

Thus, thus the mindes, which over all doo clime,
 When they by yeares experience get best graces,
 Must finish then by deaths detested crime.
 We last short while, and build long lasting places :
 Ah let us all against foule Nature crie :
 We Natures workes doo helpe, she us defaces.
 For how can Nature unto this reply ?
 That she her child, I say, her best child killeth ?
 Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now apply.
 Alas, me thinkes, my weakned voice but spilleth,
 The vehement course of this just lamentation :
 Me thinkes, my sound no place with sorrow filleth.
 I know not I, but once in detestation
 I have my selfe, and all what life containeth,
 Since Death on Vertues fort hath made invasion.
 One word of woe another after traineth :
 Ne doo I care how rude be my invention,
 So it be seene what sorrow in me raigneth.
 O Elements, by whose (men say) contention,
 Our bodies be in living power maintained,
 Was this mans death the fruite of your dissention ?
 O Phisickes power, which (some say) hath restrained
 Approach of death, alas thou helpst meagerly,
 When once one is for Atropos distrained.
 Great be Physitions brags, but aid is beggerly,
 When rooted moisture failes, or groweth drie,
 They leave off al, and say, death comes too eagerlie.
 They are but words therefore that men do buy,
 Of any since God, Æsculapius ceased.
 Your dolefull tunes sweete Muses now applie.

Justice, justice is now (alas) oppressed :
 Bountifulnes hath made his last conclusion :
 Goodnes for best attire in dust is dressed.
 Shepheards bewaile your uttermost confusion ; ,
 And see by this picture to you presented,
 Death is our home, life is but a delusion.

It will be admitted, I suppose, even by the most hostile critic of my theory as to the authorship of this book that the reference here to the possibility of prolonging life by artificial means is very remarkable, seeing that it was one of the projects in the investigation of nature which Bacon entertained.¹

¹ See *Edmund Spenser, etc.*, pp. 526 and 137.

Nor is this an idea common to the age, and the guarded references to it by Bacon show that it involved risks of ecclesiastical censure.

Let us now, in conclusion, endeavour to apply a general view to this work, and consider its tone and tendency.

A friend, on being told that I was writing a book on the *Arcadia*, offered to give me his copy, observing that it was "a very dull work." This must be the common impression in these days. And yet, at the time, it enjoyed a great vogue. But it appeared under a great name, and was the first attempt in England to provide something in the nature of the novel. Chaucer had become "out of date," and the vulgar tales were poor recreation for polite readers. It is true that they were a small class, but it was for them, and especially for ladies of position, that the *Arcadia* was composed. This accounts for the style, which eschews all common forms of expression, and aims throughout at distinction. Moreover the author, as I have endeavoured to show, was constructing a device for a reflection of his own experience, and, with his self-idealising instinct, nothing that was not out of the ordinary would suffice for this.

Regarded, however, as a psychological study, the book is one of extraordinary interest, and it is from this point of view that I have addressed myself to it.

A criticism by Ben Jonson is interesting. Drummond reports that he said "that Sidney did not keep decorum in making every one speak as well as himself"; and again, "Lucan, Sidney, Guarini, make every man speak as well as themselves, forgetting decorum; for Dametas sometimes speaks grave sentences." This, of course, is quite true; but it is equally true of Shakespeare. Everyone in those plays, from Hamlet to Doll Tearsheet, talks "Shakespeare." But the illusion is so strong that we are apt to be deceived by it. When we say that Shakespeare is true to life, we mean, or ought to mean, that, given the conditions, Shakespeare preserves the proportions with unflinching skill; but the conditions are not life, or a copy of life; they belong to a world never far from earth, but just raised above it.

A more important piece of evidence, however, for a common origin is to be found in the general attitude of the two writers (if they are two) towards spiritual ideas.

It is not a popular view, but it has been said by some—in my opinion justly—that Shakespeare is not a Christian writer.¹ Those who would controvert this opinion would, I suppose, say—in so far as they were interested in it—that Shakespeare was not concerned with religion but with life. But how can life be represented in terms of art without reference to the mystery by which it is surrounded and which presses continually upon it? It is by the way in which this mystery is approached that a writer's thoughts with regard to it betray themselves. How does Shakespeare approach it? It will be found, I think, that, like "Spenser" and "Sidney," whenever he is really brought up against it, he is thrown off his balance, and gives utterance to the same querulous outcries—only more disguised—which are found, under similar circumstances, in those writers. So long, however, as he succeeds in keeping it from his eyes, his sole preoccupation is with the world as it is and with the fitting of his auditors for a more enlightened enjoyment of it. Above all he aims at diverting their minds from speculation and spiritual aspirations—the quests of the middle ages—to practical effort, in which the cultivation of the tastes is included. To this end the social system must be maintained on an aristocratic basis, for it is obviously impossible, in a finite sphere, to eliminate the inequalities inherent in nature. And life being confined, so far as we know anything about it, to a few years at most, there is obviously not time for uncouth and ill-instructed people to become fit for the higher spheres of thought and action. Their claim to share in such things, if yielded to, only has the effect of lowering their value for everybody and making the world a poorer place. This is the "pagan" view of life, and it is a logical view from that standpoint.

¹ The late Headmaster of Eton, Dr. Edward Lyttleton, has on several occasions expressed this opinion.

In the Christian view, on the other hand—and this was the secret of its revolutionary power—all values were transmuted through the assurance given that terrestrial existence is an incident only in the life of the soul. Without such an assurance the whole scheme of Christian teaching is not only illogical, but, as many have maintained—and more so now than in the past—positively hurtful to the development of life on the mundane plane. For what can be the object of all its renunciations if life ends with physical death? Such a view of life is wholly outside the scheme of things displayed for us in Shakespeare's work; and this is even more true of the *Arcadia*, the naked paganism of which is its most striking feature.

Of course I am aware that religious discussion is out of place in a work of art in the strict sense. But neither Spenser, Sidney, nor Shakespeare, are artists in that sense. Spenser uses the *Faerie Queene* for didactic discussion, and Shakespeare frequently defies the limitation of dramatic representation in order to inculcate his views, as, for instances, in the political speeches in *Troilus and Cressida*. The author of the *Arcadia*, being subject to no such limitations, frankly uses his characters for expressing himself on every sort of subject, including the government of the world by deity and the immortality of the soul. And these discussions have no bearing on the responsibilities or aspirations of the individual soul, or indeed, contain anything which might not have been equally well said by a philosophic pagan.

Are we to conclude from this that the author, who was gifted in many respects with more than human insight and capacity, was a man whose powers were used, under a sinister spiritual influence, to divert men's minds insensibly from the contemplation of a divine purpose in the world, and a spiritual destiny for the soul, to the mere enjoyment and adornment of terrestrial existence? A difficult question, to which I cannot pretend to supply the answer. Even if the answer were in the affirmative it would still be open to any one to maintain that the work of this writer—being what I suppose it to be—had been of enormous benefit to the world on the purely human plane, and that it was with this that the

great majority of mankind were mainly concerned. And yet such a contention—though it might be true as far as it went—would be no answer to our question. In any case I think the time has come when we may presume to apply a more critical judgment to these writings than we have done in the past, and that the world will gain by the process.

CHAPTER XI

THOMAS LODGE

When this book was written it was not my intention to prolong it beyond the close of the preceding chapter. But, as will be seen from the preface, some years have elapsed since then, and I am now tempted to add a chapter on the subject of Thomas Lodge; not that he has any connection with the "Arcadia," but he has, in my opinion, a very remarkable connection, never hitherto observed, with the real author (as I regard him) of that work.

It has been said to me sometimes, "You may draw what inferences you like, but until you can produce some direct evidence, you will never persuade people to take seriously the alleged Baconian authorship." If this were really so I should give up the attempt. But, as I pointed out in a *nineteenth Century* article of April, 1918, reprinted as an appendix to this book, it is in vain to expect direct evidence in a case where it was the writer's deliberate intention to conceal his identity from the world.

There happens, however, to be one piece of evidence, which is external and independent, hitherto apparently unnoticed, which, if my conclusions about the identity of the poet Spenser, which will be found fully set out in my volume on Spenser¹ and further in the introduction and the first two chapters of my volume on Harvey and Nashe², are sound, absolutely proves the existence in the Elizabethan age of a great creative writer whose position was too high for public mention by literary men, regard being had to his and their relative positions, and to the then state of letters. Readers

¹ "Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon," Constable, 1914.

² "Gabriel Harvey and Thomas Nashe."

who do not understand this remark are invited to refer to my *nix Century* article, where at the beginning of it, it will be found explained.

In 1593, when he was about thirty-six, Thomas Lodge published a volume of verse. He called it " *Phyllis : honoured with Pastoral Sonnets, Elegies, and amorous delights,*" and he dedicated it to the Countess of Shrewsbury. The volume opens with an " *Induction* " (addressed to the same lady) in verse, in which the following lines occur :

My Muse, enfranchis'd from forgetfulness,
Shall hatch such breed in honour of thy name,
As moderne Poets shall admire the same.

As moderne Poets shall admire the same,
I meane not you (you never matched men)
Who brought the Chaos of our tongue in fame,
Through these Herculean labours of your pen :
I meane the meane, I meane as men divine,
But such whose feathers are but waxed like mine.

Goe weeping Truce-men in your sighing weedes,
Under a great *Mecaenas* I haue past you :
If so you come where learned *Colin* feedes
His lonely flocke, packe thence and quickly haste you ;
You are but mistes before so bright a sunne,
Who hath the Palme for deepe inuention wunne.

Kisse *Delias* hand for her sweet Prophets sake,
Whose not affected but well couched teares
Haue power, haue worth, a Marble minde to shake ;
Whose fame no Iron-age or time out weares.
Then lay you downe in *Phyllis* lap and sleepe,
Untill she weeping read, and reading weepe.

On this, in his article on Thomas Lodge in the *Dict. Nat. Biog.*, Sir Sidney Lee says : " *Phyllis* was probably Lodge's endeavour to follow Spenser's advice to ' raise his tunes,' and he seems to acknowledge Spenser's kindly interest by eulogising him in the ' *Induction* ' under the name of ' learned *Colin*,' compared with whom he represents the other poets of his day as miste in the presence of the sun."

“Spenser’s advice” here referred to, was that given by Spenser, according to Sir Sidney Lee, in his *Colin Clout’s Come Home Again* to “pleasing Alcon,” who is supposed to be Lodge, but as that poem was not written by Spenser, as is professed, until after his return to Ireland in 1591, and, in any case, not published until 1595¹, it is not obvious how Lodge in 1593 was acknowledging Spenser’s interest expressed in a poem which he never could have seen.

I have already referred to the proofs which I have put forward that “Spenser” the writer of the poem was not Spenser the Irish official and settler, and, in the present connection, I may add that according to the accepted facts about Spenser the official, he was, at the time when this poem of Lodge was published, in the depths of Ireland, probably more inaccessible than any part of the globe at the present time, having, as is supposed, returned there, after the publication of the first three books of the *Faerie Queene*, soon after February, 1591.

I conclude from this that Lodge’s reference to “Colin” in this poem has no relation to Spenser’s poem, *Colin Clout*, etc. We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that the reference is to the *Shepherds Calender*, where the name of “Colin” is used by the poet for himself. But in 1593, when this extraordinary eulogy was written by Lodge, it was thirteen years since the appearance of that poem, and that it made little impression on the age (in spite of what has been written about it in modern times) is very evident from the fact that George Whetstone, a leading poetical writer of the day, actually thought, as late as 1586, that it was a poem by Sir Phillip Sidney, and he alludes to it as such in his obituary poem on Sidney of that year. Such an error only shows how little was known in those times about the authorship of literary works, and it is a very strong argument for the view which I have expressed in this book that the “Arcadia” was

¹ Sir Sidney Lee himself says, in his article on “Shakespeare” in the *Dict. of Nat. Biog.* that Spenser’s *Colin Clout*, etc., was “completed in 1594”—an inference, of course, as we really know nothing about it.

fathered upon Sidney. Whetstone mentions both these works as Sidney's; see quotation in note at foot.¹ The reader is reminded that the *Shepherds Calender* was not published under the name of Spenser but under the pen-name "Immerito," a name which I consider is incontestably proved from Harvey's letter-book not to be applicable to Spenser (see my Harvey-Nashe volume). What else had the supposed poet Spenser done? Nothing until the publication of the first three books of the *Faerie Queene* which appeared in 1590, and after the Author's supposed return to Ireland in 1591, a collection of minor, and not particularly arresting, poems had appeared, which Ponsonby, the publisher of the *Faerie Queene*, pretended he had collected from various people after Spenser's departure to Ireland. And yet, in 1593 Lodge tells us of a certain person whom he calls "learned Colin" who was so great that he would not dream of invoking his patronage;

I meane not you (you neuer matched men)

that is, who could not be compared with any other human writer:

*Who brought the Chaos of our tongue in fame,
Through the Herculean labours of your pen:*

that is, who had almost done some miracle with the formation of the English language, by the vastness and the quality of his work:

*I meane the meane, I meane no men diuine,
But such whose feathers are but waxed like mine.*

¹ George Whetstone's obituary poem on Sir Phillip Sidney of 1586, says,

His Arcadia, unmatcht for sweete device,
Where skill doth iudge is held in soveraign price.

Marg. "His Arcadia, a booke excellently written."

The next stanza is as follows:

Whatelse he wrote his will was to suppressse,
But yet the dark a dyamond cannot drowne,
What be his workes, the finest wittes doe gesse,
The Shepherds notes, that have so sweete a sounde,
With laurell bowghes his hearme long since have crownd;

Marg. "The last Sheppards Calender, the reputed worke of S. Phil. Sidney."

that is, he challenges no comparison with a writer who was more than mortal ;

*Goe weeping Truce-men in your sighing weedes,
Under a great Mecaenas I have past you :*

If correct, these lines seem hopelessly obscure. A "truce man" means an interpreter, as used in making a truce. Lodge seems to say that he has passed all such people, whatever they are, when he came under the patronage of a certain "Great Mecaenas," that is to say, the person of whom he is speaking. He continues (of the "Truce-men") :

*If so you come where learned Colin feedes
His lonely flocke, pache thence and quickly haste you ;
You are but mistes before so bright a sunne,
Who hath the Palme for deepe inuention wunne.*

that is, this great writer's work is learned as well as beautiful, and full of original "invention," the word used in those days for original poetry on a large scale, namely, epic and dramatic poetry, for comparison with him other writers of the day are but as mists before the brightness of the sun.

I invite the reader to refer to my book on Harvey and Nashe and to see what Nashe (or rather the supposed Nashe) says about the reform of the language. He will also find there on p. 88 a remark of Nashe in a book published in 1593: "I have written in all sorts of humors priuately, I am persuaded, more than any young man of my age in England." And at p. 162 of the same book he will find Harvey's comments on this remark and an astounding eulogy by him of Nashe as a writer. How could this be said by or of Spenser, the Irish official and settler, even if he wrote (as I do not believe he did) the poems which appeared under his name? Lodge's "learned Colin" is, in my opinion, quite another person, being no other than Francis Bacon, the nephew of Lord Burghley, for years unemployed, except in so far that he was in request from time to time as unofficial adviser to the Queen.

As to Lodge's allusion to *Delia*, which follows, it is quite possible, in view of what I said in my book on Spenser about

Daniel's poetry, that he is referring in these lines to the same great writer.

If my conclusion about these lines is accepted, it follows that Lodge was intimate with Bacon, and no surprise need therefore be felt if Bacon (regard being had to his peculiar habit of self-concealment), made use of Lodge to get before the world some of his stray writings. Having carefully read through the works ascribed to Lodge, I am convinced that this is what actually occurred, for it is utterly impossible, in my judgment, to believe that the same person could have written the works which are plainly in the halting, uncultivated style of Lodge and the polished "Euphuistic" writings to which he has placed his name. In short, over the signature of Lodge there are two writers, Lodge and Bacon.

Lodge was a man of decent position. The son of a Lord Mayor of London, he was probably born about 1558 (that is, two or three years before Bacon); he went to Oxford and came to live in London in Lincoln's Inn (where, however, he did not apparently practise at the Bar) in 1578. According to Sir Sidney Lee (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*), "he obtained a ready entrance into literary society in London." In fact, he might almost have been living in South Kensington! When will our modern writers cease to imagine such conditions in the London of Tudor times?

Lodge is first heard of in a reply to an attack on the stage in 1579 by a certain Stephen Gosson, who, curiously enough, directed his work to Sir Philip Sidney, and, according to "Immerito," in a letter to Harvey, "Was for his labour scorned." In spite of this he dedicated several further works to Sidney, quite unabashed by the supposed reception of the first. In his first notice of Lodge he gets his Christian name wrong and ridicules him as a person "hunted by the heavy hand of God, and become little better than a vagrant, looser than liberty, lighter than vanity itself." I feel rather reluctant to say it, because I am afraid it may prejudice my case, but I am quite convinced that under "Gosson" Francis Bacon was writing. Gosson apparently was a very young man who, after leaving Oxford, took up play-writing and the stage, and, very soon giving it up apparently in disgust,

entered the Church. There is preserved a satirical poem of his of a later date (1596), called "A Pleasant Quip for Upstart New-fangled Gentlewomen," being a vigorous, but very crude, attack on women's fashions of the period. It is quite impossible to believe that the man who wrote it can have written the excellent prose works which came out under his name in the earlier period. That Francis Bacon should have adopted this attitude about the theatres in London at such an early date, or indeed at any time, may seem to some people improbable, but I believe he suffered at a very early period of his life from a reaction against the public theatre, which in those days must have been very crude, and that he made use of a pretended personality to express this feeling. It is also my belief that most of the "Shakespeare" plays, as we have them, were never written for the popular stage.

This, however, is by the way. We are more concerned here with Lodge. Let anyone read his reply to Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse* (1580?) and, further his *Alarum against Usurers*, 1584, dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, where, in a preliminary address to "the Gentlemen of the Innes of Court," he strongly protests to Gosson against the attack (above quoted) on his way of life, and, after considering the style of both documents, let him compare it, for example, with that of *Rosalynde*, and say if it is conceivable that the person who wrote the first two could have written the last. It may be said, however, that the first two were early works, and that *Rosalynde* (the piece on which Shakespeare's "As You Like It" was undoubtedly founded) was published in 1590. Even so, the *Alarum against Usurers* was only six years earlier (1584) when Lodge was, apparently, a man of twenty-six, an age at which a man's style is generally fairly well formed. Take, however, a much later work (of which there is a copy in the British Museum), *The Life and Death of William Long beard* of 1593, when Lodge was some ten years older. This, in my judgment, is evidently an effort by Lodge to write an historical romance after the style of some of the works we shall presently mention, which, though published under Lodge's name, were, in my opinion, Bacon's. One of the features of these books is the lyrics which they contain, some

of superlative excellence ; others not so good, but all characteristic, and closely resembling the poems interspersed in the *Arcadia*. There is not a shadow of similarity in the style of the lyrics in the *Long beard* which I regard as unquestionably Lodge's work.

Take again, in prose, Lodge's *Catheros*, or *A Nettle for Nice Noses*, 1591. The style marks it out from the style of the other writer. It is, clearly, Lodge's. So also is *Wits Miserie and Worlds Madnesse*: "discouering the Deuils Incarnat of this Age," 1596.

Contrast now with these the style of the following :

Rosalynde.

"Euphues golden legacie: found after his death in his Cell at Silexedra. Bequeathed to Philautus sonnes nursed up with their father in England. Fetcht from the Canaries. By T.L. Gent." 1590.

There is a dedication to Lord Hunsden signed by "Thomas Lodge" in which he explains that, "Falling from bookes to armes, . . . hauing with Capt. Clarke made a voyage to the Islands of Terceras and the Canaries, to beguile the time with labour, and writ this booke; rough as hatcht in the stormes of the Ocean, and feathered in the surges of many perillous seas. But as it is the work of a souldier and a scholler I presume to shrowde it under your Honors patronage." (I very much doubt whether Lodge could have written this account or the similar one below, but we may let that pass).

Mr. Edmund Gosse, in his account of Lodge in his *17th Century Studies*, rather takes fire at this, and observes that "it is very pleasant to imagine the young poet in the same picturesque dress in which his fellow-soldiers fought in the Spanish Armada, stretched on the deck of his ship while she sailed under a tropical sky, and setting the amorous passions of the Forest of Arden to the monotonous music of the ocean."

Far from being "monotonous," however, we learn from Lodge himself, both in this address and the one which follows "To the Gentlemen Readers" that the voyage was stormy, for, in the latter, he writes: "To be briefe Gentlemen, roome for a souldier, and a sailer, that giues you the fruits of his labors that he wrought in the *Ocean*, when euerie line was wet

with a surge and euerie humorous passion countercheckt with a storme." Moreover Lodge at this time was not a youth, "picturesque" or otherwise, but thirty-two years old, which by the way, is six years older than Shakespeare's *Iago*.

It is a point of interest to note that though Lodge calls this piece "my worke" in his address to Lord Hunsden, he, apparently, avoids this in his address to the Gentlemen Readers, but says, instead, "Well Gentlemen, you have *Euphues Legacie*. I fetcht it as farre as the Islands of *Terceras* . . . yours T.L." And in the note to the Gentlemen Readers at the end of the book, below which Lodge's signature is placed, and, from the style, I should certainly say appended by him, the following very significant sentence occurs: "If you gather any frutes by this Legacie, speake well of *Euphues* for writing it, and me for fetching it."

In the copy in the British Museum (second edition, 1592) (though it does not appear in the Hunterian reprint, said to be from the first edition, 1590, except an imperfect portion) the general address is followed by a page entitled "The schedule annexed to *Euphues* testament," ending, "Farewell Philautus . . . *Euphues dying to liue*." "If any man find this scrowle send it to Philautus in England."

I shall return to a discussion of this work, but, before doing so, I will set out the remaining works in prose attributed to Lodge, and indeed, except the first, claimed by him, which the style and substance, in my opinion, absolutely preclude us from accepting as his work.

Euphues Shadow: produced by Greene, 1592, who says that in Lodge's absence at sea, he was producing it at his request.

The Historie of Robert second Duke of Normandy, 1591.

The Diuel Coniured, 1596.

A Margarite of America, 1596.

The Historie of Porbonius and Priscevia, published with *An Alarum against Usurers*, 1584.

All the verse published by the Hunterian Club, apart from that included in what are, in my opinion, the non-Lodge prose works, I accept as Lodge's (in fact I have no doubt of it), except—and it is a momentous exception, because it is

the forerunner of Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis—Glaucus and Scilla*, 1589.

Thus to Lodge I attribute, without any question, the *Phyllis* collection (1593), referred to above, the verse play "Marius and Scilla," published (1594) under the title of "The Wounds of Civill War," and the Satyres in verse, claimed to be the first of their kind, called "A Fig for Momus" (1595), the latter quite good of their kind, but none of them showing any trace of high poetical invention. To all these a complete and astonishing exception in style and execution is the *Historie of Glaucus and Scilla* (1589) a long poem in the metre of Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* and anticipating the style and even some of the material to such an extent that the modern theory is that Shakespeare copied Lodge's work.¹ An older writer, however, urged that Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* (which did not appear until 1593, and then as "the first heir of his invention") must have come first and therefore that it was written and circulated privately by Shakespeare before he left Stratford², an almost ridiculous theory, considering the extreme classical polish of that poem, but it shows to what a degree critics have been "intrigued" by this resemblance. My explanation is more simple, though I fear it will be treated with derision, that both poems were written by the same person, Lodge being used, in times when

¹ "The general resemblance is conspicuous enough to render it probable that Shakespeare was indebted to Lodge for the general plan of the poem." (*Venus and Adonis*). S. Lee, *Dict. Nat. Biog.* under "Lodge."

² Shakespeare Society Papers 1846, iii. 143 sq. The writer says "Lodge's poem is written in the same stanza (which Collier said was quite new) and in various other points seems to adopt *Venus and Adonis* as a model: nay, near the commencement of it, the author actually adverts to the same incidents, and in terms which read as if he had endeavoured to adopt the same style: e.g.

"He that hath seene the sweete *Arcadian* boy
Wiping the purple from his forced wound

to How on his senseles corpes she lay a crying,
As if the boy were then but new a dying."

(3 stanzas).

there was no consideration for literary honesty, to oblige an acquaintance who wished to keep his name from the public. This probably accounts for the mysterious, and to me unintelligible, character of Lodge's prefatory address. Moreover, *Glaucus and Scilla* did not come out by itself but preceded other poems which, by the style, are undoubtedly Lodge's own work. *Glaucus and Scilla* was re-issued, with a new title-page, in 1610. It is a curious fact that this poem ends with an apparent renunciation by the writer of writing for the stage :

At last he left me

 and then by oath he bound me
 To write no more, of that whence shame dooth grow :
 Or tie my pen to *Pennie-knaues* delight,
 But live with fame, and so for fame to write.

On this Sir Sidney Lee remarks (Article in Dictionary of National Biography) that "Pennie-knaves" are the penny auditors at the play-house, and "the passage was doubtless the result of the frequent failure of the writer's dramatic ventures." The writer of the Shakespeare Society paper above referred to takes the same view : "*Scillaes Metamorphosis*" affords curious proof that Lodge had relinquished theatrical composition as early as 1589. But, whenever he wrote them, he published his *Marius and Scilla* tragedy in 1594, and the play "A Looking Glasse for London and England," which he is supposed to have written in collaboration with Greene, was published in the same year. It was "Gosson," in 1579, not Lodge, who wrote against plays, and said he had foresworn them, and it was Lodge who replied in defence of them. See on this what I have written above. It is also very interesting to notice that Shakespeare's motto over *Venus and Adonis* is practically in a similar sense to the lines with which the *Glaucus and Scilla* poem concludes, namely :

Vilia miretur vulgus ; mihi flavus Apollo
 Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.

The poems which were published with *Glaucus and Scilla*, namely *Glaucus Complaint*, *The Discontented Satyre*, and sundry 'Sonnets,' all bear the signature of Lodge (which

Glaucus and Scilla does not), and they have no sort of resemblance to it in point of quality or style.

To come now to the prose works published as Lodge's, but, in my opinion, not by him.

Let us first return to the "Rosalynde," 1590, on which Shakespeare's "As you like it" is founded. It is an exquisite piece of work, so much so that I think it gives one more pleasure to read than the play. This, of course is a question of taste; I give my own opinion. I suppose the most celebrated thing in it is "Rosalynd's Madrigal" which, judged by his work published compendiously as the "Phyllis" and other pieces clearly by him, Lodge could no more have written than he could have executed a flight over the moon. For those who may have forgotten it, or perhaps not read it, I append the lines which follow. Rosalynd, after seeing Rosander (who is 'Orlando' of the play) overthrow the wrestler, who is killed by his fall, is overpowered by love, and "smiling to her selfe to thinke of her new entertayned passions, taking up her Lute that lay by her, she warbled out this dittie."

Rosalynds Madrigal.

Loue in my bosome like a Bee
doth sucke his sweete:
Now with his wings he plays with me,
now with his feete.
Within mine eies he makes his neast,
His bed amidst my tender breast,
My kisses are his daily feast
And yet he robs me of my rest.
Ah wanton, will ye?

And if I sleepe, then pearcheth he
with pretie flight
And makes his pillow of my knee
the livelong night.
Strike I my lute he tunes the string
He musicke playes if I do sing,
He lends me euerie louelie thing,
Yet cruell he my heart doth sting
Whist wanton, still ye.

Els I with roses euerie day
 will whip you hence ;
 And binde you when you long to play
 for your offence.
 He shut mine eyes to keepe you in,
 He make you fast it for your sinne,
 He count your power not worth a pinne ;
 Ahlas what hereby shall I winne,
 If he gainsay me ?

What if I beate the wanton boy
 with manie a rod ?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 because a God.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,
 And let thy bowre my bosom be :
 Lurke in mine eyes I like of thee :
 Oh *Cupid* so thou pitie me
 Spare not but play thee.

There is another poem in this work which, though not so good, is very good of its kind, where Rosader reads to Rosalynde his description of her. I refer to the poem at p. 64 (Hunterian Club reprint) beginning :

Like to the cleere in highest spheare
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of selfe same colour is her haire
 Whether unfolded or in twines :
 Heigh ho faire *Rosalynde*.

There is nothing in Lodge's rather crabbed style to compare with this.

At p. 136, "Coridons Song" :

A blyth and bonny county Lasse
 Heigh ho the bonny Lasse :

An exact precedent for this occurs in the *Shepherdess Calender* (Spenser) under *August*.

I should like to give many extracts from this beautiful work in support of my argument, but I must be content with the following, a description of Rosalynde at the tourney at which the wrestler meets his death by Rosader :

"As eurie mans eye had his general survey, and fancie was partiall in their lookes, yet all in generall applauded the admirable riches that

Nature bestowed on the face of *Rosalynd*: for upon her cheekes there seemed a battaile betweene the Graces, who should bestow most faouours to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna when she kist the shepheard on the hills of *Latmos* was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisht on the siluer hue of *Rosalyns* countenance; her eyes were like those lampes that make the wealthie couert of the Heauens more gorgeous, sparkling faouour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them *Venus* had placed all her amoretts, and *Diana* all her chastitie. The trammells of her hayre, foulded in a call of golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glistler of the mettall, as the Sunne dooth the meanest Starre in brightnesse' the tresses that foldes in the browes of *Apollo* were not halfe so rich to the sight: for in her haire it seemed loue had laide her selfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze upon their excellence: what should I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all she was the paragon of all earthly perfection."

Rosalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie, is by far the most beautiful of the works published under the name of Lodge. It seems pervaded by an almost heavenly calm, and it is the work, throughout, of a poet of the first order. It appears to me totally impossible that such a piece of work could have been done, as professed, under the rude and perilous conditions of a sea voyage in those times.

After reading this, it is natural to look up another "Euphues" book, supposed to have been written by Lodge, but published by Greene when Lodge was on a second voyage which took him to the Straits of Magellan. I do not find it in the Hunterian Club collection, but a copy (1st edition) is in the British Museum. Its title is "Euphues Shadow. The Battaille of the Sences," . . . by *T. L. Gent.*, 1592. It is a much tamer affair than "Rosalynde," but the style is unmistakably the same. In dedicating this book to Viscount Fitz-Walter, Greene wrote: "it fortun'd that one *M. Thomas Lodge*, who now is gone to sea with *Mayster Candish*, had bestowed some serious labour in penning of a book called *Euphues Shadowe*; and by his last letters gave straight charge, that I should not onely haue the care for his sake of the impression thereof, but also in his absence to bestow it on some man of Honor." In an address to the "Gentlemen Readers" Robert Greene, who signs himself "Nonfolciensis," speaks of "Mr. Thomas Lodge, who at his departure to sea upon a

long voyage . . .” As in the *Rosalynde* an imaginary address follows from ‘Philautus to his Sonnes living at the Courte’ saying, “I have shapen out *Euphues Shadow* . . . out under the figure of *Philamis* the fortunes of *Euphues* . . . *Euphues* was my friend in his life, and kinde to you by his legacie at his death; . . . Sonnes the Court is full of delights, but they are dangerous . . . which made *Euphues* repent the prime of his youth mispent in follies, and vertuousslie end the winter of his age in *Solexedra* . . . *Philautus*.”

I refrain from giving an account of this book as, though well written, it is not of great interest. It contains some very artificial verse, and there are a few wonderful poetical descriptions of the appearance of the dawn. There is also a very Spenserian episode of a magician and a fight between a hero and a monster.

I see that Sir Sidney Lee says that “Collier made a baseless suggestion that Greene, who, as editor, signs the dedication to Viscount Fitz Walter, was the author of the book.” For my own part I have not the smallest doubt that Collier was right. After all, why “baseless,” considering that two “*Euphues*” books, in precisely similar style, had been published by Greene as his own work in 1587 and 1589? The first is “*Euphues his censure to Philautus*,” in which he says, in the address to the Reader, “some of *Euphues* loose papers came to my hand wherein he writ to his friend *Philautus* from *Silexdra*”; the second is his “*Menaphon*” described as “*Camillas Alarum* to slumbering *Euphues*, in his melancholie cell at *Silexdra*,” which included a long criticism by Nashe (a new arrival) on the literary efforts of the day. In these circumstances the attribution of this 1591 “*Euphues*” book to Lodge, especially when he was away on a voyage, seems to me an obvious piece of trickery.

Like “*Rosalynde*,” the style of the book is indistinguishable from that of the *Arcadia*, passed off on the world, in my belief, under the name of Sidney. In my book on Harvey and Nashe I have given my views on what I regard as the “Greene” impersonation, and I need not therefore repeat them here.

I need hardly remind the reader that “*Lyly*” was the

first exponent of the "Euphues" legend, and the peculiar style of writing which he is supposed to have introduced into England. It is interesting to note that Mr Gosse was evidently puzzled by the "Lyly" features of this book, as he remarks (17th Century Studies): "All the features of Lyly's extraordinary style are reproduced by Lodge with the most startling precision"; and Sir Sidney Lee characterises the work as Lodge's "closest imitation of Lyly." I would defy any writer in the world—most of all such a writer as Lodge, judged by the works of his which I have specified as undoubtedly his own—to imitate the style of Lyly's "Euphues" without producing a ridiculous parody, even if he could think of the necessary number of metaphors. But in those days, apparently, quite a number of people could do it without any effort!

We come now to the remaining works which I have given in the list at p. 190 above as published under Lodge's name, but not his work. Space precludes any lengthy review of these works, but I offer a few remarks in justification of my contention.

The Historie of Robert, Second Duke of Normandy, 1591.
A Margarite of America, 1596.

These two works bear a certain resemblance in that they are concerned with evil and describe the most appalling outrages. I have in the earlier portion of this book drawn attention to similar examples of horror in the *Arcadia*, but those being, as I believe, very early work, are almost ludicrous. The horrors in these two works, though of a similar character, are far more powerful and repulsive. So formidable are they in this respect that they almost seem to produce a sense of dread at what the writer is going to do next. In the first work the hero undergoes a conversion and repents, but in the second his misdeeds increase in violence until at the end he destroys himself amidst the wreck of bodies murdered by him under the most appalling circumstances. I can only conclude that Mr. Gosse, in accepting the story as Lodge's work, never had the curiosity to read it through, because he actually says that it is "one of the prettiest of his stories!"

To give a brief account of the first. The inscription on the title page is as follows :

" The Famous, true and historical life of *Robert*, second Duke of Normandy, *surnamed* for his monstrous birth and behauiour, *Robin* the Diuell.

" *Wherein is contained his dissolute life in his youth, his deuout reconcilment and vertues in his age : Interlaced with many straunge and miraculous aduentures. Wherein are both causes of profite, and manie conceits of pleasure.* "

" By T.L.G."

In 1591, when this work appeared, Lodge took his second voyage to Brazil and the Straits of Magellan. It is not known therefore whether he produced this book himself, probably not, as the dedication, and the address to the Reader, like the title page, are signed by the unique inscription "T.L.G.", which presumably stands for T.L. or Thomas Lodge, Gentleman (the usual signature), and the style of the addresses is not that of Lodge. When we come to the body of the book the divergence from Lodge's style is still more noticeable. In the first place there are a number of remarkable "Euphuisms." I alluded to one type (without however giving examples) in the wonderful poetical descriptions of the dawn found in "Euphues Shadow." Here is a similar one in the book under notice :

" As soone as the watchfull morning had opened her purple gates in the East, and discovered her palaces full of Roses, and the Sunne adorned with a wreath of Chirolites, began to shake his deawie lockes lately washed in the bame of Eurotas" p. 28.

A sanguinary combat follows in which Robert is overthrown in a wood and led to his conversion. Up to that point the book is crowded with unspeakable horrors, which I will refrain from relating, though they form an interesting study of the writer's mentality. At this point of the story, however, Robert is found bathed in blood, by a hermit who saves him from the spiritual despair which has seized upon him, and he sets out for Rome (pp. 32-35.) On the way he expresses his feelings in two poems (pp. 39 and 40) and he is accosted by a "Hamadriade" (pp. 41-43) who tempts him in a set of

verses (quite good of their kind). After prayer he resists her and she vanishes ; whereupon he is assailed by a vision of terror :

" The prayer was no sooner finished, but a horrible cracke of thunder fell from the heauens, the woods were inflamed with lightnings, and this wanton vision suddenly vanished in steade whereof succeeded horrible Earthquakes. the Curtaines of the heauen were darkened, the compasse of the world was clowded, and on the face of the Center there appeared through the light of lightning hideous shapes of Giants, threatening him, monstrous Tygers assayling him " etc. (p. 43)

At last he arrives at an open space where he finds a chapel and a poor hermit, who expresses amazement that he had come through the wood, and explains that it is called "*Le bois du temptation*, the wood of temptation, where through many holy men haue attempted to passe, but they haue either been withdrawne by delight, or driuen backe by feare, and finally perished through their owne follies " (p. 43). He comforts him and places him upon his way to Rome. There he undergoes a penance which consists in passing for a dumb, witless person, in which condition he lives for seven years in the Emperor's palace with a hound sleeping with him under some stairs. Finally through wonderful feats of arms in defence of the Emperor, being absolved of his penance, he marries the Emperor's daughter, is restored to his estate in Normandy, is reconciled to his mother, and upon the death of the Emperor succeeds him at Rome.

The story is admirably told and the style does not bear the smallest affinity to that of Lodge as revealed in the works which I regard as manifestly his.

The *Margarite of America*, dated 1596, has nothing to do with America, but bears that title because it was written, as Lodge says (or, in my opinion, pretends), " in those straits christned by Magellan." I mentioned the horrors in it above. The story is of a young prince, heir to the throne, of Cusco, who goes on a visit to the Emperor of Mosco, where the Emperor's daughter falls in love with him.

Here is a description of Margarita at a marriage ceremony:

" Thither likewise resembled the flower of the nobilite at Ladies ; among whom *Margarita* was not least sumptuous, for on that day hir

apparel was so admirable, hir carriage and behavior so excelent that had the wisest *Cato* beheld her he would haue in some parte dismissed his stoical severitie : hir golden haire curled in rich knots, and entrelaced with rich bands of diamonds and rubies seemed to stain *Apollo's* golden bush ; enuirond with hir wreath of chrisolites, her eyes like pure carbuncles, seemed to smile on the roses of her cheekes, which consorted with the beautie of the lillie, made her beutie more excelent, her eies, briars like the net of *Vulcan*, polished out of refined threeds of fine ebonie, her alabaster neck was encompassed with a collar of orient perle, which seemed to smile on her teeth when she opened her mouth, claiming of them some consanguinitie ; her bodie was apparelled in a faire loose garment of greene damaske, cut vpon cloth of tissue, and in euerie cut was enchased a most curious iewell, wherein all the escapes of Jupiter, the wanton delights of *Venus*, and the amorous deceits of *Cupid* were cunningly wrought." (p. 26).

There are a number of other elaborate descriptions of this kind, such, for example, of the pomp of *Arsadachus* at his bridal with *Diana*. They bear a strong similarity with some descriptions in the *Arcadia*, elaborated, and are highly wrought—though apparently without the slightest effort—in the "Euphuistic" style.

The "pagan" spirit which, as I said in that connection, pervades the *Arcadia*, attaches to the present work even more noticeably and, though free from actual vice, it appears to be written almost in a mood of suspension, or even of absence, of the moral sense. One example of the "horrors" of which I spoke will suffice. *Arsadachus* opens a box which had been given him innocently by *Margarita*, and some magic fumes issue from it which deprive him of his senses. In this state he kills most of the characters, and for *Diana*, the successful rival of *Margarita*, "with a carving knife he slit up the poor innocent ladies bodie, spreading her entrailles about the pallace floore, and seizing on her heart, hee tare it in peeces with his tyrannous teeth, crying *Sic itur ad astra*."

The writer produces this kind of thing with the most extraordinary power as well as complete detachment. It is, in my opinion, fortunate for the world he has given us so little of it. If *Shakespeare*, for instance, had been a bad man, and also as unscrupulous as, for example, certain modern writers, what a terrible legacy to humanity he might have left ! But, if one may say so, it seems to have been providentially ordered

that his temperament was so cold and detached, that he was able to handle any subject without himself taking colour from it. This is specially pointed out by Coleridge in his comments on his *Venus and Adonis*. Not that Shakespeare is not sometimes indecent, occasionally very indecent, but his indecency is not part of him, and never has about it the character of lust.

It may be objected that a man who wrote with the vivid power of Shakespeare could have never written the long, more or less aimless stories which drift through such books as the *Arcadia*, the pamphlets of Greene, or such narratives as I have been discussing. I admit that the problem is difficult, certainly unprecedented, but, as I have said elsewhere (in my book on "Spenser"), the operation of such a genius could not have been normal. My own view is, that its great effects were only produced under certain conditions, which were actively present under the stimulus and the limitations of the drama, but that when it was dealing with narrative it lost itself frequently in dreams.

The last "Lodge" production of importance which I have to mention is *The Diuel Conjured* of 1596.

At the outset, it may be noticed that the style of the greeting to the "Reader," which I consider is by Lodge, is entirely different to that of the treatise. The story is slender, being that of a hermit of Egypt called Anthony, who is visited by three men of distinction. They argue with him about withdrawal from active life. He defends the life of the hermit. The following is an example, in my opinion, of the practise found in Bacon's works—and to no like extent elsewhere—of piling up images for purposes of illustration. It is probably not deliberate but the result of the intense profusion of ideas :

"Thou blamest me for not being ambitious, not considering this, that ambition is a subtille euill, a secret poyson, a hidden plague, a fraudfull workeman, the mother of hypocricie, the parent of hate, the fountaine of sinne : the bait of offence, the rust of vertue, the moth of holinesse, the blinder of hearts, creating diseases of remedies, and begetting griefes of medicines." (p. 12).

The hermit discourses, among other things, of devils,

their methods and habitations, of magic, the nature of the miracles of magicians, of astrologers (*against* astrology). The writer shows exceptional enlightenment and independence for those times. Thus he writes: "to conclude, all signes in heauen are but as tokens, not causes; gouerned and directed by God, not gouerning, and materially inforcing man." (p. 65).

The hermit persuades two out of the three of his visitors to renounce the world, but, on learning that one of them is a ruler, responsible for a people depending on him, he adapts himself to his case and proceeds to give him a number of wise worldly counsels about good government. The style is entirely changed, and becomes compressed and pithy, not unlike Bacon's Essays. It is the style and matter of a man who is writing from experience, not merely as the compiler of an abstract treatise. When war is permissible, of reason and justice, of judges, and so forth, become the burden of the discourse. Here are a few specimens:

"Be not wrathfull in justice, for it is a short madness; not on light displeasures, least thou be held a foole; nor with a stronger than thy selfe, least thou repent; not with thine inferiour, least thou be held tyranous."

"Beware least thy followers be found wicked, for where vice is supported by authority, there subjects grow worse and worse."

"It is a wise mans part rather to judge himself than his neighbour".

"The counsaile likewise of those men is to be eschewed, who in times past were thine enemies, and are afterwards reconciled: for no man safelie returneth into favor with his enemye."

The "Delectable Historie of Porbonius and Prisceria," published with Lodge's "Alarum against Usurers," 1584, a dull story but, though probably very early, unmistakable in the style, I equally regard as not by Lodge, but published by him with one of his own works, probably by arrangement with the real author.

Of the works attributed to Lodge, and, indeed, published under his name, the following, then, are the only ones which I regard as genuinely his:

1. The reply to Gosson, the Defence of Plays, 1580.

2. The Alarum against Usurers, 1584.
3. Catheros Diogenes (a nettle for Nice Noses), 1591.
4. The Life and Death of William Long beard, 1593.
5. Phillis, and sundry sonnets, 1593.
6. The Wounds of Civill War (*Marius and Scilla*) 1594.
7. A Fig for Momus, satires in verse, 1595.
8. Wits Miserie, and the Worlds Madnesse: discovering the Devils Incarnat of the Age, 1596 (a very long discourse).
9. The rest of the verse, other than " Scillaes Metamorphosis," and other than that appearing in the works which I have attributed to the second writer.

There are one or two prose works published by Lodge late in life, after he became a physician, which I have not examined, but I have no doubt, from the subjects and the circumstances, that they were his own.

The " Looking Glasse for London and England," a play which is described in the early editions as " made by Thomas Lodge, Gentleman, and Robert Greene : *in Artibus Magister*, 1594," may be by Lodge, but certainly not by the author of " Rosalynde." It is a very dull play, more or less in the vein of denunciation of the morals of London, and the first edition is dated several years after Greene's death.

To explain exactly why, to the exclusion of the rest, I assign the above named works to Lodge would be difficult, perhaps impossible. The only real explanation is to be found in a careful reading of these works themselves, and, when they have been read, turning to such a piece as " Rosalynde." The effect is comparable to emerging from a tangled thicket into open fields spread out under a summer sky.

In an Appendix will be found the Article from the "XIXth Century and After" above mentioned on the "Shakespeare Problem." It is reprinted here by the courtesy of the Editor.

With reference to that article, I should like to take this opportunity of making a few remarks. The question is often asked why, if Bacon was the real author of the plays which have passed under the name of Shakespeare, he should have

been at such pains to conceal their authorship. A very little consideration of the times should suffice to answer this. The press was censored by the Star Chamber, and no book could be published without a licence from the Archbishop or the Bishop of London. Plays were similarly censored under crushing penalties, and actors had to be attached to recognised Companies or they were treated as rogues and vagabonds. To publish poetry was considered beneath the dignity of a gentleman, and for such a man to write or contrive plays would be entirely to lose caste. For a man who aspired to political office it would mean ruin. I have discussed this question in my book on Spenser and further in the article in the Appendix.

In the same article, and at greater length in my earlier volume on Spenser, will be found a discussion of Bacon's social and religious opinions. Precisely the same opinion and point of view are found in the Plays. Attention was drawn in the earlier volume to a mannerism of Bacon in laying claim to "simplicity," by which he means integrity of motive and intention, and freedom from malice, and a similar habit is noted in Spenser and Shakespeare. It is also the affectation of a man conscious of exceptional powers and anxious to divert and disarm envy. In the article in the Appendix (and more at length in the same volume) Bacon's habit of self-idealisation is discussed. The same feature is found in the Shakespeare plays (as I shall hope to show in a further volume) in all those characters of which the author makes use more especially to represent himself. In the article in the Appendix will also be found some contemporary testimony to the universality of Bacon's information, and attention is drawn to what seems to be a description of him at work by Ben Jonson.

APPENDIX (See p. 11)

THE 'SHAKESPEARE PROBLEM'

*(Re-published by permission of the Editor, from the
"Nineteenth Century and After," April, 1918).*

There are obvious difficulties in dealing with so complicated a subject as the 'Shakespeare Problem' in the compass of a Review article, but, as a convinced adherent of the Baconian theory of authorship, I am tempted to continue the discussion inaugurated by Mr. Gordon Crosse in his article entitled 'The Real Shakespeare Problem,' which appeared just a year ago in this review.¹

Mr. Crosse's contention is that it is not enough to demonstrate the improbability of the plays which pass under the name of William Shakespeare having been written by the Stratford actor, but that it is also necessary to show that they were written by someone else. This is not an unreasonable contention. Unconsciously, however, he seems to rule out any effort in this direction when he remarks 'The arguments for every other theory are negative, conjectural, inferential. The Shakespearean authorship is supported by a body of direct contemporary witnesses'; and he also says, without however attempting any proof of the assertion, that if other theories of authorship 'were submitted to as keen and searching a test as Sir George [Greenwood] has applied to the Shakespearean theory, they would appear even more improbable.' But what else than 'inferential' could the arguments for 'other theories' be? When authorship has been concealed, as Baconians contend, the only method of

¹ April 1917.

discovery lies in an examination of the internal evidence and in inferential argument therefrom. I, for one, place more reliance on this method than on any amount of tradition handed down from a credulous and semi-barbarous age. For such, in spite of the fine writing of some modern enthusiasts, was the Age of Queen Elizabeth.

The evidence for this view is overwhelming, and I endeavoured to collect some of it in a book entitled *Edmund Spenser and the Impersonations of Francis Bacon*,¹ which was offered to an unappreciative public in 1914. In considering this problem it cannot be too clearly kept in mind that the conditions of that age were wholly different from those obtaining today. In some of his remarks Mr. Crosse seems almost to forget this. There was, for instance, no publicity, no 'society' apart from the Court, no literary curiosity, little or no sense of literature as a profession. Professional writers were either dependents or they starved. Players were attached to companies in the service of some great person, whose livery they wore, or were treated as vagabonds. For a man of quality to be known as a writer of plays would mean social disgrace and, if he was an aspirant for a public position, ruin. To publish poems was regarded as beneath the dignity of a gentleman or even of a man of superior education.

What is the point of these remarks? This, that under such conditions there would be no public curiosity about the authorship of plays. When Mr. Crosse writes 'It puts rather too strong a strain on our credulity to be asked to believe that the secret was so well kept that not only had the rest of the world no suspicion of it at the time, but none of the parties to it ever let it out in later life when those principally concerned were dead,' he seems to be thinking in a world of 'personal paragraphs' and assuming a general interest in writings and writers where, in fact, none existed. He forgets too that anyone who might have had the temerity to suggest that the Lord High Chancellor of England was a writer of plays ran the risk of losing his liberty, if not his ears. Ben Jonson narrowly escaped mutilation for an offence which

¹ Constable.

was not much greater.¹ He may also have forgotten that Shakespeare's plays very soon went out of fashion at the Court, in view of the taste for the Masque evinced by James, and more particularly his Queen. And the rude multitude cared so little about their quality as to draw from Hamlet the stricture that they were 'for the most part capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbshows and noise.'

Samuel Johnson's remarks on the sale of Shakespeare's works further illustrate this point. Speaking of 'the slow sale and tardy reputation' of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, he says 'But has the case been truly stated? Have not lamentation and wonder been lavished on an evil which was never felt?' and he proceeds:

"The sale, if it be considered, will justify the public. Those who have no power to judge of past times but by their own, should always doubt their conclusions. The call for books was not in Milton's age what it is at present. To read was not then a general amusement; neither traders, nor often gentlemen, thought themselves disgraced by ignorance. The women had not then aspired to literature,² nor was every house supplied with a closet of knowledge. Those, indeed, who professed learning, were not less learned than at any other time; but of that middle race of students who read for pleasure or accomplishment, and who buy the numerous products of modern typography, the number was then comparatively small. To prove the paucity of readers, it may be sufficient to remark that the nation had been satisfied from 1623 to 1664, that is forty-one years, with only two editions of the works of Shakespeare, which probably did not altogether make one thousand copies."

Johnson has some further remarks on the Elizabethan Age which are well worth attention, because he wrote nearer to those times than we are, and under conditions in England which were much more similar than are those of the present age. In the preface to his edition of the plays he writes:

¹ A suitor who complained to the King in a pamphlet about Bacon when he was Lord Chancellor did, in fact, lose his ears—no doubt rather a different matter, but it shows what his power was.—Spedding, *Life*, VI. 311.

² In Tudor times and thereafter there were a few distinguished exceptions to this.

" The English nation, in the time of Shakespeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity. . . of a country unenlightened by learning the whole people is the vulgar."

Of the uncritical credulity of this age those who have read the works of Nashe, who derides it, must be aware, and evidence for this state of mind is found at a later date in such a work as Aubrey's *Brief Lives*. It is glanced at in a preface to Gascoigne's *Posies* in the remark: 'Laugh not at this (lustie yonkers) since the pleasant dittie of the noble Erle of Surrey (beginning thus: *In winters just returne*) was also construed to be made indeed by a Shepherd.' Outrageous tricks were played on the public by booksellers, or by authors under the name of booksellers in addresses masking their works under other people's names or initials, or professing that they had been accidentally discovered among somebody's papers or published without their knowledge and consent. This, of course, was due to social conditions, to the risks of publication under the restrictions of the press censorship, and the fear of the Star Chamber, but it proves how credulous people were. The sort of thing to which I refer is found even as late as Dryden. Johnson, with his usual critical sagacity, thus describes it:

" The reason which he (Dryden) gives for printing what was never acted cannot be overpassed: 'I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies being dispersed abroad without my knowledge or consent; and every one gathering new faults, it became at length a libel against me.' These copies, as they gathered faults, were apparently manuscript; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be transcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood; but he that could bear to write the dedication felt no pain in writing the preface."

Elizabethan literature teems with similar examples, which, however, modern authorities are in the habit of accepting at their face-value. In this they seem to me to show great simplicity.

I will now give a few examples, taken from my book above mentioned, which show how little importance can be attached to contemporary opinion in literary matters, and therefore to the traditions derived from it, which Mr. Gordon Crosse would persuade us ought to be held to outweigh all inferences from internal evidence. These examples will also illustrate the statements made above as to literary conditions in England in those times, and the inducements there were for concealing authorship.

The Shepheardes Calender was published anonymously in 1579-80, and the authorship of it was imputed by the poet George Whetstone (described by J. Payne Collier as 'a poet of much and not unmerited celebrity'), as late as 1587, to Sir Philip Sidney. He not only believed the poem to be his work, but refers to it as 'the reputed work of S. Phil. Sydney,' indicating that it was so assigned by general reputation.

A few passages may be given in order to illustrate the motives for secrecy and mystification with regard to authorship which then prevailed. The first which I select is from the anonymous *Arte of English Poesie* (1589), which was dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, and attributed at a subsequent date, though without any authority, to one George Puttenham.

" And peradventure in this iron and malicious age of ours, Princes are lesse delighted in it (the art of Poetry), being ouer earnestly bent and affected to the affaires of Empire and ambition, whereby they are as it were inforced to indeuour them selues to armes and practises of hostilitie, or to entend to the right pollicing of their states, and have not one houre to bestow upon any other civill or delectable art of naturall or morall doctrine : nor scarce any leisure to thincke one good thought in perfect and godly contemplation, whereby their troubled mindes might be moderated and brought to tranquillitie. So as it is hard to find in these dayes of noble men or gentlemen any good *Mathematician*, or excellent *Musitian*, or notable *Philosopher*, or els a cunning Poet : because we find few great Princes much delighted in the same studies. Now also of such among the Nobilitie or gentry as be very

well seene in many laudable sciences, and especially in making¹ or Poesie, it is so come to passe that they haue no courage to write and if they haue, yet are they loath to be a knowen of their skill. So as I know very many notable gentlemen in the Court that haue written commendably and suppressed it agayne, or els suffred it to be publisht without their owne names to it : as if it were a discredit for a Gentleman to seeme learned, and to show him selfe amorous of any good Art."

The motto of Gascoigne, *Tam Marti quam Mercurio*, is in itself evidence of the apprehension felt by a ' Gentleman ' that in publishing verse he would lose caste and be classed as a ' common rhymers.'

The next passage is from Ben Jonson's *Silent Woman* (' Sir John Daw ' has been supposed by some to stand for Sir Francis Bacon) :

Sir Dauphine Eugene. Why, how can you justify your own being of a poet, that so slight all the old poets ?

Sir John Daw. Why, every man that writes in verse is not a poet ; you have the wits that write verses, and yet are no poets : they are poets that live by it, the poor fellows that live by it.

Dauphine. Why, would you not live by your verses, Sir John ?

Clerimont. No, 'twere pity he should. A knight live by his verses ! He did not make them to that end, I hope.

Dauphine. And yet the noble Sidney lives by his, and the noble family not ashamed.

Clerimont. Ay, he profest himself ; but Sir John has more caution : he'll not hinder his own rising in the State so much. Do you think he will ? Your verses, good Sir John, and no poems.

(Sir Philip Sidney was dead when this was written, and the word ' lives ' is therefore used in a punning sense, ' survives.')

A further illustration of the same point occurs in an anonymous play, *Sir Thomas More*, in one of the scenes which some authorities have attributed to Shakespeare²:

Sir Thomas More. Erasmus preacheth gossell against phisicke.
My noble poet.

Earl of Surrey. Oh, my lord, you tax me
In that word poet of much idlenes :
It is a studie that makes poor our fate ;
Poets were ever thought unfitt for state.

¹ Composing.

² See *The Shakespeare Apocrypha*, collected and edited by C. F. Tucker Brooke.

Another passage which may be quoted in this connexion is from a letter by Donne, written when he was about forty :

“ Of my *Anniversaries*, the fault that I acknowledge in myself is to have descended to print anything in verse, which, though it have excuse even in our times, by men who profess and practise much gravity; yet I confess I wonder how I declined to it and do not pardon myself.”

The English of those days were a reserved and matter-of-fact race, and there was evidently a strong prejudice against poetry and fictitious writing. For one thing, they were not accustomed to it, as, until Spenser, there had been no imaginative literature in England of any quality since Chaucer. Thus the poet Daniel, in the dedication of his *Civile Wars* to the Queen, censures Spenser's *Fairie Queene* on this account (not by name, but there are other similar lines by him which leave the allusion in no doubt) :

Nor shall I hereby vainely entertaine
Thy Land with idle shadowes to no end ;

and Spenser, in his poem to Lord Burghley which he prefixed to the *Faerie Queene*, thinks it politic to apologise for it as

these ydle rimes,
The labour of lost time, and wit unstayed.

Other passages could be given in illustration of this state of feeling, but the foregoing must suffice for the present occasion. It will be seen from them that we are on very insecure ground in accepting professions of authorship in those days at their face-value, and the importance therefore which Mr. Crosse attaches to contemporary evidence is seen to be less convincing than it may appear. He makes a great point, for instance, of the contemporary identification of William Shakespeare as the author of the plays, but it must be remembered that there are also contemporary tributes to Francis Bacon as a poet, and, under somewhat veiled language, as a poet of supreme excellence. In particular Mr. Crosse refers to the references to Shakespeare by Ben Jonson. But this cuts both ways, for the very tribute which he (as the author of the prefatory poem in the First Folio) pays to Shakespeare, as having surpassed all the performance

of 'insolent Greece or haughty Rome,' he also pays, in identical words, to Bacon in his *Discoveries*. In those notes he gives an account of Shakespeare's genius and conversation, but it has been shown, as I have related in my book, that this passage, as well as the one referring to Bacon, are more or less translations from Seneca and they must therefore be regarded as in the nature of fictitious writing rather than as records of actual fact. In his remarks about Bacon, Jonson also says that he had 'filled up all numbers.' In my book above referred to I have very fully examined these passages.

In this connexion I should like to draw attention to a note in Jonson's *Discoveries* which I have never seen noticed. It purports to describe a writer, whose identity is not revealed :

Otium.—Studiiorum. Ease and relaxation are profitable to all studies. The mind is like a bow, the stronger for being unbent. But the temper in spirits is all, when to command a man's wit, when to favour it I have known a man vehement on both sides, that knew no mean, either to intermit his studies, or call upon them again. When he hath set himself to writing, he would join night to day, press upon himself without release, not minding it, till he fainted ; and when he left off, resolve himself into all sports and looseness again, that it was almost a despair to draw him to his book ; but once got to it he grew stronger and more earnest by the ease. His whole powers were renewed ; he would work out of himself what he desired ; but with such excess as his study could not be ruled ; he knew not how to dispose his own abilities, or husband them, he was of that immoderate power against himself. Nor was he only a strong but an absolute speaker and writer ; but his subtlety did not show itself ; his judgment thought that a vice : for the ambush hurts more that is hid. He never forced his language, nor went out of the highway of speaking, but for some great necessity, or apparent profit ; for he denied figures to be invented for ornament, but for aid ; and still thought it an extreme madness to bind or wrest that which ought to be right.

Who was this extraordinary writer, who 'would work out of himself what he desired,' and who was also a speaker ? It is difficult to think of anyone living at that time, except Bacon, who satisfies the description,¹ though, if it be Bacon

¹ Compare Rawley's remarks on this subject :

"Those abilities which commonly go single in other men . . . were all conjoined and met in him. Those are, sharpness of wit, memory, judgment and elocution. . . But for the fourth, his elocution, I

that is intended, we shall have to revise, in certain respects, the generally accepted estimate of his character. And herein lies the difficulty of making the points of this controversy intelligible to the general reader, because the works and literary remains of Bacon are little read, and no one who has not studied them is a competent judge of the merits of the case. Still I will endeavour to throw some light on the particular point of inquiry.

In the first place it might be suggested that the expression 'I have known a man,' in the hands of Ben Jonson, is the equivalent for the Latin *est qui*, and might therefore mean himself. But the description alone of the writer as also a speaker precludes this inference. Let us consider, then, the evidence for Bacon. He was a man of very delicate constitution and subject to fainting fits, as we know from the account of his chaplain, Rawley, and Aubrey in his *Brief Lives* gives a first-hand instance of this. Ben Jonson, in another note, says that Bacon 'commanded where he spoke.' Bacon, in his acknowledged writings, provides plenty of evidence of his dislike of subtlety, not going out of the common road of speech, and holding that figures of speech were not for ostentation but for use. (*Advancement of Learning*, and elsewhere.) Rawley also says, "In the composing of his books he did rather drive at a masculine and clear expression than at any fineness or affectation of phrases, and would often ask if the meaning were expressed plainly enough, as being one that accounted words to be but subservient or ministerial to matter; and not the principal.¹ Being conscious, however, that he was naturally given to the use of ornate and uncommon modes of expression,² it was his habit to submit his works to a

will only set down what I heard Sir Walter Raleigh once speak of him by way of comparison (whose judgment may well be trusted), *That the Earl of Salisbury was an excellent speaker, but no good penman; that the Earl of Northampton (the Lord Henry Howard) was an excellent penman, but no good speaker; but that Sir Francis Bacon was eminent in both.*"—*Life of Bacon*.—*Spedding Works*, I. 10.

¹ *Ibid* p. 11.

² 'Of a high-flying and lively wit, striving in some things to be rather admir'd than understood.' From the character of Bacon, in A. Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I.* (Kennett's History).

friendly adviser in order that such passages might be marked for revision. Thus, in sending a portion of one of his philosophical works to Lancelot Andrewes, Bishop of Ely, he asks him 'to mark unto me whatsoever shall seem unto you either not current in the style, or harsh to credit and opinion, or inconvenient for the person of the writer.' There is also an extremely interesting passage in the anonymous *Arte of English Poesie*, which, as stated in my book, I, in common with others, attribute to Bacon, in which the same principle is advocated in relation to poetry. The passage concludes:

"Therefore shall our Poet receave praise for both [the natural and the artificial], but more by knowing of his arte than by unseasonable using it, and be more commended for his natural eloquence than for his artificial and more for his artificial well dissembled than for the same overmuch affected and grossly or indiscretly bewrayed, as many makers and Oratours do."

It may be said in passing that a more appropriate description of the style of Shakespeare could hardly be found.

That this mysterious writer would, after work, 'resolve himself into all sports and looseness again,' is something of a revelation, if Bacon is the man. But the description is borne out by several accounts of him. Thus a contemporary reports of him after his disgrace as 'having (it should seem) no manner of feeling of his fall, but continuing as vain and idle in all his humours as when he was at highest.'¹ It was no doubt with such strictures in mind that he wrote about this time to Buckingham: 'For I confess it is my fault, though it be some happiness to me withal, that I do most times forget my adversity.' And, in the same connexion, he remarks with a sharp jest: 'I am said to have a feather in my head. I pray God some have not mills in their head, that grind not well.'

It is generally supposed that Bacon was a grave lawyer and philosopher. This is perhaps the impression which he wished to give posterity, but it is very far from the truth. He was in reality a man of impressionable and mercurial temperament, with an almost uncontrollable wit. Hence

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life*, VII. 302.

he gave great offence among his contemporaries, for men in those days were pompous and sententious, and, like the Romans of old, esteemed nothing so much as gravity of demeanour. It was no doubt largely due to this wit, uttered frequently at the expense of other people, that he made so many enemies. Thus Yelverton writes, in a letter of warning as to the growing displeasure of Buckingham in the affair of Coke's daughter :

" That it is too common in every man's mouth in court that your greatness shall be abated, and as your tongue hath been as a razor to some, so shall theirs be to you."

Bacon's delight in all the details of life, and the play of his fancy about them, is clearly shown in the *Essays*. Such a disposition could never assume a severe role. The same play of fancy is found throughout the literary and even the philosophical works. Bacon is frequently spoken of as the inventor of the inductive method. The fact actually is that he invented nothing, though he applied, or rather advocated the application of, a good deal. He surveyed Knowledge as a whole, saw the relation between its various parts, and pointed out the way which mankind should follow if they were to liberate themselves from barren controversies, as he regarded them, and, by obtaining the mastery over Nature, render the world a pleasanter place to live in. The goal which he set before himself and the world was a material one, but it is unsafe to conclude from that that Bacon was a materialist. For one thing he was in some ways extremely simple-minded, for another his spiritual nature was primitive. Bacon's unpopularity and the simplicity of his mind are alike indicated in such a passage as the following from a letter to Buckingham. It was written two years before his fall and reveals him as lulled in fancied security so long as he retained the favour of Buckingham and the King.

" Mr. Attorney [Yelverton] groweth pretty pert with me of late, and I see well who they are that maintain him. But be they flies, or be they wasps, I neither care for buzzes nor stings, most especially in anything that concerneth my duty to his Majesty or my love to your Lordship."

The primitiveness of Bacon's spiritual nature is shown in

such a passage as the following, among many others of a similar character. It occurs in a letter to King James written after his fall :

" Your Majesty's Star-Chamber, next your court of Parliament, is your highest chair. You never came upon that mount but your garments did shine before you went off."

This was flattery, of course, which Bacon always deliberately used, and even defended, in approaching the Sovereign, but, from a careful study of his works and correspondence, I am convinced that it was also written without any clear consciousness of inappropriateness or absurdity. It is the impressionable artist putting himself in the place of another man and saying what he conceives will be agreeable to his feelings, no doubt for politic ends. Though James was a very unwise and unworthy man in action, intellectually he was by no means a fool, and one wonders what he thought of it. On one occasion he took upon himself, according to Buckingham, to characterise as 'confused and childish' a letter addressed to him by Bacon on the subject of his conduct to Buckingham in the affair of Coke's daughter which the King had censured. This is only an illustration among thousands scattered throughout Bacon's serious writings of the way in which his mind was captivated by his fancy, and when an image presented itself by way of analogy he was unable to resist it. In short he was before all things a poet. Certainly, apart from the powers of intuition which it displays, there is nothing very profound about his philosophy, and a good deal that is far-fetched and superficial. It is the marvellous eloquence and power of illustration through concrete images, sometimes bringing the conviction of truth by a flash of genius, but sometimes also distracting the mind by glittering and strained analogies, which gives the main interest to his philosophical works. I do not say this so much of the literary works, which are replete with practical truth and wisdom. As to the primitiveness of Bacon's spiritual nature, it is revealed in his whole attitude towards mankind. He was content himself to leave religion to revelation and the scheme of Church worship established by law, and I believe he was

genuinely convinced of their validity. It was his object to persuade men to adopt a like disposition, to cease from concerning themselves with questions which they never could settle in this world, and turn their thoughts to material improvement through the study of the processes of nature, and to the means for improving and beautifying social life. '*Da fidei quae fidei sunt,*' he was fond of exclaiming, but men are so constituted that they will still wrestle with their fate, and will not accept defeat on terms of a pleasurable existence. Bacon, with a prophetic gaze, foresaw and regretted this, and even foretold the troubles of the future, in which, it may be observed, he was largely instrumental through the doctrines which he encouraged in the Stuart family. In a few years after his death the issues of conviction, freedom and conscience, all of which he wished to put on one side, were to come to the arbitrament of the sword. Is not the attitude of the author of the plays precisely similar, when he is not concerned with complaints about the mutability of things and the extinction placed on all human effort by decay and death?

For some sixteen centuries the mind of man had been occupied with theological controversies, which had centred mainly on two subjects, the nature of the Godhead, and the nature of the human soul and its relation to Deity. Bacon was the first who made an effort in a popular way to divert men's minds from these subjects to something more within their power. He was protected from persecution by being born in a Protestant country and also by the ingenuity with which he clothed his ideas under an appearance of orthodoxy.¹ His object was to increase the power of man by enlarging the bounds of Knowledge, and he attempted this by pointing the way to the control and adaptation of the forces of nature through scientific inquiry and experiment. Though his philosophy, regarded as a practical method, was a failure, he nevertheless indicated some of the essential means and ends of modern development, and in doing so he overthrew the scholastic method of beginning in philosophy with conceptions

¹ In spite of this, Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* was attacked by some as heretical.

and principles supposed to be given by reason and divine revelation, and with it the barren disputations founded on that method. But he over-estimated the importance of the material elements of civilisation, and under-estimated the moral and spiritual element in human nature. To supply the place of this he advocated an unconditional submission to dogma in religion, to which, in the view of some, he was himself indifferent, but to which I think he clung from a conservative and pious instinct, and as necessary to the scheme of social order, rather than from an active conviction; and a similar submission to autocratic power in the State, which he endeavoured to maintain, with himself as the principal agent, with little regard to the means employed. The weakness of his moral character, amounting at times to degradation, was the index of these tendencies.¹

It would be unfair, however, to regard the motives underlying the political tendencies of Bacon as purely self-regarding; they were certainly prompted to some extent by a desire to secure efficiency and in the interests of the humbler classes, who, according to his ideas, stood to gain more from a benevolent despotism than from constitutionalism. In this he has had many successors, but the English people have always had the political instinct to see that, even if you desired such a thing, you cannot make sure of getting, or at any rate of keeping, a wise despot, and have therefore insisted on hedging the sovereign power about with constitutional checks. The disgust which, even in those days, an average Englishman, with strong conservative leanings, felt for such ideas is shown in the remarks of Francis Osborne about a *Declaration*, which 'according to the mode of weak and ill-consulted Princes' King James 'set forth in print' in explanation of the execution of Raleigh, a declaration, Osborne says, 'which according to the ordinary success of apologies rendered the condition of that proceeding worse in the world's opinion.' He goes on: 'It begins thus, "Though I take my selfe

¹ Compare the remarks in Ueberweg's *History of Philosophy* (Messrs. Smith and Schaff), II., 34, which I have to some extent adopted as they express my view of Bacon's attitude and character.

bound to give no other account of my actions but to God ; yet," etc.¹ This document will be found in Spedding,² and there can be no doubt that it was drafted by Bacon. Indeed he alludes to it in a letter to Buckingham.³ It can also be asserted with confidence that the sentence quoted by Osborne with which the *Declaration* opens, was Bacon's work, as it had already appeared in almost identical form in Bacon's Report of the proceedings at the first trial of the Earl of Essex, and is repeated in a letter to King James advising on the form of procedure in the case of Raleigh.⁴ Such ideas may do well elsewhere, but they have never found favour in this country, and no arguments derived from the alleged benefits which they might be expected to confer on the poor have ever made them acceptable. The native ideal is rather that embodied in the famous lines of Goldsmith, whose Irish genius has perhaps mingled a little flattery with the admiration—lines which Boswell says Johnson, while he was helping him on with his great-coat, repeated with such energy that tears started to his eyes :

Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great ;
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by ;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above control,
While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

It was this spirit which Bacon could not, or did not, understand, and which brought him, and after him the Stuart dynasty, to the ground.

But in saying this I must not omit to remind the reader how very conflicting the contemporary estimates Bacon's character are. The fact is he was a many-sided man and

¹ *Memories on the Reign of King James.*

² *Letters and Life*, VI., 384.

³ *Ibid.* p. 378.

⁴ Spedding, *Life*, VI., 361.

his character presents very difficult problems. One thing is certain: that though he provoked a great deal of hostile criticism, he also evoked much unqualified admiration. He seems to have been at his best among his inferiors, who surrendered themselves to the charm of his personality and conversation. With them he adopted the attitude of a benevolent and tolerant instructor, whereas, among his superiors in rank, especially where they were his superiors in power, he compromised his own dignity and sometimes, it is to be feared, his honour, by an undue anxiety to please. One of the most remarkable testimonies, on the favourable side, will be found in the closing paragraphs of this article.

I have been led into a digression. To return to our inquiry about the writer in Ben Jonson's note, prodigious speed in composition was certainly one of the powers of Bacon, as I have endeavoured to show in my book, and in this Jonson's description satisfies the identity. The 'subtlety' of the writer is also alluded to in the note. Extreme cunning was alleged against Bacon by contemporaries, and it was this quality, aided by the power of his position and connexions, which would enable him to conceal his tracks as an author in the way in which I believe he did.

We may find in Shakespeare an analogy for the desire attributed to the writer in Jonson's note to eschew subtlety and fanciful terms. In *Love's Labour's Lost* Biron is represented as having been captivated in early youth by the euphuistic fashion of the day—of which, in my belief, the author himself was the inventor or, rather, the introducer into England from foreign sources—and renouncing it in favour of his native homeliness of speech:

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affecta' on,
 Figures pedanical; these summer-flies
 Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
 I do forswear them; and I here protest,
 By this white glove—how white the hand, God knows!—
 Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
 In russet yeas and honest kersey noes.

And similarly of his wit:

- 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.
- Rosalind.* 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,
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.
- Rosalind.* Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,

It is wonderful what an enhanced interest is given to the plays of Shakespeare under this identification, when it is possible to find in them a reflection of the life and circumstances of a human being.

In considering this note of Ben Jonson's it must also be remembered that he was for some time employed in Bacon's household, and was probably one of the 'good pens which forsake me not'¹ in the days of his disgrace. He therefore had access to his papers, and there is evidence of this in the *Discoveries*. Mr. Smedley has stated² that an extract has been incorporated from a book which belonged to Bacon, because there have also been incorporated with it some annotations in his handwriting. There can also, I believe, be little doubt that a passage in the note headed *Imo serviles*, beginning at the point where the thought breaks off and resumes 'It pleased your lordship of late to ask my opinion touching the education of your sons' to the end of the note,

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life*, VII. 429.

² *The Mystery of William Shakespeare*.

is taken from a manuscript of Bacon's. It is in his style, not in that of Jonson, and is, I should say, manifestly copied from a draft letter. It also bears a very close affinity with the first of the letters on Travel addressed to the Duke of Rutland in the name of Essex, but which Spedding evidently believed to be the work of Bacon, and I think there can be no reasonable doubt about this; also with the letter on Studies, signed and composed in the same way, to Fulke Greville the younger.¹

Mr. Gordon Crosse has some remarks on the genius of Shakespeare which raise the very interesting question as to the limits of the power of genius. Sir George Greenwood has protested—very properly in my opinion—against the extravagant claims made by the 'Shakespeareans' in this matter. Everything with some of them seems capable of explanation by the magic word 'genius.' They should read what Samuel Johnson—who, being himself a man of genius, had the right to speak from experience—says on this subject, though it is true he does not pursue his remarks to their logical conclusion. He writes :

"Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them."

Mr. Crosse, who seems disposed to accept this position, endeavours to effect a compromise, which, however, seems to me to leave the 'miracle' of Shakespeare, regarded as the actor, as unexplained as before. He says :

"The word genius, despite Sir George Greenwood's objections, is inevitable here; but it is not prayed in aid of a deficient education and culture. The explanation suggested is that if, as Sir George Greenwood seems to admit, Shakespeare possessed these in sufficient measure to pass as the author of the plays, and actually to collaborate in them, we are entitled to assume that genius would enable him to do the rest."

But how would this account for the fact that one of the earliest of Shakespeare's plays, *Love's Labour's Lost*, portrays French life? Mr. Crosse, no doubt, sees this difficulty in

¹ Spedding, *Letters and Life*, II. 6 sq.

alluding, in particular, to that play, and the explanation which he adopts is that in the London of those days Shakespeare had unlimited opportunities of 'talk' with travelled men of all kinds, and that his genius did the rest. But would any amount of 'talk' enable a writer to visualise a young French gallant about the Court to the life, as is done in that play, and to portray the jealousy felt by the deeper and more serious English youth, Biron, who is obviously, to some extent, a presentment of the author himself, for his facile social accomplishments? Take, for example, the lines in which Boyet is described by 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.
This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve ;
Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve ;
A' can carve too, and lisp : why, this is he
That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy ;
This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms : nay, he can sing
A mean most meanly, and in ushering
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.

I do not see how anyone who had not been in Courtly society could have written that. At any rate no one else has done it under such circumstances as those which surrounded the Stratford actor. Take the case, for example, of Chatterton, in whom the quality we call genius was perhaps present as much as in anyone who has ever lived. His writing is all conditioned by his reading and somewhat limited social experience. No one, again, will deny that Burns had genius of a very high order, but he fails entirely when he tries to go outside the people whom he knew. So again of Dickens,

and any number of writers. To run over the great names in poetry, take the case of Homer, who evidently passed his life about the houses of ruling Chieftains ; the reflection of this experience is found throughout his work. The work of Aeschylus reflects the development of the Athenian State from an isolated military Power into an imperial maritime one, and is throughout political in character. In Sophocles we find more of the detachment of the artist, developed under the dictatorship of Pericles, when political allusion on the stage was discouraged. In Euripides and Aristophanes appear the freer criticism and curiosity of a more democratic age. Virgil reflects the burden of empire in Imperial Rome. Dante gives us the atmosphere of the medieval Church and the bitterness of Italian local politics. In our own Milton the struggles of the 'Great Rebellion,' together with his own experience, find expression. Shakespeare alone is immune from all such influences and interactions, has no interest in what he writes, can write about any subject at will irrespective of his experience, and to suggest any connexion between his utterances and his life is rank heresy. Such an attitude seems to me irrational, and it was this consideration which, many years ago, led me into the investigation of the subject with a view to seeing whether it was possible to escape from the 'miraculous' theory and find some more reasonable explanation. I was actuated by no desire to 'dethrone' Shakespeare and set up Bacon in his place; far from it, I was at first strongly prejudiced against such a conclusion. But the weight of the internal evidence finally convinced me of its truth.

This problem is no mere literary conundrum, but a grand and absorbing one, carrying inferences as to the potentialities of the human spirit and its relation to good and evil. Therefore it will not go to sleep, or be put down by ridicule or abuse. Certainly no one can accuse Mr. Gordon Crosse of adopting this attitude. The tone of his article is in refreshing contrast with that of some other writers on his side.

Since the above was written, my friend, and former colleague, Mr. H. B. Simpson, has entertained us with a very

agreeable and, if I may say so, a very able article on this subject in this Review.¹ He suggests that the problem may be solved by the discovery of a third person, who was neither the actor, in whom he cannot believe, nor Bacon, whom he evidently dislikes, as the unacknowledged author of the plays.

Mr. Simpson seems to adopt the view, which has been frequently expressed, that a man who produced the Shakespeare plays would not have found time to do much else; or, rather, he puts it the other way, that Bacon could not have found time to write the plays. But if historical instances be examined, it will be found that there have been several writers whose literary output has greatly exceeded that of Shakespeare. Moreover, the experience of life shows that a brain such as that which produced the plays would not have been content to confine its activities to one mode of expression; the Italian Leonardo is a case in point. At least such a man might have been expected to write some letters, which someone would have thought worth preserving, or which might have escaped the accidents of time. But apparently he covered up his tracks so effectually that nothing of him in original survives, and it becomes necessary to suppose that he never wrote to anybody, being wholly absorbed in making money. To some of his eulogists this almost seems a virtue, as showing that he was not a mere man of letters, but 'a good man of business,' and thus a typical Englishman. It is astonishing how ready some people are to decry their own profession. But we need not discuss the Stratford actor, as Mr. Simpson has given him up.

Mr. Simpson admits that an amateur could not have acquired the familiarity with law shown by the writer of the plays by conversation with legal acquaintances—one of the axioms of Shakespeare controversy—whereas Bacon was a lawyer and precisely that kind of student of the law which Mr. Simpson desiderates for his unknown author, who had 'taken an intellectual delight in mastering all its intricacies . . . but had found neither need nor inclination to practise

¹ 'Shakespeare, Bacon and a "Tertium Quid"' (December 1917)

it.' Thus when the Earl of Essex had failed to persuade the Queen to make Bacon her Attorney, and, failing that, her Solicitor, he covers his bitter disappointment by an affected resignation in a letter written to the Earl in 1595, when he was 34 years old :

" For myself, I have lost some opinion, some time, and some means. . . For means, I value that most; and the rather, because I am purposed not to follow the practice of the law : if her Majesty command me in any particular, I shall be ready to do her willing service :) and my reason is only, because it drinketh too much time, which I have dedicated to better purposes."

It is a fact that Bacon seldom appeared in private suits, reserving himself for Crown causes, which he regarded as contributing to the public career on which his ambitions were set.

Mr. Simpson also alludes to the extraordinary aptitude shown by the author of the plays in picking up the technical terms of any profession or calling, and he cites, as an example, the description of Petruchio's sorry steed in *The Taming of the Shrew*. But this is one of the accomplishments for which Bacon was known among his contemporaries. Thus Francis Osborne (*b.* 1593, *d.* 1659), in his *Advice to a Son*,¹ writes :

" It is recorded of Solomon that God had given him a large Heart, through which he became universally knowing from the most despicable *Herbe* to the highest *Cedar*, and deepest *Secret* in *Nature* (then) under *knowledge*. . . Since it is a sufficient manifestation of *God's extraordinary Grace* upon him, that we are assured from his own *writings*, no lesse than from the testimony of the *Sacred Scriptures*, that part of the whole masse of *Human Learning* lay included in his Person. . . And as this appeares by the *Donor* to be none of the smallest *giftes*, no lesse than in the estimation of *Solomon* that did aske it, so may we strongly presume that an *universall inspection* is the most becoming quality in a *Gentleman* (unfixed in a settled calling) can bestow his indeavours upon. And my memory neither doth (nor I believe possible ever can) direct me towards an *example* more splendid in this kind, than the *Lord Bacon Earle of St. Albanes*, who in all companies did appeare a good *Proficient*, if not a *Master* in those *Arts* entertained for the

¹ Sixth edition, 1658. The first edition, 1656, does not contain the portion in which this passage occurs.

subject of every ones *discourse*. So as I dare maintaine without the least affectation of *Flattery* or *Hyperboly*, That his most *casuall talke* deserved to be *written*, As I have been told his *first* or *foulest Copyes* required no great *Labour* to render them competent for the nicest judgments. A high *perfection*, attainable only by *use*, and treating with every man in his respective *profession*, and what he was most vers'd in. So as I have heard him entertaine a *Country Lord* in the proper *termes* relating to *Hawkes* and *Dogges*. And at another time out-Cant a *London Chyrurgion*. Thus he did not only *learne* himself, but gratify such as taught him; who looked upon their *Callings* as honoured through *his Notice*. Nor did an easy falling into *arguments* (not unjustly taken for a *blemish* in the *Most*) appeare lesse than an *ornament* in *Him*: The eares of the hearers receiving more *gratification* than *trouble*; And (so) no lesse *sorry* when he came to *conclude*, than *displeased* with any did *interrupt* him. Now this *generall Knowledge* he had in all things, husbanded by his wit, and dignifi'd by so *Majestical* a *carriage* he was knowne to owne, strook such an awfull *reverence* in those he question'd, that they durst not *concealed* the most *intrinsicke* part of their *Mysteries* from him, for feare of appearing *Ignorant* or *Saucy*. All which rendered him no lesse *Necessary* than *admirable* at the *Counsell Table*, where in reference to *Impositions*, *Monopolies*, &c.: the meanest *Manufactures* were an usuall *Argument*: And, as I have heard, did in this *baffle* the *Earle of Middlesex*, that was borne and bred a *Citizen*, &c. Yet without any great (if at all) interrupting his other *Studies*, as is not hard to be Imagined of a quick *Apprehension*, in which he was *Admirable*.

Osborne probably came into contact with Bacon through being, at one time, Master of the Horse to William Herbert, Third Earl of Pembroke, one of Bacon's most intimate friends among the younger generation. His admiration of him is shown by the number of times he alludes to him in his works, in two allusions describing him as 'incomparable,' and in another as 'the witty Lord of Saint Albans.'

Another seventeenth-century witness to the accomplishment under discussion, as found in Bacon, is William Clarke, author of a treatise on nitre.¹ At the end of it he says nitre is specially useful to refiners and dyers, and he adds:

"But if you would with my Lord Bacon outcant these or other Artists in their own terms, and be as skilfull in their Arts, I must refer you to the Masters themselves.

¹ *The Natural History of Nitre.*

I am grateful to Mr. Simpson for his article, and have no reason to feel dissatisfied with his arguments. All the same, I should not advise the inhabitants of Gloucestershire to spend too much time over their family archives.¹

E. G. HARMAN.

¹ In reference to a suggestion that some clue to the real author of the plays could be discovered in that locality.

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