who married before they were out of their articles lost their freedom. There is a further tradition which Aubrey received from Beeston the actor, who would have had it in a direct line, not from gossiping townsfolk, but from the poet himself; and I give it in Aubrey's own words: "Though as Ben Jonson says of him that he had but little Latin and less Greek, he understood Latin pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country." A youth of proved abilities, with a known taste for letters, might well have been employed as usher at the Grammar School when his father's business failed.

We must pass now to speak of that very critical event in the life of the poet, his marriage, and his subsequent departure from Stratford. I will give as shortly as possible the ascertained facts. In the Registry of the diocese of Worcester there is a *bond* dated November 28, 1582, for the issue of a licence for the marriage of William Shakespeare and Ann Hathwey,[1] with once asking of

[1] The late Mr. C. J. Elton's attempt to prove that this Anne was not the daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery fills me with amazement. On the one side are the facts (1) that the persons who applied for Anne's marriage licence also attested Richard's will, (2) that Richard's shepherd lent Mrs. Shakespeare money. "These," says Mr. Elton, "are only subsidary details." All he has to urge on the other side is that in Richard Hathaway's will his daughter is called Agnes, and that "as early as the thirty-third of Henry VI. it was decided that Anne and Agnes are distinct baptismal names and not convertible." To which the layman cannot but reply that there would have been no need to decide the point if the names had not been convertible by ordinary custom. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps

the banns, such a bond (to indemnify the bishop from any action arising out of the granting of the licence) being the usual way of assuring the authorities that there was no canonical impediment to the marriage and that the necessary consents had been obtained. On the previous day a licence was issued to a William Shakespeare to marry Ann Whately, of Temple Grafton. There seems here, at first sight, the outline of a romance. Imagination conjures up the figure of young William galloping off to Worcester "post-haste for a licence," as Mr. Jingle says, to marry one lady, and the friends of another, with whom presumably there was a pre-contract, pursuing him, and binding him down to marry with only one week's grace. But the romance will not bear investigation. The licence and the bond must refer to the same marriage, or else you have a bond without a licence, and a licence without a bond, and that the bond in the one case should be lost and the licence not be entered in the other is exceedingly improbable.[1] Moreover, there is no power even in a bishop's licence to compel a freeborn Englishman to marry against

has collected instances (ii. 185). Thus: "Thomas Greene and Agnes his wife," in a birth register of 1602, are referred to three years later as "Thomas Greene and Anne his wife."

[1] See "Shakespeare's Marriage," by J. W. Gray. Mr. Gray has been at the pains to go through the Bishop's Registers at Worcester, and has found other cases of blunder between the surname on the licence and that on the bond.

his will; particularly when he is a minor, and an apprentice. The need to obtain a licence at all arose from the fact that only by licence could marriages be solemnised at certain seasons of the year; one such close time extended from Advent to the octave of Epiphany. When therefore a licence was applied for on November 27, three days before Advent, it looks as if something had happened which would make it impossible to wait until January 13; and this might be the fact that Shakespeare had to leave Stratford in haste; and a recent writer on the subject, Mr. J. W. Gray, finds the need for haste in the traditional act of poaching which inflamed against him the wrath of Sir Thomas Lucy.

The objection to that theory is that if we send Shakespeare away from Stratford in November 1582, we must bring him back again, because, although his eldest daughter Susanna was born at the end of May following, the twins Hamnet and Judith were not born until February 1585; and if Shakespeare was safe in returning home, it is hard to see why there was need for so precipitate a flight. Of course, we may consider that the threatened storm blew over, that it was a first offence, and that Sir Thomas Lucy proved tractable. Another suggestion recently made[1] is that Anne Hathaway's father, whose will

[1] See letter from Mr. T. Le Marchant Douse, in *Times* (supplement), April 21, 1905.

was proved in July of this year, having bequeathed his daughter the sum of £6, 3s. 4d. to be paid her *on the day of her marriage*, the prospect of such a marriage portion induced the happy pair to precipitate matters with the consent of the bride's friends as soon as the money was forthcoming. For it is significant that the two sureties to the marriage bond are two farmers of Shottery, Fulk Sandells and John Richardson, one of whom was a witness to Richard Hathaway's will, and the other its "supervisor." This, I confess, appears to me to be the only plausible explanation yet offered for the hasty wedding. I do not think that the regularising of the union into which Shakespeare had entered with Anne Hathaway furnishes a sufficient motive for the extreme haste of the proceeding.

That the departure for London, whenever it did occur, was caused by the action of Sir Thomas Lucy, admits of little doubt.[1] We have the tradition of it which Betterton found at Stratford, and we have an earlier reference to the tradition in the account of a Gloucestershire archdeacon of the

[1] Malone doubted the poaching tradition on the ground that there is no evidence of a statutable park at Charlecote in Elizabeth's reign. Halliwell-Phillipps nevertheless produced evidence that the Sir Thomas Lucy of 1602 presented a buck to Lord Keeper Egerton, so that there were deer to steal; and if none were presented to the Stratford people, as Malone noted, it may have been because they helped themselves too freely. It does not follow because Sir Thomas, not having the Queen's licence, could not indict under the statute (5 Eliz.), that he had not power to make himself unpleasant.

seventeenth century named Davies, who describes Shakespeare as "much given to all unluckiness in stealing venison and rabbits, particularly from Sir-Lucy, who had him whipt, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement. But his revenge," continues the archdeacon, "was so great that he is his Justice Clodpate [he means Shallow], and calls him a great man, and that (in allusion to his name) bore three louses rampant for his arms."

I need but recall to your recollection the famous scene at the opening of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," where Justice Shallow enters in a great fury of indignation against Falstaff for breaking his park and stealing the deer, thereby abusing in his person a very ancient family whose members for three hundred years had signed themselves "armigero," and "borne the dozen white luces in their coat." Upon which the kindly Welsh parson Sir Hugh Evans, misunderstanding the kind of luces referred to—for a luce was the fish generally called a pike—and also mistaking the nature of the "coat" on which they figured, remarks:

> "The dozen white louses do become an old coat well."

Now the pun in itself is so poor that it is inconceivable Shakespeare introduced it for its own sake; and when we remember that this charge of the *luce* had been associated with the Lucy family

ever since heraldry was a science,[1] and inevitably suggested their name, it is put beyond reasonable doubt that Shakespeare intended a personal affront; while by substituting twelve luces for three, which was the number on the Lucy coat, he kept on the windy side of the Star Chamber. We cannot pretend to judge Shakespeare in this matter, because we do not know the extent of the provocation he had received. Tradition says he was "whipt." Speaking for myself, I cannot be sorry that his resentment took this shape, because it has supplied me, times without number, with an unanswerable question to put to those persons who tell one that Shakespeare's plays were written by Bacon: viz. How Bacon, who was a friend and correspondent of Sir Thomas Lucy's, can be conceived making this unprovoked and very ungentlemanlike jest upon another gentleman's coat of arms? Shakespeare at the date of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was not yet "a gentleman born." I need not spend time in endeavouring to show that this boyish escapade among Sir Thomas Lucy's deer did not permanently ruin Shakespeare's character. It would be a poor compliment to Shakespeare to condone a breach of the eighth commandment. But simple justice requires me to explain that at

[1] See notes in Malone, viii. 11. Under the names of *ged* and *pike* this fish was borne, also in "canting heraldry," by the families of Geddes, Pickering, &c. The only other family that bore the *luce* was Way in the west country; but with them it was sometimes blazoned simply as "fish," and they were not well-known people like the Lucys.

this period deer-stealing was looked upon among respectable people with even greater tolerance than smuggling two centuries later. It was not in the least blackguardly, as poaching is to-day. It was a very favourite pastime, for instance, with Oxford undergraduates, who then as now might stand as the pattern of good form. We find it chronicled without special comment along with fencing, dancing, and hunting the hare, among the youthful sports of a certain Bishop of Worcester.[1] And there was a proverb of the day, that "venison is nothing so sweet as when it is stolen." As to the date of the incident we have no information. A probable date seems to be offered about February 1585 when the twins were christened, for Shakespeare had no more children; and it may be significant that in March of that year Sir Thomas Lucy was in charge of a Bill in the House of Commons for the preservation of game.[2] If Shakespeare did not find employment at a London theatre in 1585, he must have waited till 1587, for in 1586 the theatres were closed on account of the Plague.

Here, then, Shakespeare's youth ends. For seven years after 1585 he disappears from sight, lost in London; when he emerges it is as a leading actor and playwright. How he spent the interval is mere matter of conjecture; but

[1] Dr. J. Thornborough (born 1552). See Malone, ii. 13

[2] Malone, ii. 131.

tradition asserts that he joined the theatre in the very lowest rank, that of "servitor," and so worked his way up. One tradition says that he began *outside* the theatre by holding the horses of the gallants who rode to the play, before he even worked his way in. However that may be, and the tradition implies the knowledge of a very short-lived practice, that of riding to the play,[1] it was not improbably to the long apprenticeship which Shakespeare served to the actor's profession, making him conversant with the stage in all its arrangements, that he owed no small part of the mastery which he was by and by to display as a dramatist. In the first place, he gained that skill in stage-craft—the arrangement of exits and entrances and so forth—which only experience can give; and which makes such plays as "The Comedy of Errors," or such scenes as the forest scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," although they are most confusing to read, quite simple and straightforward on the stage. In the second place, he learned how to develop a plot in a thoroughly dramatic fashion, and with the least possible waste of time and energy. It must have struck everybody, for example, how well Shakespeare's plays open; how attention is at once caught and held; and the main action begins without delay. Thirdly, he gained the

[1] Halliwell-Phillipps, i. 80.

eye of a stage-manager for effective "business." Take, for an example, the play of "Macbeth." Shakespeare the poet could have given us the wonderful speeches in which he turns the old chronicle into tragedy, but it was the eye of the trained actor and stage-manager which gave us the witch scenes, the air-drawn dagger, the blood-stained hands that seemed to pluck at Macbeth's eyes, the knocking at the gate, the sleep-walking—points which still tell upon the audience, as they did when it was first put upon the stage. And not only did these seven years advance Shakespeare in the knowledge of his profession, they advanced him also in general culture. We know that "a poet is born and not made"; but Ben Jonson reminds us that "a good poet's made as well as born"; and he is made by study of the world past and present, by men and books. Mr. Sidney Lee has just told us that Shakespeare had read some of the Italian poets of the Renaissance, before he wrote his "Venus and Adonis"; and if he was at the pains to master Italian, we may be sure that he read whatever he found worth reading in his own tongue. Of still greater consequence was his commerce in the world of London with men of all sorts and conditions. And so when a certain class of our friends, to whom I have already referred, ask us how we think it possible that a young man from the Midlands on coming

up to town could produce, perhaps as his very first play, a piece so free from everything provincial, and so full of character and wit and courtly manners, as "Love's Labour's Lost," we may at least reply, without raising the difficult point of genius, that seven years in London at the impressionable age of twenty-one can work great changes in a man's experience of life even to-day. (On "Love's Labour's Lost" see p. 13.)

When we first meet Shakespeare's name as a player—in any formal fashion—it is in a very important document, the accounts of the Queen's Treasurer of the Chamber, and in the best company. It runs thus in modern spelling:—

"To William Kempe, William Shakespeare, and Richard Burbage, servants to the Ld. Chamberlain, upon the councils warrant, dated at Whitehall 15 March 1594, for 2 several comedies or interludes shewed by them before her majesty in Christmas time last past, viz. upon St. Stephens day and Innocents day—£13 6 8 and by way of her majesty's reward £6 13 4 in all £20."

Now see what this means: Kemp was the greatest comedian, and Burbage the greatest tragedian, of his time; and here is Shakespeare standing between them, like Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy in Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated picture, a third with the two heads of his profession. After that indisputable evidence to the rank he held in his company there is hardly need to go in search of other testimony

that he was a competent actor; but as it might perhaps be held that Shakespeare's position in the company was due chiefly to the fact that he was its playwright, it may be well to note that, two years before this, Chettle the dramatist refers to Shakespeare in a pamphlet as "*excellent* in the quality he professes,"[1] and Aubrey preserves the opinion of an old actor, William Beeston, who was the son of an apprentice of Augustine Phillips one of Shakespeare's own friends and colleagues, that he acted "exceedingly well," and contrasts him on that point with Ben Jonson, who, according to the same authority, "was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor." It is noticeable, too, that we find Shakespeare's name standing first on the list of actors who performed Ben Jonson's "Every Man in his Humour," a play which his good nature is said to have saved from refusal by his company. By the side of such testimony we need not attach importance to the exact form of the tradition preserved by Rowe that "the *top* of his performance was the Ghost in his own Hamlet," though he may very well have played the part, as Garrick did after him. The only other stage tradition we have is that he was accustomed to play "kingly parts."

If Shakespeare then became an actor and reached the top of his "quality" after working his way through the stages of call-boy and super-

[1] See additional note, p. 78.

numerary, we know for a certainty that when he became a dramatist, he reached the top of that profession, from beginnings as little dignified. When he came to London the leading dramatists were a set of young men, most of them from the universities, who were in the act of revolutionising the stage—it would be as true to say, creating it. The eldest was John Lyly, who wrote comedies chiefly in prose; then there was Thomas Kyd—"sporting Kyd," as Ben Jonson calls him with an ironic play upon his name—who wrote tragedies of a bloodthirsty type, among them a tragedy of "Hamlet," which Shakespeare was afterwards to re-write; George Peele, who wrote tragedies, comedies, and historical plays; Robert Greene, who also wrote everything, but notably one very charming comedy of country life with the queer title of "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," and, above all, there was Christopher Marlowe. Now if we turn to that invaluable document the Diary of Henslowe, proprietor of the Rose Theatre, for the year 1592, we find in his cash account such entries as the following:[1]

			£	s.	d.	
19 Feb.	159½	Recd. at fryer bacune		17	3	[Greene's play.
20 ,,		,, mulomurco [*i.e.* Muley Mulocco]		29	0	[Peele's "Battle of Alcazar."
21 ,,		,, orlando		16	6	[An early play of Greene's.

[1] See W. W. Greg's edition, p. 13.

			£	s.	d.	
23 Feb.	159½	Recd. at spanes comodye donne oracoe		13	6	[A fore piece to Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy."
26 ,,		,, Jewe of malltuse		50	0	[Marlowe's play.
29 ,,		,, mulamulloco		34	0	
3 March		,, harey the 6th	3	16	8	

What is the meaning of this sudden rise in the takings at the theatre? An explanation is to be found in a remark of the pamphleteer Thomas Nash, who in a piece called "Pierce Penniless," licensed in August of that year, writes:

"How would it have joyed brave Talbot (the terror of the French) to think that after he had lain 200 years in his tomb, he should triumph again on the stage, and have his bones new embalmed with the tears of ten thousand spectators at least (at several times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding."

Now, whoever wrote the original draft of the "First Part of King Henry VI.," certainly the Talbot scenes were added or re-written by Shakespeare, and it was these scenes that, according to Nash, made the success of the piece. A second and third part of "Henry VI." in the course of the same year, were, in the same way, but to a far greater extent, re-written by this young actor, and their success we can gauge, not this time from a shout of praise, but from a scream of rage sent up by the poor dramatist whose work had thus been worked over. (It has always to be borne in mind in discussing the Elizabethan

drama that plays were sold out and out by the dramatists to one or other company of actors; so that it was in the power of the company, and a very usual custom, to have the plays, when they got a little worn by use, freshened, either by the author, or by a new hand.)[1] In this autumn of 1592 the dramatist Greene lay a-dying, and from his deathbed he made a solemn address to his fellows, Marlowe, Peele, and others, to forsake their vicious courses—they were all notoriously wild—and to live repentant lives before it was too late. And he concludes his appeal with a rather vague sentence, the general sense of which seems to be, that if they find themselves in want they must not look to the players for help. The players, it must be understood, occupied something of the same position in regard to the dramatist as a modern publisher does to his author. The publisher is more likely to be a capitalist than the author. Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, Burbage, Heminge, Cundell, Shakespeare himself, made fortunes on the stage, while Greene, and Marlowe, and Drayton, and many other dramatists were put to shifts to make a bare living.

"Base-minded men, all three of you [says Greene], if by my misery ye be not warned; for unto none of you, like

[1] The MS. play *Sir Thomas More* in the British Museum (Harl. 7368) exhibits these phenomena of freshening. There are several handwritings; passages are crossed through and others added; and new drafts are pasted over old ones.

me, sought those burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those anticks garnished in our colours. . . . Trust them not, for there is an *upstart crow* beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse [*i.e.* to stuff it out with epithets] as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

The line parodied by Greene and applied to its author comes in the Third Part of *Henry VI.* (i. iv. 137), the original draft of which play may well have been in part composed by Greene himself. Halliwell-Phillipps suggests that the line had been rendered specially popular through effective delivery. What Greene meant by 'bombasting out' a blank verse may be understood by a quotation:

> "O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide;
> How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the child,
> To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
> And yet be seen to bear a woman's face?
> Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible:
> Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless."

Now if we can suppose Sir Charles Wyndham and Mr. Tree taking suddenly to writing plays, and successful plays, or Mr. Murray and Mr. Methuen to writing successful novels, we shall form some idea of the horror that possessed poor Greene's imagination. If players turned playwright, the playwright's occupation was gone; and if, in addition, we remember the contempt in which

the players were held by these poor gentlemen —" puppets that speak from *our* mouths," " anticks garnished in *our* colours," " burs that cleave " to us, we shall realise the consternation that Shakespeare had inspired in this poor indignant spirit.

We come upon evidence of the same sort of feeling in a university play written somewhat later, where a character, Studioso, complains of the actors that,

> " With mouthing words that better wits have framed
> They purchase lands and now esquires are named," [1]

and in a scene where Kempe and Burbage are represented as interviewing Cambridge scholars as likely recruits for their company—who at need would write a part as well as act one—Kempe is made to say: " Few of the university pen plays well; they smell too much of that writer Ovid and that writer Metamorphosis, and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why, here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down." " Our *fellow* Shakespeare," that is, " our partner." The late Judge Webb, in a book called " The Mystery of William Shakespeare," asserted that no literary man of the day could be " adduced as attesting the responsibility of the *player* for the works which are associated with his name." Well, here is such a statement. If I may say a

[1] *Return from Parnassus* 2, V. i. 1966.

final word about that remarkable heresy: the two arguments that seem to me conclusive that the Shakespearian plays were not written by a gentleman amateur like Francis Bacon are (1) that the dramas display, as I have already pointed out, such wonderful constructive skill, and such knowledge of what is effective on the stage—arts, which can only be learned by long habituation to the theatre—and (2) that so many of the Shakespearian plays are old plays re-written, *e.g.* "Henry IV.," "Henry V.," "King John," "Richard III.," "Merchant of Venice," "Hamlet"; and to re-write an old play is a task no gentleman would have undertaken for his own pleasure, or indeed would have been at liberty to undertake, because the plays were the absolute property of the acting companies.

Shakespeare's growing prosperity is marked in 1596 by an application to Heralds' College for a grant of arms to his father, which, though unsuccessful at the time, succeeded three years later; and in 1597 by the purchase of the Great House at Stratford called "New Place." But his relish of these signs of social advancement must have been sadly dashed by the loss in the former year of his only son, the twelve-year-old Hamnet.

Can we at all figure to ourselves Shakespeare's life now that he was rising into fame?

It is difficult to determine how much of the year he spent in Stratford after the purchase of New Place. In 1597 he appears in a list as the

third largest owner of corn in his ward, which might suggest that he had already made his home there. On the other hand, there is a curious memorandum made by his cousin, Thomas Greene, dated September 9, 1609, about the delay in repairing a house in Stratford, which he was content to permit "the rather because I perceyved I might stay another yere at New Place," which looks as though Shakespeare could not have been in constant residence. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps points out also that the precepts in an action brought by Shakespeare for the recovery of a debt, on August 17, December 21, 1609, and February 15, March 15, and June 7, 1610, were issued to Greene. So that Shakespeare was apparently away from Stratford on those dates, which cover most of the year. Biographers, therefore, have come to the conclusion that it was not until 1611, when he ceased writing for the stage, that Shakespeare came permanently to reside at Stratford. Nevertheless I like to think that his visits there were neither short nor infrequent. I see no reason to assume that when Shakespeare became the recognised playwright of his company, he would have been expected to appear on the boards with the regularity of those members who were actors only. Indeed it is inconceivable that he should have been expected to produce two plays a year[1]

[1] This tradition is recorded by the vicar of Stratford, John Ward, in 1662. "I have heard that Mr. Shakespeare . . . frequented the

in the intervals left over from the regular practice of an exacting profession. It may be remembered that Hamlet declared that his adaptation of the play which touched the king's conscience ought to get him a share in a theatrical company. And it is a fair inference that Shakespeare's shares depended upon his plays rather than his acting. As to his residence in London, we must bear in mind that during his period upon the stage the theatre was the height of fashion; so that, besides making his fortune, an actor and dramatist of recognised genius would have opportunities of making acquaintance with that section of the fashionable world that cared for art and letters. At that epoch we know that the great nobles were even eager to befriend men of genius. The familiar tone of the dedication of "Lucrece" to Lord Southampton has often been remarked upon. It lends likelihood to the tradition, handed down by Sir William Davenant, that Southampton at one time gave the poet a large sum of money "to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." The reference to Essex in one of the choruses of "King Henry V.," which is dragged in by the head and ears, would imply that that nobleman, no less

plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year." If the "every year" is to be pressed we must suppose that some manuscripts perished in the fire at the Globe Theatre in 1613.

than his friend Southampton, had admitted the poet to his friendship; and the obvious meaning of the "Sonnets" is that an affectionate intimacy had grown up between Shakespeare and some scion of a noble house whose identity cannot now be determined.[1] And then besides these great people, great in one sense, we know Shakespeare to have been intimate with those who were great in another sense—the men of letters of the day. Fuller, in his "Worthies," has recorded a tradition of the wit combats at the Mermaid tavern between Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, comparing the latter to a "Spanish great galleon," solid but slow; the former to an English man-of-war, "lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing." Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire man, is said to have been one of his familiars up to the last. But though tradition links no other literary names than these with Shakespeare's, there can be no doubt that the Mermaid meetings, which owed their beginnings to Sir Walter Ralegh, included all that was distinguished at the time in poetry and the drama.

But while the courtiers were affable in the way that great people always are affable to the men of genius who amuse them, and while Bohemia was friendly, all that was respectable and religious in the City of London was bitterly hostile. All through Elizabeth's reign a battle was waged

[1] I have written at length on this subject in vol. x. of the *Stratford Head Shakespeare* and in my edition of the Sonnets (Ginn).

between the Court and the City as to the toleration of theatres and players at all. If anyone supposes that an actor's profession in Shakespeare's day was respected because it was profitable, he should read[1] the petition of a gentleman called Henry Clifton to the Queen against the Master of the Children of her Chapel for kidnapping his son Thomas, a boy of thirteen. The choirs of the Chapels Royal were recruited in those days, as the navy long continued to be, by impressment. Any boys with good voices from any other choir were liable to be pressed into the service. But when the stage became popular and the various choirs at St. Paul's, Westminster, and the Chapels Royal added acting to their ecclesiastical employment, then, it seems, boys were impressed for the stage who had no singing voices. This little Tom Clifton was seized upon one morning on his way to Christ's Hospital, and taken to the playhouse at Blackfriars, there, in his father's words, "to compell him to exercise the *base* trade of a mercenary interlude player, to his utter loss of time, ruin, and disparagement." The words *base* and *vile* occur again and again in this interesting document, as epithets of the actor's profession; and, coming from a gentleman, they form an apt commentary on certain passages in the "Sonnets," in which Shakespeare contrasts his fortune with that of his young and gentle friend:

[1] Fleay, *History of the Stage*, ii. 127.

"O, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand:
Pity me, then, and wish I were renew'd."

The bravest of men might be forgiven for wincing now and then when he caught sight of his own trade through the eyes of the public opinion of the day. Whether his fellow-townsmen at Stratford were as contemptuous there is no evidence. It is the fashion to say so, but I hesitate to believe it. The player had made money at any rate, and that the Stratford people were always short of. But it may be guessed that they were proud of him, too; and his father had been somebody among them. Of course the rising tide of Puritanism visited Stratford as other places. The vicar there was a noted Puritan, and so was Dr. Hall, Shakespeare's son-in-law. The town council in 1602, and again in 1612, prohibited players from acting in the borough, and in 1616 gave the King's own company a gratuity for going away quietly. But I am far from being convinced that the dramatist himself would resent this action of the council. He knew better than they did the scandals that haunted the player's profession, and in the "Sonnets" he speaks of them with intense feeling. Of course, he was not

a Puritan, but he would sympathise with the better side of Puritanism, as he saw it in his own daughter and her husband; and when we find from the Chamberlain's accounts of Stratford that a preacher in 1614 was entertained at New Place "with a quart of sack and a quart of claret wine," it is gratuitous to assume with Dr. Brandes that Shakespeare must have been away in London at the time.

As to the details of Shakespeare's life at Stratford we have very few facts, but much has been made of them. In the attempt to throw light upon Shakespeare's character much has been made of his suing his neighbours for small sums. But such litigation, to judge by the records, seems to have been the normal method of carrying on business at Stratford; and, at any rate, as these suits were made in the way of business by Shakespeare's attorney on the spot, they cannot be held to shed much light on his personal character. Much, too, has been made of his action in regard to the proposed enclosure of the open fields at Welcombe by William Combe; but on this point the two most recent biographers take precisely opposite views. Mr. Sidney Lee says: "Having secured himself against all possible loss, Shakespeare threw his influence into Combe's scale;" on the other hand, Dr. Brandes asserts that Shakespeare "defended the rights of his fellow-citizens against the country gentry." The evidence, happily, can be put very shortly, and everyone can form his own opinion upon it. The old

system of agriculture being one of common fields in which strips were held by various owners side by side, it was necessary, in order to enclose, that one proprietor should buy out the rest. William Combe, the squire of Welcombe, had for neighbour a Mr. Mannering, steward to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, who was lord of the manor; and as, according to Mr. Elton, the Chancellor had that year decreed that enclosure was for the common advantage, Combe had a strong case and strong backing. The corporation of Stratford resisted the proposal. The question for us is, which side did Shakespeare take? All our evidence is derived from a MS. book belonging to Shakespeare's cousin, Thomas Greene, who was clerk to the corporation. The following are the pertinent passages, in modern spelling:

"17 *Nov.*—My cousin Shakespeare coming yesterday to town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they meant to enclose no further than to Gospel Bush. . . . and that they mean in April to survey the land, and then to give satisfaction, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall say they think there will be nothing done at all.

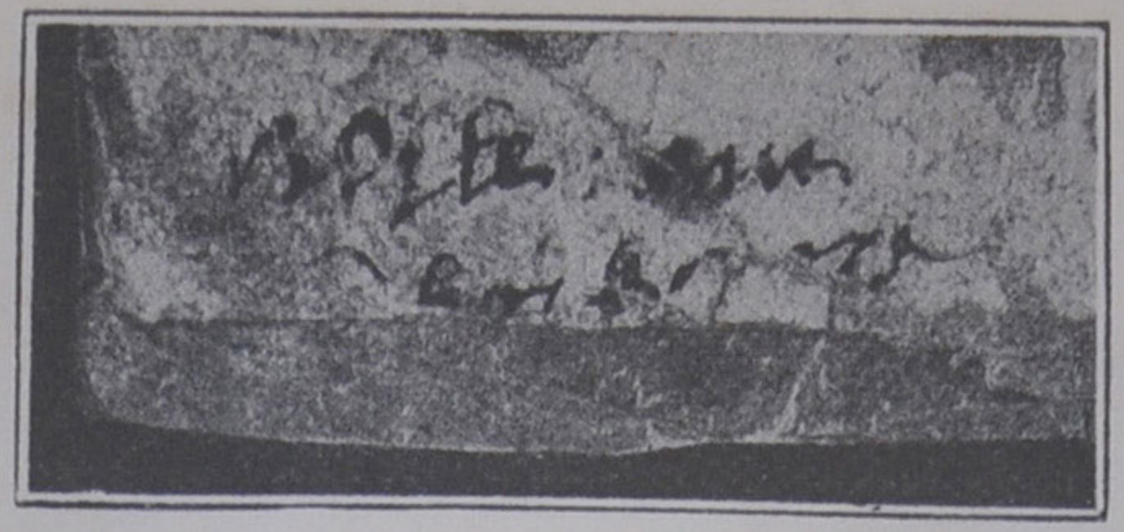
"23 *Dec.*—A hall [*i.e.* council meeting]. Letters written, one to Mr. Manering, another to Mr. Shakespeare, with almost all the Company's hands to either. I also writ of myself to my cousin Shakespeare the copies of all our acts, and then also a note of the inconveniences would happen by the enclosure.

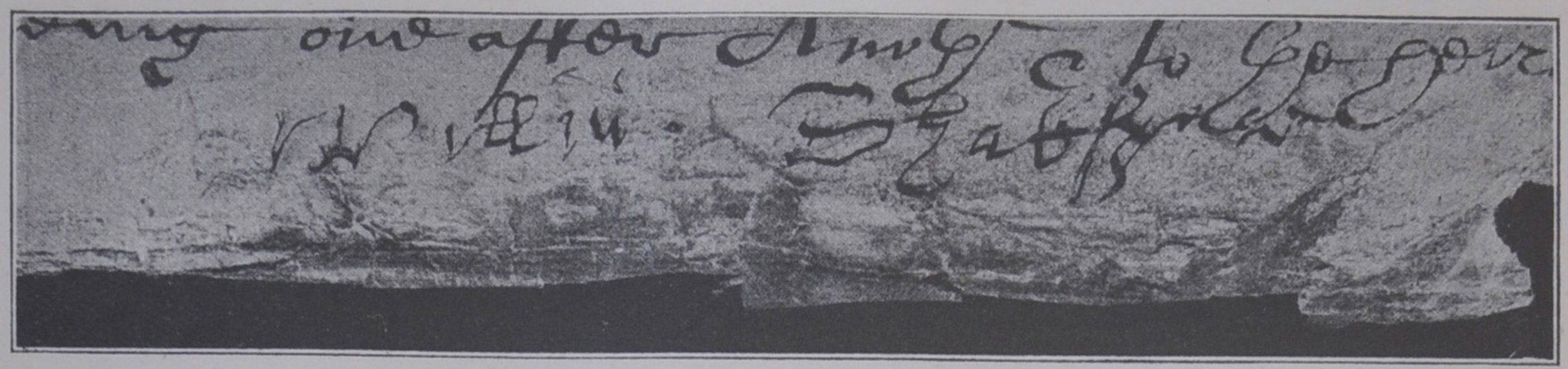
"9 *Jan.*—Mr. Replyngham's [*i.e.* Combe's agent] 28 Oct., article with Mr. Shakespeare [*i.e.* deed of indemnity against loss], and then I was put in by T. Lucas.

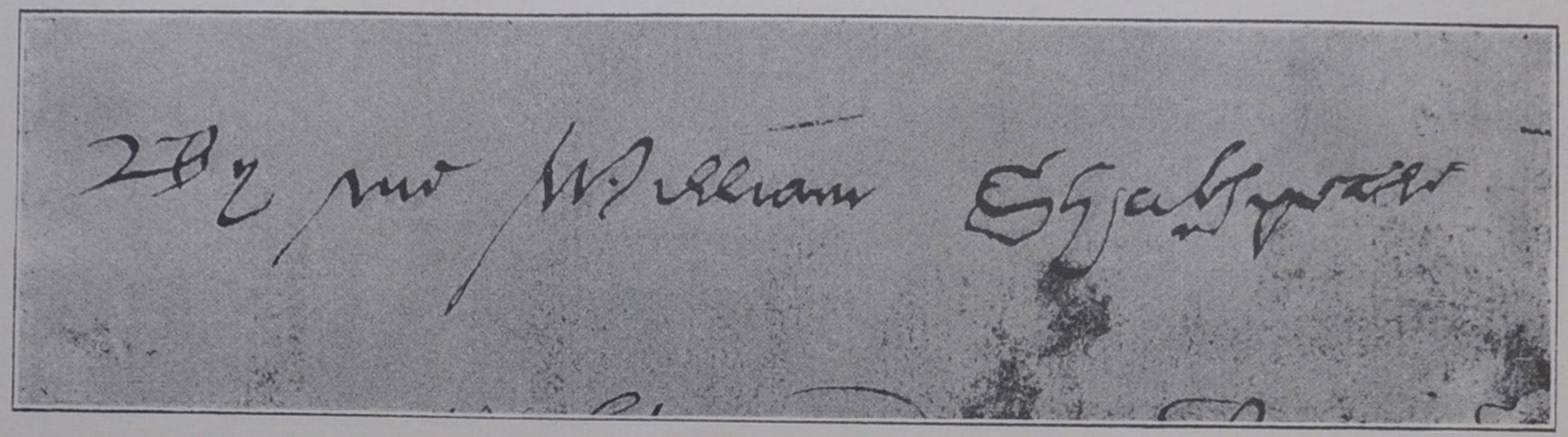
"11 *Jan.* 1614.—Mr. Manering and his agreement for me with my cousin Shakespeare.

"*Sept.*—W. Shakespeare telling J. Greene that I was not able to bear the enclosing of Welcombe."

Now what these entries tell us is (1) that Shakespeare did not think Combe meant to press the matter, in face of the opposition of the Stratford people; (2) that in case Combe should do so, he secured himself from loss through the depreciation of the tithes, of which he had purchased the moiety of a lease ten years previously; (3) that he secured his cousin also, who had a share in the tithes. But so far there is absolutely no ground for saying either that he "threw his influence into Combe's scale," or "defended the rights of his fellow-citizens." The view we shall take of his general attitude will turn upon our interpretation of the last entry quoted above. As it stands it looks a little pointless. Why should Shakespeare tell Thomas Greene's own brother a fact he must have known better than Shakespeare did, and why should Thomas Greene make a solemn entry of Shakespeare's testimony? Here Dr. Ingleby, who facsimiled the MS., comes to our help. He points out that Greene had a trick of writing "I" for "he," sometimes correcting the slip, and sometimes not. On a previous page he had written, "I willed him to learn what *I* could, and I told him so would I," where the second *I* is an obvious slip for *he*. There can be no reasonable doubt, then, that this cryptic entry informs us of







THREE AUTOGRAPH SIGNATURES SEVERALLY WRITTEN BY SHAKESPEARE ON THE THREE SHEETS OF HIS WILL ON MARCH 25, 1616.
Reproduced from the original document now at Somerset House, London.

Shakespeare's own dislike to the enclosure, and disposes of the statement that he threw his weight into Combe's scale, though it does not justify us in saying that "he defended the rights of his fellow-citizens." He may have done so, but it is dangerous to go beyond the evidence.

The words quoted by Thomas Greene are the last recorded words of the poet. In the April of the year following he died of a fever in his house at Stratford, after signing a very elaborate will disposing of all his property. There is an interesting clause leaving memorial rings to four friends in Stratford, and three members of his old company, Burbage, Hemings, and Cundell; the last two of whom, seven years later, collected and published his plays. But the clause which has aroused most comment is an interlineation, the only reference to his wife in the document:—

"Item. I give unto my wife my second best bed with the furniture."

Unkind people have thought that Shakespeare meant to be unkind; but Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps collected instances of many similar bequests from contemporary wills, one to a wife of "the second best feather bed with a whole furniture there belonging," so that no more ought to be heard of any suggested insult. The reason why Shakespeare chose to make his daughter legatee, rather than his wife, was probably the very simple one that his wife was seven years his senior, and perhaps in poor

health ; and the reason why he interlined this special gift is probably because she asked for it specially.

In conclusion, I would ask, can we get any clear light on Shakespeare's character from the facts that have been ascertained as to his career? We have not many formal expressions of opinion by contemporaries about the man himself apart from his works, but we have one or two, and they lay stress on two characteristics, his friendliness and his sense of honour. The very first character we have of him by a contemporary speaks of his "uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty," and also of his "civil demeanour"; and the very last, that of Ben Jonson, says the same: "He was indeed honest and of an open and free nature"; and again in the lines on his portrait: "It was for *gentle* Shakespeare cut." With this agrees the character that is set down in two epigrams by John Davies of Hereford. In 1603, in an epigram on players, he made his compliments especially to Shakespeare and Burbage, as being *gentlemen* in character. It is worth quoting:

"Players, I love ye and your quality,
As ye are men—that pastime not abused ;—
W. S., R. B. And some I love for painting, poesy ;[1]
And say fell Fortune cannot be excused
That hath for better uses you refused.
Wit, courage, good shape, good parts, and all good
(As long as all these *goods* are no worse used) ;
And though the stage doth stain pure gentle blood,
Yet *generous* ye are in mind and mood."

[1] Burbage is the painter, Shakespeare the poet: thus the epigram identifies the poet and player.

And on the word *generous* in the last line he makes the note: "Roscius was said for his excellency in his quality to be only worthy to come on the stage, and for his *honesty* to be more worthy than to come thereon." To complete the portrait we may add the traits that Aubrey had from Beeston the actor: "He was a handsome, well-shapt man, very good company, and of a very ready and pleasant wit."

Honour, then, in public life, gentleness and companionableness in his private relations—these are the characteristics which men noted in Shakespeare, and they are confirmed by the facts of his career. His "honesty," to use that word in its broad Elizabethan sense, is brought out by two facts which distinguish Shakespeare from many of the contemporary dramatists. The first is that, much as commentators have laboured to find caricatures of his fellow-playwrights among his *dramatis personæ*, they have altogether failed; and while other dramatists seem to have made these attacks a prominent feature of interest in their plays, the only reference made by Shakespeare to any quarrel is the admirably just criticism of Hamlet on the competition between the men and boy actors, that those who encourage it are making the boys fight "against their own succession." The second fact is that Shakespeare chose the life of hard work and thrift instead of the life of dissipation, keeping as a lodestar before him the determination to restore the fortunes of his father and his family. For this he has been sneered at by Pope, of all

people, who, in a familiar couplet, accuses him of winging his flight "for gain." It would be as fair to say that Warren Hastings established our Indian Empire "for gain," because he also kept always before him the resolution to win back the family estate. I do not understand how any accusation can be brought against any man of genius for taking the money value of his work, unless it can be shown that, while careful of his own interests, he is indifferent to those of others. Of this there is no evidence in Shakespeare's case; but, on the contrary, Ben Jonson, who knew him well, and had a shrewd tongue, assures us that he was of "an open and free nature." I submit therefore that the facts of Shakespeare's life show him to us as a good friend and a man of honour.

Additional Note.

Mr. Greenwood (*The Shakespeare Problem Restated*, p. 318) has charged the biographers of Shakespeare with dishonesty for their interpretation of the familiar passage of *Kind-hart's Dream*, in which Chettle apologises for the rudeness of Greene in his *Groatsworth of Wit*. Mr. Henry Davey, the latest biographer, is said to be "more honest than most"; so that we may hope the tide of immorality is turning. Still, when we find "Malone, Steevens, Dyce, Collier, Halliwell, Knight," and in this last generation, "Mr. Sidney Lee, Messrs. Garnett and Gosse, Mr. Churton Collins, Mr. W. L. Courtney, and Mons. Jusserand" all agreeing that Chettle in this passage refers to Shakespeare, and only Mr. Fleay and Mr. E. K. Castle, K.C., denying it, it seems somewhat lacking in humour to assert that all those critics who on so many points differ profoundly from each other—Steevens from Malone, Dyce from Collier, to go no further—have, in this matter of Chettle, no honest grounds for their opinion, but have caught "the pestilent perversion," as Mr. Greenwood phrases it, from each other. I am not at all surprised that Mr. Greenwood takes the view he does of Chettle's reference, because I

once took the same view myself for five minutes. It is the obvious view for everyone to take when he first reads the document. But a second reading proves it to be untenable, as I hope to show. Mr. Fleay's interpretation of the passage is so obviously hasty and superficial that even Mr. Greenwood has to throw him over when he passes from saying who is not referred to, to saying who is (p. 315).

The passage in dispute runs as follows :

"About three months since, died Mr. Robert Greene, leaving many papers in sundry booksellers' hands, among others his *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which *a letter written to divers play-makers, is offensively by one or two of them taken*; and because on the dead they cannot be avenged, they wilfully forge in their conceits a living author, and after tossing it to and fro, no remedy but it must light on me. How I have all the time of my conversing in printing hindred the bitter inveighing against scholars, it hath been very well known; and how in that I dealt I can sufficiently prove. With neither of them that take offence was I acquainted, and with one of them I care not if I never be. The other whom, at that time, I did not so much spare as since I wish I had, for that, as I have moderated the heat of living writers, and might have used mine own discretion—especially in such a case, the author being dead—that I did not I am as sorry as if the original fault had been my fault, *because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art.* For the first whose learning I reverence, and at the perusing of Greene's book, struck out what then in conscience I thought he in some displeasure writ; or, had it been true, yet to publish it was intolerable; and him I would wish to use me no worse than I deserve."

The three friends to whom Greene addressed his epistle were Marlowe and two others, usually supposed to be Nash and Peele, or Lodge and Peele. Marlowe is "the first" of the play-makers; it is *his* acquaintance that Chettle does not wish to make, though he reverences his learning; and he admits that he had softened the passage addressed to him before he printed it. On this identification all the Shakespearian critics are agreed (with the single exception of Mr. Fleay), and Mr. Greenwood assents. The problem is, Who was the other play-maker who complained, and to whom Chettle apologises, wishing he had excised the offensive matter? The passages following the address to Marlowe (which need not be transcribed) are as follows :

"With thee I join young Juvenal, that biting satirist, that lastly

with me together writ a comedy. Sweet boy, might I advise thee, be advised, and get not many enemies with bitter words; inveigh against vain men, for thou canst do it, no man better, no man so well; thou hast a liberty to reprove all, and name none; for one being spoken to, all are offended; none being blamed, no man is injured. Stop shallow water still running, it will rage; tread on a worm, and it will turn; then blame not scholars vexed with sharp lines, if they reprove thy too much liberty of reproof."

Clearly there is nothing here to hurt the most susceptible man of letters, and nothing to account for Chettle's regret that he had not edited with more vigour. Then follows the last of the three addresses:

"And thou, no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven (as myself) to extreme shifts; a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George [Peele's name was George] thou art unworthy better hap, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay."

And then follows a general passage, addressed to all three—the attack on the actors (quoted on p. 63). Now it is idle to pretend that a piece of brotherly advice to avoid relying on the players for a livelihood could have been "offensively taken" by any play-maker. Greene's tone could not be kinder. It follows that we must look elsewhere for the offended person; and we can only find him, where critics from the first have found him, in the player-play-maker abused as "Shake-scene." We must admit that Chettle should have distinguished more clearly the play-makers Greene was writing *to*, from the play-maker he was writing *about*; but because he wrote muddled prose in the illogical Tudor way, we need not deprive what he wrote of all meaning. Further, this identification fits the actual expressions used.

(1) Chettle distinguishes "the facetious grace" of his offended play-maker's writing, his "art," from some "quality he professes." Now in those days there was no "quality" or profession of authorship. The scholar was a "gentleman"; his university degree was his patent. And so Greene addresses his letter "to those *gentlemen*, his quondam acquaintance, that spend their wits in making plays," and contrasts them with the players, "apes" and "buckram gentlemen," who soothe their betters "with terms of Mastership," while they prey upon them. The offended play-maker, then, has a "quality" as well as his art; and this fits the identification with Shakespeare; the actor's "quality" being a term in common use. "Will they pursue the *quality* no longer than they can sing?" asks Hamlet about the boy players (II. ii. 363).

(2) Moreover, Chettle's apology exactly fits Greene's attack. Greene had accused "Shake-scene" of thinking he could "bombast out a blank verse"; to which Chettle replies that "divers of worship had reported his facetious grace in writing." He had called him, "in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country," which, whatever it exactly means, was not intended for a compliment on his acting. Chettle replies that he had seen him "excellent in the quality he professes." Finally (though perhaps I am taking here an unreal distinction), Greene had accused him of arraying himself in borrowed plumage; not only as an actor, who is necessarily "a puppet speaking from *our* mouths," an antick "garnished in *our* colours"; but as a playwright, "an upstart crow, beautified with our *feathers*," to which he has no right. To this Chettle replies, "divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty." There could be no point in quoting these testimonials from men of worship unless corresponding charges had been made; and it is against "Shake-scene," that is Shakespeare, they were made, and not against Nash, Lodge, or Peele.

III.

THE CHARACTER OF THE DRAMATIST

THE problem to which we are now to address ourselves is the question whether it is possible from an examination of Shakespeare's writings to arrive at any conclusion as to his personal character and view of life. Let us begin at the bottom with some questions as to his personal tastes and habits. And first, as to drinking. Readers have been struck with one or two passages—one in "Hamlet," [1] one in "Othello," [2] and one in "As You Like It" [3]—censuring the English habit of drinking to excess; passages which have no relevancy to the plot of the play, and seem spoken over the footlights directly to the audience.

> "This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
> Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations."

Now the interest of these passages is considerable taken by themselves, but they become more interesting still in the light of certain local traditions that Shakespeare's convivial habits occasionally led him into intemperance. So that what on the surface

[1] i. 4, 17. [2] ii. 3, 78. [3] ii. 3, 48.

looks merely like the voice of Shakespeare's contempt for a silly custom may be interpreted, and by some critics is interpreted, as the voice of the dramatist's self-accusation. Which is it?

Let me say, unhesitatingly, that I have no faith in the traditions. One is connected with a local crab-tree; we know how a tradition of that sort never dies; it passes from generation to generation not only of men but of trees, and is attached in each age to the most prominent memory, being probably in origin as old as Thor. The other tradition is recorded by a vicar of Stratford under the Commonwealth, and is to the effect that Shakespeare died of a fever caught of drinking too much wine at a merrymaking with Ben Jonson and Drayton.[1] But doctors tell us to-day that a fever is more easily contracted from bad water than from good wine; and Stratford was notoriously insanitary.

This question of Shakespeare's intemperate habits seems to me a point on which the evidence of his whole successful life may claim to be taken into account. No one can say that his work has suffered from any cheap vice of this sort; and I prefer therefore to hear in the passages I have referred to, the warnings of a man of common sense trying to stem the tide of a foolish fashion. That exclamation of Portia's:

"I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I be married to a sponge,"

---

[1] Shakespeare died April 23rd 1616; having made the first draft of his will in January, the second in March.

has to my ear a ring of real disgust; and all the criticisms in that scene we may well take to be roughly Shakespeare's own.

More interesting, perhaps, and less easy of solution, is another question of personal habit. "Did Shakespeare smoke?" or, as the phrase then was, "Did he drink tobacco?"

It will be remembered that Shakespeare is one of the very few Elizabethan dramatists who have no reference to that wonderful narcotic which came into England almost at the same moment as his own great genius. The meaning of this silence of his might be argued without end. On the one side, smokers might ask how Shakespeare could possibly introduce tobacco-smoking into romantic or classical drama, the scene of which was laid in mediæval Italy or ancient Rome; or, again, into the Falstaff comedies of Plantagenet days. Or they might urge that if the poet disliked tobacco, it would have been as possible to let the doctor in "Macbeth" compliment King James on his recent "Counterblast" to the pernicious drug, as to let him compliment his Majesty on touching for the King's evil. On the other side the anti-tobacconists might point out that Shakespeare had a good chance to introduce smoking as a gentlemanlike accomplishment in the Induction to "The Taming of the Shrew," where some fun might have been made of Christopher Sly's attempt to play the gentleman in that particular; but he abstains, and they might add that Shake-

speare was probably so sickened of tobacco smoke by the custom of smoking on the stage, that he was little likely to practise it on his own account. The question cannot be determined.

On a higher plane we may ask, had Shakespeare a taste for music? One of the few points on which all the biographers are agreed is that the dramatist was a passionate lover of this art; and they may be right. In an age when music formed part of a liberal education, it is not improbable that he shared in the general appreciation; though his technical knowledge is occasionally at fault. But if we look at the references to music in the plays, we find that they are so much the outcome of the temperament of the *dramatis personæ*, or of the needs of the dramatic situation, that they must be used with caution as evidence of the dramatist's own taste. The famous speech with which "Twelfth Night" opens is in character with the love-sick, sentimental Duke; the no less famous speech of Lorenzo in the last act of "The Merchant of Venice" suits his high-pitched romantic nature, and is moreover in harmony with a scene

> "Where music and moonlight and feeling
> Are one."

The piece of evidence that would incline us to give Shakespeare the benefit of any doubt is the 8th Sonnet, and again the 128th, addressed to a lady playing on the virginals.

From art let us go to politics. Here we can have little doubt as to Shakespeare's general view. An Elizabethan of genius who had gone through the stress of the Armada year when he was twenty-four years old could not but have felt the new thrill of national life and the new sense of England's great-ness, and again and again in his plays Shakespeare says a great word that has still power to stir our blood :

> " O England, model to thy inward greatness,
> Like little body with a mighty heart ! "

or,

> " This England never did nor never shall
> Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror
> But when it first did help to wound itself,"

or, best of all, John of Gaunt's touching lament in " Richard II." But Shakespeare has been accused of supporting the Stuart ideas of monarchy, es-pecially by his references to the sanctity of kingship. An actor attached to the Lord Chamberlain's com-pany, which with James's accession became the King's, was courtier enough to introduce a respectful compliment now and again to his prince ; but those who charge Shakespeare with abetting the Stuart notions of divine right must surely forget the lessons on the nature of true kingship which are embalmed in the trilogy of " Richard II.," " Henry IV.," and " Henry V." Again it is objected against Shake-speare that he disliked crowds. But who likes them ? Mankind does not show well in crowds,

even at political meetings in the twentieth century. And Shakespeare lived before the persons and manners of the commonalty had been polished by school-boards. Certainly Shakespeare made his crowds foolish enough, always at the mercy of demagogues; and he made them cruel enough; but take his mechanicals, not in crowds, but singly, and he is far from denying them human virtues. The Citizens in "Coriolanus" have much the best of the argument with Menenius Agrippa, when he is expounding the fable of the belly and its members; they have much the best of the argument with Coriolanus himself when he is suing for the consulship. And can one say that Shakespeare lacked appreciation of Bottom and Peter Quince and the rest of that admirable dramatic troupe?

But leaving these particular tastes and opinions, let us ask whether we can gain any light from the plays on Shakespeare's personal character. How may we set about the investigation? A very brilliant attempt was made in a series of papers contributed a few years ago by Mr. Frank Harris to the *Saturday Review*, and since collected, to deduce the dramatist's own disposition from a certain predominant type alleged to be found in the plays. Mr. Harris contended that if Shakespeare's many creations were placed side by side, it would be observed that one special type came over and over again, and this type, which the poet found most interesting and has therefore made the most perfect,

must, he argues, have been drawn from himself. Just as Rembrandt painted his own portrait at all the critical periods of his life, so, it is alleged, did Shakespeare. He painted it first as a youth given over to love's dominion, in Romeo; a little later, as a melancholy onlooker at life's pageant, in Jaques; then in middle age, as an "æsthete-philosopher" of kindliest nature in Hamlet and Macbeth; after that as the Duke, incapable of severity, in "Measure for Measure"; and finally, idealised out of all likeness to humanity, in the master-magician Duke Prospero. As a result of an examination of these several portraits Mr. Harris pronounces Shakespeare to have been, in personal disposition, of a contemplative, philosophical nature, of great intellectual fairness and great kindness of heart; but, on the other hand, incapable of severity and almost of action, of a feminine, sensual temperament, melancholy, soft-fibred, neuropathic. It is a portrait which has been much praised; and as a *tour de force* it would be difficult to praise it too highly; but the point of interest to us is not whether it is a clever picture, but whether it is a true likeness. I do not think much subtlety will be required to show that it is not. We must first ask what it is, which all these characters have in common, that makes our critic so sure that they are all portraits of the same person. The answer is that they are all persons given to reflection, to self-revelation, to pouring out their dissatisfaction with life, and unpacking their hearts

in words, and moreover all persons who do so in incomparable lyric poetry, so that we are sure the voice must be the authentic voice of Shakespeare.

It will be worth while to look for a moment at one or two of these pictures which are thus presented to us as the portraits of the artist himself. On Romeo we need not stay, he is young and a lover, and Shakespeare had undoubtedly been both ; moreover Romeo has imagination, like Shakespeare ; but when we have added that he was brave and somewhat impulsive, we have noted all his salient characteristics ; for "Romeo and Juliet" is not in its chief interest a play of character ; the tragic element does not come out of the characters of either hero or heroine ; they are but the "most precious among many precious things" which have to be made a sacrifice of, in order that the bloody feud between the Montagues and Capulets may be healed. But when from Romeo we pass to "the melancholy" Jaques, we may fairly protest against the identification of Shakespeare with him and his view of life. Jaques is a sentimental egotist, and a rhetorical rhapsodiser, who enjoys and parades a philosophic melancholy. We know that Shakespeare did not mean us to admire Jaques's melancholy, because he makes all the healthy-minded people in the play, one after another, laugh at it. And what do the philosophical reflections amount to ? There is the satirical speech upon society suggested by the wounded deer, and the Duke tells Jaques frankly that satire is an

unhealthy form of employment; and there is the speech, which every child learns, about the seven ages of man, a beautifully written commonplace, but not in Shakespeare's vein. Never does Shakespeare when he speaks in his own person in the Sonnets, and never does he (as I believe) through the lips of the characters with whom he sympathises, pity or despise human life as such; never does he speak of it as merely a stage play; there are plenty of things in life which disgust and weary him; but he does not say "All the world's a stage." Jaques says that. If Shakespeare, as one tradition asserts, himself played the part of Adam, he would enter on Orlando's shoulders after the delivery of this speech, no doubt amid the roar of the theatre which had greeted it, and not, I think, without a smile at such uncritical applause. The next portrait is Hamlet, and in finding in Hamlet's mouth hints of the poet's own view of things, our critic is only following a commonly received and justifiable opinion. The Sonnets afford not a few parallels. But the very fact that Hamlet is made the hero of a tragedy implies that the dramatist is viewing his character with not entirely approving eyes. In no tragedy after "Romeo and Juliet" is the hero merely the victim of circumstances, there is always something in his own character which involves him in catastrophe, and without going into detail it is sufficiently clear that the root of trouble in Hamlet's case is just this brooding melancholy

which renders him incapable of action except upon sudden impulse. I would urge, therefore, that if we find Shakespeare holding up one kind of reflective melancholy to ridicule in "As You Like It," and showing the fatal consequences of another kind in "Hamlet," the most we could infer would be that he felt in himself the temptation to that infirmity. But all that we know of his outward life gives the opposite impression. At this point, then, I shall take leave to consider that the method of discovering Shakespeare's character by identifying him with this and that of his *dramatis personæ* has broken down, without going on to discuss his likeness to Macbeth or the Duke in "Measure for Measure," about whom I wish to say a word presently in another connection, or to Prospero, who has no very clearly defined characteristic but that of benignity.

If we are to reach any results, we must frame our interrogation in a somewhat different form, and ask what light we can get from the plays not directly upon Shakespeare's character, but on his view of life, and his opinions on men and things. And one answer at once suggests itself from what has been already said. We can observe the sentiments put into the mouths of those characters with whom we are plainly meant to sympathise, and contrast them with those that are put into the mouths of other characters with whom we are meant not to sympathise. This is a consideration

sufficiently obvious, but it is too often neglected, although it is of the utmost importance to the interpretation of the dramas. There are many little books made to sell for presents which collect what are called the beauties of Shakespeare; but very rarely in such books do we find any discrimination as to the character of the person who makes the speech that is scheduled as a beauty. I have already commented on Jaques's opinion that "all the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players." Take for another example the saying of Hamlet which is sometimes a little thoughtlessly quoted:

> "There's a divinity doth shape our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Could any one quote this as the opinion of Shakespeare himself who remembered that it is Hamlet who says it, by way of excuse for his own malady of alternate *laissez-faire* and sudden impulse? On the other hand, the sentiments that have passed, and rightly passed, into the spiritual currency of the English people will always be found put into the mouth of characters with whom, in the action, the poet is in sympathy; and if we collect a few of these, such as the passage beginning "Sweet are the uses of adversity," or

> "There is some soul of goodness in things evil
> Would men observingly distil it out,"

or

> "If our virtues
> Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
> As if we had them not,"

they suggest to us an outlook upon the world bright, hopeful, and stirring; not that of a dreamy, melancholy, sentimental neuropath; they present a view which is consistent with the picture we obtain from the story of Shakespeare's life, of a man who worked hard in his calling, and of whom his professional comrades could speak with respect and affection: "I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature."

But we can get back to something in the dramas more fundamental and more self-revealing than any isolated sentiments. We can observe the way in which Shakespeare viewed his world of men as a whole; what interested him in it; the general idea he had formed of human nature and its possibilities; his opinion of where human success lay and what constituted failure. We can put the question, what sort of place did the world seem to Shakespeare to be? It is quite clear that there was a great deal in the world that filled him with disgust; the Sonnets tell us that:—"Tired of all these, from these would I be gone"; but they tell us also how much there was in the world that he admired and loved; and the more serious plays show us unmistakably that Shakespeare held it to be man's business not to yield to the evil, but to fight it with wisdom and endurance. One point that most strikes us is that Shakespeare looked upon the world as a moral order. Men and women, as Shakespeare saw and drew them, are

always creatures exercising freedom of will. In the writings of some other dramatists, the persons of their dramas are sometimes represented as the sport of the higher powers ; but in the world that Shakespeare's art mirrors for us, there is no such thing as a man driven upon evil courses by fate ; the spring of each man's action is seen to lie in his own desires ; he may do or leave undone. He may apparently be helped or hindered by principalities and powers of worlds invisible ; but he cannot be moved by them to action against his will. The "weird sisters" who appear to Macbeth cannot bear the blame of his crime, or share it, because they appeared also to his fellow-captain Banquo, who shook off their suggestion ; and Hamlet's ghost, who visits his son, is powerless to touch the springs of his will. And Shakespeare's world is a moral world in the further sense that its men and women are people with consciences ; who recognise the rightness or wrongness of actions, and the law of duty. The only one of Shakespeare's writings which takes a merely sensual view of human nature is the poem of "Venus and Adonis" ; which is extraordinarily interesting, from our present point of view, as the first visible effect upon Shakespeare's mind of the Renaissance culture with which he came in contact in London, a culture partly euphuistic, partly classical, and wholly unmoral. The effect unmistakably, for the time, was a complete surrender to the doctrine of what a later age has known as that of "art for

art's sake"; which means that any passion of which human nature is capable is suitable for representation, if only it is "as lively painted as the deed was done"; with a preference in practice for the lower nature over the higher. Happily Shakespeare found a valuable corrective to this view of art in his work as a dramatist; and the second poem he produced, a year after the first, though equally upon a classical theme, was on a less animal plane of interest, and admitted such human conceptions as honour and virtue. And ever after it was this higher nature of men that remained to Shakespeare the point of chief interest. We see this most plainly in the tragedies. The purpose and meaning of Shakespeare's tragic art has been much discussed of late, and it is not a question on which I wish to dogmatise; but at least this seems true to say, that while it magnifies the dignity and interest of human action by giving it the most painstaking study, it yet aims at showing how the greatest among men might be brought to ruin, if only the circumstances of life were so contrived as to give opportunity and scope to their errors and defects. In his tragedies Shakespeare contrives for his heroes just the circumstances which shall press upon their weak places, and test them to the uttermost. The tragedy of Hamlet, or Brutus, or Macbeth, or Othello, or Antony, if it is not the tragedy of a noble and a spiritual nature, is nothing at all. There is no reason

why the play should have been written. And if we are justified in drawing conclusions as to the character of a man from a survey of his interests, the light that the Shakespearian tragedies throw back upon the character of their writer is singularly bright and clear. Take, for example, the tragedy of Hamlet. A philosophical young prince, of a melancholy habit, finds an obligation laid upon him to avenge his father's murder. In any world, except the particular world that the poet has contrived for him, he might have lived a quiet life among his books; doing little active good perhaps, either speculatively or practically; but certainly doing no harm. But he has a task set him by an authority to which he cannot but own allegiance, that of purging the realm of a monster; and the dramatist has shown us in a crucial instance the tragedy of a brooding intellect divorced from will, of the habit of thinking about duties until we think them away. Or take Brutus in "Julius Cæsar." Here again there is question of a student called to action. But the defect of Brutus is not in will, but in practical judgment. In the sacred name of liberty Brutus assassinates the real saviour of society, and lets loose upon his country the horrors of civil war. In moral purpose his stature is heroic; he means the best; and yet so far is this from atoning for his want of insight into men's real dispositions and the needs of the time, that at point after point his moral prestige but renders his want of wisdom the more fatal. Here then are two pictures of

great and lovable men, with weaknesses of character such as in everyday life we are perfectly familiar with, and readily excuse; and Shakespeare teaches us that these defects need only their fit occasion and full development, to overwhelm in ruin the nature that owns them and all who are drawn within the circle of their influence. I venture to think, then, that we are justified in drawing a very definite conclusion as to the disposition of the man who penned these two plays. They show us his high esteem for nobility of character—Hamlet and Brutus are men of a high nobility whom we are taught to love—and they show us also his strong sense of the claim the world has upon the highest powers of the men who are born into it.

But from our present point of view, the tragedy of "Macbeth" is an even better example of Shakespeare's tragic stage, because it directly repudiates an accusation that might perhaps be made against the dramatist, of taking a merely æsthetic view of human life; contemplating it from some lofty tower of his palace of art. For in Macbeth we have a man in whom this æsthetic appreciation of human life is developed to an extraordinary degree. Macbeth is a poet. He has a fine and keen and true appreciation of all the situations in which he finds himself, except from the one point of view which under his temptations would have been worth all the rest to him, and which his unimaginative fellow Banquo has: the point of view from which

actions are judged as simply right or wrong. As we read the soliloquy in which he debates the suggested murder of Duncan, we notice that the considerations which make him hesitate are, in the main, æsthetic considerations; that it is unbecoming in a man's kinsman, or host or subject, to kill him; there is no question of any sin in murder. And of every succeeding event in his life he is, from the æsthetic point of view, equally appreciative; just as he enjoys popularity and on that score is almost willing to refrain from murder, so he understands that the old age to which a usurper can look forward cannot be surrounded "with honour, love, obedience, troops of friends"; and when, just before the last, he learns his wife's death, he speaks with the same just appraisement the epitaph of the life they have lived together since their great sin, the epitaph of the non-moral life, seeing in it a mere succession of days with no goal but death, and therefore no real meaning.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle,
Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing."

Could there be a better commentary on the dramatist's own view of life, than this passionate

judgment of the futility of the life Macbeth had elected to live?

Let us turn for a moment to the comedies, and see if we can glean any light from them upon what Shakespeare liked or disliked in men and women. It seems to me not a little significant that two at least of the defective types of character which he handles in the tragedies, he handles over again in the comedies, only in the comedy he treats them as they are found not in heroic natures, but in ordinary specimens of humanity, and in circumstances that lead to a much milder form of catastrophe. I have already suggested a comparison between Jaques and Hamlet, each of whom makes the unwarrantable claim to moralise upon life from the outside without taking part in it. In the nobler nature the claim is handled tragically, in the shallower it is rebuked by Rosalind's fine wit. But there is also some sort of a parallel with Marcus Brutus. The self-satisfaction of Malvolio in "Twelfth Night," looked at by itself, is very much the same quality as the self-satisfaction of Brutus: the lives of both pass in a dream, neither is in touch with the real world; and—it is a curious point—both are snared to their ruin by the same trick of a forged letter so contrived as to fall in with their dreams. But the interest of the comedies, for our present investigation, lies in this, that they present us not only with criticism, but with a positive ideal; and this Shakespeare gives us in his women. The creator of Portia, and Rosalind,

and Beatrice, had, we are convinced, a very clear ideal in his own mind of the sort of life that men and women should pursue, a life of sound sense as opposed to folly, and goodness as opposed to vice. There is one other point I should like to draw attention to in Shakespeare's comedies because I think it is characteristic of the man; of his justice and tolerance. While he keeps his ideal perfectly clear, and we are never, I believe, for a moment in doubt as to his own judgment upon his characters, he is not afraid of allowing traits of real goodness to persons who on other accounts are exposed to our censure. Take Sir Toby for example. There is no denying that he is a terrible toper, and Shakespeare does not make us in love with his drunkenness; but Shakespeare does let us see that in the drunkard the gentleman is not quite extinct. It will be remembered that the disguised Viola, being mistaken for her brother Sebastian, is charged by Antonio with denying her benefactor his own purse. This so horrifies Sir Toby that he draws his friends aside, and will have nothing more to do with the youth. "A very dishonest, paltry boy," he calls him. It is this perfectly firm but perfectly equitable and all-round judgment on points of character that is so wonderful in the plays, and it is a mere caricature to assert, as some critics have asserted, that Shakespeare was merely easy-going on points of morals.

Indeed, in one famous case, it might be better pleaded that he was too severe a moralist. I

imagine everyone feels a shock when at the end of "Henry IV." he comes upon the new king's sermon to his old boon-companion Falstaff. "I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers." It may have been, as has been eloquently maintained,[1] that Shakespeare had made Prince Hal, from the first, a bit of a prig, and knew he would preach when the chance came. Nevertheless Falstaff's misfortune may also be due to the fact that he comes into a historical play instead of a pure comedy. In "The Merry Wives of Windsor," Falstaff, notwithstanding his enormities—and Shakespeare needs all the excuse of a Royal Command for the way he has degraded him—meets no further punishment than the jeers of his would-be victims; it is sufficient in comedy that faults should be judged by laughter. Nobody wants Sir Toby put on the black list as a tippler, or Autolycus sent to gaol for filching linen from the hedges. But when the world of comedy touches the real world, as in "Henry IV." and "Henry V.," social offences have to meet social punishment, and so we have not only Falstaff exiled from court and dying of a broken heart, but poor Nym and Bardolph hanged for stealing in the wars.

The question of Shakespeare's religion is too large and difficult to be discussed at the end of an essay,[2]

[1] By Mr. A. C. Bradley, author of "Shakespearean Tragedy," my tutor at college, *quem honoris causa nomino.*

[2] I have done my best to settle the question as between Papist and Protestant in the *Stratford Head Shakespeare*, vol. x.

but I should like to say a word about his supposed hatred and abuse of Puritans. This is one of the fixed ideas of the very meritorious life of Shakespeare by Dr. Brandes. "From 'Twelfth Night' onwards," he says, "an unremitting war against Puritanism, conceived as hypocrisy, is carried on through 'Hamlet,' through the revised version of 'All's Well that Ends Well,' and through 'Measure for Measure,' in which his wrath rises to a tempestuous pitch" (p. 240). We turn to "Twelfth Night" and find this: Maria says of Malvolio—"Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of Puritan"; to which Sir Andrew replies, "O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog."

"*Sir Toby.* What, for being a Puritan! thy exquisite reason, good knight?

"*Sir Andrew.* I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

"*Maria.* The devil a Puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser."

Now, surely, that passage might have been introduced in defence of Puritans rather than in scorn of them. Sir Andrew takes the tone of courtier-like contempt, and Sir Toby asks him to explain; and he cannot. Then Maria retracts the name, and says Malvolio can't be a Puritan because he isn't conscientious. The reference in "Hamlet" turns out to be Hamlet's saying "A great man's memory may outlive half his life, but by'r lady he must build

churches then," but the oath *by'r lady* is proof enough that no one in the audience would take a reference to the Puritans. In "All's Well," that most disagreeable of all Shakespeare's plays, I believe one of the earliest he wrote, which even his revision in the Hamlet period could not cure, the Clown indeed makes some unsavoury jests, but he blunts their edge by dividing them equally between Papist and Puritan ; and I should say that to find in "Measure for Measure" an attack on Puritanism is entirely to misconceive that play. The heroine of the play is Isabella, and if Isabella is not a Puritan after Milton's strong type, what is she? Dr. Brandes does not indeed assert that Shakespeare wrote the play in the interest of Pompey and Mistress Overdone ; but that he wrote it in the interest of King James, who was already coming to blows with Puritanism, wishing to defend his indifference to immorality. When questions are raised as to the general ideas underlying a play, the appeal must be to the general impression it makes on the indifferent spectator ; but apart from that, as conclusive against Dr. Brandes' view, it seems sufficient to point to the scene in the first act where the Duke confesses to Friar Thomas that he had been too remiss, and again to such a speech as this at the end of the play :

> "My business in this state
> Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
> Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
> Till it o'errun the stew."

If Shakespeare had strong opinions about the Hamlets of the world not bestirring themselves to do their duty in it, we may guess that his view extended to reigning princes, though as to them he had to express himself with some reserve.

In one word then, if I am asked how we can get behind Shakespeare's writing to the man himself, I should say, we must ask ourselves what is the impression left on our mind after a careful reading of any play; because that will be Shakespeare's mind speaking to ours. And I cannot think the general impression we thus gather from the great volume of the poet's work is at all a vague one.

He could paint passion, whether in a Cleopatra or a Lear, as no other dramatist has painted it, but he does not impress us as himself passionate by nature. Rather, we are conscious all through the plays of the allied graces of gentleness and manliness. There is in them a clear outlook upon life, both on its good and its evil; a strong sense that, however the evil came about (and there were times when it seemed overwhelming), yet that the good must fight it; and at the same time there is a gentleness that is prepared to acknowledge good in unexpected places, and is ready to forgive.

Spottiswoode & Co. Ltd., Printers, London, Colchester and Eton.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

'A book which every reader will enjoy.'—SPECTATOR.

Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

CONFERENCES ON BOOKS AND MEN.

Reprinted from the 'Cornhill Magazine.'

ACADEMY.—'The nameless author (nameless, if not unknown) of this book of literary essays has as pretty a wit, as lucid a style, and as sound a judgment as need be asked of any contributor to a magazine. He touches his subjects with grace and discretion, leaves us pleased and smiling, and passes on.'

SPECTATOR.—'A book which every reader will enjoy.'

DAILY CHRONICLE.—'Mr. Sylvan has made many revelations which must rank with actual creation. . . . We hardly dare hope by quotation to give any of the exquisite flavour of his own book, which we should call great, if the epithet did not seem an injustice to so loveable a thing.'

DAILY NEWS.—'A most readable and salty *causeur*. . . . It is truly an entertaining volume, which should make many friends.'

QUEEN.—'Uniformly scholarly, clever, and amusing. . . . "Conferences on Books and Men" is a treasure-house of information and learning. . . . The author has the gift of the essayist marked by a distinction, scholarship, and humour which recall the Johnsonian period.'

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—'A volume to which few will be hard-hearted enough to refuse a welcome.'

LITERATURE.—'Both instructive and amusing. . . . The *causeur* of the "Conferences" is a scholar, and all his pages breathe the fine flavour of scholarship—a quality rare among the *causeurs* of to-day.'

GLOBE.—'The book is eminently readable, dealing with many interesting thing and persons in an interesting fashion, and having special attraction for the students and lovers of literature.'

RELIGIO LAICI:

A SERIES OF STUDIES ADDRESSED TO LAYMEN.

Crown 8vo. 6*s*.

SCOTSMAN.—It is this writer's distinction to impart to spiritual teaching the graces of good literature and the winningness of worldly wisdom.'

PROVINCIAL LETTERS AND OTHER PAPERS.

Crown 8vo. 5*s*. net.

DAILY MAIL.—'We feel on closing the book that we have been in the company of a genial, sensible, and humorous man, with a wide knowledge of literature, a subtle appreciation of beauty, and a keen perception of character.'

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

WORKS BY SIDNEY LEE.

A LIFE OF
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

SIXTH EDITION. With a New Preface. Large crown 8vo. *7s. 6d.*
With Two Portraits of Shakespeare, a Portrait of the Earl of Southampton, and Facsimiles of Shakespeare's known Signatures.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.—'This masterly work is an honour to English scholarship, an almost perfect model of its kind, and it is matter for great national rejoicing that the standard life of Shakespeare has at last been made in England. Rarely have we seen a book so wholly satisfying, so admirably planned, so skilfully executed. . . . It is an absolutely indispensable handbook for every intelligent reader of the plays.'

ATHENÆUM.—'There is no doubt that for some time to come, probably for a long time, it will be a general text-book.'

SPECTATOR.—'Unquestionably one of the most remarkable achievements of modern English scholarship. . . . The mass of obscure and tangled controversies which he has ravelled out is immense.'

TIMES.—'A marvel of research, and, on the whole, remarkably temperate, judicious, and convincing. . . . Never before has learning been brought to bear upon Shakespeare's biography with anything like the same force.'

PALL MALL GAZETTE.—'A definitive biography.'

Also the ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION, profusely Illustrated with Photogravures, Facsimiles, Topographical Views, &c. NEW AND CHEAPER EDITION. Medium 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* net.

And the STUDENT'S EDITION. With a Photogravure Plate and 4 Full-page Illustrations. NEW AND REVISED EDITION. Crown 8vo. *2s. 6d.*

SHAKESPEARE'S HANDWRITING.

Facsimiles of the Five Authentic Autograph Signatures of the Poet. Extracted from SIDNEY LEE'S 'Life of William Shakespeare.' With an Explanatory Note. Crown 8vo. *6d.*

QUEEN VICTORIA: a Biography.

NEW, REVISED, AND CHEAPER EDITION.

With Portraits, Map, and a Facsimile Letter. Large crown 8vo. 6*s.*

QUARTERLY REVIEW.—'Mr. Sidney Lee has performed, with marked success, a work which required, in no common measure, a combination of assiduous labour, skilful arrangement, and unfailing tact. . . . Our interest is sustained from the first page to the last.'

*** Also the FOURTH IMPRESSION (SECOND EDITION) of the Original Edition. With Portraits, Maps, and a Facsimile Letter. Large crown 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.*

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.

SMITH, ELDER, & CO.'S PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS BY JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. New and Cheaper Edition.
7 vols. Large crown 8vo.

1. **THE AGE OF THE DESPOTS.** With a Portrait. Price 7*s.* 6*d.*
2. **THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING.** Price 7*s.* 6*d.*
3. **THE FINE ARTS.** Price 7*s.* 6*d.*
4 & 5. **ITALIAN LITERATURE.** 2 vols Price 15*s.*
6 & 7. **THE CATHOLIC REACTION.** With a Portrait and Index to the 7 vols. Price 15*s.*

TIMES.—'There is no doubt that his picture of the Renaissance is, in the main, true, while there is even less doubt about the attractiveness, to the general reader, of the style in which he handled his subject.'

MANCHESTER GUARDIAN.—'It is not necessary to say anything of the historic value and literary quality of Symonds' book. The new edition is produced in a handsome and appropriate fashion.'

GUARDIAN.—'The new and cheaper—yet eminently handsome and solid—edition of the "Renaissance in Italy." . . . If the scholar and worker appear in the Renaissance, equally visible at all points is the hand of the artist in selection and arrangement not less than in style.'

SKETCHES AND STUDIES IN ITALY AND GREECE.
3 vols. Large crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* each.

***SHAKESPEARE'S PREDECESSORS IN THE** ENGLISH DRAMA. New and Cheaper Edition. Large crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

***ESSAYS SPECULATIVE AND SUGGESTIVE.** NEW EDITION, with an Introduction by HORATIO F. BROWN. Large crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

* These Volumes are uniform with the New Edition of Symonds' Travel Sketches and 'The Renaissance in Italy.'

THE SONNETS OF MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTI. New Edition. Small crown 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

*** The Italian text is printed on the pages opposite the translation.

Also the following Volumes of previous Editions:—

THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY: The Revival of Learning. Second Edition. Demy 8vo. 16*s.* The Catholic Reaction. Demy 8vo. 32*s.*

NEW AND OLD: a Volume of Verse. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

MANY MOODS: a Volume of Verse. Crown 8vo. 9*s.*

ANIMI FIGURA. Fcp. 8vo. 5*s.*

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS: a Biography. By HORATIO F. BROWN. New Edition in one volume. With a Portrait and a New Preface. Large crown 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

RENAISSANCE FANCIES AND STUDIES: being a Sequel to 'Euphorion.' By VERNON LEE, Author of 'Euphorion, Antique and Mediæval in Renaissance,' &c. Crown 8vo. 6*s.* net.

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. Taken from the Work of JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS. By Lieut.-Col. ALFRED PEARSON. With a Steel Engraving of a recent Portrait of Mr. Symonds. Demy 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Mrs. LILIAN F. FIELD. Crown 8vo. 6*s.*

London: SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 Waterloo Place, S.W.