness. *Now*, cries Hamlet, when he finds the King in his power, *now might I stab him pat*. But listen to Ariel and Prospero talking in the first scene of the fifth act of *The Tempest*. The charms have all worked, things gather to a head, Prospero's enemies are all in his power, he could stab them all at one stroke if he liked, and they are not saying their prayers, either. But Ariel, darting up and reporting these matters, says:

If you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.
Prospero. Dost thou think so, spirit?
Ariel. Mine would, sir, were I human.
Prospero. And mine shall. . . .
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet . . .
the rarer action is

In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further.

And so, when the wondering wrecked company are led in by Ariel, after a while Prospero says:

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault,— all of them.

And it is a most heavenly touch of the fulness of this pardon when presently, stricken with overwhelming compunction as he looks into the cell and sees Ferdinand and Miranda playing chess, the brother laments:

But, O, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

and Prospero quickly interrupts:

There, sir, stop:
Let us not burden our remembrance with
A heaviness that's gone.

Which is almost like a paraphrase of St. Paul's *Forgetting what is behind, let us press forward*, and so forth. And so Prospero's art and Prospero's forgiveness rise above the most galling oppositions of life, and we see that Shakspere has found out moral exaltation to be the secret of managing all the moral antagonisms of existence. How changed is the attitude of man towards the supernatural, here, from what it was in the dream play of the *Midsummer Night*, and in the real play of *Hamlet!* In the first, man is the sport of chance; in the second, man knows not what is above; in the third, repentance, forgiveness, and Providence rise like stars out of the dark of *Hamlet*.

In the next two lectures we will trace those cunning and often amusing revelations of the attitude of man towards his fellow-man and towards nature proper which will complete our examination of these plays. Meantime let me close this lecture with remarking that it is instructive to observe from a different point of view the three phases of the supernatural presented by these plays. The supernatural, you see, *is* in all these plays. In *Midsummer Night's Dream* it is a flippant Oberon; in *Hamlet* it is a ghost; here in *Tempest* it is in the first place God, and in the second place man made in God's image *controlling* the pucks and ghosts who formerly controlled him. Puck, the bright trickster, changes to Ariel, the bright minister, through the intermediate ghost, the dark messenger. Thus the Ideal Period has come round by a wonderful cyclus to be simply the Dream Period reinformed with a new youth, and Shakspere's age, with its fairy-tale, *The Tempest*, is but a new and immortally fine reconstruction of his youth, with its fairy-tale, the *Dream*. I cannot think of the manner in which this glimmering Puck melts into this sombre ghost, and this ghost into the radiant Ariel, without recalling a series of ideas which I found some years ago in a long-forgotten essay of Bulwer's. He was drawing a comparison between the different appearances things would present to us if slight changes were made in the powers of our sense of sight; and these changes strikingly represent the actual changes in views of things which we have here been tracing as between Shakspere's youth and his ripeness. Said Bulwer, in substance: Our present eyesight takes only the view which comes from the surface of things, whence the ray of light glances and strikes our retina. What we see, therefore, under present conditions, is a sort of film, or dreamy covering of things. That is, what we call a beautiful face really applies only to the colours and outlines of the skin which covers the actual framework of the face. Now, before going on, let us analogise this to the state of the young man's eyes, the state of Shakspere's eyes in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, seeing only the surface of things, seeing things as in a dream, not seeing the real at all, not realising anything.

But suppose, continued Bulwer, that by a slight change the rays of light did not bound back from the surface,—say from the skin of the face,—but penetrated beneath that, and only bounded back from the muscles, nerves, veins, and bones. What an inconceivably repulsive place would the world become! In looking *then*, for instance, at our beautiful face, we would see only that reticulation of nerves and veins and muscles which makes a medical plate so horrible; we would see the two holes of the skull for nostrils; we would see a ghastly grin instead of a captivating smile.

And here, again, before going further, let us analogise this to the young man's first sight of the real in life, that is, to our Shakspere's Hamlet period, when the forbidding network of death and murder and revenge and sin and suffering starts out from underneath the smooth exterior of life, as the network of veins and muscles and so on starts out from the maiden's cheek to the more powerful vision. This Hamlet period is, indeed, just that in which the rays of light begin to come to us, not from the surface of things, but from the reality of things; and we see how our Shakspere is paralysed with horror at the sight.

But Bulwer does not leave us in this condition. Suppose again, he says, that our eyes should acquire an infinitely greater power, so that they should see not only the underlying realities of things but should actually see the purpose and reason of being and function of each thing along with the thing itself. Suppose, to carry on the example, that, along with the revolting network of muscles and veins and bones in the human face, we should actually see the functions of each one — how each part was beautifully co-adapted with the other, how the muscle played and swelled and contracted, how the generous blood ever leaped along the artery with nutriment and built up the exquisite structure of the face, depositing this little atom here and this there, and keeping up the form and contour of the flesh, how the nerves thrilled with a sudden impulse that ran into the sensorium and told of colour and of music, and so on. Then, then, if we saw along with these things their working and their final end and purpose, the world which a moment before was hideous as the real would now become infinitely beautiful as the ideal.

And so it became to Shakspere: bright but unreal in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, when he saw only the external; hideous in *Hamlet*, when he saw only the real; perfectly beautiful in *Tempest*, when he saw all things together, all things related to a common purpose, nothing common or unclean, because everything was dignified by its functional relation to that purpose — in short, when he saw the world in its ideal. And, finally, I cannot better sum up the relations of these three plays than by calling your attention to their epilogues from the point of view of our present *status*.

At the end of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* exeunt Oberon, Titania, and their train, and Puck concludes all with this epilogue:

If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumber'd 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.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearned luck,
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call:
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands,

(that is, the applause of your hands)

if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

Here we have — nothing: fit end of a dream.

When we come to *Hamlet*, there is no set epilogue, but they are to bury Hamlet, and to shoot over his grave as a tribute to his soldierhood; and the stage-direction is, *Exeunt, bearing off the bodies: after which a peal of ordnance is shot off.* So the epilogue is really a peal of guns, and truly to this lamentable play there could be no fitter epilogue than these sullen shots from behind the curtain, like inarticulate cries from beyond the grave.

But, lastly, to *The Tempest* we have a set epilogue; and such a farewell as it is!

Bearing in mind the flippant departure of Puck from the stage, and remembering how likely it is that either *The Tempest* was Shakspere's last play, or that he thought it would be, we cannot listen unmoved to the passionate human appeal of Shakspere in this epilogue as a personal supplication from the master to his fellow-men whom he had so long entertained with his art. The stage-direction is:

EPILOGUE

Spoken by Prospero

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
And what strength I have's mine own,
Which is most faint:

(Not promising, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, to do better next time if you will but pardon the faults of this.)

now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
Since I have my dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell;
But release me from my bands
With the help of your good hands:
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. Now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer,
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.

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CHAPTER XXIII

MAN'S RELATIONS TO MAN AS SHOWN IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," "HAMLET," AND "THE TEMPEST"

IN the last lecture we examined these three plays with reference to the ideas of man's relations to the supernatural which appear in the lines and between the lines of them. We found such a clear and notable advance from the conscienceless Pucks and Oberons and tricksy chances which rule the world in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, through the weak and ineffective belief of belief in *Hamlet*, to the large and clear-eyed reliance upon the goodness and the ultimate purpose of things in *The Tempest*, as seems to argue that infinite widening of Shakspere's spiritual range and scope which lands him here fairly in that wished-for state of every fervent artist — the state which beholds with unfilmy and unglozing eye all the contradictions of this life, but which is nevertheless not compelled by them to look upon life as a mere *Midsummer Night's Dream* of grotesque mishaps and crisscrosses and absurdities; but regards it more as a *Tempest* raised by a conscientious power for a gentle purpose, and guided by that power to an end which developes forgiveness, large behaviour, love, and all the better qualities of the Prosperos, the Alonsos, the Antonios and the Sebastians of this world. We are now to study these same plays for the purpose of seeing whether they show any corresponding enlargement in Shakspere's conceptions of man's relations to his fellow-men and of man's relations to physical nature.

And first, of man's relations to his fellow-men. These plays are so exuberantly filled with indications of Shakspere's greatly widening perceptions upon this matter as he successively emerged from the Dream Period and the Hamlet Period that I scarcely know when I have ever been more perplexed by the embarrassment of riches than in selecting the special matters to which I might most profitably ask your notice. The immense enlargement of Shakspere's horizon as to the right behaviour of man towards man in *The Tempest* as compared with *A Midsummer Night's Dream* might be developed from so many texts out of these plays, and from as many points of comparative view, as to fill many volumes. But only mentioning this embarrassment of riches as explaining the very limited presentation which can be made in any one lecture — I have determined to confine the investigation here to the three very interesting plays-within-plays, or anti-masques, which appear in these three works of Shakspere's. You all remember, of course, that, framed in all the gorgeous and grotesque and filmy tracery of this dream, we have the play of *Pyramus and Thisbe within* the play of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Then we have the terrible play of the murderer pouring poison into the King's ear and getting the love of his wife, acted before Hamlet's uncle and mother — the play which, when the King asks, *What do you call this play?* Hamlet answers, *The Mouse-trap*. And finally we have that exquisite masque of the gods — Juno and Ceres and their train — which the wise and potent Prospero arrays before his two young lovers, Ferdinand and Miranda. Now note by way of a preliminary outline the aim, or ground-motive, of each of these anti-masques. Here we have Bottom and Snug the joiner and Starveling the tailor and the other clowns performing the tedious-brief tragical comedy of Pyramus and Thisbe to grace the wedding of Theseus and Hippolyta, and the manner in which the poetic speeches of the actors travesty real speeches shows clearly that Shakspere is having his good-humoured laugh at somebody; so that we may say the ostensible motive of the anti-masque is a light and playful amusement for a great warrior and his bride, while the underlying thought is a gentle fun over somebody's play-writing; that is to say, the ground-motive is Ridicule.

Here in *Hamlet* the motive of the anti-masque is quite as clear: it is to entrap the King's conscience into a clear betrayal of his guilt in murdering his brother and usurping Denmark; that is to say, the ground-motive of *this* anti-masque is Revenge. Here, lastly, in *The Tempest*, Prospero, a student of nature, a physicist,— who is nevertheless also a man with man's delights and passions, and an artist,— brings about the anti-masque of Juno and Ceres in grateful and exuberant delight over the happy issues of his own working, before the eyes of the two whom he most loves, to bless their marriage; in short, the underlying motive here is Blessing. We may then write Ridicule, Revenge, Blessing as mnemonic words which embody the prominent ideas that remain when we strip away the unessential accessories of these three anti-masques.

But now let us look a little more closely at these plays-within-plays, and put some flesh upon the bones of this outline. In considering the anti-masque of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, here, I have thought that perhaps I could make this necessarily dry analysis somewhat more interesting to you by hinging it upon an inquiry as to who was the person satirised — if we may use so harsh a term for such hilarious ridicule as this — in the figure of Bottom, the Ass, and in the thunderous lines of *Pyramus and Thisbe*. It so happens that since the last lecture in which we were comparing these plays, in recalling certain passages from one of Gabriel Harvey's letters written in 1592, and from a work of Robert Greene's a little earlier, I was struck with the reëmergence in my mind of several hints or thoughts from those passages as I read again this mock-play of *Pyramus and Thisbe;* and with my mind thus directed I eagerly took up a search which has quite satisfied me that in this figure of Bottom, the Ass, and of Snug, the joiner, and in these absurd speeches of Pyramus and Thisbe, Shakspere is laughing at the one man whom history has ever acquainted us with as his enemy — I mean at Robert Greene. The instant I started in this direction, every moment yielded a fresh evidence. In arraying some of these evidences before you, as I now proceed to do, we shall find at every step glimpse after glimpse upon Shakspere's ideas of the proper behaviour of man to his fellow-man — which is the final aim of our research to-day.

Permit me to recall to you two very famous literary quarrels of Shakspere's time, which will, I think, put us at the very status of thought and frame of mind in which Shakspere wrote the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. One of these quarrels shows us the figures of Robert Greene, Shakspere, and Henry Chettle in certain relations to each other; the other shows us Robert Greene, Shakspere, and Gabriel Harvey in certain relations to each other.

Sometime in the autumn of the year 1592, Henry Chettle, acting as literary executor of the then widely celebrated and popular dramatist Robert Greene, who was just dead, published a work of the latter's called *Greene's Groatsworth of Wit Bought with a Million of Repentance*, to which I have already called your attention. It is in this work, you remember, that the sentence occurs in which Greene makes his famous fling at Shakspere. Let me, however, read that sentence exactly as it occurs, and with it a word or two from its neighbouring sentences, which I think we will presently find quite clearly working in Shakspere's mind as he wrote the *Pyramus and Thisbe* of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Greene is going on to abuse several contemporary writers. "Yes," says he, "trust them not; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the onely Shake-scene in a countrie." I need not recall to you, I am sure, the well-known circumstances which point to Shakspere as the person Greene is here abusing: the word Shake-scene, the evident parody in the line *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide* of a line in the play of *King Henry VI*, third part, and so on. But now, remembering simply as catchwords for future use this line which I have here written, let us gather one or two more catchwords — whose use we will presently see, from the context. Greene goes on to say, presently: "In this I might insert two more, that both have writ against these buckram Gentlemen: but let their owne works serve to witnesse against their owne wickednesse, if they persever to maintaine any more suche *peasants*. For other new commers I leave them to the mercy of these *painted monsters*, who (I doubt not) will drive the best minded to despise them : for the rest, it skils not though they make a *jeast* at them." From this keep the catchwords "peasants," "painted monsters," and "jeast." Now, simply noticing on the way that we never hear a word from Shakspere in reply to this bitter invective of Greene's, let us pass on to the letter of Gabriel Harvey's which I just now mentioned. Before Greene — evidently a truculent fellow — had thus attacked Shakspere, he had involved himself in a fierce quarrel with Gabriel Harvey. (Harvey, I may mention, was a less-known but very learned writer of this time, the intimate friend of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney.) In a work called *A Snip for an Upstart Courtier*, Greene had very vulgarly libelled Harvey's ancestry. But Harvey was not so controlled as Shakspere : he broke forth in a public reply to Greene's insult. Presently Thomas Nash became involved in the quarrel on Greene's side, and the result was a considerable body of pamphlets filled with the most wonderful abuse,[1] but, also, luckily for modern scholars, with many instructive allusions which greatly add to our knowledge of contemporary writers.

It was in the course of this quarrel between Greene, Nash, and Harvey, which lingered on even after Greene was dead, that Harvey published a series of four pamphlets which he called *FOURE LETTERS, and certaine Sonnets ; especially touching ROBERT GREENE, and other parties, by him abused.*

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[1] Harvey declares Greene "a trivial and triobular author for knaves and fools"; and again he breaks forth : "No honesty, but pure Scogginism ; no religion, but precise Marlowism ; no consideration but pure Nashery." But it is impossible to get an idea of the extraordinary personal vilification without reading the pamphlets themselves.

It is not necessary to do more than remind you that these four letters, touching, as they say, Robert Greene and certain parties by him abused, would surely prove interesting reading to Shakspere, who was one of those very parties, who was a rising young dramatist now beginning to win some of that fame which the popular Robert Greene had just yielded up with his breath, and who, finally, was too dignified to engage in the war of words, however keenly he might feel the provocation. The letters, I say, must have been interesting matter for young Shakspere's eyes; and, with this thought in your minds, I now ask your attention to a passage or two in a couple of Harvey's letters which will materially increase our list of catchwords and of clue-ideas to be presently traced through the tangles of *Pyramus and Thisbe.*

For example, in Harvey's third letter he calls Greene "that terrible Thundersmith of termes," which please add to your list. Again, in another letter Harvey quotes that most pathetic note of Robert Greene's to his poor abandoned wife:

> Doll, I charge thee by the love of our youth and by my soul's rest, that thou wilt see this man paid: for if he and his wife had not succoured me, I had died in the streets.
>
> Robert Greene.

Here is the idea of Greene's beggary, and presently we shall see reason for putting this with two expressions which we find in Harvey's third letter, where in one place we find him calling Greene a "Minion of the Muses," and in another place a "beggar."

Again, at a certain point of one of Harvey's letters he runs off into a most wonderful learned excursus upon asses: Balaam's ass, the Golden Ass of Apuleius, and an astonishing number of other famous beasts of the ass tribe

— mentioning almost every literary ass known to us *except* "bully Bottom." Again, the idea of satirising living persons in comedy occurs in that one of Harvey's pamphlets in this quarrel called *Pierce's Supererogation*, where he cries, "Nay, if you shake the painted scabbard at me" (the painted scabbard being here a symbol of the satiric lampoon in comedy) "I have done."

Finally, an expression in Harvey's third letter connects itself with a positive clue which lights up our whole path very clearly. He is describing the great popularity of Greene: Greene, he says, is "freshly current"; and he adds very prettily: "Even *Guicciardini's* silver history, and *Aristo's* golden cantos, grow out of request: and the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia is not green enough . . . but they must have Greene's Arcadia. . . . *O straunge fancies! O monstrous new-fanglednesse!*"

And now let us see what Greene's *Arcadia* will yield us. This work of Greene's — one of the most popular of that series of pastorals which every one remembers as particularly represented by Sir Philip Sidney's youthful production, *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*, and by Spenser's eclogues — was called *Menaphon* or *Arcadia*. It has the usual rout of shepherds and shepherdesses and green fields and love-talk, together with more than the usual complement — as it seemed to me after reading it some years ago — of the most absurd and silly plots and situations and speeches and songs that ever made a sensible person laugh. But now, with this general idea of Greene's *Arcadia*, let me call attention to one special passage of it which is certainly absurd enough, but is here purposely absurd; at least, Greene is endeavouring to give a realistic picture of a very rude shepherd swain singing his sentiments to a very rude shepherdess. This is called the Eclogue of Carmela and Doron: and we shall presently see how even Shakspere's clown's travesty of it contrasts in delicacy and height with these wretched low-pitched, palpable-gross ideas. Doron speaks, in Greene's eclogue:

Carmela dear, even as the golden ball
That Venus got, such are thy goodly eyes,
When cherries' juice is jumbled therewithal;
Thy breath is like the steam of Apple-pies.

Thy lips resemble two cucumbers fair;
Thy teeth like to the tusks of fattest swine;
Thy speech is like the thunder in the air;
Would God thy toes, thy lips, and all were mine.

Now to apply this series of clue-ideas and catchwords.

Remembering the situation,—Shakspere abused by Greene, but not replying; Harvey abused by Greene, and replying in pamphlets which Shakspere must have read, and one of which, indeed, probably refers to Shakspere in very charming terms,—fancy Shakspere, in this status of things, setting to work at the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. Here, in the first place, we have a perfectly solid basis to build on in the evidence this verse affords that Shakspere had Greene in his mind, in some connection, as he was writing *Pyramus and Thisbe*. For compare with *Doron's Eclogue*, here, Thisbe's piteous lament over Pyramus as she comes and finds him slain by the lion. Thus she moans:

These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan:
His eyes were green as leeks.

Here we have (1) not only the general similarity of ludicrous comparisons of rude lovers, but (2) the special similarity of making those comparisons take the particular direction of fruits and vegetables, and (3) the identity of terms in the cherry which typifies the beautiful *nose* of Shakspere's Pyramus and stains the lovely *eyes* of Greene's Carmela. I think no reasonable doubt remains that here we have come clearly upon the *idea of Greene* in Shakspere's mind as he is writing *Pyramus and Thisbe*.

And now, if we take this hint and hold it like the point of a magnet among all these iron-filings of hints which I have scattered here, we find them instantly clustering about it into a very palpable lump of probabilities. For example, take this idea, here, of the *Tygers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, Greene's own contemptuous allusion to Shakspere as a plagiarist, and see how exquisitely and gaily Shakspere turns the idea upside down — as natural for a dream — and throws back this hide over Greene's head. For listen to Bottom and his captivating asses discussing, not a tiger's heart in a player's hide, but a player's heart in a lion's hide.

> *Bottom.* Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in — God shield us! — a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.
>
> *Snout.* Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.
>
> *Bottom.* Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck: and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, — 'Ladies,' — or 'Fair ladies, — I would wish you,' — or 'I would request you,' — or 'I would entreat you, — not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are'; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

All we want, of course, here is a suggestion, not a precise allegory. Shakspere never makes a precise allegory: that is for the more creeping wits of time; any man of average cleverness can take a given allegorical scheme or *modus*, run it on through a lot of details, and work it out into stiff and wooden figures — the body, for instance, as a commonwealth with members, etc.; but Shakspere, while he always builds upon the real, while he always takes from this and that actual model, while he always keeps one foot on the earth, so that, as I radically believe, there is not a line nor a feature in his whole works for which he could not give a good substantial sanction and original in actual nature as hint or suggestion — while, I say, he always builds so, he never builds woodenly or angularly, he never tries to make a simile stand on four legs, he never carries out a suggestion to the small and cloying point of allegory or of exact opposition. Just glancing, here, at the exact manner in which this shows us the same artistic management with that of the oppositions of verse which I have heretofore presented to you, let us now return to say again that Shakspere's figure, here, of Snug, a player in a lion's hide, is quite as near to Greene's figure of a tiger's heart in a player's hide as we would ever expect Shakspere to come. And so let us go on to see how all these items begin now to come about the idea that Shakspere is gently satirising Greene. Here we have the word "peasants"; and it occurs near this line of Greene's in such a way as naturally enough to make it possible that a mere vague untraced association has made Shakspere — whom Greene here calls a *peasant* — take the group of Athenian peasants and make *them* players and put one of those peasant players in a lion's hide.

Again, here is Greene's "painted *monster*"; and that is not only what Bottom is, but we find Puck using the

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word where he tells his master Oberon, in Act III, Scene II, "My mistress with a monster is in love."

Again, here is Greene's idea of making a jest at them, and Shakspere is taking the hint and *making* the jest at them.

Again,— and we must fancy all the time, here, that Shakspere has been reading these things of Greene's and these letters of Harvey's, and that just those detached words or ideas are now floating up to him out of them which remain, to every one, after the main connection or matter of anything read, perhaps carelessly and hastily, has vanished away,— again, here is Harvey calling Greene "that terrible Thundersmith of termes"; and surely Bottom is one in "The raging rocks," etc. (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act I, Scene II), or in

> Approach, ye Furies fell!
>   O Fates, come, come,
>   Cut thread and thrum;
> Quail, crush, conclude, and quell![1]

Again, in Act V, Scene I, where Theseus is asking what sports are toward to beguile the evening, in the list we find a tableau or spectacle called

> *The thrice three Muses mourning for the death*
> *Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.*

And here we have Greene's letter, quoted by Harvey, alluding to his own beggary; Harvey's expression in his letter, calling Greene "the Minion of the Muses"; to which we may add Greene's well-known pride in his own learning — he was fond of calling himself *Doctor Utriusque Academicæ*, etc.

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[1] Cf. with the poetic bombast of *Pyramus and Thisbe* the prose rodomontade of Holofernes and Don Adriano de Armado; and compare with both the pedantic affectations of Harvey and Breton (in Brydges's *Archaica*) and of Laneham's *Letters from Kenilworth*, and of Master Rhombus in Sidney's masque, *The Lady of the May*.

Again, when, in Act III, Scene I, Puck has done his wondrous work upon Bottom in the brake, and they have all run away at the apparition of Bottom translated, presently reënters Snout and cries,

> O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

and Bottom replies,

> What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you?

we are introduced to that heartbreaking and immortal ass whom Titania presently coys, and whom we cannot help associating with Greene when, in the light of all these suggestions, we find Harvey's curious suggestion of this, that, and the other ass, particularly of Balaam's Ass rebuking his master.

Again, we have the suggestion, in Harvey's letter, of lampooning a rival in the "painted scabbard" passage I quoted. And, finally, the propriety of making Greene an ass who for a time wins the doting affection of the world, as the ass wins Titania's, and then suddenly goes out in neglect and scorn, as Bottom the Ass goes out of Titania's favour when her eyes regain their normal condition: the propriety of this, I say, grows convincing when we find here, in the same letter of Harvey's, and in proximity to all these other hints which we have been tracing, this vivid picture of Greene's popularity given by Harvey, showing generally how everybody was reading him, and particularly — to clinch all our conclusions together — how everybody was reading that very *Arcadia* in which occurs this *Doron's Eclogue* which we found Shakspere certainly had in his mind, probably using it just to teach these people how they might be rude and grotesque, and still be decent and ideal.

I might multiply these hints with many resemblances, if there were time. But perhaps I have given quite enough to show that, in all probability, Shakspere, throughout his anti-masque of *Pyramus and Thisbe* as played by Bottom and Snout and Snug and the other clowns, was having his little retaliatory laugh at his rival Greene, who had abused him in the *Groatsworth of Wit*.

But now go on to this pitiful Hamlet Period and compare the sportive anti-masque of *Pyramus and Thisbe* with the grim *Mouse-trap* anti-masque of Hamlet to ensnare the King. The underlying motive, you see, of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* anti-masque is revenge in its mildest form — the form of ridiculing an opponent. And please observe that it is not at all necessary to this comparison which I am now making to accept my theory just advanced, that Robert Greene is the *particular person ridiculed;* that *somebody* is being ridiculed in these thunderous terms of *Pyramus and Thisbe*, and these ludicrous realisms of the plastered Wall holding up his fingers for a chink, and so on,— one cannot but believe that Shakspere would laugh at stage properties and other pitiful realistic devices, — that somebody is being ridiculed, I say, probably no one will deny. And all that my present line of comparison requires is the change from this light, sportive, good-natured, dreamy revenge — this ridicule — of the anti-masque here in *Midsummer Night's Dream* to the desperate horror of this Hamlet anti-masque.

But, not dwelling upon that, when we advance from the vengeful anti-masque of Hamlet to the anti-masque in *The Tempest*, we come out of the very smoke and brimstone of the pit into a large blue heaven of moral width and delight. Prospero has raised his Tempest; he and busy Ariel have brought this and that scattered strand of circumstance together; here is the grave and beautiful Ferdinand adoring his daughter Miranda; the benefaction of his Tempest is about to appear: and in the warm glow and exaltation of his love he calls down the gods — mark you, this is the man Prospero calling down Juno and Ceres and Iris at his bidding to show their beneficent glories and to shower their benevolent offerings for the pleasure of his beloved. This anti-masque gives us man in the culmination of his glory as toward his fellow-man. He who calls down the gods to minister to his beloved, this Prospero, is he who, having his enemies in his power,— enemies far worse than the wordy Greene of this Dream Period, enemies even more malignant than the abominable King and Queen of the Hamlet Period,— having such enemies in his power, has greatened beyond ridicule, has enlarged beyond revenge, has learned the truth of true love, the dignity of man toward his fellow, the wonder and miracle of forgiveness — in fine, the true ideal behaviour and relation of man to his fellow-man.

In the next lecture, which will conclude this course, the relations of man to nature as shown in these plays will be traced, and a summary proof offered as to the final outcome of all this demonstration in these lectures, that the technical and moral advance of Shakspere, which we have followed up by so many clues from the *Midsummer Night's Dream* to *The Tempest*, is simply one whole advance, and that a less moral soul than Shakspere's would have been equally incapable of either the artistic verse-craft, the artistic drama-craft, or the artistic moral-craft which we find in these late plays.

Meantime, lest you should fear that I have selected these special plays because others would serve less well, let me conclude this lecture by reading you a scene from a less-known play of Shakspere's, in which an ideal of man's relations to man, of man's proper behaviour to man, is shown upon the same lofty plane as the Prospero ideal. I refer to Scene II in Act III of *Pericles*. It is just at this scene that the hand of Shakspere becomes apparent in this play. Here in the noble figure of Cerimon he shows us the man of science, the physician, moving about his home, attending to his medical practice, reviving the weak,—charitable, courteous, grave, energetic, at once the scientific physician and the artistic physician. It is pleasant to think that Shakspere got at least some features for this picture of the great physician I am about to read from an actual model. As I have already pointed out, in the year 1607 Dr. John Hall, who was a physician of great repute in Stratford, and one of whose books, *Hall's Cures*, still remains to us, married Shakspere's daughter Susannah; and it may well be that this son-in-law furnished Shakspere with at least as much of a model as Shakspere ever wanted for the basis of any conception.

To my judgment, there is nothing lovelier than this scene in all Shakspere. The situation is this: Pericles, Prince of Tyre, being in a foreign land in disguise on account of circumstances which I need not take time to relate, loves and marries the beautiful Thaisa, and they live happily for a time. Presently Pericles has news that his people call him home to be their governor, and sets sail with Thaisa for his own Tyre. On the way, a great storm arises off Ephesus, and, physically overcome with the terrors of the tempest, Thaisa seems to die. The sailors demand that she shall be thrown overboard immediately, their superstition being that a dead body on board ship provokes the storm to greater fury. So the sorrowing Pericles has up a coffer, calked and bitumened, wraps the seeming corpse tenderly in spices and rich robes, lays alongside it a casket of jewels, and places upon all a paper stating that this is the wife of Pericles, and that if the coffer should be washed ashore, he who finds it shall give fair burial to it and take the casket of jewels for his fee.

The coffer with this rich freight is cast into the sea, and the ship sails on.

The scene now changes to Ephesus, and shows us a room in the house of Cerimon, our doctor. And the rest let these wonderful words of Shakspere tell. I will only ask you to observe the grave and noble dignity of the physician Cerimon, his devotion to his science, and the sidelights we get upon his grand charity and service to his fellow-men through the praises of the two gentlemen who presently appear. Into the room

Enter CERIMON, *a Servant*, *and some Persons who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Does my lord call?
Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men:
It has been a turbulent and stormy night.
Serv. I have been in many; but such a night as this,
Till now, I ne'er endured.
Cer. Your master will be dead ere you return;
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
That can recover him. (*To* PHILEMON) Give this to the 'pothecary,
And tell me how it works. (*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.)

Enter two Gentlemen.

First Gent. Good morrow.
Sec. Gent. Good morrow to your lordship.
Cer. Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?
First Gent. Sir,
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very principals did seem to rend
And all to topple: pure surprise and fear
Made me to quit the house. . . .
But I much marvel that your lordship, having
Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
'Tis most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.
Cer. I hold it ever,
Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend,
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret art,
By turning o'er authorities, I have,
Together with my practice, made familiar
To me and to my aid the blest infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures; which doth give me
A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.
Sec. Gent. Your honour has through Ephesus pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:
And not your knowledge, your personal pain, but even
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two or three Servants, with a Chest.

(Which is the coffer Pericles cast into the sea a few hours before.)

Serv. So; lift there.
Cer. What is that?
Serv. Sir, even now
Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
'Tis of some wrack.
Cer. Set it down, let's look upon 't.
Sec. Gent. 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
Cer. Whate'er it be,
'Tis wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight: . . .
How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed!
Did the sea cast it up?
Serv. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As tossed it upon shore.
Cer. Come, wrench it open:
Soft! it smells most sweetly in my sense.
Sec. Gent. A delicate odour.
Cer. As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
First Gent. Most strange!
Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasur'd
With full bags of spices! A passport too!
Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! (*Reads from a scroll.*)

Here I give to understand,
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,
I, King Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a king:
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe! This chanc'd to-night.
Sec. Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night;
For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
That threw her in the sea.

And here all the man and all the physician rises in him: he is now the artist, alive with energy and intelligence.

Make fire within:
Fetch hither all the boxes in my closet. (*Exit a servant.*)
Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpressed spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances recovered.

Reënter Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.

Well said, well said; the fire and the cloths.
The rough and woful music[1] that we have,
Cause it to sound, beseech you.
The vial once more: how thou stirr'st, thou block!

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[1] As to using music medicinally, cf. *Hamlet* III, II, 293; also Robert Herrick's poem *To Music, to Becalm his Fever:*

Charm me asleep and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That, being ravish'd, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill;
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire.
Then make me weep
My pains asleep;
And give me such reposes
That I, poor I,
May think thereby
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew,
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A baptism o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains
With thy soft strains;
That, having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For heaven.

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The music there! I pray you, give her air.
Gentlemen,
This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth
Breathes out of her: she hath not been entranc'd
Above five hours: see how she 'gins to blow
Into life's flower again!
First Gent. The heavens,
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
Your fame for ever.
Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold:
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear to make the world twice rich. Live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
Rare as you seem to be.
Thaisa. O dear Diana,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?[1]
Sec. Gent. Is not this strange?
First Gent. Most rare!
Cer. Hush, gentle neighbours!
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
And Æsculapius guide us!
(*Exeunt, carrying* THAISA *away.*)

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[1] Observe the order of these questions, revealing, first, the return of identity, "I"; second, space; third, "Where's my lord?" as the next thought always present; fourth, "What *world* is this?"

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CHAPTER XXIV

MAN'S RELATIONS TO NATURE AS SHOWN IN "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," "HAMLET," AND "THE TEMPEST," AND CONCLUSION

IN the last two lectures we have found a great enlargement in the faculty of balancing and adjusting those oppositions which arise (1) out of man's relations to the supernatural, and (2) out of man's relations to his fellow-man.

We are now to complete this portion of our programme by inquiring if any correlative widening of Shakspere's horizon as to the relations of man to Nature displays itself as we examine this representative play of Shakspere's youth, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in contrast with this representative play of his maturity, *The Tempest*, through the transition period represented by *Hamlet*.

Let me remark in the outset of this inquiry, as I was obliged to in the last lecture, that here the embarrassment of riches is quite as great as there, and that — confined as it must be to one lecture — I must beg you to accept a single phase of a matter which can be looked on from many points of view and which might be exhaustively treated only in many lectures or volumes.

Without more ado — come, then, let us take a walk into Nature with our young Master Shakspere in this dream-time of his, and see what he could see at that stage of him in flowers and grasses and trees. And for the most fresh and brilliant excursion in the world let us fare forth a-hunting here with Theseus and Hippolyta into the woods, hounds capering and horns all busy, and then let us compare this hunt with a certain wild hunt in *The Tempest*. It will help my present purpose if we take with us the next finest open-air poet after Shakspere in the world, Dan Chaucer. And luckily nothing is easier than to bring these together on this particular hunt. The whole framework and atmosphere of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is drawn by Shakspere, as you remember, from that most symmetrically delightful of all Chaucer's poems, *The Knight's Tale* — the first of the *Canterbury Tales* as ordinarily printed. We might very fairly call *The Knight's Tale* Chaucer's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is a temptation I can scarcely resist to go through *The Knight's Tale* and show from point to point the cunning transformations and enlargements which Shakspere made out of it in weaving his *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But this must be passed by; and now, concentrating our attention on Theseus and Hippolyta, let us see for a moment how Chaucer carries them into the midst of Nature a-hunting in the greenwood, as bringing us nearer to the ideal Shakspere has in his mind. At the time of the hunt in Chaucer's story the situation is this: Theseus has just wedded Hippolyta, has just returned from the Theban wars with the two young captive knights Palamon and Arcite, and now, having served Mars, as Chaucer says, he eagerly turns to Diana — that is, he turns from war to hunting. It is early of a May morning, when lovers cannot sleep till sunrise, but must up and forth to the woods and gather odorous chaplets and do their observance to the season of love. Says Chaucer:[1]

> The busy larke messager of day,
> Salueth in hire song the morwe gray;
> And fyry Phebus ryseth up so bright
> That al the orient laugheth of the light,
> And with his stremes dryeth in the greves
> The silver dropes, hongyng *on* the leves.

And in such a season we are now led to

> mighty Theseus,
> That for to honte is so desirous
> And namely the grete hert in May,
> That in his bed ther daweth him no day,
> That he nys clad, and redy for to ryde
> With hont and horn, and houndes hym byside.
> For in his hontyng hath he such delyt
> That *it* is *al* his joye and appetyt
> To been himself the grete hertes bane,
> For after *Mars* he serveth now Dyane.
> Cleer was the day, as I have told or this,
> And Theseus, with alle joye and blys,
> With his Ypolita, the fayre queene,
> And Emelye, clothed al in greene,
> On hontyng be thay riden ryally.
> And to the grove that stood ther faste by,
> In which ther was an hert as men him tolde,
> Duk Theseus the streyte wey hath holde.
> And to the launde he rydeth him ful right,
> Ther was the hert y-wont to have his flight,
> And over a brook, and so forth in his weye.
> This duk wol have of him a cours or tweye
> With houndes, which as him luste to commande.[2]

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[1] Morris, *Aldine Chaucer*, vol. ii, page 46, line 633.

[2] Ibid, page 52, lines 815–837.

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Here, then, is Chaucer's hunting-party, Chaucer's Theseus and Hippolyta, Chaucer's horn and hounds. Flitting now along two hundred years, here is the same wood near Athens, the same fresh English air, the early morning, the dew, the glistening leaf, the mighty Theseus, the radiant Hippolyta, the hunting-train, and all, in Shakspere's version. But this wood into which Shakspere's Theseus and Hippolyta are now pacing is more *alive* than Chaucer's. Chaucer's, it is true, has the two young lovers Palamon and Arcite, who are met in the wood alone to fight until one shall kill the other and thus determine who shall have Emily; and above the two lovers Chaucer allows us to see the dim forms of their patron gods, Mars and Venus. But Shakspere, closely following Chaucer in bringing his Theseus and Hippolyta, on a hunt, into a wood full of lovers, instead of the classic figures of Mars and Venus has put a Teutonic fairy in every flower-bell, and the whole forest has started into life in the dainty forms of Oberon and Titania and Puck and Peaseblossom and Cobweb and Mustardseed. The two scenes of Act I are indoors: Scene I in Theseus's palace, Scene II in Peter Quince's house. But in Act II, Scene I we are carried into the wood, and here straightway come sailing in Puck on one side and a Fairy on the other. Let me rapidly recall the Nature-pictures and Nature-personations up to the hunt of Theseus. The Fairy explains:

Over hill, over dale,
   Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
   Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere. . . .
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.

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The cowslips tall her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

And then Puck prepares us for the quarrel of the fairy King and Queen; it is about the Indian boy, and so on; Oberon will have him, Titania will have him.

And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn cups and hide them there.

Then Puck explains his own reason of being, which is mischief pure and simple: to skim milk, to make the churnings bootless, to mislead night wanderers, to beguile bean-fed horses and ancient gossips and amuse Oberon. And hereupon the whole company of Nature-figures float into the scene: enter from one side Oberon and train; from the other side Titania and train; they quarrel:

Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.
What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence.

And presently we have this wondrous Nature-picture, in which please note the storm — far unlike the Tempest — is merely a peevish result of a silly elfin quarrel.

Titania is reproaching the jealous Oberon:

Never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavéd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachéd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,

But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every pelting river made so proud,
That they have overborne their continents:
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat; and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable:
The human mortals want their winter here;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound:
And through this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set: the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazed world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which:
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate, from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

And then Puck brings the juice of the flower love-lies-bleeding, and works with it about the wood, here and there:

Lord [he says], what fools these mortals be! . . .
[And when] two at once woo one;

That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

And so, into this wood, alive with Puck and Oberon, alive with small soldiers warring with rere-mice for their wings, alive with spotted snakes of double tongue, with thorny hedgehogs, newts, and blindworms, with nightingales and clamorous owls, weaving spiders, beetles, worms and snails, ounces, cats, bears, pards, and boars, ousel-cocks, so black of hue, with orange-tawny bill, throstles with notes so true, wrens with little quill, the finch, the sparrow, and the lark, the plain-song cuckoo gray,—into this wood, alive with Lysander loving Helena, Helena loving Demetrius, Demetrius Hermia, and Hermia Lysander, where Pyramus and Thisbe and Quince and Snug and Bottom translated to an ass are pranking to make the very trees split their sides—here, in Act IV, Scene I, while horns are being winded within, come pacing Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and the hunting-train, and the talk is of hounds and their music.

Theseus. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Despatch, I say, and find the forester.
(*Exit an attendant.*)
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
Hippolyta. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear

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> Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
> The skies, the fountains, every region near
> Seem'd all one mutual cry: I never heard
> So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
> *Theseus.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each. A cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
> In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly:
> Judge when you hear.

So! What a brave world it is, of cowslips and dew and frolic and love and the King and Queen a-hunting! Life, busy life, everywhere in Nature: little elves of life a-work down in the kingcups and clover, killing cankers in the musk-rose buds, foraging for Bottom's honey-bags, distressing or blessing lovers — everywhere this Nature of Shakspere's in the *Midsummer Night's Dream* is all riant and rich with multiform life; we may sum up the whole view of it in saying that here Nature is given to us as a debonair type of physical life.

But with this figure — Life — before our eyes, look what a grim opposite of it rises up and stares it in the face out of this Hamlet Period. Bring your pretty painted unreal figure of Life in Nature up here upon the cold platform of this castle of Elsinore, and hold it a moment; here, under the sarcastic stars, in the mortal midnight, stalks forth out of the darkness another form which Physical Nature wears — the form of Death. The Ghost of Hamlet's father, the murdered King in the *Mouse-trap* masque, the stabbed body of Polonius, the skull of Yorick, the grave of Ophelia, the bare bodkin, the poisonous herb of Laertes — this also is Nature. Was Nature all riotous with life in the dream? Behold, she is quite as riotous with death in the reality: for, indeed, an you come to it, all life must turn into death.

This seems to be the essential Nature-utterance of the Hamlet epoch in Shakspere.

Let us pause upon it a moment.

I cannot think of the uprising of this sad face of death before our dear Master Shakspere in *Hamlet* from beneath the kingcups and clover and cowslips of the dream, as being the inevitable opposition into which Physical Nature resolves itself, and which every man must grapple with and manage at some time or other of his spiritual career, here — I cannot think of this dual form of Nature without recalling some memorable words in Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species*. I am fond of bringing together people and books that never dreamed of being side by side: often I find nothing more instructive; and so permit me to quote some words here and there in Mr. Darwin's book which seem to me to give a very precise and scientific account of the very opposition which I have here been trying to bring out as between Nature, the mother of life, in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Nature, the mother of death, in *Hamlet*.

I read here and there from *The Origin of Species*.[1]

Mr. Darwin is discussing the struggle for existence. "Nothing is easier than to admit in words the truth of the universal struggle for life, or more difficult . . . than constantly to bear this conclusion in mind. Yet unless it be thoroughly engrained in the mind, the whole economy of nature . . . will be dimly seen or quite misunderstood. We behold the face of nature bright with gladness"; as Shakspere in this dream-time; "we do not see, or we forget, that the birds which are idly singing round us mostly live on insects or seeds, and are thus constantly destroying life; or we forget how largely these songsters, or their eggs, or their nestlings, are destroyed by birds and beasts of prey." Again: "In looking at nature, it is most necessary . . . never to forget that heavy destruction inevitably falls either on the young or old, during each generation or at recurrent intervals."[1]

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[1] Edition of D. Appleton & Co., 1877.

Nay; from another point of view, science puts the matter before us with a wider sweep than this. Not only does Nature show us a lot of creatures living at each other's expense — the shortest summary of Darwin's view being that brief and terrible cyclus in this very *Hamlet* (of the man that eats the fish that ate the worm that ate the man in his grave) — not only do we live at the expense of others' deaths, but at the expense of our own. All action is death: the word that now goes to you goes leaving behind it some dead atoms of tissue that died to send it out; the very silent act of your attention to those words is maintained by the death of tissue; life is but a slow death. Nay, who says it all more cunningly than Chaucer in that very couplet I have sometime quoted for a mere rhythmic illustration?

> For sikerlik whan I was born, anon
> Deth drew the tappe of lyf and lete it goon.

This, then, is the pale apparition that raises its head out of *Hamlet* and confronts the rosy Puck of the dream. Here our Master Shakspere finds himself decisively called on to rise into some plane of thought where he can look with tolerance upon this Janus-faced Nature, one face life, one face death.

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[1] See also pages 55, 57, 58 of *The Origin of Species*.

And here in *The Tempest* he does rise triumphantly into that plane. Here, with open eye, with unblenching front, he looks upon Nature, now as life, now as death. Why unblenching? Because, whether as life or whether as death, she is equally his friend and helper. Of Nature as life take, for instance, Act IV, Scene I, line 60 and following. Iris, in the anti-masque, is calling:

Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and pease;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover, them to keep;
Thy banks with peonied and lilied brims,
Which spongy April at thy hest betrims,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom-groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,

and so on. Here is Nature as fertility, as life: but Prospero has not forgotten Nature as death. She comes in upon this very scene. Presently, while the nymphs are dancing in the anti-masque, the stage-direction says:

PROSPERO *starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.*

Pros. (*Aside*) I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban and his confederates
Against my life: the minute of their plot
Is almost come. (*To the Spirits*) Well done! avoid; no more!
Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.
Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.
Pros. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,

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As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If you be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose: a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.
Fer. and *Mir.* We wish you peace. (*Exeunt.*)

And he has peace. Presently, in the end of the same scene, we look upon him using the powers of Nature to bring about good ends. Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano are seen. The stage-direction is:

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about [that is, Caliban and Trinculo, etc.], *Prospero and Ariel setting them on.*

Here is a hunt to put beside that of Theseus and Hippolyta which we just now joined.

Pros. Hey, Mountain, hey!
Ariel. Silver! there it goes, Silver!
Pros. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark!
(CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO *are driven out.*)
. . . Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little
Follow, and do me service. (*Exeunt.*)

Mark these hounds of Prospero's. What a different breed they are from those of Theseus, bred out of the Spartan kind! Nothing could more finely typify the great height of Nature-view to which Prospero is risen above Theseus than the comparison of these two hunts. Theseus's hunt is the sport of the young man in that barbarian time of youth which recks not nor thinks at all of the pain of lower creatures, a time when the man is really a beast among beasts, taking his pleasure of the bear, the deer, the game,— as he calls it,— just as the pointer takes his pleasure of the partridge. To bay the bear, to hunt the great hart in May — noble sport: but sport for whom? For Theseus and Hippolyta? But how about the bear, the deer? No sport for them to fly hither and thither in agonies of fright, and presently to be gashed and torn into reeking strips by the hot-toothed hounds.[1] It could not be long before Shakspere would emerge into a life that looked with tenderness and reverence upon all creatures of Nature less in degree than himself; it could not be long before he would become incapable of any pleasure that hinged merely upon the pain of whatever brute beast; it could not be long before to him there was more glory in the contemplation of one violet than in all the bears Theseus's hounds ever baited, and more excitement in chasing the visions of beauty that rise and fly about the greenwood than in the wildest hunt of Theseus after the greatest hart round Athens. In this passage from the barbarian enmity of the boy against the beast to the gentle grandeur of the man which takes all the beasts of the field into its love, and is tender to them both *because* they are less powerful than man and because they are parts of a beautiful Nature, a process of change is involved which presents a most interesting phase in our more modern times as compared with Shakspere's. For I think it is clear that, what with modern physical science and modern landscape-painting and modern Nature-poetry, we have drawn even closer to Nature, we have gotten upon even sweeter terms with her, than Shakspere did or could in the state of Nature-knowledge at his time. The modern world has emerged, as Shakspere emerged, from what we may call the barbarism of youth into what we may similarly call the civilisation of maturity. And in the continuation of just such a process as we have found in Shakspere from the brutal hunt of Theseus to the moral hunt of Prospero, the one with no greater aim than the blood of a poor beast, the other with so high an aim as the reformation of an erring fellow-man — in such a process the general spirit of our race has, I say, advanced beyond Shakspere until now this advance presents two phases, one in science, one in poetry, which are, I think, among the finest and most notable features of the modern time. The scientific phase shows itself in the extraordinary rise of physical science during the last hundred years.[1] Puck is not dead: he has only changed his name to electricity and increased his speed.

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[1] Cf. Charles Lamb's story of the mad dog.

But besides the phase of Nature-communion which we call physical science there is the other artistic phase. Who can walk among dear and companionable oaks without a certain sense of being in the midst of a sweet and noble company of friends?

For to him who rightly understands Nature she is even more than Ariel and Ceres to Prospero; she is more than a servant conquered, like Caliban, to fetch wood and draw water for us: she is a friend and comforter and sweetheart.

But, at any rate, Prospero is on far better terms with Nature than was Theseus, and far better than Hamlet

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[1] See also chapter iii.

And so, having used all the faculty of Nature for beneficent ends, even her tempests and her hounding spirits,— that is, having used Nature as life,— presently, at the end of Act V, we find him contemplating the use of Nature as death with a not despairing or unfriendly spirit. "Sir," he says to the King and his brother and all,

Sir, I invite your Highness and your train
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which, part of it, I'll waste
With such discourse as, I not doubt, shall make it
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents gone by
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-belov'd solemnis'd;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

As we have just seen, the attitude of man towards Nature now is even sweeter than that of Shakspere. When we think how beautifully the modern man is making love to her, with our modern physical science and our modern landscape-painting and our modern Nature-poetry,— making love to Nature and wedding her, after the long war of our less happy ancestors with Physical Nature,— surely the modern man may say to her, as Theseus said to Hippolyta:

[Nature], I woo'd thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph and with revelling.

In short, to review in one word the results of our study during the last five lectures, just as when we studied these three plays with reference to their verse-structure by means of the Metrical Tests, and found an enormous advance from this Dream Period to this Ideal Period, in Shakspere's artistic management of those curiously opposed esthetic demands of the ear which must be satisfied in order to make beautiful *verse*, so now, when we have examined these same plays with reference to the *moral ideals* they show us of the attitude of man towards the supernatural, towards his fellow-man, and towards Physical Nature, we find the moral problem to be essentially like the artistic problem; we find it to consist of moral oppositions meeting the man at every turn just as esthetic oppositions meet the artist at every turn; we find that just as the ear *would* have regularity, and at the same time *would* have irregularity, through a hundred phases of opposition, in verse, so life insists upon its phases of opposition — the control of the supernatural against the free will of the man, the love of the fellow-man against the love of self, the helpfulness of Physical Nature against the obstructiveness of Physical Nature: and just as we found Shakspere accepting the esthetic laws of opposition and using them to make heavenly ideals of music, so we have found him accepting the moral laws of opposition — instead of blindly fighting them, as so many of us do in so many various ways — and using *them* in heavenly ideals of behaviour.

AND now allow me to recall your attention for a brief moment to the ground we have passed over, so that I may leave you with some definite outline in your minds of at least the main points of our inquiry.

You will remember that we began by discovering that every formal poem is primarily a series of sounds,— either of sounds for the ear or of sound-signs for the eye which are translated into sounds *by* the ear,— and that, this being

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the case, the science of verse was really one of the physical sciences, being the knowledge of the relations between the words of a poem considered strictly as sounds. We then found that sounds can differ from each other only in four ways, namely, in point of duration, as longer or shorter; in point of pitch, as higher or lower; in point of intensity, as louder or softer; and in point of tone-colour, as flute-colour, violin-colour, horn-colour, reed-colour, and the like.[1] Now when we took all the possible effects of verse and referred them to these four physical principles of the differences between sounds, we found them straightway arranging themselves into three great classes, namely, of the rhythms of verse, the tunes of verse, and the colours of verse. I then proceeded to discuss these separately. I set before you several different sorts of rhythm, especially the iambic, the dactylic, and the trochaic, explained the peculiar force of each, and illustrated them from both Anglo-Saxon and modern poetry; and I ascended from these details of rhythm to that general view of the subject in the course of which we found that as modern science has generalised the whole universe into a great congeries of modes of motion, so rhythm pervades all these modes: everything not only moves, but moves rhythmically, from the ether-atom in light to the great space globes; and so we get back by the most modern scientific path to the old dream of Pythagoras which blindly guessed out the music of the spheres.

Passing from rhythm to the tunes of verse, we found first that a large part of the ordinary communications of speech are made by tunes which are spoken, not by words; I showed that the intervals through which the voice moves in speech constitute tunes just as well marked as those which are sung; and that we had somehow accumulated a great stock of these little speech-tunes, which so modified the meanings of tunes that the same words might be made to have a dozen different significations, according to the tunes in which they were spoken. I then illustrated several of these tunes by writing them in musical notes, explaining that they could only be written approximately, because the present system of musical notation provides signs only for whole tones and half-tones, while the speaking voice uses not only these intervals but a great many smaller ones — thirds, fourths, fifths, and certainly as small as eighths of tones. I went on to show how enormously the resources of language were increased by the use of these tunes, with which the simplest set of ordinary words might be made to take on the most delicate shades of meaning, now tender, now savage, now ironical, now non-committal, and so on. An example of this is the German comedy called *Come Here*, in which the powers of a young actress are tested by making her entire rôle consist of the two words *Come here*, with which she carries her auditors through many phases of emotion by simply uttering the same words in different tunes. I finally showed how, in the long development of art, music and words had gradually dissolved the close union which subsisted between them in the Egyptian and Greek times, when the song and the musical declamation were the main forms of music, and how they had finally differentiated themselves into two arts, the one an art of pure tone distinct from words and finding its expression in the purely instrumental orchestra, the other an art of pure speech-tunes, distinct from musical tones and finding its expression in the recitation and public reading which have become so popular in modern times.

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[1] As noted in chapter i, much of this technical discussion was omitted from the present work, the subject having been treated finally by Mr. Lanier in *The Science of English Verse*.

I then advanced to the third class of poetic effects, to wit, that of the colours of verse. We found that the vowels and consonants which make up words would be wholly undistinguishable from each other except for their differences in that peculiar matter which is called tone-quality, or tone-colour, or, as Mr. Tyndall translates the German *Klang-Farbe*, clang-tint. As the flute-quality or colour differs from the oboe-quality or colour, that from the violin-quality, and that from the horn-quality, so the vowel *o* differs from the vowel *e*, that from the vowel *a*, and so on; and only in this way. I proved this to you, and illustrated it in several ways, mentioning Wheatstone and Helmholtz as the scientists to whom we owe the most weighty obligations for their brilliant discoveries in this matter. Inasmuch, then, as all vowels and consonants, scientifically considered, are phenomena of tone-colour, all those great verse-effects which depend upon vowels and consonants are effects of tone-colour, and we agreed to call them the Colours of Verse. I then directed your attention to four great varieties of effects based upon vowels and consonants as such, to wit, rimes, alliterations, agreeable distributions of successive vowels in a line, and agreeable junctions of the terminal consonants of one word with the initial consonant of the next word. Treating these separately, I defined exactly what a rime is, in contradistinction to the vague ideas commonly held upon it; and I then showed how the finest use of rimes is not for mere jingle, but to mark off rhythms for the ear. I then gave you various examples ot the artistic use by poets of the other colours of verse, the alliterations, the distribution of vowels, the junctions of consonants, and several other matters which make or mar a verse but which would not ordinarily be thought of by those who have never done the actual work of the poet. I then showed you how the rime, which brings together two sounds differing as to their consonant-quality but alike as to their vowel-quality (*go*, *so*), was a physical analogue of the metaphor which links together two conceptions, that differ generally, by some special point of resemblance; and I advanced from this to the conception that the poet, who deals in metaphor, thus puts the universe together, while the scientist pulls it to pieces, the poet being a synthetic workman, the scientist an analytic workman; and how thus it is clear that while the scientist plucks apart the petals of faith, it is the business of the modern poet to set them together again and so keep the rose of religion whole.

This ended the first division of lectures on the Technic of Verse. I then passed on to the next division.

Starting at the very beginning of English poetry in the seventh century, I gave you some account of Anglo-Saxon poetry, of its relations to Chaucer in the fourteenth century and to the Scotch poets of the fifteenth century, and finally to Shakspere. In the course of these lectures I endeavoured to place before you in some vivid way the change in man's attitude towards the supernatural (or God), towards Nature, and towards his fellow-man — illustrating these contrasts by three sets of poems: *The Address of the Soul to the Dead Body* and *Hamlet*, *Beowulf* and *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *St. Juliana* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. We found in *Midsummer Night's Dream* an entire breaking down of the restraint and terror between man and Nature — so noticeable in *Beowulf* and all the early poetry — and almost as startling a change in the attitude of the Elizabethan towards woman. I introduced to you Cynewulf, whose name, but not whose figure, has come to us; and I read you the Anglo-Saxon poem in which we find his name cunningly concealed in Runic letters which are embedded in the body of the text.

In the course of these lectures I read you in full three notable Anglo-Saxon poems, *The Phœnix*, *The Legend of St. Juliana*, and *The Address of the Soul to the Dead Body*, and gave you some illustrations of the Anglo-Saxon text. In the course of these lectures I also presented several readings from Chaucer, from the Scotch poets William Dunbar and Gavin Douglas, and from the mystery plays of the *Towneley Series*. Having thus placed before you some idea of the relations of Shakspere to the first thousand years of our poetry,— for we found some of the Anglo-Saxon poems (notably *Beowulf* in its earlier form) taking us back at least to the sixth century, a thousand years before Shakspere was born,— I passed to the minor poetry of the sixteenth century, with the view of showing his relations to his own time, and gave you four lectures on the sonnet-writers from Surrey and Wyatt to Drummond and Habington. In the course of these we found that the sonnet has never been allowed its full importance as the primal form of modern English poetry; that Surrey and Wyatt, while they borrowed the form from Italy, soon naturalised it, and it became then, as it has remained ever since, the favourite poetic vehicle for every poet who wishes to express his own most private personal emotions. Investigating, then, the nature of the sonnet, we found that every good sonnet is nothing more nor less than a little drama, with an opening, a plot, and a crisis or catastrophe at the end. We then examined with special detail the sonnets of Henry Constable, Samuel Daniel, William Habington, Sir Philip Sidney, William Drummond of Hawthornden, Barnaby Barnes, and Shakspere; for the sonnets of my old favourite Bartholomew Griffin I referred you to my paper on that poet, which, by the way, has since appeared in the *International Review* for March.[1] In discussing the sonnets of Shakspere we came upon many clear features which would go to make up a good representation of the spiritual visage of the man : we found him tender ; we found him looking to the fate of his poetry in future times; we found him setting forth the very loftiest ideal of manly friendship ; we found him forgiving freely the most desperate crime which man can commit against man ; we found him suffering anguish without bitterness and contemplating death without regret.

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[1] See, in *Music and Poetry*, "A Forgotten English Poet."

In the next two lectures, wishing to bring Shakspere before us in a sort of physical and tangible way, I endeavoured to show how he talked ; and for this purpose I discussed the pronunciation of English in Shakspere's time. We found it differing widely from our own pronunciation, the *a*'s being greatly broader, the *i*'s being rounder, the *e*'s less reedy than our own. I then gave you more exact details of this pronunciation, explained the palæotype system of indicating it, and put you in possession of the main researches of Mr. Alexander J. Ellis, the English scholar to whose monumental work on this subject we owe most of our knowledge of it. I mentioned also the labours of our own countrymen Messrs. Noyes and Peirce, and Mr. Richard Grant White, in this connection. I then illustrated the whole matter by reading you part of a play in the Shakspere pronunciation as it has been recovered by Ellis and his co-labourers.

After this side-glance at some of the literary conditions of Shakspere's time, we proceeded to study other conditions, artistic and social.

In the next two lectures I discussed the music of Shakspere's time. I gave you numerous citations from Shakspere's works to show not only that music was the art which he loved best of all, but that he had an insight into the depths of music which was quite wonderful considering what kind of music he must have been accustomed to hear. In this connection I unfolded to you with some detail the slight progress which was made by music from the time of Gregory to that of Palestrina, and showed you how almost all that we call music, especially orchestral music, is a wholly abrupt modern development dating from nearly a hundred years after Shakspere died. I then explained the discant, and passed to the different kinds of music in vogue in the sixteenth century: the church music, with its motetts, its canons, its endless fugues; the secular song-music, with its rounds, catches, ballads, and Northern tunes, or Scotch music; the instrumental music for the organ, the virginals, the lute, etc.; the dance-tunes — the pavan, the galliard, the paspy, the morris, etc. I showed by numerous quotations from Shakspere and contemporary works how universal was the knowledge of music — that is, of pricksong, as it was called — in his time, and how it was a common part of every man's education that he should be able to sing his part in a part-song; and I gave some account of the musical instruments of the time, the virginals, the lute, the chests of viols, the recorder, and the like.

I then took up the domestic life of Shakspere's time. For the purpose of bringing his whole daily environment vividly before you, I constructed a little thread of story which showed us Shakspere now in his home in Henley Street, Stratford; now wandering through the sweet Warwickshire woods to the cottage of the Hathaways a mile off; now happening by a lucky accident to witness the gorgeous pageants with which Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth in 1575; now attending the performance of Heywood's interlude of *The Four P's* at Warwick; now hearing a neighbour read Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*, a lively book of the period; now running off to London and hearing a sermon at Paul's Cross and two plays at the Blackfriars Theatre. In this connection I sketched also those wonderful world-events which had happened in various countries since 1492 up to Shakspere's birth, and side by side with them I placed a number of small events, such as the wearing of the first silk stockings, the raising of the first garden vegetables, the beginning of the use of forks at table, and the like, in England, which belong to this period. In close conjunction with these *outer* events I laid before you a chronological arrangement of Shakspere's plays as representing the *inner* events which took place in his soul during his marvellous life. In one or two of these connections I read before you, in their complete forms, the following works: Robert Laneham's letter describing the Kenilworth festivities; John Heywood's interlude of *The Four P's;* Latimer's sermons before King Edward VI, in the Westminster Palace garden, during Lent of 1549; Nicholas Udall's play of *Ralph Royster Doyster*, the first English comedy; and Sackville and Norton's play of *Gorboduc*, the first English tragedy.

Next I gave a brief glance at the verse tests with which modern criticism has begun to confirm those chronological arrangements of Shakspere's plays that give us such a startling insight into his moral growth — tests which mark the rise of exact method in the science of criticism. We then went on, in the light of the physical theory of verse already enunciated, to study the Metrical Tests. Thus armed, we proceeded to try both the verse theory and the Metrical Tests by examining three plays, representing the three periods of Shakspere's artistic and moral growth, to see if the results of technical analysis and the results of moral analysis would agree: and we have now just found that nothing could be more perfect than the precisely parallel advance which Shakspere displays in

The Tempest over the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, both in the technical beauty of his verse and the moral beauty of his ideals of behaviour; and we have finally connected these two, technical beauty and moral beauty, finding that technical beauty consists in the harmonious adjustment of esthetic oppositions, while moral beauty consists in the harmonious adjustment of moral oppositions: so that, passing to their common element, we find the verse technic and the moral technic to be simply two phases of the artistic adjustment of oppositions.

This appears much plainer in the concrete than in the abstract. Here is a little strain from the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I have opposed with one from *The Tempest*.

Midsummer Night's Dream, Act I, Scene I:

> *Helena.* How happy some o'er other some can be!
> Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
> But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
> He will not know what all but he do know: . . .
> Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
> And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.

The Tempest:

> *Prospero.* Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;
> And ye that on the sands with printless foot
> Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
> When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
> By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make,
> Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
> Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
> To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid —
> Weak masters though ye be — I have bedimm'd
> The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
> And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault

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> Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder
> Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak
> With his own bolt; the strong-bas'd promontory
> Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluck'd up
> The pine and cedar: groves at my command
> Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth
> By my so potent art.

Let us in the briefest way run over the technical particulars in which the latter verse is superior to the former. You remember we found that a number of patterns run throughout every verse-structure which in effect constitute two opposing systems, the regular system and the irregular system. Now here in this *Midsummer Night's Dream* passage the regular system predominates to such an extent as to make the verse palpably stiff. If we examine it with reference to all the divisions of verse-phenomena we studied, its stiffness and over-regularity become more apparent. Those divisions were the tunes, the rhythms, and the tone-colours of verse. Well, consider these tunes. Each line, you observe, has its tune, precisely balanced by the tune of the next line; the cadence of the tune falls always at the same point — the end of the line; and thus all the tune-cadences belong to the regular system. Again, in the rhythms the regular system prevails just as overwhelmingly: the primary rhythm is perfect, all along, short syllable, long syllable, short, long:

> How $\widehat{\text{hap}}$- | py $\widehat{\text{some}}$ | o'er $\widehat{\text{oth}}$- | er $\widehat{\text{some}}$ | can $\widehat{\text{be}}$

Again, the secondary rhythm, the bar system, is unbroken; each bar has exactly two sounds to the bar. Again, the tertiary rhythm, the line system, is rigidly maintained; every line has exactly five bars, exactly ten syllables, and this group of five bars is inexorably marked off for

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the ear by the recurrent rime at the end of each line. And thirdly, to go no farther with the rhythmic examination, if we look at the tone-colours we find the *e — e*, *o — o*, *ind — ind* linking themselves together into perfectly regular patterns of tone-colour strikingly marked off for the ear. All rime; every line end-stopped; not a single weak ending, or double ending, or change of the rhythmic accent.

But now, if we turn from this to *The Tempest* passage, we must needs be amazed at the multitudinous means which are here used of varying all this regular system of verse-effects. Here, pursuing the same order of examination, if we look at the tunes, we find that the first line has its tune-cadence at the end, while the second opposes this with a grand, long, sweeping phrase of two lines and a half, like the long phrases of Bach and Beethoven, to which I referred when we were studying this effect; here, again, we have a long tune-phrase, here a shorter one, here a shorter one, here a great sweeping one, then a shorter one, a shorter one, and a grand one; and so on — the regularity nobly relieved with irregularity. Leaving the tunes of verse, if we look at the rhythms we get the same result. The primary rhythm, that is, the alternation of short and long sound, and the secondary rhythm, that is, the regular grouping of a short and a long sound into bars, is still kept up, for the *regular* system; but the larger rhythmic groups, the line group and phrase group, are greatly more irregular. First, there is *no rime* to mark off the line into regular groups of five bars and ten sounds each; secondly, the end-stopped line (regular) is finely relieved by these run-on lines ending in "foot," "that," "rejoice," "aid," "bedimm'd," "vault," "up," and so on; in fact, the whole line-grouping is broken up, and nearly every phrase, instead of ending rigidly at the *end* of the line, ends somewhere in the body of the line; again, the weak ending, that carries out the same principle with the run-on line; again, the double endings, "fly him," "pastime," "thunder," "promontory" (four double endings, you see, in this short passage, though there are only twenty-nine in the whole of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*), relieve the bar system by presenting the ear with bars consisting of three sounds to relieve the long succession of bars which consist of only two sounds; and finally the frequent shiftings of the rhythmic accent from its normal place, as "and do fly him," "when he comes back," "puppets that," "green-sour," "to the dread rattling thunder," etc., all show us a great number of irregular elements charmingly introduced into the rhythmic pattern.

And finally, as to the tone-colour patterns: we find the vowel-colours varying in almost every contiguous word, we find the consonant-colours varying, scarcely any alliteration, scarcely any consonant-syzygies, in short, *all* the tone-colour effects making for the irregular system, as pleasingly opposed to the regular system. And with what a result! These lines are a purely vocal pleasure to pronounce, a purely auditory pleasure to hear as the ear goes on and coördinates the elements of all these rhythmic patterns, without reference to the wondrous ideal pictures which they set before the mind!

Surely the genius which in the heat and struggle of ideal creation has the enormous control and temperance to arrange and adjust in harmonious proportions all these esthetic antagonisms of verse, surely that is the same genius which in the heat and battle of life will arrange the moral antagonisms with similar self-control and temperance. Surely there is a point of technic to which the merely clever artist may reach, but beyond which he may never go, for lack of moral insight; surely your Robert Greene, your Kit Marlowe, your Tom Nash, clever poets all, may write clever verses and arrange clever dramas; but if we look at their own flippant lives and pitiful deaths and their small ideals in their dramas, and compare them, technic for technic, life for life, morality for morality, with this majestic Shakspere, who starts in a dream, who presently encounters the real, who after a while conquers it to its proper place (for Shakspere, mind you, does not forget the real; he will not be a beggar nor a starveling; we have documents which show how he made money, how he bought land at Stratford; we have Richard Quincy's letter to "my lovveinge good frend and contreyman Mr. Wm. Shakspere, deliver thees," asking the loan of thirty pounds "uppon Mr. Bushells and my securytee," showing that Shakspere had money to lend), and finally turns it into the ideal in *The Tempest*; if we compare, I say, Greene, Marlowe, Nash, with Shakspere, surely the latter is a whole heaven above them in the music of his verse, as well as in the temperance and prudence of his life, as well also as in the superb height of his later moral ideals. Surely, in fine, there is a point of mere technic in art beyond which nothing but moral greatness can attain, because it is at this point that the moral range, the religious fervour, the true seership and prophethood of the poet, come in and lift him to higher views of all things.

For, indeed, when we look upon man, vibrating between these oppositions, what is he more like, each in his little life making his little round of moral rhythm, than one of these tone-colours, one of these tunes, one of these rhythmic elements, here in the verse?

I once had a quaint illustration of all these complex relations to other lives, and to the final form and purpose of things, with which perhaps I may fitly conclude this lecture and this course, particularly as showing the power of the small to illustrate the large. I was one day wandering on a lonesome horseback stroll along the beach of the Atlantic Ocean on the Georgia coast. It was late in an afternoon of the early summer, and the sun was near the horizon. Presently I left the beach and turned into a captivating side road that curved off through the deep woods. The air was heavy with the half-tropical perfumes of wood flowers; the sparkleberry hung in great clusters along the narrow roadway, the long vines trailed and wove their tangles about oak and pine, and between the big trunks of the trees the level sun sent shafts of rich yellow light slanting across the road. Presently one of these shafts of light happened to fall upon a great swarm of a sort of large silver-winged gnats which is peculiar to that region, and I stopped my horse and sat still to observe the motions of the swarm. They were dancing in the light, just in front of me, immediately above a shrub which is their home. This singular gnat-dance seemed — and I believe that is the conclusion of naturalists — to be simply for pleasure; and it was most curious to note the general outline of the figures formed by the myriads of tiny silver creatures in the sunbeam. Apparently in response to the commands of some leader, this general outline would change every moment: sometimes the swarm would suddenly extend upward and make a quite perfect column; then it would contract into a lozenge-shaped figure; then swell into a circle; then form a square; and so on — each of these outlines being formed by minute variations in *the direction of flight* of each individual gnat, for each was vibrating rapidly in his own little independent round; and as each extended his excursion this way or that, the main figure of the entire swarm would result. Each gnat was, in short, a *rhythmic atom*, and nothing could better illustrate the varieties of form producible in nature by the changing motions of the atoms underlying those forms. Then the swarm, as it ever kept dancing, changing, would make me think of that pretty conceit of Sir William Davenant's, who, in describing a dance in the seventeenth century, said:

And had the music silent been
The eye a moving tune had seen.

The swarm was a moving tune. And again, as with a sudden whir of all the little dancers the figure would change to a lozenge, it was like those ludicrous attempts in the sixteenth century to make rhythm visible to the eye by changing the length of each line so that the words would present a definite form, such as this, which was called the Lozenge form. This is a love-letter from Temir the warrior to Kermesine, who has captured him.

THE LOZENGE: FROM PUTTENHAM

Fiue
Sore batailes
Manfully fought
In blouddy fielde
With bright blade in hand
Hath Temir won & forst to yeld
Many a Captaine strong & stoute
And many a king his Crowne to vayle,
Conquering large countreys and land,
Yet ne uer wanne I vic to rie,
I speake it to my greate glo rie,
So deare and joy full vn to me,
As when I did first con quere thee
O Kerme sine, of all myne foes
The most cruell, of all myne woes
The smartest, the sweetest
My proude Con quest
My ri chest pray
O once a daye
Lend me thy sight
Whose only light
Keepes me
Aliue.

But again sometimes the whole swarm, animated by a sudden impulse, would sweep down into the dark leaves of its home shrub like magic: nothing would be seen, and I could scarcely realise that the air was so suddenly vacant; then it would as suddenly sweep out again, and there would be the little dancers, each holding his little rhythmic round. And here, as the sunbeam lighted up these dancing gnats, now rushing forth into space, now collapsing into a central point, one could not but think of that enormous idea of Edgar Poe's in his *Eureka*, where he developes from the simple postulates of attraction and repulsion and a uniform matter the course of creation: how the matter is diffused out into space, how the two opposite principles immediately set individual portions of it whirling off into worlds and stars and systems, how the very same principle must after a while compel these same worlds to cluster back about their systems and the whole to return into a central point, the Creator, to be again diffused into space, again reabsorbed, and so on, until he winds up with that comparison which I think sometimes is the mightiest in our language — that comparison of this successive outsending and inbringing of the worlds by the Creator at the centre of things to the beating of the heart of God. So the great swarm of gnats had its systole and diastole, and beat like the pulse of the worlds.

And thus, finally, with each ever-dancing gnat representing, now the round of the atom in all those forms which we call nature, now the function of the sound-vibration as an element in that form which we call verse, now the huge periodicity of the whirling world in space,— and with all these individual elements vibrating each in his own little sphere of life, combining into larger forms which perhaps no individual gnat dreamed of, just as our little spheres of activity in life surely combine into some greater form or purpose which none of us dream of, and which no one can see save some unearthly spectator that stands afar off in space and looks upon the whole of things,— I was impressed anew with the fact that it is the poet who must get up to this point and stand off in thought at the great distance of the ideal, look upon the complex swarm of purposes as upon these dancing gnats, and find out for man the final form and purpose of man's life. In short,— and here I am ending this course with the idea with which I began it,— in short, it is the poet who must sit at the centre of things here, as surely as some great One sits at the centre of things Yonder, and who must teach us how to control, with temperance and perfect art and unforgetfulness of detail, all our oppositions, so that we may come to say with Aristotle, at last, that poetry is more philosophical than philosophy and more historical than history.

Permit me to thank you earnestly for the patience with which you have listened to many details that must have been dry to you; and let me sincerely hope that, whatever may be your oppositions in life, whether of the verse kind or the moral kind, you may pass, like Shakspere, through these planes of the Dream Period and the Real Period, until you have reached the ideal plane from which you clearly see that wherever Prospero's art and Prospero's love and Prospero's forgiveness of injuries rule in behaviour, there a blue sky and a quiet heaven full of sun and stars are shining over every tempest.

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