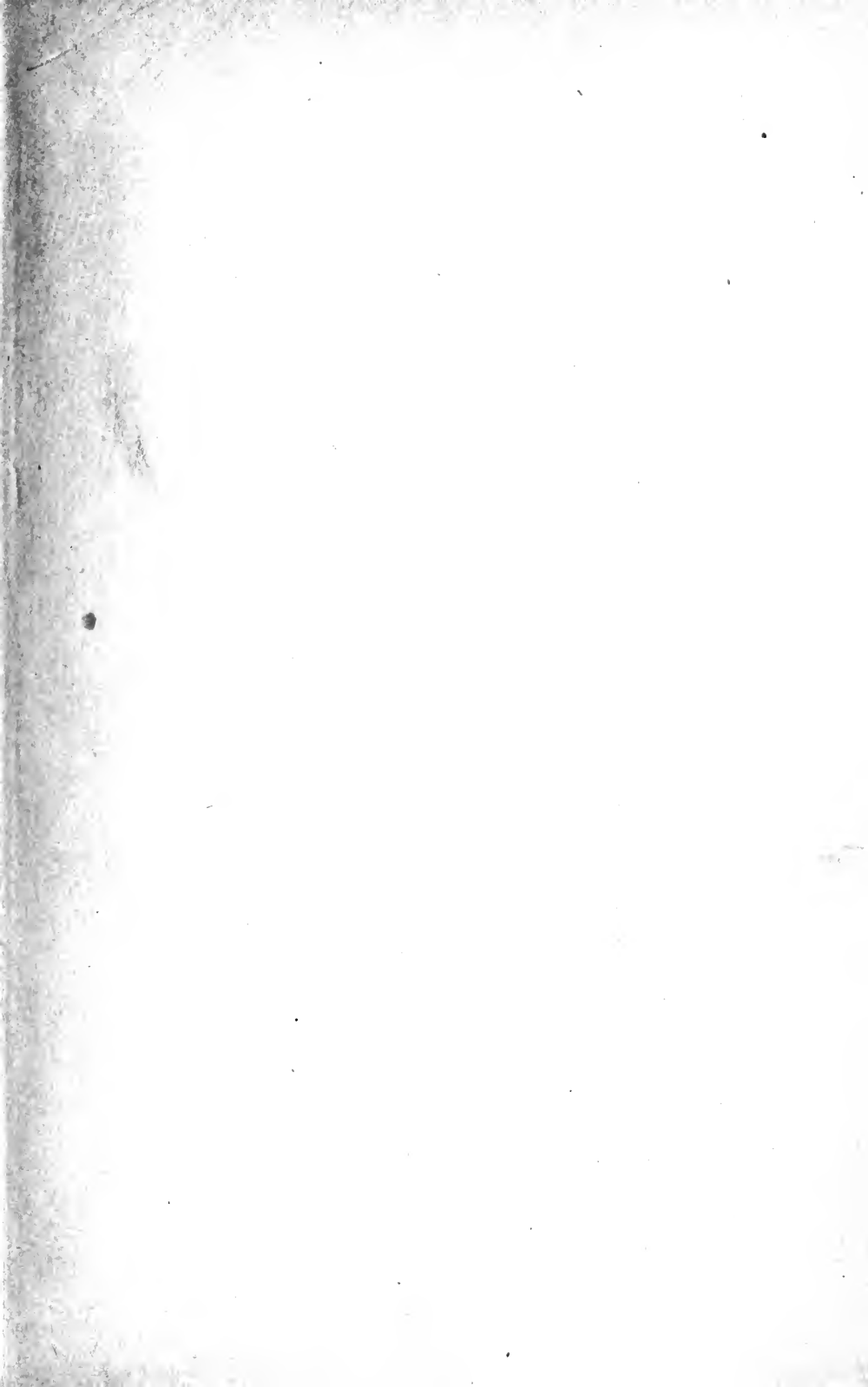


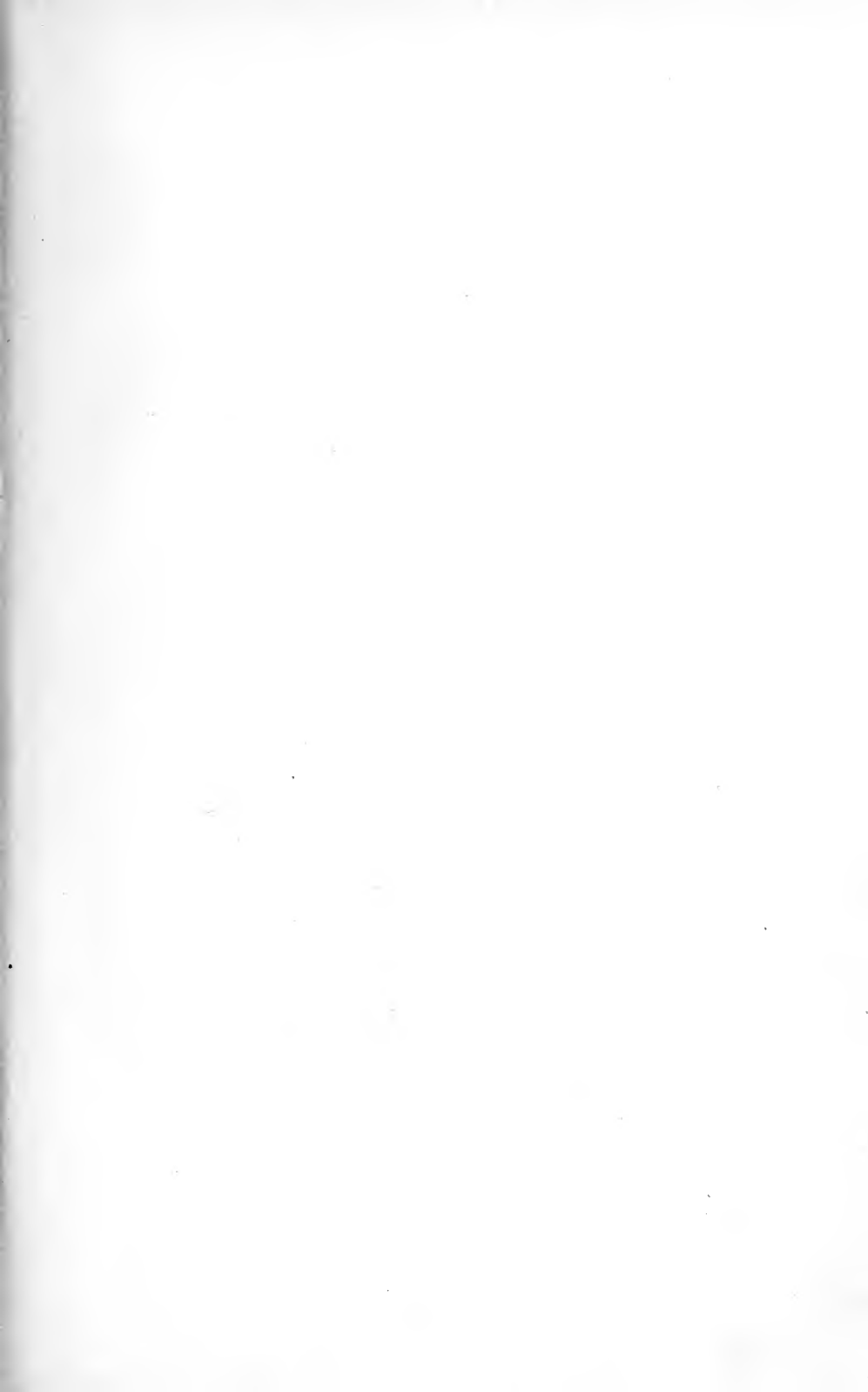
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ERRATA.

Page 16, stanza 4—For “then save” read “them save.”

Page 23, line 6—For “defied” read “deified.”

Page 59—For “Son. 34-vcxxiii” read “34-cxxviii.”

Page 80, note 2—For “Son. 83-xlix” read “82-xlix.”

Page 85, note 1—For “Son. 82-cxiii” read “81-cxiii.”

Page 312, line 2—For “Not” read “Nor.”

Page 336, stanza 3, line 6—For “leave” read “have.”

Page 336, stanza 4, line 5—For “has” read “hath.”

SHAKE-SPEARE
ENGLAND'S ULYSSES,
THE MASQUE
OF
LOVE'S LABOR'S WON
OR
THE ENACTED WILL.

The Phœnix. By the way sweet Nature tell me this,
Is this the Moly that is excellent,
For strong enchantments, and the adders hiss?¹
Is this the Moly that Mercurious sent
To wise Ulysses,² when he did prevent
The witchcraft, and foul Circes damned charms,
That would have compassed him with twenty
harms?

Mother Nature. This is the Moly growing in this land,
That was revealed by cunning Mercury
To great Ulysses, Making him withstand
The hand of Circes fatal sorcery,
That would have loaden him with misery,¹
And ere we pass Ile show some excellence,
Of other herbs in physics noble science.

Love's Martyr,³ or, *Rosalin's Complaint*, 1601, p. 92.

¹ Dramatic writing a handicap to the succession.

² Cp. "Great Strong-Bowe's heir," p. 130, and note 6, p. 244.

³ A mutilated, dismembered and buried love play.

Poets are borne not made, when I would prove
This truth, the glad remembrance I must love
Of never dying *Shakespeare*, who alone,
Is argument enough to make that one.
First, that he was a Poet none would doubt,
That heard th' applause of what he sees set out
Imprinted; where thou hast [I will not say]
Reader his workes for to contrive a Play.
To him 'twas none]¹ the patterne of all wit,
Art without Art unpareld as yet.

Leonard Digges in Benson's 1640 Edition of the Sonnets.

It was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general; but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, *set down with as much modesty as cunning.*—*Hamlet*, II. 2.

¹Where thou hast [I will not say
To him 'twas none] *reader his works for to contrive a play.*



ROBERT DEVEREUX, SECOND EARL OF ESSEX.

PEN NAMES:

HENRY WILLOBIE—ROBERT CHESTER—
IGNOTO AND WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



SHAKE-SPEARE
 ENGLAND'S ULYSSES,
 THE MASQUE
 OF
 LOVE'S LABOR'S WON
 OR
 THE ENACTED WILL.

"Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori."

DRAMATIZED
 FROM THE SONNETS OF 1609.
 ["Reader his workes for to contrive a play."]

BY
 LATHAM DAVIS.
 //

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“There were no gods ’till Love mingled all things; and by the mixture of the different with the different Heaven came to be, and Ocean, and Earth, and the undying race of all the blessed gods.”—Cp. *The Birds, Aristophanes*, ll. 691–706.

The ways on earth have paths and turnings known,
The ways on sea are gone by needle’s light,
The birds of heaven the nearest ways have flown,
And under earth the moles do cast aright;
A way more hard than those I needs must take,
Where none can teach, and no man can direct,
Where no man’s good for me example makes,
But all men’s faults do teach her to suspect.
Her thoughts and mine such disproportion have;
All strength of love is infinite in me;
She useth the advantage time and fortune gave
Of worth and power to get the liberty.

Earth, sea, heaven, hell, are subject to love’s laws;
But I! poor I! must suffer and know no cause.

Poems of Essex.

While Bacon’s sense of the presence of physical law in the universe was for his time extraordinarily developed, he seems practically to have acted upon the theory that the moral laws of the world are not inexorable, but rather by tactics and dexterity may be cleverly evaded.¹ Their supremacy was acknowledged by Shakspeare . . . he reaches to the ultimate truths of human life and character through a supreme and indivisible energy of love, imagination and thought.—*Shakspeare, His Mind and Art, Dowden*, p. 16.

¹ I do esteem whatsoever I have or may have in this world but as trash, in comparison of having the honour and happiness to be a near and well accepted kinsman to so rare and worthy a counsellor, governor, and patriot.—Letter, *Francis Bacon to Robert Cecil*, January 1st, 1608.

My Lord of Salisbury [Robert Cecil] had a good method, if his ends had been upright.—Letter, *Bacon to James I.*, May 31st, 1612.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE'S WILL. HAMLET'S "FOREST OF FEATHERS."

[NEVER BEFORE IMPRINTED.]

"*Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.*"

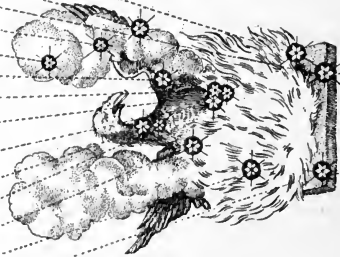
My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all.

Henry VI. i. 4.

Her ashes new create another heir,
....Who....shall star-like rise....
And so stand fix'd.

Henry VIII. v. 4.

ROBERT DEVEREUX



Oh let no Phoenix looke upon a Crowe,
Nor daintye hills bow downe to *dirtye dales*.*
Let never Heaven an hellish humour knowe,
Nor firme affect give eare to foolish tales:
For this in fyne will fall to be the troth
That *puddle matlie*† makes unwholesome broth.
A Loyal Appeal in Courtesy, Essex, 1601.

"*Of whom one name may rise.*"

The Muses in Pythagorean Transmigration Upon Plato's Ladder of Love.

| | | | | |
|--|--------|--|----------|--|
| Rarity | Wonder | Knowledge | Wisdom | Truth = The Phoenix ⁵ |
| Time | Time | Time | Time | Time = Father Time ⁴ |
| Love | Reason | Grace | Beauty | Art = Dædalus ³ |
| Desire | Envy | Hope | Ambition | Folly = Icarus ² |
| Nature | Nature | Nature | Nature | Nature = The *Crow ^{E 1} [The "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets.] |
| <p>"Raise my invention on swift Phantasy, That whilst of this same <i>Metaphysical</i> God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all, My laboring thoughts, with strained ardor sing."</p> <p style="text-align: right;">John Marston = <i>Witness</i>, 1601.</p> | | <p><i>The Phoenix⁶ and Turtle Dove.⁷</i> Let the bird of londest lay, On the sole Arabian tree, Herald sad and trumpet be, To whose sound chaste wings obey. But thou, shrieking harbinger, Foul precursor of the fiend, Augur of the fever's end, To this troop come thou not near. From this session interdict Every fowl of tyrant wing, Save the Eagle, feath' red king; Keep the obsequy so strict. Let the priest in surplice white, That defunctive music can, Be the death-divining Swan, Lest the requiem lack his right. And thou, treble-dated Crow, That thy sable gender mak'st With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.</p> | | |
| <p>William Shake-speare = [Nom de plume of Robert Devereux, 2d Earl of Essex.]</p> <p>"She was to him the analyzed world of pleasure, <i>Her firmness clothed him in variety.</i>"</p> <p style="text-align: right;">Geo. Chapman = <i>Witness</i>, 1601.</p> | | <p><i>Testator</i> 1601.</p> <p>"How only she bestowes The wealthy treasure of her love in him; Making his fortunes swim In the full flood of her admir'd perfec- tion." Ben Jonson = <i>Witness</i>, 1601.</p> | | |

¹ Emblem of Nature.

² Emblem of Folly.

³ Emblem of Art.

⁴ Emblem of Time.

⁵ Emblem of Immortality.

⁶ The Sonnets of 1600.

⁷ { England's Wooden Horse or the
Dramatis Personæ of the Sonnets of 1600.

⁸ { The 1600 arrangement of the
Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

One rare rich Phœnix of exceeding beauty,
One none-like Lily *in the earth* I placed;
One fair Helena to whom men owe duty,
One country with a milk-white Dove I graced.

One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath ever *Nature* placed on the ground.¹

Mother Nature to Jove in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 360.]

The only bird alone *that Nature Frames*,¹
When weary of the tedious life she lives,
By fire dies, yet finds new life in flames.

In Allusion to the Phœnix, Daniel, 1591. [Cp. p. 65.]

How only she [Mother Nature] bestowes¹
The wealthy treasure of her love in him:
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admired perfection.

Ben Jonson in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 226.]

Mars must become a coward in his mynde,
Whiles Vulcan standes to prate of Venus toyes:
Beautie must seeme to go against her kinde,
In crossing *Nature* in her sweetest joyes.¹

Poems of Essex. [Cp. p. 245.]

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself,¹ and truth to imitate
But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honie and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such *base born* men
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell.

Tears of The Muses, Spenser, 1591.

¹ Mother Nature herself a dramatist.

INTRODUCTION

"Favor must die, and fancy wear away."

Poems of Essex. [Cp. p. 245.]

Many have imagined that the greatest dramatist of the greatest literary period of the world was a man; in these pages I purpose showing that in Elizabeth's time there was a bragging woman who aspired to a chair among the immortals, and that our greatest comedy: the one that "of time shall live beyond the end"¹ was written—preposterous as it may seem—by a woman, Falstaff's mother, Dame Nature herself.

In 1598, Francis Meres mentions twelve plays by Shakespeare, six comedies, and six tragedies, "*affecting a balanced symmetry*;" among the comedies named was *Love's Labor's Won*. No play of this name has come down to us, was Meres mistaken in his studied nomenclature? Again, Hamlet is wordy, if not garrulous over "an excellent play" that was "*caviare to the general*," was Hamlet mistaken as to the existence of this *rare* play?

Among the works of Shakespeare are two productions whose meaning has withstood the skill and baffled the resources of our keenest scholars;² these compositions are the one hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets* taken collectively, and the eighteen stanza poem contributed to *Love's Martyr* and known as *The Phoenix and Turtle Dove*.

Apparently, these two productions have naught in common but are absolutely independent, *The Phoenix and Turtle* appearing in 1601, the *Sonnets* not seeing the light until 1609. From testimony now first in evidence, these compositions are so inti-

¹ Cp. Drayton's Sonnet to the Phoenix, p. 246.

² Cp. The Subject Matter, p. 14.

mately related that they fuse or coalesce, losing their individuality in one conception.

So they loved as love in twain,
Had the essence but in one,
Two distincts, division none,
Number there in love was slain.

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

The Phœnix and Turtle.

Briefly, the Phœnix is a dismantled Masque, its text represented by the one hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets*, and the *Turtle Dove* is the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque embedded in the first five stanzas of the poem known as *The Phœnix and Turtle*.

If that the *Phœnix* had been separated,
And from the gentle *Turtle* had been parted,
Love had been murdered in the infancie,
Without these two no love at all can be.

Love's Martyr; or, Rosalin's Complaint, p. 140.

In analyzing the framework of this Phœnix Masque—supposedly written and certainly enacted by Mother Nature and her children—it becomes apparent that the deep laid scheme cunningly assumes the dignity of a legal document, being witnessed by John Marston, George Chapman, and Ben Jonson, and that the sole purpose of the play is to convey and re-establish by an artistic Will the authorship of our Shake-spearian literature; furthermore, in the wiping out of the *Sonnets* as personal love poems, and their evolvment in a drama

“Only by dying born the very same”

the Phœnix prophecy in *Henry VIII*. is fulfilled.

“When heaven shall call her *from this cloud of darkness*,
Her ashes new create another heir.”

The name of this new heir to the Shake-spearian mantle, as revealed by the “star like” acrostic that “stands fix’d” at the termination of the Dramatis Personæ—is that of “the one pre-eminent man in the Court of Elizabeth,” none other than “the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex.”

Omaha, August, 1905.

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THE SUBJECT MATTER

“ ‘Robert Chester’s ‘Love’s Martyr; or, Rosalin’s Complaint, published in 1601, contained according to the preface, ‘diverse poetical essays on the Turtle¹ and Phœnix² done by the best and chiefest of our modern writers.’ Shakespeare’s contribution to this collection of verse was ‘The Phœnix and the Turtle’ the most enigmatical of his works. This poem of thirteen stanzas of four lines each, concluding with a Threnos of five stanzas of three lines each, is a poetical requiem for the Phœnix and the Turtle whose love was ‘married chastity.’ Among the contributors to the collection were Shakespeare’s great contemporaries, Jonson, Chapman, and Marston; but neither the purpose nor the occasion of the publication has yet been discovered, nor has any light been shed from any quarter on the allegory, whose meaning Shakespeare seems to have hidden from posterity in this baffling poem,—Emerson suggested that a prize be offered for an essay which ‘should explain by a historical research into the poetic myths and tendencies of the age in which it was written, the frame and allusions of the poem.’ But although much research has been devoted to this object, and many metaphysical, political, ecclesiastical, and historical interpretations have been suggested ‘the Phœnix and the Turtle remains an unsolved enigma.’—*Shakespeare, Poet, Dramatist, and Man*, H. W. Mabie, 1900, p. 225.

“In all seriousness we think it is high time that the ‘closure’ should be applied to the debate on the Mystery of Shakespeare’s Sonnets. If there was the faintest indication of any dawn on the darkness, even the wearied reviewer would be patient Indeed, it may now be said with literal truth that, unless some fresh discovery is made, nothing new, whether in the way of absurdity or sense, can be advanced on this Subject. The problem presented in the Sonnets is undoubtedly the most fascinating problem in all literature, and it is as exasperating as it is fascinating. It appears to be so simple, it seems constantly to be on the verge of its solution, and yet the moment we get beyond a certain point in inquiry, the more complex its apparent simplicity is discovered to be, the more hopeless all prospect of explaining the enigma.”—*Ephemeræ Critica*, 1902, J. C. Collins, p. 219.

¹ Allegory, the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

² Allegory, the Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque.

INVOCATIO

A prayer made for the prosperity¹ of the *Turtle Dove* [England's Wooden Horse], i. e., that the *Dramatis Personæ* of the Sonnets of 1609 may be discovered and the name of our true Shake-speare [England's Ulysses] shall not perish from the earth.

O Thou great maker of the firmament,
That rid'st upon the winged *Cherubins*,
And on the glorious shining element,
D Hear'st the sad praiera of the Seraphins,
That unto thee continually sing Hymnes;
Bow downe thy listning eares thou God of might,
To him whose heart will praise thee day and night.

Accept the humble Praiera of that soule,
That now lies wallowing in the myre of Sinne,
Thy mercie Lord doth all my powers controule,
E And searcheth reines and heart that are within:
Therefore to thee *Jehovah* Ile begin:
Lifting my head from my imprisoned grave,
No mercie but thy mercie me can save.

The foule untamed Lion still goes roring,
Old hell-bread *Sathan* enemy to mankind,
To lead me to his jawes that are devouring,
V Wherein no Grace to humane flesh's assign'd,
But thou celestiall Father canst him bind:
Tread on his head, tread Sinne and *Sathan* downe,
And on thy servants head set Mercies crowne.

¹ In *Love's Martyr* the heading to the prayer reads: "A prayer made for the prosperity of a silver coloured Dove, applied to the beauteous Phoenix."

Thus in acceptance of thy glorious sight,
I purge my deadly sinne in hope of grace,
Thou art the Doore, the Lanthorne and the Light,
E To guide my sinfull feete from place to place,
And now O Christ I bow before thy face:
And for the silver coloured earthly Dove,
I make my earnest prayer for thy love.

Shrowde her O Lord under thy shadowed wings,
From the worlds envious malice and deceit,
That like the adder-poisoned serpent stings,
R And in her way layes a corrupted baite,
Yet raise her God unto thy mercies height:
Guide her, O guide her from pernicious foes,
That many of thy creatures overthrowes.

Wash her O Lord with Hysope and with Thime,
And the white snow she shall excell in whitenesse,
Purge her with mercie from all sinfull crime,
E And her soules glorie shall exceed in brightnessse,
O let thy mercie grow unto such ripenesse:
Behold her, O behold her gracious King,
That unto thee sweet songs of praise will sing.

And as thou leadst through the red coloured waves,
The host of thy elected *Israel*,
And from the wrath of *Pharoe* didst then save,
U Appointing them within that land to dwell,
A chosen land, a land what did excell:
So guide thy silver Dove unto that place,
Where she Temptations envie may outface.

Increase thy gifts bestowed on thy Creature,
And multiply thy blessings manifold,
And as thou hast adorned her with nature,
X So with thy blessed eyes her eyes behold,
That in them doth thy workmanship unfold,
Let her not wither Lord without increase,
But bless her with joyes offspring of sweet peace.

Amen. Amen.

Robert Chester in Love's Martyr, 1601, p. 21.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

Hamlet, I-v.

THE MASQUE

—OF—

LOVE'S LABOR'S WON.

[A SWEET CONCEIT.]

The only thing that will satisfy the world that he [the Player] was not the author of the plays is *a demonstration* that another was. Such a demonstration cannot be supplied by the evidence of contemporaries, . . . still less can it be supplied by Cryptogram or Cipher.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb, Baconian.*

. . . Since the world is at this woefull passe,
Let Love's submission Honour's wrath apease:
Let not an Horse be matched with an Asse,
Nor hatefull tongue an happie hart disease.
So shall the world commend *a sweet conceipte*,
And humble Fayth on heavenly honour waite.

Poems of Essex, Cp. p. 245.

. I hold it ever,
 Virtue and cunning were endowments greater
 Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
 May the two latter darken and expend;
 But immortality attends the former,
 Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
 Have studied physic,¹ which doth give me
 A more content; in course of true delight
 Than to be thirsty after tottering honor,
 Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
 To please the fool and death.

Pericles, III-2.

Lines on the dismantling of a play that pleased not the million, but was "caviare to the general"² "of our gracious empress."³

Muses⁴ no more but Mazes⁵ be yor names,
 Where discord sound shall marre yor concorde sweet;
 Unkyndly now yor carefull fancye frames
 When fortune treads yor favors under feet;
 But foule befall that cursed Cuckoës⁶ throt,
 That so hath crost sweet Philomelas⁷ note.

Essex, "General of our gracious Empress."³

¹ Cp. p. 250. ² *Hamlet*, II. 2.

³ *Henry V.*, v. 1.

⁴ The speaking characters of the Sonnets of 1609.

⁵ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

⁶ The player Shakspeare, a creature of the crown.

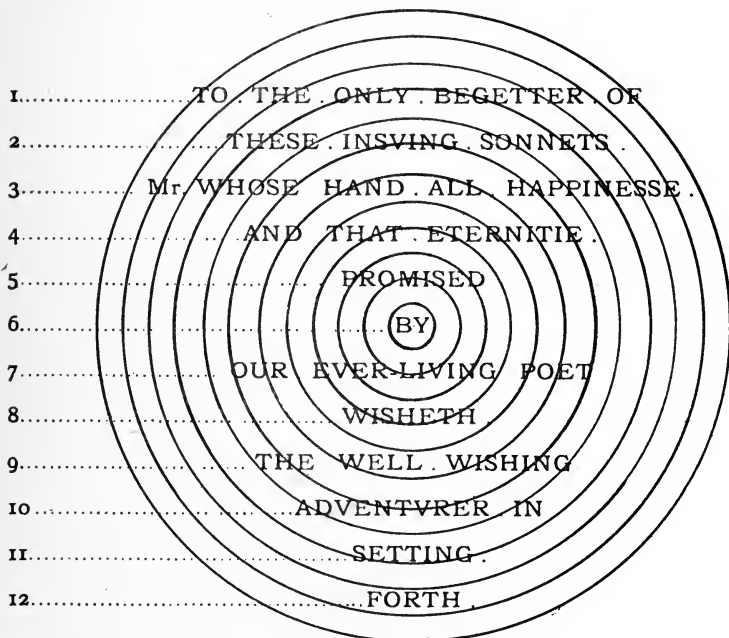
⁷ Essex, the Nightingale or the honey-tongued Shake-speare. Cp. p. 335.

THE "W. H." DEDICATION A CHALLENGE

—OR—

METAMORPHOSING¹ THE MIGHTY BOW.

Rational Knowledges are the keys of all other arts; for as Aristotle saith aptly and elegantly, *That the HAND is the Instrument of Instruments, and the mind is the Form of Forms*: so these be truly said to be the Art of Arts: neither do they only direct, but likewise confirm and strengthen; even as the habit of shooting doth not only enable to shoot a nearer shoot, but also to draw a stronger bow.—*Adv. of L.*, II. 260, *Francis Bacon*.



Behold your test of skill! I bring to you
 The mighty bow that great Ulysses bore.
 Who'er among you he may be *WHOSE HAND*
 Shall string this bow, and send through these Twelve Rings
An arrow, him I follow hence, and leave
 This beautiful abode of my young years,
 With all its plenty, though its memory,
 I think, will haunt me even in my dreams.

*Penelope's Challenge,*² *Homer,*

¹ For Shake-speare's indebtedness to Ovid, cp. note 2, p. 256.

² For noted translations of *Penelope's Challenge*, see p. 279.

THE SONNETS OF 1609, DEDICATED TO HOMER.

XXVI.—LXXVII.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written ambassage,¹
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought,¹ all naked, will bestow it;
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love thee;
 Till then, not show my head where thou may'st prove me.
 Thy glass² will show thee how thy beauties wear,
 Thy dial,¹ how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant³ leaves thy mind's imprint will bear,
 And of this book⁴ this learning may'st thou taste.
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory can not contain
 Commit to these waste⁵ acts,⁵ and thou shalt find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind. }⁶
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.⁷

William Shakespeare.

¹ The rigid laws of *time and place* our bard
 In this night's drama ventures to discard;
 If here he errs—he errs with *him* whose name
 Stands without rival on the rolls of fame;
Him whom the passions own with one accord
 Their great dictator and despotic lord.
 Prologue, *Thomas Morton's Columbus*, 1792.

[Cp. *Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist*, Lounsbury, p. 73.]

² The Sonnets of 1609.

³ Dismantled.

⁴ Cp. note 1, p. 30, and note 1, p. 222.

⁵ The Quarto "blacks" which, on strategic grounds, is in harmony with the last six lines of Son. xxvi.

⁶ The Gods in Pythagorean Comedy upon Plato's Ladder of Love.

⁷ Be still my thoughts, be silent all yee Muses,
 Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue:
 Arise old *Homer* and make no excuses,
 Of a rare peece of art must be my song,
 Of more then most, and most of all beloved,
 About the which *Venus* sweete doves have hovered.
Robert Chester in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 363.]

THE ARGUMENT, 1591.

So have I marveled to observe of late,
Hard favor'd Femines so scant of faire,
That *Masks* so choicely sheltred of the aire,
As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

John Marston in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 395.]

AT THE private stage in Essex House the play of *Hamlet* has, at intervals, been on the boards since 1589.¹ It is mooted in social and political circles, that mine host, the brilliant scholar and courtier Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex is the author, and the play is a stinging satire on the Court.

Summoned by the Queen, Essex confesses the authorship but denies in toto that it is in any way political.² Rumor persists—the play's application to the court will not down. For all parties concerned, socially, politically and religiously,³ the authorship must be shouldered on another,⁴ a-live-man-of-straw,—with a name that doth “heroically sound,”⁵ classical in its parentage, synonymous, interchangeable and suggestive of Ulysses⁶ of old,—is wanted. The humble⁴ and needy player from Stratford is judiciously selected, very reluctantly by the Queen, with eagerness by Essex, to father *Hamlet*.

At this violation of truth Mother Nature is sore distraught, —she desires to honor her chief interpreter, a poet who, *of necessity*, has been defrauded of his work. For, after all, Ham-

¹ For the date of *Hamlet*, see notes, pp. 114–115, and the “black ink” figures, p. 205.

² The defection of Essex and Southampton was social, not political.

. Most untymely spoken was that word
That brought the world in such a woefull state,
That Love and Likeing quite are overthrowne
And in their place are hate and sorrowes growne.”
Poems of Essex. [Cp. p. 244.]

³ Cp. sub-note 1, p. 162.

⁴ Cp. note 3, p. 211.

⁵ Cp. sub-note 1, p. 113, and Spenser's lines, p. 132.

⁶ “With Shakespeare we are still out of doors. He was the furthest reach of subtlety compatible with an individual self.”—*Emerson*.

let-Essex merely told the truth of noble Storge [Gertrude-Elizabeth] and her ministers; besides, the play was the work of a rash youth but little past his twentieth year, and was produced in a just spirit of revenge for the insufferable slander [*Leicester's Commonwealth*, 1585] published and breathed in all the courts of Europe, against his mother, [Lettice Knollys] and his dearly loved stepfather [Leicester, 1588].

So, Mother Nature desires to honor her best loved son¹—and the honoring shall be a play that will surpass

"All that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come."

This drama, in its analysis, shall reveal, in part, the source of our poets infinite invention and disclose the secret of his character building, and though not his greatest work shall be most of all beloved.

Whom no proud flocks of other fowls could move,
But in herself all company concluded.

Geo. Chapman in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 396.]

Nature's own children shall be the characters and she will tutor them in poetry—the language of the gods. As legend is far safer than innovation she will duplicate in England, Troy's famous horse. Her hero, Ulysses-Essex, shall emerge "with *heraldry* more dismal" and the play shall be a Masque, a Will and a Tragi-comedy to boot.

Joy's mirthful tower is thy dwelling place.

Mother Nature in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 372.]

Like many of the Comedies of Shake-speare the Masque is high-fantastical.

One rare rich Phoenix of exceeding beauty,
One none-like Lily *in the earth* I placed;
One fair Helena² to whom men owe duty,
One country with a milk-white dove³ I graced.
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath ever Nature placed on the ground.

*Mother Nature in Love's Martyr.*⁴ [Cp. p. 360.]

¹ Cp. Ben Jonson's lines, p. 10.

² The characters classical, the gods of Homer *in Extensio*.

³ "Milk-white dove," Essex's favorite word, Dr. Grosart in *Love's Martyr*, p. XLIX.

⁴ Allegory for the mutilated, dismembered or dismantled play of *Love's Labor's Won*.

It falls out that the Sonnets of 1609 are the text of the Masque, and the Dramatis Personæ assumes the form of a Will, terming in an acrostic that "star like" rises, "fixing" the name of the beneficiary, Essex.

The characters are personified abstractions, an assemblage of the dynamic forces of nature, or the human passions defied into Muses, neither

God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all.

John Marston in Love's Martyr. [Cp. p. 254.]

The time of the play is five years. The two star performers Mother Nature and Father Time are consummate at birth, reappearing in each act with the freshness of morning; the remaining eighteen characters [three in each act] are germinal, linked from act to act with hoops of steel, having a psychological progression. Their term of life being one year, "they live and die as flowers do now"—yet, like Circes swine, in a pythagorean sense, memory remains, and they frequently refer to their relationship in the preceding acts, and the possibilities of their children in succeeding acts.

The twenty-two characters defined by the text of the Sonnets and generically culminating in the acrostic, are the executors of the Will who bequeath in imperishable beauty [art in verse], the name of the poet who needs "no praise but comprehension."

O the comfort of comforts, to see your children
grow up, in whom you are, as it were eternized.

Arcadia, Sidney.

THE MASQUE
—OF—

LOVE'S LABOR'S WON; OR, THE ENACTED WILL.
PHILOSOPHIC, PSYCHO-TRAGI-COMIC, AND EMBLEMATIC.
—DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Gods in Pythagorean Transmigration Upon Plato's Ladder of Love.

| Act I. | Act II. | Act III. | Act IV. | Act V. and Anti-masque. |
|--------|---------|-----------|----------|-------------------------|
| Rarity | Wonder | Knowledge | Wisdom | Truth = The Phoenix |
| Time | Time | Time | Time | Time = Father Time |
| Love | Reason | Grace | Beauty | Art = Dædalus |
| Desire | Envy | Hope | Ambition | Folly = Icarus |
| Nature | Nature | Nature | Nature | Nature = The Crow |

THE PHOENIX AND TURTLE DOVE.¹
(From the additional poems to *Robert
Chester's Love's Martyr*,² or *Kosulin's
Complaint*, 1601.)

Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian tree,
Herald sad and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.
But thou, shrieking harbinger,
Foul precursor of the fiend,
Augur of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near.
From this session interdict
Every fowl of tyrant wing,
Save the Eagle, feather'd king:
Keep the obsequy so strict.
Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music can,
Be the death-divining Swan,
Lest the requiem lack his right.
And thou, treble-dated Crow,
That thy sable gender mak'st
With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st,
"Mongst our mourners shalt thou go.

¹ *The Turtle Dove* = England's Wooden Horse containing the name of Ulysses-Essex.

² *Love's Martyr* = A mutilated, dismembered and buried love play.

....."Look [Homer] thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind."
[Cp. p. 20.]

CYNEWULF puts the runes which spell his name into certain connected and personal verses in the midst, or at the end, of each of these poems; and Kemble was the first to discover that these runes, when placed together, made up the poet's name. Owing to this discovery it occurred, as we have seen, to Leo that the first Riddle contained in a charade the syllables of Cynewulf's name, and that in this way the *Riddles* were also signed The *Phoenix* is an unsigned poem of Cynewulf's In it he has passed from doubt and fear into a rapture of faith. Passage after passage is full of that lyric joy which, men tell us, belongs, at least, in the early days of that bright conviction, *to those who feel themselves saved.*—*Early English Literature*, Stopford A. Brooke, pp. 371-380.

Speaking of Willobie's well-known *Avisa*,¹ the Professor [Saintsbury] observes that nothing is known of Willobie² or of *Avisa*. If the Professor had known anything about the work, he would have known that *Avisa*² is simply an anagram made up of the initial letters of

A¹mans V²xor I³nviolata S⁴emper A⁵manda,
and that nothing is known of *Avisa*.—*Ephemera Critica*, J. C. Collins, p. 101.

¹ Published 1594, 1596, 1605, 1609, 1635. Suppressed by Elizabeth, 1596.

² Advice for the will-to-be. Cp. notes pp. 48, 49.

THE MASQUE

—OF—

LOVE'S LABOR'S WON.

ACT I.

MUSES REPRESENTED.

RARITY—TIME—LOVE—DESIRE—NATURE.

SCENE I. MOTHER NATURE *and* FATHER TIME.*Nature to Time.* I—XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.¹
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye,
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.
 The painful warrior famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd²
 Where I may not remove nor be remov'd.³

¹ Cp. the Essex lines, p. 10.² By my children; the characters in the Masque.³ From this rare Masque.

Other admirable men have led lives in some sort of keeping with their thought; but this man, in wide contrast, the best poet led an obscure and profane life. I cannot marry this fact to his verse.—*R. W. Emerson, Shaksperian.*

SCENE I.

Time to Nature. 2=XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck;
And yet methinks I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;
Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and wind,
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;¹
Or else of thee this I prognosticate:
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date.

¹ Mother Nature herself a dramatist. Cp. all of frontispage 10.

The rugged Pyrrhus.....
.....in the ominous horse,¹
Hath now.....
With *heraldry*.....
.....horridly trick'd²
....Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons.³
Hamlet, II. 2.

¹ The Turtle Dove [England's Wooden Horse] being the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque contains the name of Ulysses-Essex.

² Adorned.

³ The gods and goddesses of this psychological comedy.

ACT I.

Nature to Time. 3=LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
 But sad mortality o'er-sways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O, how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of batt'ring days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?¹
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?
 Or who his spoil of Beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink² my love may still shine bright.¹

¹ Mother Nature's-love is a dual one, first, through modesty, for her Phœnix Masque, and then for the author of the Masque. Cp. Drayton's *Son.*, p. 246.

² Cp. the acrostic running through the anti-masque, pp. 160-168.

The Phœnix prophecy in *Henry VIII.* is also dual, Essex usurping, for his phœnix play, Elizabeth's emblem, cp. p. 220.

Dualisms of the Exposition.

"A double darkness drowns the mind."

[Cp. note 2, p. 341.]

- | | | |
|---------------------|---|--|
| The Sonnets of 1609 | { | 1. Personal Love Sonnets. "Only by dying born the very same." 2. A Dismantled Masque. |
| Nature's Phœnix | { | 1. The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque. 2. Essex, our true Shake-speare. |
| Love's Martyr | { | 1. Prior to 1601, the Dismantled Masque of <i>Love's Labor's Won</i> . 2. Subsequent to 1601, Essex and the Masque. |
| The Sonnets of 1609 | { | 1. Willobie's Avisa. 2. Chester's Phœnix. |

SCENE I.

Time to Nature. 4=LVIII.

That god forbid, that made me first your slave,
I should in thought control your times of pleasure,
Or at your hand th' account of hours to crave,
Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!
O, let me suffer, being at your beck,
Th' imprison'd absence of your liberty;¹
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each check,
Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.²

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell:
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

¹ Answering line 14, Son. 3-LXV.; i. e., while it is your pleasure to divulge in "black ink" [acrostic] the name of your chief interpreter, yet the requisite absence springing from this liberty will prove an imprisonment to me.

² The then disesteem of dramatic writing:

By the way sweet *Nature* tell me this,
Is this the Moly that is excellent,
For strong Enchantments, and the *Adder's* hiss?
Love's Martyr, cp. frontispage 2.

Of the man Shakespeare we know nothing. From the nature of dramatic writing the author's personality is inevitably veiled; no letter, no saying of his or description by any intimate friend, has been preserved.—*Songs and Sonnets of Shakespeare*, F. T. Palgrave.

ACT I.

Nature to Time. 5—XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put beside his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much rage;
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to decay,
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's might.
 O, let my books¹ be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue² that more hath more express'd.
 O, learn to read what silent love hath writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine wit.

¹ A play, cp. Ben Jonson's introduction to *Sejanus*, p. 222.

Gosson in his *Schoole of Abuse*, containing a pleasaunt invective against Poets, Pipers, Players, Jesters, and such like Caterpillars of a Commonwealth, 1579, mentions "two prose Bookes plaied at the Belsauage;" and Hearne tells us, in a note at the end of *William of Worcester*, that he had seen "a MS. in the nature of a *Play* or *Interlude*, intituled, the *Booke* of Sir Thomas Moore." —*Richard Farmer*, 1767. Cp. *Smith's Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare*, p. 202.

² Time's tongue, cp. Son. 2—xiv. ll. 11, 12, and note 4, p. 121.

SCENE I.

Time to Nature. 6—LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend }
Upon the hours and times of your desire? }
I have no precious time at all to spend, }
Nor services to do, till you require. }
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence² sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu;
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
Save, where you are, how happy you make those.

So true a fool is love that in your Will,²
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

[*Exeunt.*³

¹ A time-server, "foul precurrer of the fiend." Cp. l. 2, p. 261.

² Cp. Note 1, Son. 4—LVIII. It seems that Nature's "imprison'd absence" was to write a Will that in literature and law could not be paralleled or broken, but was to last "until the stars totter and are punctual no more in their arithmetic."

³ At a first view of Scene I., the reader will suspect that a blunder has been made in not treating the entire scene, or a part of it, as a Prologue, from the fact of the characters speaking of the play *in the play*—but Jonson seems to have decided against the prologue. Cp. his *Love's Martyr* lines, stanza 7, p. 397.

ACT I.

SCENE II. MOTHER NATURE *and* THE GOD OF RARITY.*Rarity.*¹

7—LXII.

Sin of self-love² possesseth all mine eye,
 And all my soul, and all my every part;
 And for this sin there is no remedy,
 It is so grounded inward in my heart.
 Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
 No shape so true, no truth of such account;
 And for myself mine own worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths surmount.
 But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
 Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
 Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
 Self so self-loving were iniquity.
 'Tis thee,³ myself,⁴ that for myself I praise,
 Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

¹ Dr. Martineau, in his "Types of Ethical Theory," affirms that the assumption of Plato that Wonder is the primitive intellectual impulse; has, perhaps, its most emphatic expression in his *Theatetus*, 155D., where he says, Wonder is the special affection of a philosopher; for philosophy has no other starting point than this.—*Shake-speare in Baconian Light, Theobald*, p. 80.

Rarity the father of Wonder, "if a thing be rare, though in kind it be no way extraordinary, yet it is wondered at . . . for wonder is the child of Rarity."—*Nov. Org.*, II. xxxi., *Francis Bacon*.

² Of his [Essex's] other writings, his "Darling Piece of Love and Self-love" is particularly named by Sir H. Wotton. It is, I believe, not extant.—*Lives of the Earls of Essex, Devereux*, Vol. II. p. 195.

³ Mother Nature.

⁴ Nature's rare Phœnix Masque, represented by the god of *Rarity* in Act I.

SCENE II.

Nature to the god of Rarity. 8=cv.

Let not my love¹ be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;²
Therefore my verse to constancy³ confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
'Fair, kind, and true' is all my argument,
'Fair, kind, and true' varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three⁴ themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
'Fair, kind, and true' have often liv'd alone,
Which three,⁵ till now, never kept seat in one.

¹ This rare Phœnix Masque represented by the god of *Rarity* in Act I.

² Cp. note 2, p. 37.

³ "And thou of time shall live beyond the end."—*Drayton's Allusion to the Phœnix* [Masque], 1594. Cp. p. 246.

⁴ The evolution of all things is explained by the play of three forces: Necessity, Love and Hatred.—*Empedocles*.

⁵ For sources of the Masque's framework, see foundation lines, p. 253.

Tower Green—The space in front of the Chapel is called Tower Green, and was used as a burial ground; in the middle is a small square plot, paved with granite, showing the site on which stood at rare intervals the scaffold on which private executions took place. It has been specially paved by the orders of Her late Majesty. The following persons are known to have been executed on this spot:—

1. Queen Anne Boleyn, 19th May, 1536.
2. Margaret Countess of Salisbury, 27th May, 1541.
3. Queen Katharine Howard, 13th February, 1542.
4. Jane Viscountess Rochford, 13th February, 1542.
5. Lady Jane [Grey], 12th February, 1554.
6. Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, 25th February, 1601.

The executioner of the Earl of Essex was not able to do his work with less than three strokes, and was mobbed and beaten by the populace on his way home. The bodies of all six were buried in the Chapel of St. Peter.—*The Tower of London, W. J. Loftie*, p. 32.

ACT I.

*Rarity*¹ to Nature. 9=XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
 Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time?
 And fortify yourself in your decay
 With means more blessed than my barren rhyme?
 Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
 And many maiden gardens yet unset
 With virtuous wish would bear your living flowers,
 Much liker than your painted counterfeit;²
 So should the lines of life that life repair,
 Which this time's pencil or my pupil pen,
 Neither in inward worth nor outward fair,
 Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.

To give away yourself keeps yourself still, }
 And you must live, drawn by your own sweet skill. }³

¹ Beauty, Truth, and *RARITY*,
 Grace in all simplicity,
 Here enclosed in cinders lie.
The Phœnix and Turtle. [Cp. l. 1, p. 259.]

² Point of contact between *Love's Martyr* and the Sonnets of 1609:
 When all the rest beheld this counterfeit,
 They knew the substance¹ was of rarer price:
 Some gaz'd upon her face, on which did wait
 As messengers, her two celestial eyes;
 Eyes wanting fire, did give a lightning flame
How much more would her eyes man's senses tame.
Love's Martyr, Robert Chester, p. 16.

³ The Masque is Nature's own drama. Cp. couplet, Son. 7-LXII.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made.
Spenser, 1591. [Cp. frontispage 10.]

¹ The dialogue between Dame Nature, the Phœnix and the Turtle in *Love's Martyr* is a play by example for this Sonnet Masque.

One Phœnix born, another Phœnix burn.
Love's Martyr, p. 181.

SCENE II.

Nature to Rarity. 10—LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
The which he will not every hour survey,
For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide, }¹
To make some special instant special blest,
By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.²

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives scope,
Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.³

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Cp. Son. 3—LXV., l. 10.

² Cp. note 2, p. 31.

³ As yet the one contemporary book [*Willobie his Avisal*]¹ which has ever been supposed to throw any direct or indirect light on the mystic matter remains as inaccessible and unhelpful to students as though it had never been published fifteen years earlier than the date of publication and four years before the book in which Meres notices the circulation of Shakespeare's "Sugared Sonnets among his private friends."—*A Study of Shakespeare, Swinburne, 1879, p. 62.*

¹ Since this passage first went to press, I have received from Dr. Grosart the most happy news that he had procured a perfect copy of this precious volume, and will shortly add it to his occasional issues of golden waifs and strays forgotten by the ebb-tide of time. Not even the disinterment of Robert Chester's "glorified" poem [*Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*], with its appended jewels of verse [*The Phoenix and Turtle Dove*] from Shakespeare's very hand and from others only less great than Shakespeare's, all now at last reset in their strange original framework, was a gift of greater price than this.—*A Study of Shakespeare, Swinburne, 1879, p. 63.*

ACT I.

SCENE III. THE GODS OF LOVE *and* DESIRE.*Desire to Love.* I I=XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
 To see his active child do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more,
 Entitled in their parts, do crowned sit,
 I make my love engrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poor, nor despised,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd
 And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee:
 This wish I have; then ten times happy me!

*The Phœnix and Turtle Dove.*¹—"The genuineness of the contribution with Shakespeare's name subscribed is now generally admitted, though no successful attempt has yet been made to explain the allegory. In all probability the occasion and subject of the whole collection, which has so long baffled patient research, will some day be discovered, and *Shakespeare's meaning will be clear*. There is not much to be said in favor of the view that the *Phœnix* shadows forth Queen Elizabeth, and the *Turtle-Dove* typifies Robert Devereux, second Earl of Essex."—*Shakespeare's Sonnets Etc.*, *Israel Gollancz*, p. xxx.

¹ Cp. William Shakespeare's Will, p. 257.

SCENE III.

Love to Desire. 12=LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force; be it not said
Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
Thy hungry eyes even till they wink with fullness,
To-morrow see again, and do not kill
The spirit of Love with a perpetual dullness.¹
Let this sad int'rim like the ocean be
Which parts the shore where two contracted new
Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
Return of love, more blest may be the view;
Else call it winter, which being full of care
Makes summer's welcome thrice more wish'd, more
rare.

¹ What may we wonder at? O where is learning?
Where is all difference 'twixt the good and bad?
Where is *Appelles* art? where is true cunning?
Nay where is all the vertue may be had?
Within my Turtle's¹ bosom, she refines,
More then some loving perfect true devines.²
Love's Martyr, Robert Chester, p. 135.

¹ The Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

² Although Shake-speare has been accounted the "priest of all time," "the great teacher in all earthly affairs," yet I question whether his preaching is anywhere so pronounced as in this Sonnet Masque.

ACT I.

Desire to Love. 13=XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best see,
 For all the day they view things unrespected;
 But when I sleep, in dreams they look on thee,
 And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.
 Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make bright,
 How would thy shadow's form form happy show
 To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
 When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so!
 How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
 By looking on thee in the living day,
 When in dead night¹ thy fair imperfect shade
 Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth stay!
 All days are nights to see till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days when dreams do show thee me.

¹ 'In night' quoth she, 'desire sees best of all.'
Venus and Adonis, l. 720.

In the case of the authorship of the Shakespearian Plays, there are circumstances of difficulty which are common to both the candidates [Shakspeare and Bacon] for this supreme distinction. . . . The contemporaries of the great dramatist were loud in their admiration of his work, but they say nothing of the man. They talk of the *honey-tongued* Shakspeare, but they do not tell us who the *honey-tongued* Shakspeare was,¹ . . . whoever was entitled to that glorious name he never claimed it. . . . As to the Player, the great nobles who are said to have been his patrons are wholly silent. *Essex makes no mention of his name*; Southampton never alludes to him; Pembroke was not acquainted with him.—*The Mystery of William Shakspeare*, Judge Webb, Baconian.

¹ Cp. *The Buzzing Bee's Complaint*, p. 335.

SCENE III.

Love to Desire. 14=CXXIX.

Th' expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd murd'rous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner, but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had,
Past reason hated; as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad;
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof, and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none knows well
To shun the heav'n that leads men to this hell.¹

¹ The mounting Phœnix,¹ chaste desire,
This Virtue Fram'd, to conquer Vice,
This Not-seene Nymph,¹ this Heatlesse Fire,
This Chast Found Bird, of noble price,
Was nam'd *Avisa*¹ by decree,
That name and nature might agree.
Henry Willobie, 1594, p. 152.

The time will come, when the unreasoning conservatism in the public mind on the subject of the authorship of "Shake-speare" will be universally regretted as a reflection upon the scholarship of our age. From the banks of the Missouri;² from the wheat fields of Minnesota; from far-off Melbourne; out of the heart of humanity somewhere; a response in due time is sure to come.—*Bacon vs. Shakspeare, Edwin Reed, Baconian.*

¹ Allegory for the Masque of *Love's Labor's Won.*

² "In requital of your prophecy, hark you."—*Meas. for Meas.* II. I.

ACT I.

Desire to Love. 15=XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
 Although our undivided loves are one;
 So shall those blots that do with me remain,
 Without thy help, by me be borne alone.
 In our two loves there is but one respect,
 Though in our lives a separable spite,
 Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
 Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's delight.
 I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
 Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame,¹
 Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
 Unless thou take that honour from thy name:
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

¹ How much more would her [the Masque] eyes man's senses tame.
Robert Chester's Love's Martyr, p. 16.

Can *Britaine* breede no Phœnix¹ bird,
 No constant feme in English field?
 To Greece to Rome, is there no third,
 Hath *Albion* none that will not yield?
 If this affirme you will not dare,
 Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.
 Willobie's Avisas,¹ p. 152.

¹ From the foot notes to Act I, the reader will perceive that *Chester's Phœnix* and *Willobie's Avisas* are neither bird, woman nor person but dual allegories for the dismantled Masque published under the name of *Shake-speare's Sonnets* in 1609.

SCENE III.

Love to Desire. 16—XXXIX.

O, how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine own praise to mine own self bring?
And what is 't but mine own when I praise thee?
Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth deceive,
And that thou teachest how to make one twain,
By praising him here who doth hence remain!

Penelope must now contend
For chaste renown: whose constant heart,
Both Greeks and Latines all commend
With poore *Avisa* new upstart,
I scorne to speake much in this case,
Her *prayses Rivall is*¹ so base.

*Henry Willobie,*² 1594.

¹ That is, "Rivall's prayses are."

In one sense, no doubt, Shakespere is unequal—as life is. He is not always at the tragic heights of Othello and Hamlet, at the comic raptures of Falstaff and Sir Toby, at the romantic ecstasies of Romeo and Titania. Neither is life. But he is always—and this is the extraordinary and almost inexplicable difference, not merely between him and all his contemporaries, but between him and all other writers—at the height of the particular situation.—*History of English Literature, Saintsbury*, p. 164.

² For the identity of this hitherto unknown and never-again-heard-of poet [except in *Willobie's Avisa*], see pen names of Essex, frontispiece.

ACT I.

Desire to Love. 17—LXXIV.

But be contented: when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee:
 The earth can have but earth, which is his due;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me:
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs¹ of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead,
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.

The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

¹ The vanity and malignity of the affections, leave nothing but impotency and confusion.—*Int. of Nature, Francis Bacon, p. 67.*

But yet, if further you will have *my conceit*, the order, words, and frame of the whole discourse, force me to think that which I am unwilling to say: That this name insinuateth, that there was never such a woman seene, as here is described. For the word *A'visa* is compounded [after the Greeke manner] of the privative particle *A*, which signifieth *Non*: and of the participle *Visus, Visa, Visum*, which signifieth, *Seene*: So that *Avisa* should signifie [by this] as much as *Non Visa*, that is: Such a woman as was never seene. Which if it bee true, then *Avisa*¹ is yet unborne, that must rejoyce in this prayse.—*The Apologie, Willobie's Avisa, p. 145.*

¹ Allegory for the Masque of *Love's Labor's Won.*

SCENE III.

Love to Desire. 18—CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I against myself¹ with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lower'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy mind,
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am blind.

¹ She quels by *Reason* filthy lust,
Shee chokes by *Wisdom* leude *Desires*,
Shee shunnes the baite that fondlings trust,
From Sathan fleights she quite retires,
Then let *Avisa's*¹ prayse be spread,
When rich and poore, when all are dead.
Henry Willobie, 1594, p. 154.

From Sappho and Solomon to Shelley and Mr. Swinburne, many bards have spoken excellently of love: but what they have said could be cut out of Shakespeare's Sonnets better said than they have said it, and yet enough remain to furnish forth the greatest of poets.—*History of English Literature, Saintsbury*, p. 164.

¹ Allegory, The Masque of *Love's Labor's Won*.

ACT I.

Desire to Love. 19=CXXXVI.

If thy soul check thee that I come so near,
 Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy Will,¹
 And 'Will,'² thy soul knows, is admitted there;
 Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
 'Will'³ will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
 Ay, fill it full with wills,⁴ and my will⁵ one.
 In things of great receipt with ease we prove
 Among a number one is reckon'd none:
 Then in the number let me pass untold,
 Though in thy store's account I one must be;
 For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
 That nothing me, a something sweet to thee:

Make but my name thy love, and love that still, }
 And then thou lov'st me, for my name is Will. }⁶

[*Exeunt.*]

To what depth of vapidty Shakespeare and contemporary *punsters* could sink is nowhere better illustrated than in the favour they bestowed on efforts to extract amusement from the parities and disparities of form and meaning subsisting between the words 'will' and 'wish.'—*The 'Will' Sonnets, Sidney Lee, p. 418.*

¹ Poet, interpreter of Love's "blind soul."

'Willy' was a general name for a Shepherd; i. e., poet.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets, Massey, p. 511.*

Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late.—*Tears of the Muses, Spenser.*

The characters in the Masque call themselves Poets seven times and Muses, fifteen times. The goddess Hope designates Knowledge as a god in Son. 63-cx.

² The poet Desire, "thy soul knows, is admitted there."

³ The poet Desire.

⁴ Self-will and good will.

⁵ Wish, good will.

⁶ Love only my name [something less than loving myself] and then thou lovest me, for my name is Will . . . i. e., *all Desire.*—*Shakespeare's Sonnets, Dowden, p. 238.*

SCENE IV.

MOTHER NATURE, FATHER TIME *and* THE GODS OF
RARITY, LOVE *and* DESIRE.

Nature to Rarity. 20—LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-raz'd
And brass eternal slave to mortal rage;
When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
Increasing store with loss, and loss with store;
When I have seen such interchange of state,
Or state itself confounded to decay;
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,
That Time will come and take my love away.

This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

In Lavine land though Livie boast,
There have beene seene a Constant Dame:
Though Rome lament that she have lost
The garland of her *rarest* fame
Yet now ye see that here is found,
As great a faith in English ground.¹

Though Collatine have dearly bought,
To high renoune a lasting life,
And found, that most in vaine have sought,
To have a faire and constant wife
Yet Tarquine pluckt his glistening grape,
And Shake-speare² paints poore Lucrece rape.

Willobie's Avisas, 1594, p. 15.

¹ *Avisa*, allegory for this Sonnet Masque.

² The first mention of Shake-speare's name in literature.

ACT I.

Time to Rarity. 21—XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou grow'st,
 In one of thine from that which thou departest;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou bestow'st
 Thou may'st call thine when thou from youth convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay:
 If all were minded so, the times should cease
 And threescore year would make the world away.
 Let those whom Nature hath not made for store,
 Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
 Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave the more;
 Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty cherish;
 She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant thereby
 Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy die.

It seems certain that the author of the wondrous plays was one of the noblest of men, and yet it is true we know but little of Shakespeare; no letter of his to any human being has been found, and no line written by him can be shown; but we do know Bacon, and we know that he was a time-server of church and king and a corrupt judge and that he could not have written these plays—consequently they must have been written by a comparatively unknown man—that is to say, by a man who was known by no other writings.—*Shakespeare A Lecture*, Robert G. Ingersoll, Shaksperian.

SCENE IV.

Nature to Rarity. 22=LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now, }
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'erworn; }¹
When hours have drain'd his blood and fill'd his brow
With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night,
And all those beauties whereof now he's king
Are vanishing or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's life:
His beauty shall in these black lines be seen, }²
And they shall live, and he in them still green. }

¹ For Shake-speare's indebtedness to Sophocles in the use of irony, see *Studies in Shakespeare*, J. Churton Collins, p. 92.

² Cp. note 1, p. 33.

Let wise Ulysses constant mate,
Vaunt noble birth her richest boast,
Yet will her challenge come too late,
When pride and wealth have done their most,
For this *Avisa* from above
Came down, whose sire is mighty Jove.¹

Willobie's Avisa, p. 137.

To be told that he played a trick on his brother player in a licentious amour, or that he died of a drunken frolic . . . does not exactly inform us of the man who wrote "Lear."—*Hallam*.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 37. and use of the word in *Hamlet*, note 2, p. 237.

ACT I.

*Time to Desire.*¹ 23=VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy:
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
 Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
 Strikes each in each by mutual ordering;
 Resembling sire, and child, and happy mother,
 Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
 Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
 Sings this to thee: 'thou single wilt prove none.'

¹ If music be the food of love, play on:
 Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken; and so die.
Twelfth Night, I. I.

¹ Let the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death-divining Swan
 Lest the requiem lack his right.
The Phoenix and Turtle Dove.

There can be no doubt that Henry Willobie's alleged authorship is a literary hoax, and that the publication contained matter of a satirical and perhaps libellous nature; hence in 1596 it was "called in."—*Shakespeare's Sonnets, Israel Gollancz*, p. xviii.

SCENE IV.

Nature to Love. 24=IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
Ah! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife;
The world will be thy widow and still weep,
That thou no form of thee has left behind,¹
When every private widow well may keep,
By children's eyes her husband's shape in mind.
Look, what an unthrift in the world doth spend,
Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys it;
But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
And kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.

No love toward others in that bosom sits
That on himself such murd'rous shame commits.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 47.

Doubt is justifiable as to whether the story of "Avisa" and her lovers is not fictitious. In a preface signed Hadrian Dorell, the writer, after mentioning that the alleged author [Willobie] was abroad, discusses somewhat enigmatically whether or no the work is "a poetical fiction." In a new edition of 1596 the same editor decides the question in the affirmative.—*A Life of William Shakespeare, Sidney Lee*, p. 157.

ACT II.

MUSES REPRESENTED.

WONDER—TIME—REASON—ENVY—NATURE.

SCENE I. *Enter* THE GODDESS REASON *and* THE GOD
OF WONDER.*Wonder.*¹

25=CLI.

Love is too young to know what conscience is;
 Yet who knows not conscience is born of love?²
 Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
 Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
 For, thou betraying me, I do betray
 My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
 My soul doth tell my body that he may
 Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason;
 But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee,
 As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
 He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
 To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
 No want of conscience hold it that I call
 Her 'love' for whose dear love I rise and fall.

¹ *Wonder* is the child of *Rarity*.—*Nov. Org.*, xxxi.² Those lips [*Reason's*] that *Love's* own hand did make, Cp. *Son.* 47=CXLV.

SCENE I.

Reason.

26=CXI.

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.¹
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,²
And almost thence my nature is subdued }
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand: }³
Pity me then and wish I were renew'd;
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

¹ Cp. Son. 42-CXXXVII. ll. 6 and 10.

² O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.
Venus and Adonis, l. 791.

³ It is a false assertion that the sense of man is the measure of things: on the contrary, all perceptions as well of the sense as of the mind are according to the measure of the individual and not according to the measure of the universe. —*Nov. Org.*, xli.

ACT II.

Wonder.

27=XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast done:
 Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud;
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
 All men make faults, and even I in this,
 Authorizing thy trespass with compare,
 Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
 Excusing thy sins, more than thy sins are;
 For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense—
 Thy adverse party is thy advocate—
 And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence:
 Such civil war is in my love and hate,
 That I an accessory needs must be
 To that sweet thief which sourly robs from me.¹

¹ Feed yourselves with questioning,
 That reason wonder may diminish.
As You Like It, v. 4, l. 145.

SCENE I.

Reason.

28=LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities¹ of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

¹ The dissipation of wonder by the advent of knowledge. . . . Wonder is the vestibule of knowledge—the sentiment that is left when we pass beyond the porch and enter the dwelling. . . . —*Shakespeare in Baconian Light, Theobald*, pp. 83, 84.

ACT II.

Wonder. 29=CXXV.

Wer't aught to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extern the outward honouring,
 Or laid great bases for eternity,
 Which prove more short than waste or ruining?
 Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
 Lose all, and more, by paying too much rent,
 For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
 Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?¹
 No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
 And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
 Which is not mix'd with seconds,² knows no art,
 But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd³ informer! a true soul
 When most impeach'd stands least in thy control.

¹ The characters being Pythagoreans, *Wonder* was *Rarity* in Act I. and saw *Love* and *Desire* dismissed by *Time* and *Nature*.—Act I. Scene IV.

² The god of *Wonder* being the favorite of *Nature*, the antithesis demands that the goddesses *Reason* and *Envy* should be the fools of *Time* and they are so shown in Son. 32-CXXIV.

³ Cp. Son. 43-CLII., l. 6.

. . . . She hath prosperous art,
 When she will play with reason and discourse.
Measure for Measure, 1. 2, l. 190.

Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason.
Second Henry IV., IV. 1, l. 191.

SCENE I.

Reason.

30=CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Trick'd¹ by these rebel powers² that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.³

[*Curtain.*

¹ Trick'd [adorned], the missing word is supplied by *Hamlet*. Cp. note 1, p. 27.

² *Time and Reason*. Cp. Son. 28-LX. ll. 9, 10.

Be wary then; best safety lies in fear:
Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.

Hamlet, I. 3, l. 44.

³ The philosophic complexion of the Masque is nowhere better illustrated than in this Sonnet.

ACT II.

SCENE II. *Enter* MOTHER NATURE *and* FATHER TIME.*Time.*

31=LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
 Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
 Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
 The second burthen of a former child!¹
 O, that record could with a backward look,
 Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
 Show me your image in some antique book, }
 Since mind² at first in character was done! }³
 That I might see what the old world could say
 To this composed wonder of your frame;
 Whe'r we are mended, or whe'r better they,
 Or whether revolution be the same.

O, sure I am, the wits of former days
 To subjects worse have given admiring praise.

¹ In Act I. the god of *Rarity* was the favorite of *Nature*. In Act II. envious and servile *Time* being the disturbing element in the play, naturally has an aversion to *Wonder*, the child of *Rarity*.

² It must be born in mind that the characters in the play are the gods and goddesses of Homer in extenso [Cp. Dedicatory Son. LXXVII., ll. 9 to 14,], and that the play is partly founded on the lines of Aristophanes. "There were no gods 'til Love mingled all things; and by the mixture of the different with the different Heaven came to be, and Ocean, and Earth and the undying race of all the blessed gods." The ardent love between the characters is merely Platonic, unmingled with carnal desire and regards the *Mind* only.

. All is mind,
 As far from spot, as possible defining.
John Marston, in Love's Martyr, p. 187.

³ Cp. Sen. 93-cvi.

SCENE II.

Nature.

32=CXXIV.

If my dear love¹ were but the child of state,
It² might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls:
It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short- numb' red hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with showers.

To this I witness call the fools of Time,³

Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.⁴

[*Exit Nature.*

¹ The god of *Wonder*.

² The Sonnets do not speak to beings of flesh and blood.—*Barnstorff*.

³ The goddesses *Reason* and *Envy*. Cp. note 2, p. 54.

⁴ And he, the man whom Nature's self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate.
Tears of the Muses, Spenser, 1591.

ACT II.

Time.

33=XXI.

So is it not with me as with that Muse¹
 Stir'd by a painted beauty² to his verse,
 Who heaven itself for ornament doth use
 And every fair with his fair doth rehearse;
 Making a couplement of proud compare,
 With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems,
 With April's first-born flowers, and all things³ rare
 That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems. }
 O, let me, true in love, but truly write, [Enter *Envy*.
 And then believe me, my love⁴ is as fair
 As any mother's⁵ child, though not so bright
 As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air:
 Let them say more that like of hearsay well;⁶
 I will not praise that purpose not to sell.

¹ The god of *Wonder*.² The goddess *Reason*.

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering art,
 Is not more ugly.

Hamlet, III. I.

Reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.

Venus and Adonis, l. 791.³ Cp. *Son.* 27-xxxv. ll. 2-4.⁴ The goddess *Envy*.⁵ Referring to *Nature*.

⁶ In *Sons.* 21-xi. and 84-civ. it is shown that the characters [excepting *Time* and *Nature*] are Pythagoreans, [preserving the gift of memory after death]. In "hearsay well" *Time* is referring to the formula "He said it" adopted by the disciples of Pythagoras, when they alluded to any of the doctrines of their teacher.

Cp. *Plato's Works* [Bohn's Libraries], Vol. VI. p. 239.

SCENE II.

Envy.

34=VCXXIII.

How oft, when thou, my music¹ music play'st,²
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks³ that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest reap,
At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their state
And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more blest than living lips;
 Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
 Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

¹ Is it that only rhythmic music is envied or does she answer the last six lines of Son. 33-xxi.?

² Explained psychologically by *Beauty to Ambition*, l. II, Son. III-CH.

"But that wild music burthens every bough."

Envy being the grandmother of *Ambition*, this is one of the secrets of Shakespeare's character building revealed in the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

When we think a thing, we, ordinary men, we only think a part of it; we see one side, some isolated mark, sometimes two or three marks together; for what is beyond, our sight fails us; the infinite network of its infinitely-complicated and multiplied properties escapes us . . . We are like tyro naturalists . . . who, wishing to represent an animal, recall its name and ticket in the museum, with some indistinct image of its hide and figure . . . Picture to yourself, the complete idea, that is, an inner representation, so abundant and full that it exhausts all the properties and relations of the object, all its inward and outward aspects . . . and beyond this its *instincts*, their composition, their causes, their *history* . . . there you have the artist's conception—Shakespeare's.—*English Literature, Taine*, Vol. I. p. 339.

³ Keys.

ACT II.

Time.

35=CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I that I am old?
 O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie¹ with her and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

[*Curtain.*]

¹ I smilingly credit her falsities. Thus, on both sides, we suppress the real facts, and I lie to her, while she lies to me, and so by reciprocal falsehoods, we flatter each other's vanities.—*A New Study of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Godwin, p. 140.

SCENE III.

Enter THE GODDESS REASON *and* THE GOD OF WONDER.

Wonder. 36—XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Thou, best of dearest and mine only care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.¹
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my breast,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

¹ O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous.

Lear, II. 4, l. 267.

ACT II.

Reason.

37—XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
 Injurious distance should not stop my way;
 For then despite of space I would be brought,
 From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.¹
 No matter then although my foot did stand
 Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee;
 For nimble thought can jump both sea and land
 As soon as think the place where he would be.
 But, ah! thought kills me that I am not thought
 To leap large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
 But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
 I must attend time's leisure with my moan,
 Receiving nought by elements so slow
 But heavy tears, badges of either's woe.

¹ Things which really call for Wonder . . . if we have them by us in common use, are but slightly noticed . . . among the singularities of nature I place the sun, the moon, the magnet, and the like.—*Nov. Org.*, Book II., xxxi,

SCENE III.

Wonder. 38—L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
When what I seek, my weary travel's end,
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
'Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy friend!'
The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lov'd not speed, being made from thee:
The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide;
Which heavily he answers with a groan,
More sharp to me than spurring to his side:
For that same groan doth put this in my mind;
My grief lies onward and my joy behind.¹

¹ When wonder ceases, knowledge begins.—*Shakespeare in Baconian Light*,
Theobald, p. 80.

ACT II.

Reason.

39=XLV.

The other two, slight air, and purging fire,¹
 Are both with thee, wherever I abide;
 The first my thought, the other my desire,
 These present-absent with swift motion slide.
 For when these quicker elements are gone
 In tender embassy of love to thee,
 My life, being made of four,² with two alone
 Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melancholy;
 Until life's composition be recur'd
 By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
 Who e'en but now come back again, assur'd
 Of thy fair health, recounting it to me:
 This told, I joy; but then no longer glad,
 I send them back again and straight grow sad.

¹ Chiding that tongue [*Reason's*] that ever sweet
 Was used in giving *gentle* doom.

Son. 47-CXLV. l. 6.

² Does not our life consist of the four elements.
Twelfth Night, II. 3.

SCENE III.

Wonder.

40=LI

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
Of my dull bearer when from thee I speed:
From where thou art, why should I haste me thence?
Till I return, of posting is no need.
O, what excuse will my poor beast then find,
When swift extremity can seem but slow?
Then should I spur, though mounted on the wind;
In winged speed no motion shall I know:
Then can no horse with my desire keep pace;
Therefore desire, of perfect'st love being made,
Shall neigh, no dull flesh in his fiery race;
But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade;
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave to go.

The only bird alone that Nature frames,
When weary of the tedious life she lives,
By fire dies, yet finds new life in flames:
Her ashes to her shape new essence gives.
For hapless loe even with my own desires
I figured on the table of my heart,
The goodliest shape that the world's eye admires,
And so did perish by my proper art.
And still I toil to change the marble breast
Of her whose sweet *Idea* I adore,
Yet cannot find her breath unto my rest;
Hard is her heart, and woe is me therefore.

O blessed he that joyes his stone and art,
Unhappy I to love a stony heart.¹

Samuel Daniel, 1591 [Cp. *Grosart's Daniel*, Vol. I. p. 25].

¹ The first allusion in literature to this Phœnix Masque.

ACT II.

Reason to Wonder. 41=CIII.

Alack, what poverty my muse brings forth,
 That having such a scope to show her pride,
 The argument all bare is of more worth
 Than when it hath my added praise beside!
 O, blame me not, if I no more can write!
 Look in your glass,¹ and there appears a face
 That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
 Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.²
 Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
 To mar the subject that before was well?
 For to no other pass my verses tend,
 Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
 And more, much more, than in my verse can sit
 Your own glass¹ shows you when you look in it.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Cp. Dedicatory Son. LXXVII. l. 1.

² The human understanding is like a false mirror, which, receiving rays irregularly, distorts and discolours the nature of things by mingling its own nature with it.—*Nov. Org.*, XLI.

SCENE IV.

Enter THE GODDESS ENVY.

[THE GODDESS REASON *in the background.*]

Envy. 42=CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love,¹ what dost thou to mine eyes,
That they behold, and see not what they see?
They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by over-partial looks,
Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,²
Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
Why should my heart think that a several plot
Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not,
To put fair truth upon so foul a face?³

In things right true my heart and eyes have err'd,
And to this false plague⁴ are they now transferr'd.

[*Reason comes forward.*]

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 56.

² Wherefore should I stand in the plague of custom.—*Lear*, I. 2.

³ Cp. note 1, p. 69.

⁴ A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.—*Troilus and Cressida*, III. 3.

If reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason,—*First Henry IV.*, II. 4.

ACT II.

Reason.

43=CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,¹
 But thou art twice forsworn, to me love swearing;
 In act thy bed-vow broke² and new faith torn
 In vowing new hate after new love bearing.
 But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse thee,
 When I break twenty? I am perjur'd³ most;
 For all my vows are oaths but to misuse thee,
 And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
 For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep kindness,
 Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy,
 And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blindness,⁴
 Or made them swear against the thing they see;
 For I have sworn thee fair; more perjur'd I,
 To swear against the truth so foul a lie!

¹ Scene I., *Reason* is in love with *Wonder*.² Scene II., *Envy* is in love with *Time*.³ Cp. Son. 29-cxxv., l. 13.⁴ Cp. Son. 14-cxxix.

SCENE IV.

Envy.

44=CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
Hate of my sin, grounded on sinful loving:
O, but with mine compare thou thine own state,
And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine, }
Robb'd others' beds' revenues' of their rents. }¹
Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune thee:
Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows
Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
If thou dost seek to have what thou dost hide,
By self-example may'st thou be denied!

¹ Reason is the bawd to lust's abuse.
Venus and Adonis, l. 791.

Time's office is to finish the hate of foes;
To eat up errors by *opinion* bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.
Lucrece, l. 937.

ACT II.

Reason.

45=LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill:

Tir'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

O, Opportunity, thy guilt is great!
 'Tis thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at *Reason*.

Thou makest the vestal violate her oath;
 Thou blowest the fire when temperance is thaw'd;
 Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth;
 Thou foul abettor! thou notorious bawd!
 Thou plantest scandal, and displacest laud:
 Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false thief,
 Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief.

Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame,
 Thy private feasting to a public fast,
 Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
 Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood taste:
 Thy violent vanities can never last:
 How comes it then vile Opportunity,
 Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee?

Lucrece, ll. 876-896.

SCENE IV.

Envy.

46=CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
Th' uncertain sickly appetite to please.
My reason,¹ the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest;
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,
At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

[*Enter Dame Nature.*

¹ Though Love use Reason for his physician, he admits him not for his counsellor.—*Merry Wives*, II. I.

Hereat, Reason, seated on the top of the globe, as in the brain, or highest part of man, figured in a venerable personage, her hair white, and trailing to her waist, crowned with light, her garments blue, and semined with stars, girded unto her with a white band filled with arithmetical figures, in one hand bearing a lamp, in the other a bright sword, descended and spake.—*The Masque of Hymen*, Ben Jonson.

ACT II.

Envy to Nature. 47=CXLV.

Those lips¹ that Love's own hand did make
 Breath'd forth the sound that said 'I hate'
 To me that languish'd for her sake;
 But when she saw my woeful state,
 Straight in her heart did mercy come,
 Chiding that tongue¹ that ever sweet
 Was used in giving gentle doom,
 And taught it thus anew to greet;
 'I hate' she alter'd with an end,
 That follow'd it as gentle day
 Doth follow night, who like a fiend
 From heaven to hell is flown away;
 'I hate' from hate away she threw,
 And saved my life, saying 'not you.'²

¹ *Reason's.* *Reason* in Act II. is the daughter of *Love* in Act I.

² This Sonnet, though not in the rhyming decasyllable, is intensely dramatic. Wyndham says of it, "but little in it that recalls Shakespeare's hand."¹ Godwin, more pronounced, claims, "Sonnet CXLV. is not a Sonnet at all, but a bit of octosyllabic doggerel, which a writer of Shakespeare's judgment would not have retained in the collection."²

¹ *Shakespeare's Poems*, George Wyndham, p. 331.

² *A New Study of The Sonnets of Shakespeare*, Parke Godwin, p. 16.

SCENE IV.

Reason to Nature. 48=CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feath' red creatures¹ broke away,
Sets down her babe and makes all swift dispatch
In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent;
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,²
Whilst I thy babe chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind;
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy 'Will,'³
If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

¹ Would not this, sir, *and a forest of feathers*¹—if the rest of my fortunes² turn turk with me—with two provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?—*Hamlet*, III. II.

There is more however, in Hamlet's words than this making fun of the 'feathers,' *something covertly concealed under the rose that no one has yet espied*. If we look intently we shall see the snake stir beneath the flowers; a subtle snake of irony with the most wicked glitter in its eye, . . . as though the very devil had broken loose in the theatre, and was hiding his cloven foot in a player's shoe.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Gerald Massey, pp. 518, 519.

² The goddess *Envy*.

³ Cp. note I, p. 31.

¹ The twenty-two characters in the Masque are muses or gods.

² Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection.
Ben. Johnson in Love's Martyr, p. 193.

The puzzle of history, called 'Essex,' was well calculated to become that problem of the critic, called 'Hamlet.'—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Massey, p. 483.

ACT II.

Nature to Reason. 49—VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd:
 Make sweet some vial; treasure thou some place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use is not forbidden usury
 Which happies those that pay the willing loan;
 That's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one;
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee:
 Then what could death do, if thou shouldst depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too fair
 To be death's conquest and make worms thine heir.

Of bloody wars, nor of the sack of Troy,
 Of Pryam's murdered sons, nor Dido's fall,
 Of Helen's rape, by Paris Trojan boy,
 Of Cæsar's victories, nor Pompey's thrall,
 Of Lucrece rape, being ravished by a king,
 Of none of these, *of sweet conceit I sing.*¹

Robert Chester, 1601.

¹ Cp. l. 5, *Essex* verse, p. 17.

SCENE IV.

Envy to Reason. 50=LXXII.

O, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
O, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

[*Enter Time and Wonder.*

Then Gentle reader over-read my muse,
That *arms herself* to fly a lowly flight,
My untuned stringed verse do thou excuse,
That may perhaps accepted, yield delight:¹
I cannot clime in praises to the sky,
Lest falling, I be drown'd with infamy.
Mea mecum Porto.

Robert Chester in Love's Martyr, p. 6.

¹ Cp. note 1 from *Saintsbury*, p. 41.

ACT II.

Time to Wonder. 51=II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
 And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
 Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
 Will be a tatter'd weed of small worth held:
 Then being ask'd, where all thy beauty lies,
 Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
 To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
 Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
 How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
 If thou couldst answer, 'This fair child of mine'¹
 Shall sum my count and make my old excuse,'
 Proving his beauty by succession thine!

This were to be new made when thou art old,
 And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold.

¹ Wonder is the seed of Knowledge.—*Adv. of L.*, I. 95.

Is this the honor of a haughty thought,
 For lovers hap to have all spite of love?¹
 Hath wretched skill thus blinded reason taught,
*In this conceit*² such discontent to move?
 That beauty so is of herself bereft,
 That no good hope of aught good hap is left.
A Loyal Appeal in Courtesy, Essex, 1601.

¹ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

² The Masque of *Love's Labor's Won*.

SCENE IV.

Nature to Wonder. 52=XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours than you yourself here live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other give.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,¹
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?

O, none but unthrifths! Dear, my love, you know
You had a father;² let your son³ say so.

[*Curtain.*

¹ Cp. *Sons*. 29-CXXV. l. 1; 30-CXLVI. l. 6; 56-x. l. 7.

² The god of *Rarity* in Act I.

³ The god of *Knowledge* in Act III.

Nor all the Ladies of the Thespian Lake,
[Though they were crushed into one form] could make
A beauty of that merit, that should take
Our muse up by commission: No, we bring
Our own true fire;¹ Now our thought takes wing
And now an Epode to deep ears we sing.

Praeludium, Ben Jonson in Love's Martyr, p. 190.

¹ The Phoenix Masque of *Love's Labor's Won*.

ACT III.

MUSES REPRESENTED.

KNOWLEDGE—TIME—GRACE—HOPE—NATURE.

SCENE I. *Enter* DAME NATURE, FATHER TIME *and*
THE GOD OF KNOWLEDGE.*Nature to Knowledge.* 53=1.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
 That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
 But as the ripper should by time decease,
 His tender heir might bear his memory:
 But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
 Feed'st thy light's flame¹ with self-substantial fuel,
 Making a famine where abundance lies,
 Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
 Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
 And only herald to the gaudy spring,
 Within thine own bud buriest thy content,
 And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding:
 Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
 To eat the world's due, by the grave and thee.

¹ The angel of light that was, when he presumed before his fall, said within himself, *I will ascend and be like unto the Highest*; not God, but the highest. To be like to God *in goodness*, was no part of his emulation; knowledge [being in creation an angel of light] was not the want which did most solicit him; only because he was a minister he aimed at a supremacy; therefore his climbing or ascension was turned into a *throwing down* or precipitation.—*Int. of Nature, Francis Bacon, p. 27.*

SCENE I.

*Knowledge*¹ to Nature. 54=LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife
As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found;
Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steal his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then better'd that the world may see my pleasure;
Sometime all full with feasting² on your sight,
And by and by clean starved for a look;
Possessing or pursuing no delight,
Save what is had or must from you be took.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

¹ Let the bird of loudest lay,
On the sole Arabian¹ tree,
Herald sad, and trumpet be,
To whose sound chaste wings obey.

The Phoenix and Turtle Dove.

² Knowledge is the food of the mind.—*Adv. of L.*, Vol. I. part 3, p. 260.

¹ Arabian Phoenix, a mythical bird of which only one specimen could be alive at a time. After living 500 years it erected for itself a funeral pyre, which the sun ignited, and out of the ashes of the former bird sprang a new one. The Phoenix was supposed to inhabit the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, called Razin, on the site of the Garden of Eden.—*Old Fortunatus* [Oliphant Smeaton, Ed.], p. 140.

ACT III.

Time to Knowledge. 55=x.

For shame deny that thou bear'st love to any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,¹
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident;
 For thou art so possess'd with murd'rous hate
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to conspire,²
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate³
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my mind!
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself at least kind-hearted prove:
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

¹ Knowledge is the food of the mind.—*Adv., of L. Francis Bacon*, Vol. I. part 3, p. 260.

It is well known, how I did *many years since* dedicate my travels and studies to the use and service of my Lord of Essex, . . . and I applied myself to him in a manner which I think happeneth rarely amongst men: for I did not only labour carefully and industriously *in that he set me about*, whether it were matter of advice or otherwise, but neglecting the Queen's service, mine own fortune, and in a sort my vocation, I did nothing but devise and ruminate with myself to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of anything that might concern his Lordship's honour, fortune, or service.—*Apology concerning the Earl of Essex, Francis Bacon*, 1604.

² *Knowledge* finally conspires against himself. Cp. Son. 83-xlix, l. 11.

³ Psychologically, *Knowledge* partakes of the character of his Father, *Wonder*. Cp. Son. 30-cxlv. l. 6.

SCENE I.

Knowledge. 56=CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;¹
They are but dressings of a former sight:²
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told:
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Knowledges are as pyramids, whereof history is the basis.—*Adv. of L.*, II. p. 221, *Bacon*.

² An argument used by Socrates, "Knowledge is nothing but reminiscence."—*Phædo*, *Plato* [Bohns' Libraries.], Vol. I. p. 48.

A man is generally more inclined to feel kindly towards one on whom he has conferred favors than towards one from whom he has received them.¹ Essex loaded Bacon with benefits, and never thought he had done enough. It seems never to have crossed the mind of the powerful and wealthy noble that the poor barrister whom he treated with such munificent kindness was not his equal . . . Essex was in general more than sufficiently sensible of his own merits; *but he did not seem to know that he had ever deserved well of Bacon.*¹ On that cruel day when they saw each other for the last time at the bar of the Lords, Essex taxed his perfidious friend with unkindness and insincerity, but never with ingratitude,¹ even in such a moment, more bitter than the bitterness of death, that noble heart was too great to vent itself in such a reproach.—*Essays and Poems*, *Macaulay*, Vol. II. p. 186.

¹ Cp. sub-note, p. 87, and notes, p. 89.

ACT III.

SCENE II. *Enter* THE GODDESS HOPE *and* THE GOD
OF KNOWLEDGE.

Hope.

57=XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
Some in their wealth, some in their bodies' force,
Some in their garments, though new-fangled ill,
Some in their hawks and hounds, some in their horse;
And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
Wherein it finds a joy above the rest:
But these particulars are not my measure;
All these I better in one general best.
Thy love is better than high birth to me,
Richer than wealth, prouder than garments' cost,
Of more delight than hawks or horses be;
And having thee, of all men's pride I boast:
Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st take
All this away, and me most wretched make.

Right well I know, most mighty Sovereign,
That all this famous antique history
Of some th' abundance of an idle brain
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of just memory;
Since none that breatheth living air does know
Where is that happy land of Faery,
Which I so much do vaunt, yet nowhere show,
But vouch antiquities, which nobody can know.

But let that man with better sense advize,
That of the world least part to us is read;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered,
Which to late age were never mentioned;
Who ever heard of the Indian Peru?
Or who in venturous vessel measured
The Amazon, huge river, now found true?
Or fruitfullest Virginia who did ever view?

Fairy Queen, Book II.,¹ Prologue, *Spenser*.

¹ "Containing the Legend of Sir Guyon, or of Temperance." It has been surmised that Sir Guyon is Essex. Cp. *Notes and Queries*, Vol. IV, series 3, p. 150.

SCENE II.

Knowledge. 58=LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend;
All tongues, the voice of souls, give thee that due,
Utt'ring bare truth, e'en so as foes commend.
Thy outward thus with outward praise is crown'd;
But those same tongues¹ that give thee so thine own,
In other accents do this praise confound
By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
They look into the beauty of thy mind,
And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds; [kind,
Then, churls, their thoughts, although their eyes were
To thy fair flower add the rank smell of weeds:
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The solve is this, that thou dost common grow.

¹ The tongues of *Grace* and *Knowledge*.

Yet all these were when no man did them know,
Yet have from wisest ages hidden beene,
And later times things more unknown shall show.¹
Why then should witless man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?
What if in the moon's fair shining sphere,²
What if in every other star unseene,
Of other worlds he happily should heare,³
He wonder would much more; yet such to some appeare.

Of Faery land yet if he more inquire,
By certain signs, *here set* in sundry place,
He may it find; nor let him then admire,
But yield his sense to be too blunt and base,
* That not without an hound fine footing trace.

Fairy Queen, Book II., Prologue, *Spenser*.

¹ Cp. note 4, p. 57 and Drayton's Allusion to the Phoenix, p. 98.

² But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there.
Memorial Verses to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, 1623.

³ Cp. note 2, p. 57, and note 2, p. 56.

Spenser's intimacy with Essex, with whatever intellectual advantages it may have been attended, with whatever bright spirits it may have brought Spenser acquainted, probably impeded his prospects of preferment.—*The Works of Spenser*, Hale [Globe Edition], p. li.

ACT III.

Hope.

59=LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her still,
 While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
 Reserve their character with golden quill
 And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
 I think good thoughts whilst other write good words,
 And like unletter'd clerk still cry 'Amen'
 To every hymn that able spirit¹ affords
 In polish'd form of well-refined pen.
 Hearing you prais'd, I say "'Tis so, 'tis true,'
 And to the most of praise add something more;
 But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
 Though words come hindmost, holds his rank before.
 Then others for the breath of words respect,
 Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.

¹ The god of *Grace*. Cp. note 2, p. 57.

I must hold it as demonstrated, that the 'Phœnix' was Elizabeth¹ and the 'Turtle Dove,' Essex. No one has, hitherto, in anyway thought of this interpretation of the 'Turtle Dove'² any more than the other of the 'Phœnix';³ but none the less do I hope for acceptance of it.—*Robert Chester's Love's Martyr*, 1601 [Dr. Grosart, Ed., 1878], p. xlv.

¹ Cp. *Ben Jonson's* lines, p. 77.

From the 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets as a Cretan labyrinth, their dedication to Homer (Sonnets 26, 77), and the supposed dedication to "Mr. W. H." a metamorphosing of Ulysses' Mighty Bow, it follows that Troy's famous Wooden Horse appears, spiritually, on English soil as the Turtle Dove; i. e.,

² Shake-speare's Turtle Dove = } The poem of *The Phœnix and Turtle Dove* (containing the name of Ulysses-Essex and the twenty-two executors of the Will, the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

³ Shake-speare's Phœnix=The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque.

On the purposed lack of spirituality shown in Homer's characters depicted in *Troilus and Cressida*, cp. notes, pp. 121, 122. Thus it is that the cunning of invention and the spirituality of the classical characters of the Masque stand

"Alone for the *Comparison*
 Of all that insolent Greece . . . sent forth,"

SCENE II.

Knowledge. 60=LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
The ornament of beauty is suspect,
A crow¹ that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
So thou be good, slander doth but approve
Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of Time;²
For canker-vice the sweetest buds doth love,
And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.
Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young days,
Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd;
Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
To tie up envy evermore enlarg'd:
If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,³
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst owe.

¹ Point of contact between the Sonnets of 1609 and the poem of *The Phoenix and Turtle Dove*; the crow being mentioned in Sons. 60-LXX., 82-CXIII. and in the fifth stanza of the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque, viz:

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

² In a Pythagorean sense as *Envy* in Act II. Cp. Son. 61-CXVII. l. 6.

³ *Hope* is the daughter of *Envy*.

ACT III.

Hope.

61=CXVII.

Accuse me thus: that I have scanted all
 Wherein I should your great deserts repay,
 Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
 Where to all bonds do tie me day by day;
 That I have frequent been with unknown minds,¹
 And given to Time your own dear-purchas'd right;²
 That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
 Which should transport me farthest from your sight.³
 Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
 And on just proof surmise accumulate;
 Bring me within the level of your frown,
 But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate;
 Since my appeal says I did strive to prove
 The constancy and virtue of your love.

¹ *Hope* here anticipates her relationship [as *Ambition*] with *Wisdom* and *Beauty* in Act IV.

² In Act II. *Hope* as *Envy* was the beloved of Father *Time*.

³ Better is the sight of the eye than the wandering of the desire.—*Med. Sacrae*, *Francis Bacon*, part 3, p. 170.

It is noteworthy that the characters in the sensual line, from *Desire* to *Folly*, speak, or are reminded, of the ocean. I cannot fathom it, but Shake-speare was an Admiral as well as a General.

SCENE II.

Knowledge.

62=CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note;¹
But 'tis my heart that loves what they despise,
Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote;
Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensual feast with thee alone:
But my five wits nor my five senses can
Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to be:
Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
That she that makes me sin awards me pain.

¹ It is hardly possible at once to admire an author and to go beyond him; Knowledge being as water, which will not rise above the level from which it fell.—Preface, *Nov. Org.*, p. 30.

The fragments of a great work on the Interpretation of Nature were first published in Stephens' Letters and Remains, 1734 The manuscript from which Robert Stephens printed these fragments was found among some loose papers placed in his hands by the Earl of Oxford, and is now in the British Museum; Harl, MSS. 6462. It is a thin paper volume of the quarto size, written in the hand of one of Bacon's servants, with corrections, erasures, and interlineations in his own.—Preface to *Valerius Terminus, Bacon's Works*, [Spedding Ed.], Vol. I. pp. 9, 16.

ACT III.

Hope.

63=CX.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
 And made myself a motley to the view,
 Gor'd my own thoughts,¹ sold cheap what is most dear,
 Made old offences of affections new;²
 Most true it is that I have look'd on truth
 Askance and strangely: but, by all above,
 These blenches gave my heart another youth,
 And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
 Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
 Mine appetite I never more will grind
 On newer proof, to try an older friend,
 A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
 Then give me welcome, next my heav'n the best,
 E'en to thy pure and most most loving breast.

¹ It is no marvel if these Anticipations have brought forth such diversity and repugnance in opinions, theories or philosophies, as so many fables of several arguments.—*Int. of Nature, Bacon*, p. 65.

² If any have had the strength of mind generally to purge away and discharge all Anticipations, they have not had that greater and double strength and patience of mind, as well to repel new Anticipations after the view and search of particulars, as to reject old which were in the mind before.—*Int. of Nature*, p. 67.

The human understanding is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affections; whence proceed sciences which may be called "sciences as one would." Numberless in short are the ways, and sometimes imperceptible, which the affections color and infect the understanding.—*Nov. Org.*, Aphorism 49, p. 82.

SCENE II.

Knowledge. 64=CXXXIX.

O, call not me to justify the wrong,
That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tongue;
Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my sight,
Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
What need'st thou wound with cunning, when thy might
Is more than my o'er-press'd defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
That they elsewhere might dart their injuries:
Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
Kill me outright with looks, and rid my pain.

True science consists of the interpretation of Nature Bacon is to be regarded, not as the founder of a new philosophy, but as the discoverer of a new method; at least we must remember that this was his own view of himself and of his writings But of this great plan the interpretation of Nature was, so to speak, the soul,—the formative and vivifying principle.—Preface to *Novum Organum* [Ellis, Ed.], pp. 148, 149, 155.

“Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of Nature, with the annotations of Hermes Stella” . . . It is impossible to ascertain the motive which determined Bacon to give to the supposed author the name of Valerius Terminus or to his commentator, of whose annotations we have no remains,¹ that of Hermes Stella² . . . It is at the same time full of interest, inasmuch as it is the earliest type of the *Instauratio*. The first book of the work ascribed to Valerius Terminus would have corresponded to the *De Augmentis* and to the first book of the *Novum Organum*.—*Bacon's Works*, Preface to *Valerius Terminus*, pp. 9, 16.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 32.

² Shine forth, thou star of poets.—*Memorial Verses to Shakespeare, Ben Jonson*, 1623.

ACT III.

Hope to Knowledge. 65=CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much disdain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,¹
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;²
 As testy sick-men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians know;
 For if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee:
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.

That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart go
 wide.

[*Curtain.*

¹ He that is ignorant receives not the words of Knowledge, unless thou first tell him that which is in his own heart.—*Nov. Org.*, p. 39.

² If you do not love me it were prudent to say you do.

SCENE III.

Enter THE GODDESS HOPE *and* THE GOD OF GRACE.

Hope to Grace. 66=LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shadows on you tend?
Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
Is poorly imitated after you;
On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
And you in Grecian tires are painted new.
Speak of the spring and foison of the year,
The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
The other as your bounty doth appear;
And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
But you like none, none you, for constant heart.

It is a fact that about the beginning of James' reign his [Bacon's] writing underwent a remarkable change, from the hurried Saxon hand full of large sweeping curves and with letters imperfectly formed and connected, which he wrote in Elizabeth's time, to a small, neat, light, and compact one, formed more upon the Italian model which was then coming into fashion . . . It is of course impossible to fix the precise date of such a change . . . but whenever it was that he corrected this manuscript [Interpretation of Nature] . . . he has taken the trouble to add the running title wherever it was wanting, thus writing the words "Of the Interpretation of Nature" at full length not less than eighteen times over.—*Bacon's Works*, Note to Preface to *Valerius Terminus*, [Spedding, Ed.] pp. 19, 20.

ACT III.

Grace to Hope. 67=CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort¹ and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
 The better angel is a man right fair,²
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.³
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell:
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

¹ Cp. Son. 78-cxxxiv. l. 4.

² "That angel Knowledge."—*Love's Labor's Lost*, I. I, l. 113.

³ *Mother Nature*.

SCENE III.

Hope to Grace. 68—XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green;
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy:¹
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace:
E'en so my sun one early morn did shine
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine;
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns² of the world may stain when heaven's sun
staineth.

¹ The alchemist nurses eternal hope.—*Nov. Org.*, p. 119.

² *Knowledge*, the angel of light.

ACT III.

Grace to Hope. 69—CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
 Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery?
 Or whether shall I say mine eye saith true,
 And that your love taught it this alchemy,
 To make of monsters and things indigest
 Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble,
 Creating every bad a perfect best,
 As fast as objects to his beams assemble?
 O, 'tis the first; 'tis flatt'ry in my seeing,
 And my great mind most kingly drinks it up:
 Mine eye well knows what with his gust is 'greeing,
 And to his palate doth prepare the cup:
 If it be poison'd, 'tis the lesser sin,
 That mine eye loves it and doth first begin.

[*Exeunt.*]

Vain, and inclined to secret gallantries, Elizabeth demanded, and received, incessant homage, for the most part in extravagant mythological terms, from the ablest of her subjects—from Sidney, from Spenser, from Raleigh, and was determined, in short, that the whole literature of the time should turn towards her as its central point. Shakespeare was the only great poet of the period who absolutely declined to comply with this demand.—*William Shakespeare, A Critical Study, Geo. Brandes, p. 41.*

And Shakespeare had seen the young Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who, in 1577, when only ten years old, had made a sensation at court by wearing his hat in the Queen's presence and denying her request for a kiss.—*Ibid, p. 243.*

Essex's grandmother, on his mother's side, was an own sister to Anne Boleyn and to an inherited family quarrel, most bitter and venomous, is chargeable the mystery of William Shake-speare.

SCENE IV.

Enter THE GODS OF GRACE¹ *and* KNOWLEDGE.

Grace to Knowledge. 70=XX.

A woman's face with Nature's own hand painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress² of my passion;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's fashion;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes and women's souls amazeth.
And for a woman wert thou first created;³
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.⁴
But since she prick'd thee out for women's pleasure,
Mine be thy love and thy love's use their treasure.

¹ Beauty, Truth and Rarity,
GRACE in all simplicity,
Here enclosed in cinders lie.
The Phoenix and Turtle.

² My brain I'll prove the female to my soul;
My soul, the father: and these two beget
A generation of still-breeding thoughts.
Richard II., v. 5.

³ Mother Eve. Cp. sub-note 1, p. 79.

⁴ An ungrateful act in *Nature*.

The author of the Sonnets, admittedly, was the author of the Poems and the Plays, and the whole Shakespearian question would seem to resolve itself into the question, who was the author of the Sonnets.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare*, Judge Webb, p. 156.

ACT III.

Knowledge to Grace. 71=CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteem'd,
 When not to be, receives reproach of being;
 And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd,
 Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing:
 For why should others' false adulterate eyes¹
 Give salutation to my sportive blood?
 Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,²
 Which in their wills count bad what I think good?
 No, I am that I am,³ and they that level
 At my abuses, reckon up their own:
 I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel;
 By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shown;
 Unless this general evil they maintain,
 All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

¹ *Knowledge* is here slurring *Reason* and *Envy*, psychological mothers of *Grace* and *Hope*, respectively.

² *Grace* and *Hope*.

³ *Knowledge* partakes of the character of his grandson, *Truth*. Cp. Son. 125-CXII. ll. 3, 12.

SCENE IV.

Grace to Knowledge. 72=XCH.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine.
Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end;
I see a better state to me belongs
Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,¹
Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie;—
O, what a happy title do I find,
Happy to have thy love, happy to die!
But what's so blessed-fair that fears no blot?
Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it not.

¹ Cp. couplet, Son. 66-LIII.

We are now [1592] entering on a new phase in the career of Lord Essex, one which indirectly led to his ruin. Up to this time he had shown no desire to mingle in politics and state intrigues. Warlike service abroad, tiltings, *Masques*, and revels at home, love, and the excitement of his life at court, had sufficiently amused him.—*Lives of The Earls of Essex, Devereux*, Vol. I. p. 276.

ACT III.

Knowledge to Grace. 73—XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
 When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
 And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
 These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover:
 Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
 And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
 Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme,
 Exceeded by the height of happier men.
 O, then vouchsafe me but this loving thought:
 'Had my friend's Muse grown with this growing age,¹
 A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
 To march in ranks of better equipage:
 But since he died and poets better prove,²
 Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

¹ It seems that the sin of *Knowledge* was that he had become a "back number." Cp. *Sons*. 62—CXXI., 85—CIV., 86—XXII.

² *Hope and Grace*.

'Mongst all the creatures in this spacious round,
 Of the bird's kind, the Phoenix¹ is alone,
 Which best by you² of living things is known;
 None like to that, none like to you is found.
 Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun,
 The precious spices be your chaste desire,
 Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
 Your life so like the Phoenix's begun:
 Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,
 With so rare sweetness all the heav'ns perfuming,
 Again increasing, as you are consuming,
 Only by dying, born the very same;
 And winged by fame, you to the stars ascend,²
 So you of time shall live beyond the end.

In Allusion to the Phoenix, Michael Drayton, 1594.

¹ The *Sonnets* of 1609, a Dismantled Masque. Cp. *Mother Nature's* lines, p. 22.

² The Masque and the author of the Masque, to be memorialized by a constellation. See *Divus Shake-speare*, index.

SCENE IV.

Grace to Knowledge. 74=XCIH.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceived husband; so love's face
May still seem love to me, though alter'd new:
Thy looks with me, thy heart in other place.¹
For there can live no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change—
In many's looks the false heart's history
Is writ in moods and frowns and wrinkles strange,
But heav'n in thy creation did decree
That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell;
Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings be,
Thy looks should nothing thence but sweetness tell.
How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,²
If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show!

¹ With *Nature*.

² How like is thy beauty to that Apple of Eve, smiling so ripely on the outside, and so rotten within, if thy sweet virtue correspond not to the promise of that fair face.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, *Gerald Massey*, p. 232.

Jove thou shalt see my commendations,
To be unworthy and impartial,
To make of her an extallation,
Whose beauty is divine majestic;
Look on that painted picture there,¹ behold
The rich wrought Phoenix of Arabian gold.
Mother Nature in Love's Martyr, p. 16,

¹ Cp. sub-note 1, p. 34.

ACT III.

Knowledge to Grace. 75=CIX.

O, never say that I was false of heart,
 Though absence seem'd my flame¹ to qualify:
 As easy might I from myself depart,
 As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie:
 That is my home of love: if I have rang'd,
 Like him that travels I return again,
 Just to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
 So that myself bring water for my stain.² [*Enter Nature.*
 Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
 All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
 That it could so prepost'rously be stain'd,
 To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
 For nothing this wide universe I call,
 Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

[*Nature comes forward.*

¹ The angel of light.

² For being in love with Dame *Nature*.

Nature to Phoenix.

Tell me [O Mirror] of our earthly time,
 Tell me sweet *Phoenix*,¹ glory of mine age,
 Who blots thy beauty with foul envie's crime,²
 And locks thee up in fond Suspicions cage?³
 Can any human heart bear thee such rage?
 Daunt their proud stomachs with thy piercing eye,
 Unchain Love's sweetness at thy liberty.

Robert Chester,⁴ in *Love's Martyr*, p. 26.

¹ The Sonnets of 1609.

² Cp. Peele's lines p. 18.

³ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

⁴ For the identity of this hitherto unknown and never again heard-of poet [except in *Love's Martyr*] see noms de plume of Essex, frontispiece.

SCENE IV.

Grace to Nature. 76=CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and me!
Is't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slav'ry my sweet'st friend must be?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath tak'n,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd:
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsak'n;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.
Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,¹
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart bail;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my jail:²
And yet thou wilt; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 31.

² So the Quarto. Cp. note 3, p. 34.

INVOCATIO AD APOLLINEM ET PIERIDES.

To your high influence we commend
Our following labours, and sustend
Our mutuall palms, prepar'd to gratulate
An honourable friend: then propagate
With your illustrate faculties
Our mentall powers: Instruct us how to rise
In weighty Numbers, well pursu'd,
And varied from the Multitude:
Be lavish once, and plenteously profuse
Your holy waters, to our thirstie Muse,
That we may give a round to him
In a Castalian boule, crown'd to the brim.

Vatum Chorus, *Love's Martyr*, 1601, p. 179.

These 'Vatum Chorus' pieces are in good sooth poor enough. They have touches like Chapman at his worst.—Notes to *Lage's Martyr* [Dr. Grosart, Ed.], 1878, p. 240.

Dr. Grosart intimates that only Chapman was concerned—but was not Ben Jonson's the master hand? It will be remembered that in these *Love's Martyr* poems, Marston, Chapman and Jonson witness Shake-speare's Will; i. e., the eighteen stanza poem of *The Phoenix and Turtle Dove*.

ACT III.

Grace to Knowledge. 77=XLII.

That thou hast her,¹ it is not all my grief,
 And yet it may be said I lov'd her dearly;
 That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
 A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
 Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye:
 Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I love her;
 And for my sake e'en so doth she abuse me,
 Suff'ring my friend for my sake to approve her.
 If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
 And losing her, my friend hath found that loss;
 Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
 And both for my sake lay on me this cross:
 But here's the joy; my friend and I are one;²
 Sweet flatt'ry! then she loves but me alone.

¹ *Mother Nature.*

² This "Conceit" must have greatly pleased Ben Jonson.

Hor. Caesar speaks after common men in this,
 To make a difference of me, for my poorness;
 As if the filth of pov'rty sunk as deep
 Into a knowing spirit, as the bane
 Of riches doth into an ign'rant soul.
 No, Caesar, they be pathless, moorish minds,
 That being once made rotten with the dung
 Of damned riches, ever after sink
 Beneath the steps of any villany.
 But knowledge is the nectar that keeps sweet
 A perfect soul, even in this grave of sin.

The Poetaster, v. 1.

'There was a time' says Sir Henry Wotton, sometime secretary to the Earl of Essex, 'when Sir Fulke Greville, . . . had almost superinduced into favour the Earl of Southampton, which yet being timely discovered, my lord of Essex chose to evaporate his thoughts in a Sonnet [*being his common way*], to be sung before the Queen [as it was] by one Hales, in whose voice she took some pleasure; whereof the couplet, methinks, had as much of the Hermit as of the Poet'.—*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 163, [Quoted by *Massey*, p. 44.]

SCENE IV.

Grace to Nature. 78=CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he¹ is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy 'Will',²
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still.³
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous and he is kind;
He learn'd but surety-like to write for me
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer,⁴ that put'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.

Him have I lost; thou hast both him and me:

He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.⁵

[*Curtain.*

¹ The god of *Knowledge*.

² Cp. note 1, p. 31.

³ Cp. Son. 67-CXLIV. l. 1.

⁴ Cp. Son. 54-LXXV. l. 4 and all of Son. 10-LII.

⁵ Cp. Son. 70-XX. l. 12.

In the letter of advice addressed by the Earl of Essex to Sir Fulke Greville on his studies, first printed by Mr. Spedding *as written by Bacon*, the Earl is made to say, "for poets, I can commend none, being resolved to be ever a stranger to them." However this may have been intended to be seriously spoken in character by the Earl to the Knight [Greville, who was himself a poet], when considered with reference to the *actual facts* now known concerning them both, it may be taken as a pretty good joke.—*Judge Holmes'* [Baconian] *Authorship of Shakespeare*, Vol. I. p. 185.

ACT III.

SCENE V. *Enter* THE GODDESS HOPE *and* THE GODS
OF KNOWLEDGE *and* GRACE.

Hope to Knowledge. 79=XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen!
What old December's bareness every where!
And yet this time remov'd was summer's time,
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widow'd wombs after their lord's decease:
Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,¹
And, thou away, the very birds are mute,²
Or, if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

¹ There is no darkness but ignorance.—*Twelfth Night*, IV. 2.

² Sound has no existence for the deaf, nor light for the sightless. Cp. Son.
85—CIV. l. 14.

This is the Anchor-hold, the sea, the river,
The lesson and the substance of my song,
This is the rock my ship did seek to shiver,
And in this ground with Adders was I stung,¹
And in a loathsome pit was often flung:²
My beauty and my virtues captivate,
To Love, dissembling Love, that I did hate.³

*The Phoenix*⁴ to *Mother Nature* in *Love's Martyr*, p. 30.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 109.

² The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

³ The Sonnets long to be a play and not merely love Sonnets.

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.
Complet, Son. 150—LV.

⁴ Allegory for the Sonnets of 1609.

SCENE V.

Knowledge to Hope. 80=LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.¹ [strong,
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

¹ Plato is so centred, that he can well spare all his dogmas Before all men, he saw the intellectual values of the moral sentiment he kindled a fire so truly in the centre, that we see the sphere illuminated, and can distinguish poles, equator, and lines of latitude, every arc and node: a theory so averaged, so modulated that you would say, the winds of ages have swept through this rhythmic structure, and not that it was the brief extempore blotting of one short lived scribe. Hence it has happened that a very well-marked class of souls, namely, those who delight in giving a spiritual, that is, an ethico-intellectual expression to every truth, by exhibiting an ulterior end which is yet legitimate to it, are said to Platonize. Shakespeare is a Platonist, when he writes:

He that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fallen lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i' the story.

Antony and Cleopatra, III. 2.

Hamlet is a pure Platonist, and 'tis the magnitude only of Shakespeare's proper genius that hinders him from being classed as the most eminent of this school.—*Emerson's Works*, Vol. II. pp. 72-74.

ACT III.

Grace to Knowledge. 81=CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind;
 And that which governs me to go about
 Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
 Seems seeing, but effectually is out;
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth latch;
 Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
 Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch;
 For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
 The most sweet favour or deformed'st creature,
 The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
 The crow¹ or dove, it shapes them to your feature:
 Incapable of more, replete with you,
 My most true mind thus maketh mind² untrue.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 85.

² Cp. l. 7 above.

"Essex urged the Queen to make Bacon Solicitor, in which he was backed by Burleigh. But here again, after a struggle of a year and a half, during which the office remained vacant, disappointment awaited him, and Sergeant Fleming was nominated. Essex felt this deeply on his friend's account, to whom he endeavored to make amends by a gift, the munificence of which, and the delicacy with which it was offered, are admirable. We have the circumstance related by Bacon himself.

"'Mr. Bacon' said the Earl, 'the Queen hath denied me the place for you, and hath placed another; *I know you are the least part of your own matter*,¹ but you fare ill, because you have chosen me for your mean and dependance; *you have spent your time and thoughts in my matters*: I die if I do not somewhat towards your fortune; you shall not deny to accept a piece of land,² which I will bestow on you.'"—*Lives of The Earls of Essex, Devereux*, Vol. I. p. 286.

¹ Cp. italicized lines "in that he set me about" with the context, p. 80.

² "The land was Twickenham park and garden, afterwards sold by Bacon for 1800 £."

SCENE V.

Knowledge to Grace. 82=XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity;
Against that time do I ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,¹
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part:
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,²
Since why to love I can allege no cause.

¹ Cp. Son. 55-x. l. 6.

² *Grace* is the son of the goddess *Reason*.

I come, I come, and now farewell that strond,
Upon whose craggy rocks my ship was rent;
Your ill beseeming follies made me fond,
And in a vasty cell I up was pent,¹
Where my fresh blooming beauty I have spent.
O blame yourselves ill nurtured cruel swains,
That fill'd my scarlet glory full of stains.²

*The Phanix*³ to *Mother Nature* in *Love's Martyr*, p. 32.

¹ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

² Cp. note 1, p. 109.

³ Allegory for the Sonnets of 1609; i. e., the Dismantled Masque of *Love's Labor's Won*.

ACT III.

Grace to Knowledge. 83=LXXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride?
 So far from variation or quick change?
 Why with the time do I not glance aside.
 To new-found methods and to compounds strange?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a noted weed,¹
 That every word doth almost tell my name,²
 Showing their birth and where they did proceed?
 O, know, sweet love, I always write of you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love still telling what is told.

¹ Eve's Tree of Knowledge.

All knowledge appeareth to be a plant of God's own planting.—*Int. of Nature, Bacon*, p. 32.

² For light that makes darkness more oppressive see Judge Webb's most lucid exposition of this "noted weed" Sonnet.—*The Mystery of William Shake-speare*, p. 156.

SCENE V.

Knowledge to Hope. 84=XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,¹
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy brav'ry in their rotten smoke?
'Tis not enough that through the cloud they break,
To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak
That heals the wound and cures not the disgrace:²
Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss:
Th' offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah! but those tears are pearl which thy love sheds,
And they are rich; and ransom all ill deeds.

¹ I cannot, however, doubt that Shakespeare was, to use his own words, made to "travel forth without" that "cloak," which, if he had not been lured, he may be sure that he would not have discarded. Hardly had he laid the cloak aside before he was surprised according to a preconcerted scheme, and probably roughly handled, for we find him lame soon afterwards [Son. xxxvii. ll. 3, 9] and apparently not fully recovered a twelve-month later [Son. lxxxix. l. 3]. The offence above indicated—a sin of very early youth—for which Shakespeare was bitterly penitent, and towards which not a trace of further tendency can be discerned in any subsequent sonnet or work—this single offence is the utmost that can be brought against Shakespeare with a shadow of evidence in its support.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Samuel Butler, p. 70.

To understand Samuel Butler, it would seem that note 1, p. 90 is sufficient, but not so; the chances are that naught but chaste and immaculate emotions ever crossed the unsullied mirror of his imagination, but such gross slanders illustrate the effeminacy of minds to which opportunity¹ is positive evidence of wrong doing.

² Cp. note 1, p. 98.

¹ Cp. lines from *Lucrece*, p. 70.

ACT III.

Hope to Knowledge. 85=civ.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you wère when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three summers' pride;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
 In process of the seasons have I seen;
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.¹
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:²
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.³

¹ The characters are Pythagoreans and the time of the play, five years; each act a year. In Act I. *Hope* was *Desire* and *Knowledge*, *Rarity*. Cp. *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

² 'Hue' means shape, figure, and not tint.—*Shakespeare's Poems*, *Wyndham*, p. 275.

Is not Mr. Wyndham in error? Cp. Sonnet 70-xx., *Grace to Knowledge*, l. 6, "Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth."

Protagoras asserts that nothing exists of itself, nor can any thing be designated by any quality, for what we call great, will, in reference to something else, be also small, and what we call heavy, light, and so on, so that nothing ever exists but is always becoming. Consequently all things spring from motion, and the relation that they bear to each other. Thus, with respect to color, *it does not actually exist*, it is neither in the object seen nor in the eye itself, but results from the application of the eye to the object, and so is the intermediate production of both.—Introduction to the *Theætetus*, *Plato*, p. 1.

³ Cp. Son. 79-xcvii. l. 12.

SCENE V.

Grace to Knowledge. 86=XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me:
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary
As I, not for myself but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.

Presume¹ not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.

¹ "The angel of light that was, when he presumed before his fall." Cp. note 1, p. 78.

The compliment which the poet pays the Earl of Essex in the prologue to Act 5, of "Henry V." gives as little indication of the personal relation in which they stood to each other,¹ as the much discussed resemblance of some passages in "Hamlet" with letters of the Earl of Essex.—*William Shakespeare, Karl Elze*, p. 177.

¹ Cp, note 5, p. 18.

ACT III.

87—XCIV.

Knowledge to Hope and Grace.

They that have pow'r to hurt, and will do none,¹
 That do not do the thing they most do show,²
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;
 They rightly do inherit heav'n's graces
 And husband Nature's riches from expense;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die,
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity:
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

¹ Posse et nolle, nobile.—*Love's Martyr*, xvi. and text, p. 3.

² Though all the wits of all the ages should meet together and combine and transmit their labors, yet will no great progress ever be made in Science by means of Anticipations; because radical errors in the first concoction of the mind are not to be cured by the excellence of functions and remedies subsequent,—*Nov. Org.*, Aphorism xxx. p. 74.

SCENE V.

Hope to Knowledge. 88=CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle hour;
Who hast by waning grown,¹ and therein show'st
Thy lovers with'ring, as thy sweet self grow'st!
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee back,
She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May Time disgrace and wretched minutes kill.
Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep, her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.²

[*Exeunt.*

¹ His "sin" was growing old. Cp. note 1, p. 98.

² Knowledge must always continue to be imperfect, and therefore in its best estate progressive.—Preface to *Bacon's Philosophical Works*, Vol. I. p. 121.

At the battle near Zutphen [Oct. 2nd, 1586]. "The young Earl of Essex, general of the horse, cried to his handful of troopers:—"Follow me, good fellows, for the honor of England and of England's Queen!" As he spoke he dashed upon the enemy's cavalry, overthrew the foremost man, horse and rider, shivered his own spear¹ to splinters, and then, swinging his curtel-axe, rode merrily forward. His whole little troop, compact as an arrow-head, flew with an irresistible shock against the opposing columns, pierced clean through them, and scattered them in all directions. At the very first charge one hundred English horsemen drove the Spanish and Albanian cavalry back upon the musketeers and pikemen. Wheeling with rapidity, they retired before a volley of musket-shot, by which many horses and a few riders were killed, and then formed again to renew the attack. Sir Philip Sidney, on coming to the field, having met Sir William Pelham, the veteran lord marshal, lightly armed, had with chivalrous extravagance thrown off his own cuirasses, and now rode to the battle with no armour but his cuirass. At the second charge his horse was shot under him, but, mounting another, he was seen everywhere in the thick of the fight, behaving himself with a gallantry which extorted admiration even from the enemy."—*History of The Netherlands*, Motley, Vol. II, pp. 50, 51.

¹ Did not Essex here gain the soubriquet of Shakespeare?

ACT III.

SCENE VI. *Enter* NATURE, THE GODDESS HOPE, FATHER
TIME *and* THE GODS OF KNOWLEDGE *and* GRACE.

Nature to Knowledge. 89=XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment,
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows
Whereon the stars in secret influence comment:¹
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the self-same sky;
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
And wear their brave state out of memory:
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And all in war with Time for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

¹ A side look at Father *Time*.

In 1589, Nash, in an Address to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities prefixed to the *Menaphon* of Greene, refers to a writer, of whom he says: 'If you entreat him fair on a frosty morning,¹ he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say, Handfulls of tragical speeches.' In 1594, Henslowe, in his *Diary*, records that the Play containing these tragical speeches was acted by the servants of the Lord Chamberlain at Newington Butts. In 1596, Lodge, in his *Wil's Miserie*, speaks of 'the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theator, like an oyster wife, Hamlet Revenge:' . . . No play could have been better known.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb*, p. 28.

¹ It is on a frosty morning that *Hamlet, as we have it*, opens . . . pointing to the 'frostie morning' of the sarcastic Nash,—*Ibid.*, p. 29.

SCENE VI.

Time to Knowledge. 90=IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy?
Nature's bequest gives nothing but doth lend,
And being frank she lends to those are free:
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou abuse
The bounteous largess given thee to give?
Profitless usurer, why dost thou use
So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live?
For having traffic with thyself alone,
Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive:
Then how, when Nature calls thee to be gone,¹
What acceptable audit canst thou leave?
Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with thee,
Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

¹ Thou [*Time*] ceaseless lackey to Eternity.—*Lucrece*, l. 967.

In 1598 Gabriel Harvey writes "The younger sort take much delight in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis*: but the *Lucrece* and his tragedy of *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*, have it in them to please the wiser sort."—*Our English Homer*, *Thos. W. White*, p. 145.

In 1602, Shakespeare produced¹ 'Hamlet,' 'that piece of his which most kindled English hearts.' The story of the Prince of Denmark had been popular on the stage as early as 1589 in a lost¹ dramatic version by another writer.¹—*Life of Shakespeare*, *Sidney Lee*, p. 221.

¹ Wonderful, wonderful and still most wonderful. Cp. note 2, p. 32, and notes p. 130.

ACT III.

Nature to Grace. 91=XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
 If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
 Though yet, heav'n knows, it is but as a tomb
 Which hides your life and shows not half your parts.
 If I could write the beauty of your eyes
 And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
 The age to come would say 'This poet lies;
 Such heav'nly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.'
 So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
 Be scorn'd like old men of less truth than tongue,¹
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
 And stretched metre of an antique song:
 But were some child of yours² alive that time,
 You should live twice; in it and in my rhyme.

¹ A side look at *Father Time*.

² The goddess *Beauty*, Act IV.

What ill divining Planet did presage,
 My timeless birth so timely brought to light?
 What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
 To work a harmless bird such worlds despite,
 Wrapping my 'days' bliss in *black fable's* night?¹
 No Planet nor no Comet did conspire
 My downfall, but foul *Fortune's* wrathful ire.²

*The Phoenix*³ to *Mother Nature* in *Love's Martyr*, p. 31.

¹ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

In nothing art thou *black* save in thy deeds,
 And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.
*The Phoenix*⁴ to *Dædalus* [Son. 141-cxxx1.].

² Most untimely spoken was that word,
 That brought the world in such a woeful state,
 That love and likeing quite are overthrowne,
 And in their place are hate and sorrows growne. }⁵
A Loyal Appeal in Courtsey, Essex, 1601.

³ The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque.

⁴ The Masque and its author to be memorialized by a constellation. Cp. Sidney's lines, p. 120, Spenser's and Ben Jonson's lines, p. 83, Drayton's lines, p. 98, and *Divus Shake-speare*, index.

⁵ Cp. the 1589 *Dramatis Personæ* of *Hamlet*, index.

SCENE VI.

Time to Hope. 92=VII.

Lo, in the orient when the gracious light
Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
Serving with looks his sacred majesty;
And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
Attending on his golden pilgrimage;
But when from highmost pitch, with weary car,
Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
From his low tract and look another way:¹

So thou, thyself out-going in thy noon,
Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.²

[*Exeunt.*

¹ The mind suffers in dignity, when we endure evil only by self-deception and *looking another way*, and not by fortitude and judgment. And therefore it was an idle fiction of the poets to make *Hope* the antidote of human diseases.—*Med. Sacre*, Bacon, Vol. II. part 3, p. 91.

² *Ambition.*

Weep not my Phœnix, though I daily weep,
Woe is the herald that declares my tale,
Worthy thou art in Venus lap to sleepe, }
Wantonly covered with god Cupids vale, }¹
With which he doth all mortal sense exhale:
Wash not thy cheeks, unless I sit by thee
To dry them with my sighs immediately.
*The Turtle Dove*² to *The Phœnix*,³ *Love's Martyr*, p. 147.

Arise old Homer and make no excuses,
Of rare piece of art must be my song,
Of more then most, and most of all beloved, }
About the which Venus sweete doves have hovered. }¹
Robert Chester⁴ in *Love's Martyr*, p. 13.

Only by dying, born the very same.¹
Michael Drayton to The Phœnix. [Cp. p. 98.]

¹ The Sonnets of 1600, a Dismantled Masque.

² Cp. note 2, p. 84. ³ Cp. note 3, p. 84. ⁴ Cp. note 4, p. 100.

ACT IV.

MUSES REPRESENTED.

WISDOM—TIME—BEAUTY—AMBITION—NATURE.

SCENE I. *Enter* NATURE, THE GODDESS¹ BEAUTY and
FATHER TIME.*Nature to Beauty.* 93—XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or Nature's² changing course untrimm'd: }³
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
 Nor shall Death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
 So long as men can breathe or eyes can see, }
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee. }⁴

¹ The sex of Spiritual or Heavenly Beauty is optional with the poets and philosophers. Ben Jonson, than whom as a classicist there is no higher authority, designates the "Spirit" as feminine.

It was for Beauty that the world was made,
 And where she reigns, Love's lights admit no shade.

The Masque of Beauty.

With Plato the spirit is at times masculine.

Every one, therefore, chooses his love out of the objects of beauty according to his own taste, and, as if he were a god to him, he fashions and adorns him like a statue, as if for the purpose of reverencing him and celebrating orgies in his honour.—*The Phædrus*, Vol. I. p. 329.

² In *Love's Martyr*, *Nature* speaks of herself as *Nature*. Cp. p. 22.

³ *Beauty* [in verse] and not *Wisdom* is the object of *Nature's* adoration, hence the change from the intellectual to the moral line. Cp. Son. 3—LXV. l. 14.

⁴ Cp. note 2, p. 57.

SCENE I.

Time to Nature. 94=CVI.

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

Head. Her head I framed of a heavenly map,
Wherein the sevenfold vertues¹ were enclosed,
When great Apollo slept within my lap,
And in my bosome had his rest reposed,
I cut away his locks of purest gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the least whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blows her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noise the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a pensive hart,
That of the round world's sorrows bears a part.
Nature describing her *Phoenix*² to Jove, *Love's Martyr*, p. 10.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 37.

² The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque. Cp. sub-note 1, p. 40.

ACT IV.

Beauty to Nature. 95=LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your fair no painting set;
 I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
 The barren tender of a poet's debt:
 And therefore have I slept in your report,
 That you yourself being extant well might show
 How far a modern quill doth come too short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow.
 This silence for my sin you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory, being dumb;
 For I impair not beauty being mute,
 When others would give life and bring a tomb. }¹
 There lives more life in one of your fair eyes
 Than both your poets can in praise devise.²

¹ In the preceding Acts the psychological progenitors of *Beauty*, i. e., *Love*, *Reason* and *Grace*, have had but little converse with Mother *Nature*.

² *Beauty and Time*.

Troilus and Cressida.—Was it Shakespeare's intention to ridicule Homer? Did he know Homer? . . . Shakespeare's knowledge of Greek was defective.—*William Shakespeare, A Critical Study*, Geo. Brandes, pp. 512, 520.

When I demand of Phœnix,¹ Stella's² state,
 You say, forsooth, you left her well of late

Let Folke o'ercharg'd with braine against me crie.

Astrophel to Stella [Sons. 92, 64], *Sidney*.

. . . Or, when thy socks were on,
 Leave thee *alone for the comparison*.³
 Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
 Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Memorial Verses, Ben Jonson, 1623.

¹ The Phœnix Masque and its author, memorialized by a constellation.—See *Divus Shakespeare*, index.

² There was a woman whom Shakespeare had known, quite ready to become his life-figure, her name was [Stella] Lady Rich . . . We can match Hamlet's shifting moods of mind with those of Essex, as revealed in letters to his sister, Lady Rich.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Gerald Massey, pp. 482, 484.

³ In the Masque of *Love's Labor's Won*. Cp. sub-notes, p. 84.

SCENE I.

Nature to Beauty. 96=CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.¹
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad Augurs² mock³ their own presage;⁴
Incertainities now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests² and tombs of brass are spent.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Cp. Son. 3-LXV. ll. 12, 14, and note 1, p. 120.

² *Time* and *Death*.

³ Cp. note 4, p. 57.

⁴ Throughout the *Masque* the almost silent contempt which *Mother Nature* evinces for her 'ceaseless lackey' [*Time*] is not the least laughable thing, as if her play would not last.

Troilus and Cressida.—With what intention, and in what spirit, did Shakespeare write this strange comedy? All the Greek heroes who fought against Troy are pitilessly exposed to ridicule; Helen and Cressida are light, sensual, and heartless, for whose sake it seems infatuated folly to strike a blow; Troilus is an enthusiastic young fool; and even Hector, though valiant and generous, spends his life in a cause which he knows to be unprofitable, if not evil. All this is seen and said by Thersites, whose mind is made up of the scum of the foulness of human life . . . Ulysses, the antithesis of Troilus, is the much-experienced man of the world, possessed of its highest and broadest wisdom, which yet always remains *worldly* wisdom, and never rises into the *spiritual* contemplation of a Prospero.—*Shakespeare, His Mind and Art*, Dowden, pp. VII., VIII.

Look [Homer], what thy memory can not contain
Commit to these waste acts, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.

These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee *and much enrich thy book.*

William Shakespeare [Son. LXXVII.].

ACT IV.

SCENE II. *Enter* THE GOD OF AMBITION.*Ambition.* 97=CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
 Distill'd from limbecks fowl as hell within,
 Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
 Still losing when I saw myself to win!
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
 How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted
 In the distraction of this madding fever!
 O benefit of ill! now I find true
 That better is by evil still made better;
 And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
 Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I return rebuk'd to my content,
 And gain by ill thrice more than I have spent.

[*Enter Wisdom.*

An upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tiger's* heart wrapt in a player's hyde supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you.—*Green's Groatsworth of Wit*, 1592-96.

Robert Green's Groatsworth of Wit refers to false pretence and false pretence is the essence of the fable of the Crow in Peacock's feathers.—*Our English Homer*, *White*, p. 176.

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the *Hyrcanian* beast,
 Hath now
 With heraldry
 horridly trick'd¹
 . . . Fathers, Mothers, Daughters, Sons.

Hamlet, II. 2.

You have a wolf's heart in a sheep's garment.—*Cecil* to *Essex* at the trial of *Essex*, 1601.—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. I. p. 292.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 27.

SCENE II.

Ambition to Wisdom. 98—XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone bewep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heav'n with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd, }¹
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love rememb'ed such wealth brings
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

¹ *Envy* being the grandmother of *Ambition*, Bacon's aphorism is pertinent here. "Envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self."—*Of Envy*, *Francis Bacon*.

Of Shake-speare's character building. Cp. note 2, p. 59.

Is it possible that Bacon, ["the soaring angel and the creeping snake"] could not read the Sonnets? did he, with open eyes, deliberately walk into the trap set for him by Essex? Cp. notes, pp. 87, 89, 91.

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and to the next age.—*Francis Bacon's Will*.

The loftiness of his [Essex's] wit was most quick, present, and incredible, in dissembling with counterfeit friends, and in turning the mischiefs and fallacies of his enemies upon their own heads and in concealing any matter and business of importance, beyond expectation.—*Four Books of Offices*, *Barnabe Barnes*, 1606.

ACT IV.

Wisdom to Ambition. 99=xcv.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the shame
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name!
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 Making lascivious comments on thy sport,
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise;
 Naming thy name, blesses an ill report.
 O, what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

I have byn of late very pestilent reported in this place [the court] to be rather a drawer bake then a fartherer of the action where you govern I humbly beseech you, lett no *poeticall scribe*¹ work your Lordshipe by any device to doubt that I am a hollo or could sarvant to the action, or a mean well-willer and follower of your own.—*Sir Walter Raleigh* [at court] to Leicester [in the Netherlands] Mar. 29th, 1586.—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. II., p. 33.

As captain of the guard, Raleigh had to stand at the door with a drawn sword, in his brown and *orange uniform*, while the handsome youth [Essex] whispered to the spinster Queen of fifty-four things which set her heart beating. He made all the mischief he could between her and Raleigh.—*Shakespeare, A Critical Study, Brandes*, p. 243.

Enter SIR WALTER MALVOLIO, [Reads.] . . . Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them² Remember who commended thy *yellow stockings*, and wished to see thee ever cross gartered: I say remember. Cp. *Twelfth Night*, II. 5.

"*In Patriam redit magnus Apollo suam.*
 But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead,³
 For whom the Muses silver tears have shed;
 Yet in this lovely swain, *source of our glee*,
 Must all his virtues sweet revive be."

Peel's Eclogue, Gratulatory to Essex, 1589.

¹ Essex and Leicester landed at Flushing, Dec. 10th, 1585.

² Personal allusions were the sauce of every play.—*Shakespeare's Poems, Wyndham*.

³ Sir Philip Sidney.

SCENE II.

Ambition to Wisdom. 100=LXXXVII.

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?
And for that riches where is my deserving?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;
So thy great gift, upon misprison growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment making.
Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth flatter,
In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

[*Curtain.*

I acquainted the Lord Generall [Essex] with your letter to mee, and your kynd acceptance of your enterteynement; hee was also wonderfull merry att your consait of '*Richard the Second.*' I hope it shall never alter, and whereof I shall be most gladd of, as the trew way to all our good, *QUIETT and advancement*, and most of all for Her sake whose affaires shall thereby fynd better progression. Sir, I will ever be your's; *it is all I can saye*, and I will performe it *with my life, and with my fortune.*—*Sir Waller Raleigh* to Robert Cecil, July 6th, 1597.—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. II. p. 169.

If Coke had the faintest idea that the Player was the author of *Richard the Second*, he would not have hesitated a moment to lay him by the heels. And that the Player was not regarded as the author by the Queen is proved by the fact that, with his company, he performed before the Court at Richmond, on the evening before the execution of Essex.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb*, Baconian, p. 72.

ACT IV.

SCENE III. *Enter* THE GODDESSES BEAUTY *and* WISDOM.*Wisdom.*

101—XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
 How to divide the conquest of thy sight;
 Mine eye, my heart thy picture's sight would bar,
 My heart, mine eye the freedom of that right.
 My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
 A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes—¹
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'side this title is impanelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety and the dear heart's part:
 As thus; mine eye's due is thy outward part,
 And my heart's right thy inward love of heart.

¹ Sight is the keenest of our bodily senses, though Wisdom is not seen by it. For vehement would be the love she would inspire, if she came before our sight and shewed us any such clear image of herself.—*The Phœdrus, Plato, Vol. I. p. 327, [Bohn's Libraries].*

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely Jove
 To sit, and censure matters of import:
 Wherein men read the sweete conceits of love,
 To which heart-pained lovers do resort,
 And in this Tablet¹ find to cure the wound,
 For which no salve or herbe was ever found.²

Eyes. Under this mirror, are her princely eyes:
 Two Carbuncles, two rich imperial lights;
 That ore the day and night do soveraignize,
 And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights:
 Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
 And when she riseth al their force is done.

Nature describing her *Phoenix*³ to Jove, *Love's Martyr*, p. 10.

¹ And him⁴ as for a *Maf* doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

Son. 142—LXVIII.

² Cp. termination of the sensual line of the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

³ The *Masque* is *Nature's* own drama. Cp. note 4, p. 57.

⁴ *Dædalus*, the 1609 arrangement of the *Sonnets*, a Cretan labyrinth.

SCENE III.

Beauty.

102—XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter and hath stell'd
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart;¹
My body is the frame wherein 'tis held,
And perspective it is best painter's art.
For through the painter must you see his skill,
To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.
Now see what good-turns eyes for eyes have done:
Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine for me
Are windows to my breast, where-through the sun
Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art;
They draw but what they see, know not the heart.²

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 56.

² Beauty is the most lovely of all things, exciting hilarity, and shedding desire and confidence through the universe, wherever it enters; and it enters, in some degree, into all things: but there is another, which is as much more beautiful than beauty, as beauty is than chaos; namely, Wisdom, which our wonderful organ of sight cannot reach unto, but which, could it be seen, would ravish us with its perfect reality.—*Plato; or, The Philosopher, Emerson, Vol. II.* p. 59.

Though Bacon never mentions the name of Shakespeare, he does refer to one of his plays, thus in his charge against Mr. Oliver St. John we have "and, for your comparison with Richard II., I see you follow the example of them, that brought him upon the stage in Queen Elizabeth's time,"—*Our English Homer Thos. W. White, p. 136.*

ACT IV.

Wisdom to Beauty. 103=XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turns now unto the other,
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart;
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part:
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst move,
 And I am still with them and they with thee;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's delight.

[*Enter Ambition.*

"What will predispose the reader to believe the worst of Cecil, is a confidential letter written by him to his intimate friend Carew, in which he suggests to the latter an act of treachery that can be characterized by no other epithet than diabolical. It appears that a certain young Earl of Desmond, who had been sent over from England to Ireland, seemed likely to prove a costly and inconvenient encumbrance, instead of enabling the English to conciliate or suppress the Irish. Cecil therefore suggests to Carew that it may be possible to decoy the young nobleman into some act of treason, and then to make away with him.

"SIR,—It shall be an easy matter for you to colour whatsoever you shall do in that kind by this course. You may either apostate [*sic*] some to seek to withdraw him *who may betray him to you*, or, rather than fail, *there may be some found out there to accuse him, and that may be sufficient reason for you to remand him, or to restrain him, under colour of which they* [the Irish] *will be more greedy peradventure to labour for him*—but all that is here said is mine own and known to no soul living but the writer whose hand I use at this present, in regard of a fluxion in one of mine eyes."

If this is Cecil, it may be thought Essex might well have felt his life endangered by such an enemy always at the Queen's ear."—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 245.

SCENE III.

104=CXVI.

Ambition to Beauty and Wisdom.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:¹
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.

If this be error and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

[*Exit Ambition.*]

¹ This Sonnet admirably follows Son. 1-xxv. but by so placing precipitates the humor of the play and leaves the present Scene devoid of action.

Essex at the age of Nine.—He can express his mind in Latin and French, as well as in English, very courteous and modest, rather disposed to hear than to answer, given greatly to learning, weak and tender, but very comely and bashful. I think your L. will as well like of him as of any that ever came within your charge.—*Waterhouse* to *Burghley*, Nov. 18th, 1576.—*Lives of The Earls of Essex*, Vol. I. p. 166.

Coxeter according to Warton, says, that he had seen one of Ovid's Epistles translated by Essex.—*Bibliog. Poetica, Ritson*, p. 187.

The elegant perspicuity, the conciseness, the quick strong reasonings and the engaging good breeding of his letters, carry great marks of genius.—*R. and N. Authors, Horace Walpole*, 1759, Vol. I. p. 94.

Essex's letters, whether in Latin or English, short or long, of an earlier or later date, public or private, partake uniformly of the same clearness and elegance of manner.—*Original Letters [Second Series]*, *Ellis*, Vol. III.

ACT IV.

Wisdom to Beauty. 105—LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his¹ great verse,
 Bound for the prize of all too precious you,
 That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,
 Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?
 Was it his spirit,² by spirits taught to write³
 Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead?
 No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
 Giving him aid, my verse astonished.
 He, nor that affable familiar ghost
 Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,⁴
 As victors of my silence cannot boast;
 I was not sick of any fear from thence:
 But when your countenance fill'd up his line,
 Then lack'd I matter; that enfeebled mine.

¹ *Ambition's.*² *Hope*, Act III. Cp. note 2, p. 57.³ *Envy*, Act II. and *Desire*, Act I.⁴ *Hope*, Act III. It is noteworthy that *Wisdom* has the same contempt for *Hope* as had her father, *Knowledge*. Cp. Son. 58—LXI.

If compelled to select one of Shakespeare's Contemporaries for the Rival Poet, I should select Drayton.—*Shakespeare's Poems*, Wyndham, p. 258.

Barnabe Barnes probably the rival, . . . The emphasis laid by Barnes on the inspiration that he sought from Southampton's "gracious eyes" on the one hand, and his reiterated references to his patron's "virtue" on the other, suggest that Shakespeare in these Sonnets directly alluded to Barnes as his chief competitor in the hotly contested race for Southampton's favours.—*Life of Shakespeare*, Sidney Lee, p. 133. Cp. sub-note 1, p. 115.

TO THE EARLE OF ESSEX, EARLE MARSHALL,¹ ETC.
 Great Strong-Bowe's heir,² no Self-Conceit doth cause
 Mine humble wings aspire to you, unknowne:
 But knowing this, that your renown alone
 [As th' adamant, and as the amber draws:
 That, hardest steel: this, easie yielding straws]
 Alters the stubborn, and attracts the prone:
 I have presum'd [O honor's Paragon!]
 To grave your name [which all Iberia awes].

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 131.² Cp. Penelope's Challenge, p. 19.

SCENE III.

Beauty to Wisdom. 106—LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
And therefore may'st without attain't o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise,
And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bett'ring days.
And do so, love; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou truly fair wert truly sympathiz'd
In true plain words by thy true-telling friend;
And their gross painting might be better used
Where cheeks need blood; in thee it is abused.

[*Exeunt.*

Here on the fore-front of this little pile;
T' invite the vertuous to a sacred feast,
And chase away the vicious and the vile,
Or stop their lothsome envious tongues, at least.

If I have err'd, let my submission scuse:
And daign to grace my yet ungraced muse.

Joshua Sylvester. [Cp. *Brydges' Restituta*, Vol. II. p. 415.]

¹ This opens another passage based on Shakespeare's knowledge of heraldry . . . *Imprese*, a term of heraldic science . . . whenever Shakespeare in an age of technical conceits, indulges in one ostentatiously, it will always be found that his apparent obscurity arises from our not crediting him with a technical knowledge which he undoubtedly possessed, be it of *heraldry*,¹ of law, or of philosophic disputation.—*Shakespeare's Poems, Wyndham*, pp. 226–29.

In 1597 the Earl of Essex had become Earl Marshal and chief of the Herald's College.—*Life of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee*, p. 190.

Essex was great at *impreses*.²—*Jonson's Conv. with Drummond*, p. 30.

Essex was gallant, romantic and ostentatious, his *shooting-matches* in the eye of the city gained him great popularity and the people never ceased to adore him. His genius for shows and those pleasures that carry an image of war was as remarkable as his spirit in the profession itself. His *impreses* and inventions of entertainment were much admired.—*R. and N. Authors, Walpole*.

¹ The Enacted Will, or The Masque of Love's Labor's Won, is based on heraldry. Cp. notes, p. 27.

² Cp. William Shakspeare, Poet or Peacock, index,

ACT IV.

SCENE IV. *Enter* THE GODDESS BEAUTY.*Beauty.*

107—CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
 Which have no correspondence with true sight!
 Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
 That censures falsely what they see aright?
 If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote, }
 What means the world to say it is not so? }¹
 If it be not, then love doth well denote
 Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
 How can it? O, how can Love's eye be true,
 That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
 No marvel then, though I mistake my view;
 The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
 Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

[*Enter Ambition.*¹ *Ambition.* Cp. note 2, p. 57.

TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.

Magnificke lord, whose virtues excellent
 Do merit a most famous poets wit
 To be thy living praises instrument:
 Yet do not deign to let thy name be writ
 In this base poem, for thee far unfit:
 Nought is thy worth disparaged thereby.
 But when my Muse, whose feathers, nothing flit,
 Do yet but flag and lowly learn to fly,
 With bolder wing shall dare aloft to sty
 To the last praises of this Færy Queen:
 Then shall it make most famous memory
 Of thine HEROICKE parts, such as they been:
 Till then, vouchsafe thy noble countenance
 To their first labors needed furtherance.

The Fairy Queen, Spenser, 1590.

And there, though last not least, is Aetion:
 A gentler shepheard may no where be found,
 Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
 Doth, like himself, HEROICALLY sound.

Colin Clouts, Spenser, 1595.

SCENE IV.

Ambition to Beauty. 108=LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such fair assistance in my verse.
As every alien pen hath got my use,
And under thee their poesy disperse.
Thine eyes, that taught the dumb on high to sing,
And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
And given grace a double majesty.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
In others' works thou dost but mend the style,
And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
But thou art all my art, and dost advance
As high as learning my rude ignorance.

If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lovest the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense.
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence.¹
Thou lovest to hear the sweet melodious sound
That Phœbus' lute, the queen of music, makes:
And I in deep delight am chiefly drown'd
When as himself to singing he betakes.
One god is god of both, as poets feign:
One knight loves both, and both in thee remain.

Attributed to Shakspeare in *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599.

Shakespeare acknowledged acquaintance with Spenser's work in a plain reference to his 'Teares of the Muses' [1591] in 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' [v. 1., ll. 52, 53].

"The thrice three Muses, mourning for the death
Of learning, late deceased in beggary."

is stated to be the theme of one of the dramatic entertainments wherewith it is proposed to celebrate Theseus's marriage.—*Life of Shakespeare*, Sidney Lee, p. 80.

¹ Cp. sub-note 2, p. 140.

ACT IV.

Beauty to Ambition. 109=LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall vade, my verse distills your truth.

Of this nobleman [Essex] [says Wordsworth] the following anecdote is told. When the Bishops that felt the smart of it had cried out against that slashing pamphlet, called *Martin—Mar—Prelate*,¹ and there was a prohibition published, that no man should presume to carry it about him, upon pain of punishment; and the Queen herself did speak as much when the Earl was present: "Why then" said the Earl, "what will become of me" and pulling the book out of his pocket, he did shew it unto the Queen.—*Brydges' Restituta*, Vol. I. p. 196.

Essex was something of a poet: he possessed the kindling poetic temperament and was fond of making verses; a lover of literature, and the friend of poets. It was he who sought out Spenser when in great distress and relieved him, and, when that poet died, Essex buried him in Westminster Abbey. Being, as he was, so near a friend of Southampton, it could scarcely be otherwise than that he should have been a personal friend of Shakspeare. *It is highly probable that some of the Poet's dramas were first performed at Essex House.*—*Shakspeare's Sonnets*, Massey, p. 462.

¹ The pamphlets were published 1588-1590—It was an age of vapid punning hence the name suggests the fatherhood of Henry Willobie; i. e., Henry=henery=feathers; Hamlet's "forest of feathers." Willobie=The Will-to-be. Cp. notes, pp. 25 and 73.

SCENE IV.

Ambition to Beauty. 110=XCVIII. 111=XCIX.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew;
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose:
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.
The forward violet thus did I chide: [smells,
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet that
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dyed.
The lily I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
One blushing shame, another white despair;
A third, nor red, nor white, had stol'n of both,
And to his robb'ry had annex'd thy breath;
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see
But sweet or colour it had stol'n from thee.

Shakespeare wrote no commendatory verses whatsoever, the only one who is praised by Shakespeare, and on one occasion only, is Spenser, who is referred to in one of the Sonnets of the Pasionate Pilgrim.—*William Shakespeare, Karl Elze*, p. 427.

ACT IV.

Beauty to Ambition. 112=CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
 I love not less, though less the show appear:
 That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
 The owner's tongue doth publish every where.
 Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
 When I was wont to greet it with my lays,¹
 As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
 And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:²
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
 But that wild music burthens every bough
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.

Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my tongue,
 Because I would not dull you with my song.

¹ As *Love to Desire*, Act I. and *Reason to Envy*, Act II.

² In Act III. *Grace* is not specially concerned with *Hope*.

Having, in the Earl's [Essex's] precipitate fortune, curiously observed. First, how long that nobleman's birth, worth and favour had been flattered, tempted, and stung by a swarm of sect-animals, whose property was to wound and fly away; and so, by a continual affliction probably enforce great hearts to turn and tosse for ease; and in those passive postures, perchance to tumble sometimes upon their *Sovereigne's circles*.¹ Into which pitfall of theirs,² when they had once discerned this Earle to be fallen: straight, under the reverend stile of *Laesae Majestatis* all inferiour ministers of Justice—they knew—would be justly let loose to work upon him. And accordingly under the same cloud, his enemies took audacity to cast libels abroad in his name against the State, made by themselves: set papers upon posts, to bring his innocent friends in question. His power by the jesuiticall craft of rumour, they made infinite; and his ambition more than equal to it. His letters to private men were read openly, by the piercing eyes of an attornie's office, which warrantes the construction of every line in the worst sense against the writer.—*Greville's Life of Sidney* [Dr. Grosart, Ed.], Vol. IV. pp. 156, 157.

¹ Cp. the 1589 Dramatis Personæ of *Hamlet*, index.

² Cp. Raleigh's letter to Robert Cecil, p. 125.

SCENE IV.

Ambition to Beauty. 113=XXVII. 114=XXVIII.

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired;
For then my thoughts, from far where I abide,
Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
Looking on darkness which the blind do see:
Save that my soul's imaginary sight
Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
Which, like a jewel, hung in ghastly night,
Makes black night beauteous and her old face new.
Lo! thus, by day my limbs, by night my mind,
For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.
How can I then return in happy plight,
That am debarr'd the benefit of rest?
When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
And each, though enemies to either's reign,
Do in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toil, the other to complain
How far I toil, still farther off from thee.
I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the heaven:
So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou gild'st the even.
But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's length seem
stronger.

[*Enter Wisdom.*

¹ *Ambition* has not lost the characteristics of his grandmother, *Envy*, and Bacon's precept is applicable. "Envy keeps no holidays."—*Of Envy*, *Francis Bacon*.

ACT IV.

Wisdom to Ambition. 115—XLI.

Those pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
 When I am sometime absent from thy heart,
 Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
 For still temptation follows where thou art.
 Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,¹
 Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd;
 And when a woman woos,² what woman's son,³
 Will sourly leave her till he have prevail'd?
 Ah me! but yet thou mightst my seat forbear,
 And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
 Who lead thee in their riot even there
 Where thou art forc'd to break a twofold truth;⁴
 Hers, by thy beauty tempting her² to thee,⁵
 Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

¹ Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded.—*Richard III.*, III. 7.

² *Beauty*. Cp. Son. 112—CII.

³ *Ambition*, son of the goddess *Hope*.

⁴ With the Pythagoreans *two* involved otherness and was the number of opinion "because of its diversity."

⁵ Such an act

That blurs the grace and blush of modesty.

Hamlet III. 4, l. 41.

What sage has he not outseen? What king has he not taught state? What gentleman has he not instructed in the rudeness of his behavior? What lover has he not outloved? What maiden has not found him finer than her delicacy?—*Emerson*, Vol. II. p. 168.

The most remarkable feature in the [first quarto of *Hamlet*] 1603 edition is a scene between Horatio and the Queen in which he tells her of the King's frustrated scheme for having Hamlet murdered in England. The object of this scene *is to absolve the Queen*¹ from complicity in the King's crime; a purpose which can also be traced in other passages of this first edition.—*Shakespeare, A Critical Study*, Geo. Brandes, p. 345.

¹ The chances are that *Hamlet* was never printed prior to Mar. 24th, 1603, for reasons compare the conjectural 1589 *Dramatis Personæ* of *Hamlet*, index, and Raleigh's letter to Robert Cecil, p. 125, and Cecil's letter to Carew, p. 128.

SCENE IV.

Ambition to Beauty. 116=LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:¹
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if, I say, you look upon this verse,
When I, perhaps, compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love e'en with my life decay:
 Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

¹ *Ambition* has not lost the characteristics of his great-grandfather, *Desire*. Cp. Son. 17-LXXIV., l. 10.

Shakespeare's "deposition scene" in *Richard the Second* was never printed, so long as Queen Elizabeth lived. It appeared first, in print, in the edition of 1608 . . . What passage or incident in the play can, at that date [1597], have turned Cecil's thoughts towards the Earl of Essex? and finally, to what performance was it that the Queen herself alluded, when, in her curious conversation about the Pandects of the Records, with William Lambarde, on the 4th of August, 1601, she suddenly startled him, by exclaiming—"I am *Richard the Second*, know you not that!" and was answered: "Such a wicked imagination was, indeed, attempted by a most unkind gentleman, the most adorned creature that ever your Majesty made;"—the Queen herself presently adding:—"That tragedy was played forty times in open streets and houses."—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. II. p. 167.

Elizabeth died Mar. 24th, 1603. In this year appeared Johann Bayer's *Uranometria* containing the constellations of the *Phoenix* and the *Peacock*. The Phoenix being a memorial to the author of our Shake-spearian literature, the Peacock a sign in the heavens so that he who runs can spell out the name of the Stratford Cuckæ "that so had crossed sweet Philomelas note." Cp. p. 18.

ACT IV.

Ambition to Wisdom. 117=LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
 And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
 Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
 And prove thee virtuous, though thou art forsworn.¹
 With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story }
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attained, }²
 That thou in losing me shalt win much glory:
 And I by this will be a gainer too;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right, myself will bear all wrong.

¹ From Son. 100-LXXXVII. l. 9, it appears that *Wisdom*, at one time, was betrothed to *Ambition*.

² The characters being Pythagoreans, *Ambition* here refers to the relationship of *Hope* and *Knowledge* in Act III. Cp. Son. 63-CX.

VERSES TO THE CONCEIT OF THE FAERY QUEEN.

To look upon a work of rare devise
 The which a *workman* setteth out to view,¹
 And not to yield it the deserved praise
 That unto such a workmanship is dew,
 Doth either prove the judgement to be naught,
 Or else doth shew a mind with envy fraught.
 To labor to commend a piece of work,
 Which no man goes about to discommend,
 Would raise a jealous doubt, that there did lurk
 Some secret thought whereto the praise did tend:
 For when men know the goodness of the wine,
 'Tis needless for the hoast to have a signe.²

¹ Would this line have been acceptable to Spenser from any other pen than Shake-speare's?

² Good wine needs no bush.—*As You Like It*, Epil.

SCENE IV.

Ambition to Beauty. 118=LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
And my sick Muse doth give another place.¹
I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
Deserves the travail of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent
He robs thee of and pays it thee again.
He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
And found it in thy cheek: he can afford
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth live.

Then thank him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost pay.

¹ *Ambition's* jealousy of *Wisdom*, so strongly evidenced in Son. 104-cxvi., here again breaks out.

Thus then, to shew my judgement to be such
As can discourse of colors black and white,
As alls to free my mind from envies touch,
That never gives to any man his right;
I here pronounce this workmanship is such
As that no pen can set it forth too much.
And thus I hang a garland at the dore;
[Not for to shew the goodness of the ware;
But such hath been the custom heretofore,
And customs very hardly broken are;]
And when your taste shall tell you this is true,
Then look you give your hoast his utmost due.

Ignoto.

As It Fell Upon a Day, or The Nightingale To His Muse, was subscribed *Ignoto* in *England's Helicon*, 1600. In *Love's Martyr*, *Ignoto* is the moving spirit; it is from *Ignoto's* lines that Chapman, Marston, and Jonson, base their instructions for the burning of the second Phœnix.

"The flame that eats her, feeds the others life."

This second Phœnix is Shake-speare's poem of *The Phoenix and Turtle Dove*, showing, almost conclusively, that *Robert Chester's Love's Martyr* is a posthumous work of Shake-speare. Cp. note from Saintsbury, p. 41.

ACT IV.

Beauty to Ambition. 119=XCVI.

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness;
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and less:
 Thou mak'st faults graces, that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd;
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated and for true things deem'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate!
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy state!¹
 But do not so; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

¹ *Folly.* Cp. *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24, note 1, p. 47, and note 2, p. 37.

In "As You Like It," hints for the scene of Orlando's encounter with Charles the Wrestler, and for Touchstone's description of the diverse shapes of a lie, were clearly drawn from a book called "Saviolo's Practise," a manual of the art of self-defence, which appeared in 1595 from the pen of Vincentio Saviolo, an Italian fencing-master in the service of the Earl of Essex.—*Life of Shakespeare*, *Sidney Lee*, p. 209.

Such one *he was*,¹ of him we boldly say,
 In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
 In whom in peace the elements all lay
 So mixt as none could sovereignty impute,
 As all did govern yet all did obey:
 His lively temper *was*¹ so absolute,
 That it seemed, when Heaven his model first began,
 In him it showed perfection in a man.

Michael Drayton, 1603.¹

It is noticeable that in a later edition of his poem [1619] Drayton has returned to his description, and retouched it into a still nearer likeness to that of Shakespeare. The last two lines are altered thus:—

As that it seemed when Nature him began,
 She meant to show all that might be in man.

Shakespeare's Sonnets, *Gerald Masscy*, p. 573.¹ Shakespeare the Dramatist died Feby. 25th, 1601. Shakspeare the Player, April 23rd, 1616.

SCENE IV.

Ambition to Beauty. 120—XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now, while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss:
Ah, do not, when my heart hath scap'd this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe,
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compar'd with loss of thee will not seem so.

[*Enter Nature and Time.*

Students of Shakspeare's times, his life, and works, unless their view may have been distorted by a wrong interpretation of Meres' meaning when he spoke of Shakspeare's "private friends" amongst whom the "sugared sonnets" circulated, will have received an impression that our poet must have been in some way, to some extent, mixed up with the affairs of Essex. I am told that the late Mr. Croker, of the *Quarterly Review*, always entertained this opinion, although he could never lay his hand on any very tangible evidence of the fact. There is constructive evidence enough to show, that if Shakspeare was not hand-in-glove with the Essex faction, he fought on their side pen-in-hand. In the chorus at the end of "Henry the Fifth" he introduced a prophecy of the Earl's expected successes in Ireland.—*Shakspeare's Sonnets, Gerald Massey*, p. 50, sup.

In 1587 the two chief companies of actors, claiming respectively the nominal patronage of the Queen and Lord Leicester,¹ returned to London from a provincial tour, during which they visited Stratford. Two subordinate companies, one of which claimed the patronage of the Earl of Essex and the other that of Lord Stafford, also performed in the town during the same year.—*Life of Shakspeare, Sidney Lee*, p. 33.

¹ Stepfather of Essex.

ACT IV.

Nature to Ambition. 121=III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou viewest,
 Now is the time that face should form another;
 Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
 Thou dost beguile the world, unblesse some mother.¹
 For where is she so fair whose unear'd womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?
 Or who is he so fond will be the tomb
 Of his self-love, to stop posterity?
 Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
 Calls back the lovely April of her prime:
 So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
 Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time.
 But if thou live, rememb'ed not to be,
 Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

¹ The goddess *Hope*, Act III.

On the 14th of February [1598], a great entertainment was given at Essex House, at which the Ladies Leicester, Northumberland, Bedford, Essex, Rich; Lords Essex, Rutland, Mountjoy, and others, were present. They had two plays performed before them, which kept them till one o'clock after midnight. Considering the close connection which existed between Essex and Southampton, the great patron of Shakspeare, who was still abroad, but ordered to return forthwith, there can be little doubt that the plays were his, perhaps then performed for the first time, before this noble audience. If our informant had only been a little more particular, we might have had the dates of two of the great poet's dramas fixed; perhaps he himself took a part in them.—*Lives of the Earls of Essex, Devereux*, Vol. I. p. 479.

SCENE IV.

Time to Wisdom. 122=XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of Time must go,
Since sweets and beauties do themselves forsake
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make defence
Save breed, to brave him when he takes thee hence.

Besides his other defects, Essex's violent temper unfitted him for Court life. Cuffe, his most intimate secretary, said of him that "he always carried on his brow either love or hatred, and did not understand concealment." Wotton describes him as a "great resenter," and as "no good pupil to my Lord of Leicester, who was wont to put all his passion in his pocket." On the other hand Essex had a generosity, a *truthfulness*, and a warmheartedness that, in the judgment of his friends, atoned for a thousand faults. The impression produced by a short interview with him, when suddenly he calls in on Anthony Bacon and a little group of friends, and brightens them up with the sunshine of his hopeful nature, reminds one of Shakespeare's description of Henry V.

A largess universal as the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
Bacon and Essex, Abbott, p. 26.

Bacon's insensibility is characteristic . . . let any one read the Essay on Love, and remember that some persons, not always inmates of lunatic asylums, have held that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare—his pusillanimity, his lack of passion.—*History of English Literature, Saintsbury, p. 208.*

ACT IV.

Nature to Beauty. 123=v.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that unfair which fairly doth excel:
 For never-resting Time leads summer on
 To hideous winter and confounds him there;
 Sap check'd with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
 Beauty o'ersnow'd and bareness every where:
 Then, were not summer's distillation left,
 A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
 Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
 Nor it nor no remembrance what it was:

But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
 Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

[*Exeunt.*]

Love's Martyr; or Rosalin's Complaint. . . . a Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie; now first translated out of the venerable *Italian Torquato Caeliano*, by *Robert Chester*, 1601.

Landulpho. } Most ugly lines and base-browne-paper-stuffe.
 [An Italian Lord] } Thus to abuse our heavenly poesie,
 That sacred off-spring from the braine of Jove.
Mavortius. I see [my Lord] this home-spun country stuffe
 Brings little liking to your curious eare,
 Be patient, for perhaps the play will mend.
 [*Enter Troylus and Cressida.*]

Troylus. Come Cressida, my Cresset light,
 Thy knight his valiant elbow wears,
 That when he *Shakes* his furious *Speare*
 The foe in shivering fearful sort
 May lay him down in death to snort. . . .

Landulpho. I blush in your behalfeꝛ at this base trash.
 I have a mistresse¹ whose intangling wit
 Will turne and winde more cunning arguments
 Than could the *Cretan labyrinth*² ingyre.

Histrion-Mastix, II. 1., *Jno. Marston.*

Cp. *The School of Shakspeare, Simpson*, Vol. II. pp. 39, 42.

¹ Cp, sub-note 1, p. 40.

² The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

ACT V.

MUSES REPRESENTED.

TRUTH—TIME—ART—FOLLY—NATURE.

SCENE I. *Enter* NATURE *and* THE GOD OF TRUTH.

Nature to Truth. 124=LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most? which can say more
Than this rich praise, that you alone are you?
In whose confine immured is the store
Which should example where your equal grew.
Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small glory;
But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you,¹ so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what Nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired every where.

You to your beauteous blessings add a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

¹ What is Truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer.—*Of Truth, Francis Bacon.*

Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh
To learned Chaucer; and, rare Beaumont, lie
A little nearer Spenser, to make room
For Shakspeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.
To lodge all four in one bed make a shift,
For, until doomsday hardly will a fifth,
Betwixt this day and that, by fates be slain,
For whom your curtains need be drawn again.
But if *precedency*¹ in death *doth bar*
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre,
Under this sable marble of thine own,
Sleep, rare tragedian,² Shakspeare, sleep alone. . . .
W. Basse, 1622.

¹ Shakspeare the Dramatist, died Febr. 25th, 1601.

² Shakspeare the Player, died April 23rd, 1616.

ACT V.

Truth to Nature. 125=CXII.

Your love and pity doth th' impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow;
 For what care I who calls me well or ill,¹
 So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
 You are my all the world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That my steel'd sense or changes right or wrong:
 In so profound abysm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are:—
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

¹ Truth only doth judge itself.—*Of Truth, Francis Bacon.*

The purpose of *Love's Martyr*, published in 1601, is declared on the title page.

Mar:—Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.

On page 34, *supra*, it is shown that the dialogue in *Love's Martyr* is a play by example for this Sonnet Masque—so the authorship of Shake-speare was a matter of great moment even to the Elizabethans.

You are Mistaken, insatiable thief of my writings, who think a poet can be made for the mere expense which copying, and a cheap volume cost. The applause of the world is not acquired for six or even ten sesterces. Seek out for this purpose verses treasured up, and unpublished efforts, known only to one person, and which the father himself of the virgin sheet, that has been worn and scrubbed by bushy chins, keeps sealed up in his desk.¹ *A well known book cannot change its master.*² But if there is one to be found yet unpolished by the pumice-stone, yet unadorned with bosses and cover, buy it: I have such by me, and no one shall know it. Whoever recites another's compositions, and seeks for fame, must buy, not a book, but the author's silence.—*Epigram LXXVI., Martial.*

¹ Drayton's lines, p. 156, seem to point to this sentence.

² Cp. notes, pp. 80, 89, and Bacon's borrowing from Shake-speare, p. 149.

SCENE I.

Nature to Truth. 126=CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you dearer:
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn clearer.
But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of kings,
Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to th' course of alt'ring things:¹
Alas, why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say 'Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,²
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest?
Love is a babe; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow.

[*Curtain.*

¹ Cp. note 3, Son. 93-XVIII. By referring to the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24, it will be seen that *Nature*, in her eternizing, has returned to the intellectual line.

² Cp. Son. 96-CVII. l. 7.

It was a prevailing tenet of the Academics, that there is no certain knowledge.—*Of the Nature of the Gods*, *Cicero*, p. 9.

The remarkable charge that Bacon borrowed from Shakespeare is not original, Massey in his book on the Sonnets, runs through several pages in this fashion: Personally, I have sometimes thought there was something conscious, not to say sinister, in the silence of Bacon respecting Shakespeare. As Spedding points out, Bacon had a regular system of taking notes, and of *intentionally* altering the things *that he quoted* . . . This opens a vast vista of responsibility in his covert mode of assimilating the thoughts, purloining the gold, and clipping the coinage of Shakespeare . . . It has often been a matter of surprise that Bacon should not have recognized Shakespeare or his work¹ . . . His Promus is the record of much that he took directly from Shakespeare. For eight or ten years he had free play and full pasturage in Shakespeare's field before he published his first ten essays . . . It is this borrowing from Shakespeare by Bacon that has given so much trouble and labor in vain to the Baconians . . . The simple solution is *that Bacon was the unsuspected thief*, who has been accredited with the original ownership of the property purloined by Shakespeare.—*Shakspeare Not Shakespear*, W. II. Edwards.

¹ Cp. lines from *Hamlet*, p. 151.

ACT V.

SCENE II. *Enter* THE GODS OF FOLLY *and* ART.*Folly to Art.* 127=LXXX.

O, how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,¹
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your fame!
 But since your worth, wide as the ocean is,
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear. }²
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat;
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth ride;
 Or, being wreck'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building and of goodly pride:
 Then if he thrive and I be cast away,
 The worst was this; my love was my decay.

¹ The god of *Truth*. "Art is true."² Cp. note on the sensual line, p. 86.

Elizabeth, who "looked that her word should be a warrant," chose to employ him [Bacon] in the business which belonged properly to her learned council. . . . His first service of that nature,—the first at least of which I find any record, was in 1594. . . . We have a letter of Bacon's to King James, written in 1606, in which he speaks of his "nine years' service of the crown." This would give 1597 as the year in which he began to serve as one of the learned council.—*Works of Francis Bacon, Spedding*. [Philosophical Writings, Vol. I. p. 39.]

It was Bacon who withdrew himself from Essex, not Essex who shunned Bacon. . . . As early as March, 1597, we find him therefore shunning Essex's company in Court, desiring to speak with him, but "somewhere else than at Court."—*Bacon and Essex, Edwin A. Abbott*, p. 103.

Mr. Swinburne goes still farther. "Not one single alteration in the whole play," he says when speaking of the revision of *Hamlet*, "can possibly have been made with a view to stage effect, or to present popularity and profit." Nay, he affirms that every change in the text of *Hamlet* has impaired its fitness for the stage and increased its value for the closet in exact and perfect proportion.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb*, p. 88.

SCENE II.

Art to Folly. 128=CL.

O, from what power hast thou this powerful might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of skill
That, in my mind, thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O, though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

Neither was the effect of the sentence that there passed against him any more than a suspension of the exercise of some of his places: at which time also Essex, that could vary himself into all shapes for a time, infinitely desirous [as by the sequel now appeareth] to be at liberty to practise and revise¹ his former purposes.—*Declaration of the Treasons of Essex, Francis Bacon, 1601.*

Osríc. Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

Hamlet. I humbly thank you, sir.—[*Aside to Horatio,*] Dost know this water-fly?

Horatio. [*Aside to Hamlet,*] No, my good lord.

Hamlet. [*Aside to Horatio,*] Thy state is the more gracious; for 't is a vice to know him.² He hath much land, and fertile; let a beast be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'Tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.³—*Hamlet, v. 2.*

¹ On page 191 of Mr. Abbott's book, *Bacon and Essex*, the word is "revise," in the "Declaration," p. 14, "revive."

² Essex "did not seem to know that he had ever deserved well of Bacon." Cp. Macaulay's lines, p. 81.

³ If, upon compulsion, I were to make a guess as to the parcel of land referred to it would be that described in sub-note 2, p. 106.

ACT V.

Folly to Art. 129=LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence:
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt;¹
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, lovè, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace: knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle and look strange;
 Be absent from thy walks; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet beloved name no more shall dwell,
 Lest I, too much profane, should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.²

For thee against myself I'll vow debate,

For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost hate.³

¹ Psychologically, *Folly* partakes of the character of his great-great-grandfather, *Desire*. Cp. Son. 11-XXXVII. l. 3.

² As *Desire* and *Love*, Act I.

³ Here *Folly* refers to Son. 18-CXLIX. l. 5, when *Folly* and *Art* were *Desire* and *Love*.

Finding that the Queen's severity [to Essex] was so disproportioned to the offence, the writer casts about to imagine other crimes, and is persuaded there must be something more at the bottom.¹—*Sydney Papers*, Oct. 6th. What articles were brought against him is *not publicly known*.—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 140.

Her Majesty in her royal intention never purposed to call your Lordship's doings *into public question* For first, the handling the cause in the Star Chamber, you not called, was enforced by the violence of *libeling*¹ and *rumours*, wherein the Queen thought to have satisfied the world, and yet spared your Lordship's appearance Her Majesty spared the public place of the Star Chamber; she limited the charge precisely not to touch disloyalty; *and no record remaineth to memory of the charge or sentence*.¹—Letter, *Anthony Bacon to Essex* to be shown the Queen.—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 188.

¹ Cp. sub-notes 2 and 5, p. 116.

SCENE II.

Art to Folly. 130=CXX.

That you were once unkind befriends me now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken¹
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time,
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.²
O, that our night of woe might have remember'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms fits!
But that, your trespass, now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom me.

¹ Cp. Son. 16-xxxix. l. 5.

² The characters are Pythagoreans. Cp. Son. 15-xxxvi. l. 9.

Raleigh had powerful enemies, some of whom declared that the whole story of the voyage to Guiana was a fiction. It was to refute this slander that he wrote his *Discoverie of Guiana*, 1596. At the same time *he drew a map*, which was not yet finished when the book was published. This map, long supposed to be lost, has been now identified with a map in the British Museum, dated 1650 in the catalogue, but shown to be Raleigh's by a careful comparison with the text of the "*Discoverie*" and with Raleigh's known hand writing—Raleigh's accuracy as a topographer and cartographer of Guiana or the central district of Venezuela has been established by subsequent explorers.—*Dictionary of N. B.*, p. 104.

Maria. He [Sir Walter Malvolio¹] does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in *the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies.*—*Twelfth Night; or, What You Will*, III. 2.

¹ Cp. notes, p. 124.

ACT V.

Folly to Art. 131=CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy 'Will,'¹
 And 'Will'² to boot, and 'Will'³ in overplus;
 More then enough am I that vex thee still,
 To thy sweet will making addition thus.
 Wilt thou, whose will¹ is large and spacious,
 Not once vouchsafe to hide my will⁴ in thine?
 Shall will⁴ in others seem right gracious,
 And in my will⁴ no fair acceptance shine?
 The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
 And in abundance addeth to his store; [*Enter Nature.*
 So thou, being rich in 'Will,'¹ add to thy 'Will'¹
 One will⁴ of mine, to make thy large 'Will'¹ more.
 Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill;
 Think all but one, and me in that one 'Will.'⁵

*[Exit Folly.]*¹ Legal or artistic will.² The poet *Folly*.³ An overplus of *Folly*.⁴ Wish, good will.⁵ No folly in the artistic will, yet I, the poet *Folly*, am there.

Essex when released from imprisonment was expressly informed that he must consider himself "under indignation"—a qualification which had the effect of deterring all but his near relations from visiting him, and, after having spent his fortunes in the wars, and overwhelmed himself with debt in the service of his country, he was deprived by the Queen of the grant upon the continuance of which he depended for his subsistence, and was brought face to face with beggary. All this was a very severe punishment, if inflicted for mere incapacity, even though accompanied with some degree of wilfulness and contempt of orders. It is natural to suppose that there was some other cause for the Queen's displeasure.¹—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 136.

¹ Cp. sub-notes 2 and 5, p. 116, and note, p. 125.

SCENE II.

Nature to Art. 132=C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forget'st so long
 To speak of that which gives thee all thy might?¹
 Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song, }
 Dark'ning thy pow'r to lend base subjects light? }²
 Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
 In gentle numbers time so idly spent;
 Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem, }
 And gives thy pen both skill and argument. }¹
 Rise, resty Muse,³ my love's¹ sweet face survey,
 If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
 If any, be a satire to decay,
 And make Time's spoils despised every where.

Give my love fame faster than Time wastes life;
 So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked knife.

¹ Truth.

² Folly.

³ Rail not gainst Fortunes sacred deitie,
 In youth thy virtuous patience she hath tryed,
 From this base earth shee'l lift thee up on hie,
 Where in content's rich chariot thou shalt ride,
 And never with impatience to abide:
 Fortune will glory in thy great renowne,
 And on thy feath' red head¹ will set a crowne.

Dame Nature to The Phanix, Love's Martyr, p. 31.

Mr. Chamberlain's letters give us more particularly the proceedings which were continued against Essex after the meeting at York House, by which the Queen endeavoured "to break his proud Spirit."

June 23, 1600. I was yesterday at the Star Chamber upon report of some special matter that should be determined touching my Lord of Essex, when the Lord Keeper made a very grave speech in nature of a charge to the Judges, to look to the overgrowing idle multitude of Justices of Peace: to *discourers and meddlers in princes' matters*: and, lastly, to *libellers*.² on occasion whereof he fell to a digression how mercifully Her Majesty had dealt with the Earl of Essex, in proceeding with him so mildly, and by a *private hearing*; whereas, if he had been brought to that place, he could not have passed without a heavy censure, the avoiding whereof must only be imputed to God and Her Majesty's clemency.—*Lives of the Earls of Essex, Devereux, Vol. II. p. 111.*

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 73.

² Cp. sub-notes 2 and 5, p. 116.

ACT V.

Art to Nature. 133=CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
 With eager compounds we our palate urge;
 As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
 We sicken to shun sickness when we purge;
 Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying sweetness,
 To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
 And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
 To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
 Thus policy in love, to anticipate
 The ills that were not, grew to faults assured
 And brought to medicine a healthful state
 Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cured:
 But thence I learn, and find the lesson true, }
 Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you. }¹

¹ We can command Nature only by obeying her; nor can Art avail anything except as Nature's handmaiden.—*Preface to Bacon's Philosophical Works*, p. 115.

For such whose poems be they ne'er so rare,
 In private chambers that encloistered are,
 And by transcription daintily must go
 As tho' the world unworthy were to know
 Their rich composures, *let those men who keep
 These wondrous relics*¹ in their judgment deep,
 And cry them up so let such pieces be
 Spoke of by those that shall come after me.

Poets and Posey, Michael Drayton [quoted by *Massey*, p. 571].

In 1609 *Shakespeare's Sonnets* appeared, with the intimation that Shakespeare was not really the name of the author, but was the noted weed in which he kept invention; and in the same year *Troilus and Cressida* was published *with the announcement* [in the preface] that the Shakespearian Plays were the property of *certain grand possessors*.¹—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb*, p. 73.

¹ Cp. sub-note i, p. 142.

SCENE II.

Nature to Art. 134=LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
While shadows like to thee do mock my sight?
Is it thy spirit¹ that thou send'st from thee
So far from home into my deeds to pry,
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenure of thy jealousy?
O, no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love² that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:
For thee watch I whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
From me far off, with others³ all too near.

¹ *Beauty.*

² *Truth.*

³ *Folly.*

It is therefore indisputable that whether it were Bacon's misfortune, or fault, or both—he was selected by the popular indignation as one of the prime causers of the Queen's indignation against Essex. Why was this? Why did the popular instinct fall upon one of Essex's closest friends, the man who nine weeks ago had subscribed himself to the Earl "more his than any man's, and more his than any man"—as the principal enemy and underminer of the fallen favourite? Some counsellor must have borne the brunt, as the Queen was thought incapable of such cruelty—then why did not Cecil bear the brunt? Why does Rowland White over and over again acquit Cecil of any hostile conduct to Essex? Why does he expressly say that one attack against Essex was diverted by the kindness of Cecil?¹ Why does he expressly mention Bacon as an enemy? Why is Bacon himself forced to confess that Cecil remonstrated with him on the discreditable rumors of his treacherous conduct towards his former patron?—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott, p. 159.*

¹ Cp. Raleigh's letter to Cecil, p. 125. It will be seen that Robert Cecil was the chief conspirator against Essex, and that money and advancement were the motives that led to Bacon's desertion in 1594, 1597. Cp. also Cecil's letter to Edmondess, p. 158.

ACT V.

Art to Nature.

135=XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all;
 What hast thou then more than thou hadst before?
 No love, my love, that thou may'st true love call;
 All mine was thine before thou hadst this more.
 Then if for my love, thou my love receivest,
 I cannot blame thee, for my love thou usest,
 But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
 By wilful taste of what thyself refuseth.
 I do forgive thy robb'ry, gentle thief,
 Although thou steal thee all my poverty;
 And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
 To bear love's wrong than hate's known injury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
 Kill me with spites; yet we must not be foes.

It can be no disgrace if it were known that the killinge of a rebel were practised; for you see that the lives of anoynted Princes are daylye sought, and we have always in Ireland geven head money for the killinge of rebels, who are evermore proclaymed at a price. So was the Earle of Desmonde, and so have all rebels been practised agaynst. Notwithstandinge, I have written this enclosed to Stafford, who only recommended that knave to me upon his credit. Butt, for your sealf, *you are not to be touched in the matter.* And for me, I am more sorrye for beinge deceived than for beinge declared in the practise. Your Lordship's, ever to do you service.—*Raleigh to Cecil, October 1598, Life of Raleigh, Edwards, Vol II. p. 190.*

Accordingly, on October 20, [1598] Chamberlain writes: . . . "Some think the Lord Montjoy shall be sent thither deputy; others say the Earl of Essex means to take it upon him, and hopes by his countenance to quiet that country. That this was more than a mere rumour is proved by the fact that Montjoy was actually named by the council; but it is equally certain that this was a mere blind, a stratagem to decoy Essex into assuming the command for himself. This can be proved by the testimony of Cecil. The outside world thought that the Council was in earnest . . . But Cecil, writing on the 6th November to Sir Thomas Edmondes, reveals, as a secret, that though Montjoy was named, the intention was to send Essex, 'my Lord Montjoy is named; but to you, in secret I speak it, not as a secretary, but as a friend, that I think the Earl of Essex shall go Lieutenant of the Kingdom.'"—Bacon and Essex, Abbott, p. 106.

SCENE II.

Nature to Art. 136=C1.

O truant Muse, what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of Truth in beauty dyed?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say
'Truth needs no colour with his colour fix'd;
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd'?
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office, Muse; I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence as he shows now.

[*Curtain.*

To the Queen's birthday of this year [Nov. 17, 1598] belongs an anecdote which shows what ingenuity Essex displayed in annoying his rival. As was the custom of the day, the leading courtiers tilted at the ring in honour of her Majesty, and each Knight was required to appear in some disguise. It was known, however, that Sir Walter Raleigh would ride in his own uniform of orange-tawny medley, trimmed with black budge of lamb's wool. Essex, to vex him, came to the lists with a body-guard of two thousand retainers all dressed in orange-tawny,¹ so that Raleigh and his men seemed only an insignificant division of Essex's splendid retinue.—*William Shakespeare, A Critical Study, Geo. Brandes, p. 254.*

I am not wize enough to give you advise; but if you take it for a good counsell to relent towards this tirant, [Essex] you will repent it when it shal be to late. His mallice is fixt, and will not evaporate by any your mild courses . . . Lett the Queen hold hyme while she hath hyme. Hee will ever be the canker of her estate and saultye. Princes are lost by securetye; and preserved by prevention. I have seen the last of her good dayes, and all ours,¹ after his liberye.—*Sir Walter Raleigh to Robert Cecil, 1601.—Life of Raleigh, Edwards, Vol. II. p. 223.*

¹ Cp. the conjectural 1589 Dramatis Personæ of *Hamlet*, index, and Raleigh as Malvolio, pp. 124, 153.

ANTI-MASQUE¹

ACT V.

SCENE III. *Enter*, [DISGUISED AS BIRDS,²] NATURE,
TIME, *and* THE GODS OF TRUTH, ART, *and* FOLLY.

| | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------------------|-----------|--------------|
| Truth masked as | The Phœnix, | emblem of | Immortality. |
| Time | " Father TimE, | " | " Time. |
| Art | " " Dædalus ³ , | " | " Art. |
| Folly | " " Icarus ³ , | " | " Folly. |
| Nature | " " The CrowE, ⁴ | " | " Nature. |

Father TimE.

137=CXXVII.

[To The Crowe.]

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame:
For since each hand hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.
Therefore my mistress' brows are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Sland'ring creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says beauty should look so.

¹ Let anti-masques not be long; they have been commonly of fools, satyrs, baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiops, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, Statuas moving, and the like.—*Of Masques and Triumphs*, Francis Bacon.

² The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them.

Winter's Tale, iv. 4.

³ Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet for all his wings the fool was drown'd.

Third Henry VI., v. 4.

⁴ In the Essex poem, *A Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*, we have "Crowe." In the 1609 Quarto, Son. cxiii. l. 12, the spelling is "Croe."

SCENE III.

ANTI-MASQUE.

Icarus.

138=CXXX.

[To The Crowe.]

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;¹
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
I grant I never saw a goddess go;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
As any she belied with false compare.

¹ It will be remembered that a too near approach to the sun caused the disaster in the Icarian Sea.

Samuel Daniel, poet laureate in the interim succeeding Spenser and prior to Ben Jonson—favoured by Southampton and a member of the Pembroke or Arcadia Coterie.—Daniel's tragedy of *Philotas* was brought before the Privie Council as a treasonable work; and he had been summoned before the Lords to answer the charge.¹ Daniel appealed to the Earl of Devonshire [who as Lord Mountjoy had been promoted by Elizabeth for deserting Essex and Southampton at the critical moment],² the appeal greatly disconcerted the Earl, hence the following letter:³

MY LORD, Unders:anding your honor is displeas'd with me, it hath more shak'en my heart than I did think any fortune could have done; in respect I have not deserved it, nor done nor spoken anything, in this matter of *Philotas*, unworthy of you or me. And now, having satisfied my Lord Cranbourne, I crave to unburthen me of *this imputation, with your honour*.⁴ And it is the last visit I will ever make. And, therefore, I beseech you to understand *all the great error I have committed*. First I told the lords, I had writ three acts of this tragedy the Christmas before my Lord Essex troubles, as divers in the city could witness. I said the Master of the Revels had perused it. I said I had read some parts of

¹ He that shall say that Essex died *not for treason* is punishable.—*King James*.

² Cp. Lingard. ³ Cp. *Our English Homer*, Thos. W. White.

⁴ Mountjoy married Lady Rich, sister of Essex.

ACT V.

ANTI-MASQUE.

Dædalus.

139=CXXXII.

[To The Crowe.]

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
 Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,¹
 Have put on black and loving mourners be,
 Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.¹
 And truly not the morning sun of heaven
 Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
 Nor that full star that ushers in the even
 Doth half that glory to the sober west,
 As those two mourning¹ eyes become thy face:
 O, let it then as well beseem thy heart
 To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee grace,
 And suit thy pity like in every part.

Then will I swear beauty herself is black
 And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 161.

it to your honour. And this I said, having none else of power to grace me, now in court and hoping that you, out of your knowledge of books and favour of letters and me, might answer them, there was nothing in it disagreeing, nor anything—as I protest there is not—but of the universal notions of ambition and envy, the perpetual argument of books and tragedies. *I did not say you encouraged me unto the presenting of it.* If I should I had been a villain; for that when I showed it to your honor, I was not resolved to have had it acted; nor should it have been had not my necessities overmastered me.¹ And, therefore, I beseech you, let not an Earl of Devonshire overthrow what a Lord Mountjoy hath done who hath done me good; and I have done him honour. The world must and shall know my innocence, whilst I have a pen to show it. For that I know I shall live *inter historiam temporis*, as well as greater men, I must not be such an object unto myself as to neglect my reputation. And having been known throughout all England for my virtue, I will not leave a stain of villainy upon my name, whatsoever else might 'scape me unfortunately, through my indiscretion and misunderstanding of the time. Wherein, good my Lord, mistake not myn heart, that hath been and is a sincere honourer of you and seeks you now for no other end, but to clear itself and to be held as I am, though I never come near you more. Your honour's poor follower and faithful servant.

Samuel Daniel.

¹ The difficulty of unraveling "*The Mystery of William Shakespeare*" arises from the fact that good men [antagonistic to the Church of Rome] for the honor of the English Church and of English womanhood, took pride in shielding Elizabeth from the imputation of the character of Gertrude in *Hamlet*. Cp. Cardinal Allen's lines in chapter, *Ulysses and The Court of Elizabeth*, and note from Brandes on the 1603 Quarto of *Hamlet*, p. 138.

SCENE III.

ANTI-MASQUE.

Father TimE. 140=LXVII.
[To The Crowe.]

Ah! wherefore with infection should he¹ live,
And with his presence grace impiety,
That sin² by him advantage should achieve
And lace itself with his society?
Why should false painting imitate his cheek,¹
And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
Why should poor beauty³ indirectly seek
Roses of shadow,⁴ since his⁵ rose is true?
Why should he¹ live, now Nature bankrupt is,
Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively veins?
For she hath no exchequer now but his,
And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.

O, him she stores, to show what wealth she had
In days long since, before these last so bad.

¹ *Dædalus.* ² *Folly.* ³ *Dædalus*, psychologically from Act IV.

⁴ Essex as shown by the acrostic. Cp. note 1, p. 164. ⁵ *Dædalus*, "art is true."

Philotas-Essex. My Lord, you far mistake me, if you deem
I plead for life, that poor weak blast of breath,
From which so I have ran with light esteem,
And so well have acquainted me with death:
No, no, my lords it is not that I fear,
It is mine honour that I seek to clear;
And which, if my disgraced cause would let
The language of my heart be understood,
Is all which I have ever sought to get,
If I must needs be made the sacrifice
Of envy,¹ and that no oblation will
The wrath of Kings, but only blood suffice,
Yet let me have something left that is not ill.
Is there no way to get unto our lives,

¹ In a political sense Essex was the hero of the people—"they never ceased to adore him" but the Crown's real hatred of Essex sprang not from Envy but from our poet's secret contempt,—not only for the profligacy of Elizabeth, but for the plebeian¹ time-servers who comprised the personnel of the Court—and this hatred was intensified from the danger of the true character of Elizabeth and her ministers being immortalized in the play of Hamlet. Cp. sub-notes 2 and 5, p. 116, the Philotas-Essex lines, p. 165, and note 1, p. 173.

¹ "Blood is a beggar," *Nash on Hamlet*, 1589.

ACT V.

ANTI-MASQUE.

The Phœnix.¹ 141=CXXXI.
[To Dædalus.]

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruel;
For well thou know'st to my dear dotting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love groan:
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, proceeds.

¹ In Sonnets 141 and 145 the thought "floats double," bird and shadow, and the lines refer personally to Essex as the Phœnix. Cp. Drayton's lines, p. 98, Sidney's, p. 120, and Ben Jonson's:

Who would have thought that Philautia¹ durst
Or have usurped noble Storge's name.²
Cynthia's Revels, v. 3.

But first to have our honour overthrown?³
Alas! tho' grace of Kings all greatness gives,
It cannot give us virtue, that's our own.
Tho' all be theirs our hearts and hands can do,
Yet that by which we do is only ours.
The trophies that our blood erects unto
Their memory to glorify their powers,
Let them enjoy:⁴ yet only to have done
Worthy of grace, let not that be undone

Tragedy of Philotas, [Essex as Philotas], *Daniel*, 1605.

¹ Character assumed by Essex in *The Device of Self-Love*, 1595. Cp. Sub-note 1, p. 173.

² The Phœnix was Elizabeth's emblem. Cp. *Ulysses and The Court of Elizabeth*, index.

³ Cp. Peele's lines, p. 18. "The Argument," p. 21, and sub-note 2, p. 116.

⁴ The genius of that time
Would leave to her [Elizabeth] the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
Should be *within* her peaceful reign confined.¹

Dedication, *Tragedy of Philotas*, *Daniel*, 1605.

¹ Shake-speare the Dramatist died Feby. 25th. 1601. Shakspeare the Player. April 23rd. 1616.

SCENE III.

ANTI-MASQUE.

Father Time E.

142=LXVIII.

[To The Phoenix.]

Thus is his¹ cheek the map of days outworn,
When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signs of fair were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a living brow;²
Before the golden tresses of the dead,
The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
To live a second life on second head;
Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay:²
In him¹ those holy antique hours are seen,
Without all ornament, itself and true,
Making no summer of another's green,
Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;³
And him¹ as for a map doth Nature store,
To show false art what beauty was of yore.⁴

¹ *Dædalus*. ² Essex as shown by the acrostic.

³ Envious *Time* in his worship of *Dædalus*, attempts to belittle Mother *Nature* by accusing her of plagiarism, i. e., imitating the Cretan labyrinth of *Dædalus* in the 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets.

⁴ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

Craterus-Cecil. Philotas-Essex, whatsoever gloss you lay
Upon your rotten cause, it is in vain;
Your pride, your carriage, ever did bewray
Your discontent, your malice, and disdain:
You cannot palliate mischief, but it will
Through all the fairest coverings of deceit
Be always seen. We know those streams of ill¹
Flow'd from that head, that fed them with conceit.

Philotas-Essex. Let not my one day's error² make you tell,
That all my life-time I did never well;
It is unjust to join to a present fact²
More of time past,¹ than it hath ever had
Before to do withal, as if it lack'd
Sufficient matter else to make it bad.
I do confess indeed I've wrote something.¹

¹ The Play of *Hamlet*. Cp. date of *Hamlet*, p. 114, and sub-notes 2 and 5, p. 116.

² The Uprising, Febr. 8th, 1601.

ACT V.

ANTI-MASQUE.

Dædalus.

[To The Crowe.]

143=XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
 While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into my verse
 Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
 For every vulgar paper to rehearse?
 O, give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight;
 For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee, }
 When thou thyself dost give invention light? }¹
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Than those old nine which rhymers invoke;
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
 Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious days,
 The pain be mine, but thine shall be the praise.

¹ New discoveries must be sought from the light of Nature, not fetched back out of the darkness of antiquity.—*Nov. Org.* cxxii.

Against this title of the Son of Jove,¹
 And that not of the King but to the King
 I freely used these words out of my love.²
 And thereby hath that dangerous liberty
 Of speaking truth, with truth on former grace,
 Betray'd my meaning into enmity,
 And drawn on argument of my disgrace:³
 So that I see, tho' I speak *what I ought*,
 It was not in the manner as I ought.¹

Tragedy of Philotas, [Essex as Philotas] *Daniel*, 1605.

¹ I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing [whatsoever he penned] he never blotted out a line, my answer hath been, *would he had blotted a thousand*, which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, *where-in he most faulted*.—*De Shakespeare nostrati*, Ben Jonson, 1641.

² Essex, if he did not despise the Queen, at least did not respect her. He boasts to Francis Bacon that he knows how to manage her, and to Anthony Bacon, he avows his intention of doing the Queen good against her will. . . . In the passage in which he describes to Anthony Bacon the necessity for thus "doing the Queen good" he compares himself to "a waterman looking one way and rowing the other."—July 1596, *Birch* [Cp. *Bacon and Essex*, Abbott, pp. 243 and 244].

³ Cp. Fulke Greville's account of Essex, p. 136.

SCENE III.

ANTI-MASQUE.

Icarus.

144=XXX.

[To The Phoenix.]

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
'Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
And moan th' expense of many a vanish'd sight:
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.

But if the while I think on thee, dear friend, }
All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end. }¹

¹ Essex as the Phoenix. Cp. note 1, p. 164, also note 5, p. 154.

But I must give this testimony to my Lord Cecil, that one time in his house at the Savoy he dealt with me directly, and said to me, Cousin, I hear it, but I believe it not, *that you should do some ill office to my Lord of Essex*,¹ for my part [said he] I am merely passive and not active in this action, I follow the Queen and that heavily, and I lead her not, . . . and the same course I would wish you [Francis] to take; whereupon I satisfied him how far I was from any such mind.—From *Bacon's Apology Concerning Essex*, 1604.

According to Macaulay in his famous Essay, Bacon did all in his power to dissuade the Earl of Essex from accepting the government of Ireland, and so it is stated in the *Apology*, which in 1604 Bacon addressed to Devonshire. Unfortunately every word of this apology can be shown to be untrue. Following the example of Cicero and Pliny, Bacon kept copies of all his important letters, and in his works we may read a correspondence with Essex extending over the years 1596, 1597, 1598 and 1599 *which gives the lie to everything he said in 1604*.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb*, pp. 277, 278.

¹ Most likely confirming the Queen's belief, [insistent because introspective] that *Hamlet* was a satire on the court, the uncertainty of this fact being the bone of contention between Essex and the Queen. Cp. the Philotas-Essex lines, p. 166, and Fulke Greville's "piercing eyes of an attornies office," p. 136.

ACT V.

ANTI-MASQUE.

The Crow E.

145=XIX.

[To Time.]

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
 And make the earth devour her own sweet brood;
 Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws,
 And burn the long-liv'd phoenix¹ in her blood;
 Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
 And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed Time,
 To the wide world and all her fading sweets;
 But I forbid thee one most heinous crime:
 O, carve not with thy hours my love's² fair brow,
 Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen;
 Him³ in thy course untainted³ do allow
 For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.⁴

Yet do thy worst, old Time: despite thy wrong,
 My love shall in my verse ever live young.²

[*Curtain.*]¹ Generalizing.² Essex as the Phœnix, shown by the acrostic, and confirmed by l. 14. Cp. note 1, p. 164, and note 4, p. 163.³ Cp. note 3, p. 165.⁴ So shall the world commend a sweet conceipte,
 And humble fayth on heavenly honour waite.*A Loyal Appeal in Courtesy, Essex, 1601.*

But if Shakespeare's colleagues, acting Shakespeare's Plays, gave umbrage to Essex's political opponents in *Henry II.*, applauded his ambition in *Henry V.*, and were accessories to his disloyalty in *Richard II.*, there were playwrights and players ready enough to back the winning side. Henslowe, an apparent time-server, commissioned Dekker to re-write his *Phaethon*¹ for presentation before the Court [1600], with, it is fair to suppose, a greater insistence on the presumption and catastrophe of the 'Suns Darling';¹ and Ben Jonson, in his *Cynthia's Revels* [1600], put forth two censorious allusions to Essex's conduct.—*Shakespeare's Poems, Geo. Wyndham*, p. xxxiii.

¹ Essex, the fallen favorite.

SCENE IV.

Enter NATURE *and* THE GODS OF TRUTH *and* ART.

Nature to Truth. 146=CVIII.

What 's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit?
What 's new to speak, what now to register,
That may express my love or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
E'en as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.¹
So that eternal love in love's fresh case
Weighs not the dust and injury of age,
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page,
Finding the first conceit of love there bred
Where time and outward form would show it dead.

¹ As *Rarity* in Act I. Cp. *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

It has, too, been argued ingeniously, if not convincingly, that he [Shakespeare] was the author of the somewhat clumsy sonnet '*Phaeton*'¹ to his friend Florio, which prefaced in 1591² Florio's '*Second Frutes*,' a series of Italian-English dialogues for students.

Sweet friend whose name agrees with thy increase,
How fit arrival art thou of the spring!
For when each branch hath left his flourishing,
And green-locked Summer's shady pleasure cease:
She makes the Winter's storms repose in peace,
And spends her franchise on each living thing:
The daisies sprout, the little birds do sing,
Herbs, gums, and plants do vaunt of their release.
So when that all our English Wits lay dead,
[Except the laurel that is ever green]
Thou with thy Fruit our barrenness o'erspread
And set thy flowery pleasance to be seen.
Such fruits, such flow'rets of mortality
Were ne'er before brought out of Italy.

Life of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee, p. 84.

¹ Essex, the fallen favorite. Cp. "The Argument," p. 21, and the Philotas-Essex lines, p. 165.

² This, in a way, confirms Nash's date of *Hamlet*. Cp. note, p. 114.

ACT V.

Truth to Nature. 147=CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
 Full character'd with lasting memory,
 Which shall above that idle rank remain
 Beyond all date, e'en to eternity;
 Or at the least, so long as brain and heart
 Have faculty by Nature¹ to subsist;
 Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
 Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
 Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
 To trust those tables that receive thee more:
 To keep an adjunct to remember thee
 Were to import forgetfulness in me.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 118.

Seated between the Old World and the New,
 A land there is no other land may touch,
 Where reigns a Queen in peace and honor true;
 Stories or fables do describe no such.
 Never did Atlas such a burthen bear,
 As she, in holding up the world opprest;
 Supplying with her virtue, every where,
 Weakness of friends, errors of servants best.¹
 No nation breeds a warmer blow for war,
 And yet she calms them with her majesty;
 No age hath ever wit refined so far,
 And yet she calms them by her policy.
 To her thy son must make his sacrifice,
 If he will have the morning of his eyes.

From the *Devise of Self-Love, Essex, 1595.*
Lives of the Earls of Essex, Devereux, Vol. II. p. 592.

Essex is preparing to receive the Queen at York House in the Strand with a grand entertainment and a sumptuous Masque given in her honor; for which Bacon is composing characters and words. The play being given in Essex's

¹ Cp. sub-notes 2 and 5, p. 116.

SCENE IV.

Art to Truth. 148=LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die;
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entomb'd in men's eyes shall lie.¹
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be, your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, e'en in the mouths of
men.¹

¹ "The Sonnets do not speak to beings of flesh and blood." Cp. note 2, p. 57.

name, here are the means for a striking and conspicuous compliment to Raleigh. Bacon frames a scene of the masque in happy allusion to the Amazon and to Raleigh's voyage. Essex has not the grace to let it stand. The glory of Raleigh breaks his rest, for he himself aspires to be all that Raleigh is,—renowned in war even more than in letters and in courts. *He strikes his pen through Bacon's lines, which drop from the acted scene and from the printed masque.* A contemporary copy of this suppressed part remains in the State Paper's Office.—*Personal History of Lord Bacon, W. Hepworth Dixon*, p. 74.

At Cadiz it appears that Essex and the two Howards were the only persons who refrained from pillage, and who considered that they had some higher duties to perform than the enrichment of themselves Essex took for his share the valuable library of Jerome Osorius, formerly Bishop of Algarve, a large part of which he subsequently presented to the Bodleian Library, at Oxford.—*Lives of The Earls of Essex, Devereux*, Vol. I. pp. 369, 373.

In the Bodleian Library there is a copy of the Aldine edition of Ovid's "Metamorphoses" [1502] and on the title is the signature "Wm. She.," which experts have declared—not quite conclusively—to be a genuine autograph of the poet.—*Life of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee*, p. 15.

ACT V.

Truth to Art. 149—XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
 Which I by lacking have supposed dead,¹
 And there reigns Love and all Love's loving parts,
 And all those friends which I thought buried.¹
 How many a holy and obsequious tear
 Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye
 As interest of the dead, which now appear
 But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie.
 Thou art the grave where buried Love doth live,²
 Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
 Who all their parts of me to thee did give;
 That due of many, now is thine alone:
 Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
 And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.

¹ Cp. Son. 125—CXII. ll. 3, 12.

² Psychologically *Love* is the great-great-grand father of *Art*. Cp. *Dramatis Personæ* p. 24.

I would remind the reader of that fragment of a Masque [written about 1594, 1595], of which an account is given in Mr. Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon* [Vol. I., pp. 386, 391], where Bacon's prose breaks into fourteen lines¹ of good Shake-spearian blank verse; for although the Masque has been usually attributed to Essex, and is not, perhaps, absolutely known to be Bacon's work, yet it is pretty clear from what Mr. Spedding writes concerning it that he believed that Bacon wrote it for Essex [and of this I have not the least doubt], for he says, "if it be quite certain that it was the Earl's own composition, his style in things of this kind must have been so like Bacon's that I for my part should despair of distinguishing their several work by examination of the workmanship." And he clearly shows elsewhere that Bacon was in the habit of drafting such papers for Essex, and admits that it is proved that Essex's *Device of Self-Love* was written by Bacon.—*The Authorship of Shakespeare*, Judge Holmes, Vol. II. p. 613.

¹ Cp. p. 170.

SCENE IV.

Nature to Art. 150=LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with sluttish Time.¹
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn
The living record of your memory.¹
'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
Shall you pace forth; your praise shall still find room,
E'en in the eyes of all posterity
That wear this world out to the ending doom.¹

So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.²

[*Curtain.*

¹ The monuments of wit survive the monuments of power; the verses of a poet endure without a syllable lost, while states and empires pass many periods. Let him [Essex¹] not think he shall descend, for he is now upon a hill as a ship is mounted upon the ridge of a wave; but that hill of the Muses is above tempests, always clear and calm; a hill of the goodliest discovery that man can have, being a prospect upon all the errors and wanderings of the present and former times. Yea in some cliff [?] it leadeth the eye beyond the horizon of time, and giveth no obscure divinations of times to come.—From the *Device of Self-Love*,² Essex, 1595.—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 60.

² Cp. italicized lines in sub-note 1, p. 117 and the *Phoenix's* lines to *Mother Nature*, pp. 104-107.

¹ It is of course Essex who is intended to speak through the Squire, and to assure the Queen that for her sake he renounces the works of Philautia.—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 61.

² Cp. *Judge Holmes' note*, p. 172.

THE EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Folly.

151=CLIII. 152=CLIV.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
 A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
 And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
 In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
 Which borrow'd from this holy fire of love
 A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
 And grew a seething bath, which yet men prove
 Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
 But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-fir'd,
 The boy for trial needs would touch my breast;
 I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
 And thither hied, a sad distemper'd guest,
 But found no cure: the bath for my help lies
 Where Cupid got new fire—my mistress' eyes.
 The little Love-God lying once asleep,
 Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
 Whilst many nymphs that vow'd chaste life to keep,
 Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
 The fairest votary took up that fire
 Which many legions of true hearts had warm'd;
 And so the general of hot desire
 Was sleeping by a virgin hand disarm'd.
 This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
 Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
 Growing a bath and healthful remedy
 For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
 Came there for cure, and this by that I prove,
 Love's fire heats water, water cools not love.

FINIS.

THE ORIGIN OF HAMLET.



I come no more to make you laugh: things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe
We now present.

Prologue, Henry VIII.

Slander lives upon succession,
For ever housed where it gets possession.
Comedy of Errors, III. I.

. A king,
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damn'd defeat was made.
Hamlet, II. 2.

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars.
Othello, V. 2.

LEYCESTERS
Common-wealth:
CONCEIVED, SPOKEN
AND PUBLISHED WITH
most earnest protestation of
all Dutifull good will and affec-
tion towards this Realm, for
whose good onely, it is made
common to many.

Job the 20. verse the 27.

*The Heavens shall reveale his iniquity, and the
Earth shall rise up against him.*

Published Antwerp, 1584, London, June 25, 1585, Paris, 1585, Naples, [Latin] 1585, Reprinted, 1641,¹ Suppressed by Elizabeth, Aug. 1585.

¹ Across the title page of my 1641 Copy, is inscribed: "Written by Parsons or by memory and help of Cecil L. Burleigh."

LEYCESTER'S COMMONWEALTH, 1585.

He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes *broad blown, as flush as May*.¹
Hamlet, III. 3, [1589].

Gentleman.

Misery mov-
eth mercy.

I AM not ignorant how that misery procur-
eth amity, and the opinion of calamity,
moveth affection of mercy and compassion,
even towards the wicked: the better fortune
alwayes is subject to envy, and hee that suf-
fereth, is thought to have the better cause,
my experience of the divers raignes and pro-
ceedings of King Edward, Queen Mary, and
of this our most gracious soveraigne hath
taught mee not a little, touching the sequell
of these affaires. And finally, [my good
friends] I must tell you plaine [quoth hee;
and this hee spake with great asseveration]
that I could wish with all my heart, that
either these differences were not among us at
all, or els that they were so temperatly on all
parts pursued: as the Common-state of our
Countrey, the blessed raigne of her Majesty,
and the common cause of true religion, were
not endangered thereby. But now: and
there hee brake of, and turned aside.

¹ Leicester died Sept. 4th, 1588, supposedly poisoned. Cp. note on the first Quarto of *Hamlet*, p. 138.

"The dominant note in the play is Hamlet's veneration for the memory of his father."—*Sir Henry Irving.*

The Lawyer seeing him hold his peace and depart, hee stepped after him, and taking him by the gowne said merrily: Sir, all men are not of your complexion, some are of quicker and more stirring Spirits, and doe love to fish in water that is troubled, for that they doe participate the Blacke-moores humour, that dwell in *Guinea* [whereof I suppose you have heard and seene also some in this Land] whose exercise at home is [as some write] the one to hunt, catch, and sell the other, and alwayes the stronger to make money of the weaker for the time. But now if in *England* we should live in peace and unity of the state, as they doe in *Germany*, notwithstanding their differences of Religion, and that the one should not pray upon the other: then should the great Fawcons for the field [I meane the favorites of the time] faile whereon to feed, which were an inconvenience as you know.

Lawyer.

The nature
and practize
of the Guin-
eans.

Truly Sir, said the Gentleman, I thinke you rove nearer the marke then you weene: for if I bee not deceived the very ground of much of these broiles whereof wee talke, is but a very pray: not, in the minds of the Prince or state [whose intentions no doubt bee most just and holy] but in the greedy imagination and subtile concept of him, who at this present in respect of our sinnes, is permitted by God, to tyrannize both Prince and state: and being himself of no

Gentleman.

The Tyrant

of English
State.

Three differ-
ences of re-
ligion in Eng-
land.

religion, feedeth notwithstanding upon our differences in religion, to the fatting of himselfe and ruine of the Realme. For whereas by the common distinction now received in speech, there are three notable differences of religion in the Land, the two extreames, whereof are the Papist and the Puritan, and the religious Protestant obtaining the meane: this fellow being of neither, maketh his gaine of all: and as hee seeketh a Kingdome by the one extreame, and spoile by the other: so hee useth the authority of the third, to compasse the first two, and the counter-mine of each one, to the overthrow of all three.

Scholar.

To this I answered: In good sooth Sir, I see now where you are: you are fallen into the common place of all our ordinary talke and conference in the university: for I know that you meane my L. of Leicester,¹ who is the subject of all pleasant discourses at this day throughout the Realme.

The Earle of
Leycester.

Gentleman.

Not so pleasant as pittifull, answered the Gentleman, if all matters and circumstances were well considered, except any man take pleasure to jeast at our owne miseries, which are like to bee greater by his iniquity [if God avert it not] then by all the wickednesse of *England* besides: hee being the man that by all probability, is like to bee the bane and fatall destiny of our state,

¹ Stepfather of Hamlet-Essex. Cp. note 1, p. 178, and note 1, p. 186.

with the eversion of true religion, whereof by indirect meanes, hee is the greatest enemy that the Land doth nourish.

Leycester's Common-wealth, pp. 8, 9, 10.

You know the Beares love, said 'the Gentleman,' which is all for his owne paunch, and so this Beare-whelp, turneth all to his owne commodity, and for greedines thereof, will overturne all if hee bee not stopped or mouzeled in time. . . . And surely unto mee it is a strange speculation, whereof I cannot pick out the reason [but onely that I doe attribute it to Gods punishment for our sinnes] that in so wise and vigilant a state as ours is, and in a Countrey so well acquainted and beaten with such dangers: a man of such a spirit as hee is knowne to bee, of so extreame ambition, pride, falshood and trechery: so borne, so bred up, so noosed in treason from his infancy, decended of a tribe of traytors, and fleshed in conspiracy against the Royall blood of King *Henries* children in his tender yeares, and exercised ever since in driftes against the same, by the blood and ruine of divers others: a man so well knowen to beare secret malice against her Majesty, for causes irreconcilable, and most deadly rancour against the best and wisest Councillours of her highnesse: that such a one [I say so hatefull] to God and man, and so markeable to the simplest subject of this Land by the publique insignes of

Gentleman.

A strange speculation.

his tyrannous purpose, should bee suffered so many yeares without check, to aspire to tyranny by most manifest wayes, and to possesse himselfe [as now he hath done] of Court Councill, and Countrey, without controlement: so that nothing wanteth to him but onely his pleasure, and the day already conceived in his mind to dispose as hee list, both of Prince, Crowne, Realme, and Religion.

Leycester's Common-wealth, p. 11.

Lawyer.

After the Gentleman had said this, the Lawyer stood still, somewhat smiling to himselfe, and looking round about him, as though hee had been half afeard, and then said. My masters, doe you read over or study the statutes that come fourth? have you not heard of the *proviso* made in the last Parliament for punishment of those who speake so broad of such men as my L. of *Leycester* is?

Gentleman.

Yes, said the Gentleman, I have heard how that my L. of *Leycester* was very carefull and diligent at that time to have such a Law to passe against talkers: hoping [be-like] that his L. under that generall restraint might lie the more quietly in harbour from the tempest of mens tongues, which tatled busily at that time, of divers his Lordships actions and affaires, which perhaps himselfe would have wished to passe with more secrecie. As of his discontentment and preparation to rebellion: . . . of his disgrace and checks received in Court: of the fresh death of

The Law against talking.

the noble Earle of *Essex*:¹ and of this mans hasty snatching up of the widdow,² whom he sent up and downe the countrey from house to house by privy wayes, thereby to avoid the sight and knowledge of the Queenes Majesty. And albeit hee had not onely used her at his good liking before, for satisfying of his owne lust, but also married and remarried her for contentation of her friends: yet denied hee the same, by solemne oath to her Majesty and received the holy communion thereupon [so good a conscience hee hath] and consequently threatned most sharp revenge towards all subjects which should dare to speake thereof: and so for the concealing both of this and other his doings, which hee desired not to have publike, no marvaile though his Lordship were so diligent a procurer of that law for silence.

Leycester's Commonwealth, pp. 14, 15.

I cannot but greatly bee moved, both for these considerations well touched by you, as also for some other, . . . especially, now when all men presume that her Majesty [by the continuall thwartings which have been used against all her marriage] is not like to leave unto the Realme, that pretious Jewell so much and long desired of all English hearts, I meane the Royall heires of her owne body.

Actions
of Leycester
whereof hee
would have
no speech.

Lawyer.

¹ Walter Devereux, the first Earl.

² Lettice Knollys, mother of Shake-speare.

Gentleman.

Thwartings call you the defeating of all her Majesties most honourable offers of marriage? [said the other] truly in my opinion you should have used an other word to expresse the nature of so wicked a fact: whereby alone, if their were no other, this unfortunate man, hath done more hurt to his Common-wealth then if hee had murdered many thousands of her subjects, or betrayed whole armies to the professed enemy. I can remember well my selfe, foure treatises to this purpose, undermined by his meanes; The first with the *Swethen* King: the second with the Archduke of *Austria*: the third with *Henry* King of *France* that now reigneth: and the fourth with the brother and heire of said Kingdome. For I let passe many other secret motions made by greate Potentates to her Majesty for the same purpose, but these foure are openly knowen, and therefore I name them. Which foure are as well knowne to have beene all disturbed by this *Dawes*, as they were earnestly pursued by the other. And for the first three Suters, hee drove them away, by protesting and swearing that himself was contracted unto her Majesty, whereof her highnesse was sufficiently advertised by Cardinall *Chatilian* in the first treaty for *France*, and the Cardinall soone after punished [as is thought] by this man with poison. But yet this speech hee gave out then, every where among his friends both strangers and

Divers marriages of her Ma. defeated.

other, that hee [forsooth] was assured to her Majesty and consequently that all other Princes must give over their sutes, for him. Whereunto notwithstanding, when the *Sweeten* would hardly give eare, this man conferred with his Privado to make a most unseemely and disloyall prooffe thereof for the others satisfaction, which thing I am enforced by duty to passe over with silence, for honour to the parties who are touched therein: as also I am to conceale his said filthy Privado, though worthy otherwise for his dishonesty to be displayed to the World: but my Lord himselfe, I am sure, doth well remember both the man and the matter. And albeit there was no wise man at that time who knowing my L. suspected not the false-hood, and his arrogant affirmation touching this contract with her Majesty, yet some both abroad and at home might doubt thereof perhaps: but now of late, by his knowen marriage with his Minion Dame *Lettice of Essex*, hee hath declared manifestly his owne most impudent and disloyall dealing with his soveraigne in this report.

For that report [quoth the Lawyer] I know that it was common and maintained by many, for divers yeares: yet did the wiser sort make no accompt thereof, seeing it came onely from himselfe, and in his owne behalfe. Neither was it credible, that her Majesty who refused so noble Knights and

Lawyer.

The basenes
of Leycesters
ancestors.

Princes as *Europe* hath not the like: would make choise of so meane a peere as *Robin Dudley* is, noble onely in two descents, and both of them stained with the Block, from which also himselfe, was pardoned but the other day, being condemned thereunto by law for his deserts, as appeareth yet in publike records. And for the widdow of *Essex*, I marvaile Sir [quoth hee] how you call her his wife, seeing the canon law standeth yet in force touching matters of marriage within the Realme.

Gentleman.

Oh [said the gentleman laughing] you meane for that hee procured the poisoning of her Husband, in his journey from *Ireland*.

Doctor Dale.

You must thinke that Doctor *Dale* will dispence in that matter, as hee did [at his Lordships appointment] with his *Italian* physitian

Doctor Julio.

Doctor *Julio*, to have two wives at once: at the least wise the matter was permitted, and borne out by them both publiquely [as all the world knoweth] and that against no lesse persons then the Archbishop of *Canterbury* himselfe, whose overthrow was principally wrought by this Tyrant for contrarying his will, in so beastly a demand. But for this controversie whether the marriage bee good or no, I leave it to bee tried hereafter, betweene my yong L. of *Denbighe*, and M. *Philip Sidney*,¹ whom the same most con-

The Arch-
bishops over-
throw for not
allowing two
wives to Ley-
cester his
Physitian.

¹ The accomplished Sir Philip Sidney [nephew to Leicester] attempted a refutation of the libel [Leycester's Commonwealth] but with all his abilities he sunk under the task.—*Lingard*. Vol. VIII. p. 307.

cerneth: For that it is like to deprive him of a goodly inheritance if it take place, [as some will say that in no reason it can] not onely in respect of the precedent adultery and murder betweene the parties: but also for that my L. was contracted, at least, to another Lady before, that yet liveth, whereof M. *Edward Diar* and M. *Edmond Tilney* both courtiers can bee witnesses, and consumated the same contract by generation of children. But this [as I said] must be left to bee tried hereafter by them which shall have most interest in the case. Onely for the present I must advertise you, that you may not take hold so exactly of all my L. doings in Womens affaires, neither touching their marriages, neither yet their husbands.

The Lady Sheffield now Embassadesse in *France*.

Leycester's Common-wealth, pp. 18, 19, 20, 21.

Long after this, hee fell in love with the Lady *Sheffield* whom I signified before, and then also had hee the same fortune to have her Husband die quickly, with an extreme reume in his head [as it was given out;] but as other say, of an artificiall Catterre that stopped his breath. The like good chance had hee in the death of my Lord of *Essex*¹ [as I have said before] and that at a time most fortunate for his purpose: for when hee was comming home from *Ireland*, with intent to revenge himselfe upon

Gentleman.

The suspitious death of the Lord Sheffield.

¹ Walter Devereux, father of Shake-speare.

The posoning
of the Earle
of *Essex*.

The shifting
of a child in
Dame *Lettice*
belly.

Gentleman.

my Lord of *Leycester*,¹ for begetting his wife with child in his absence [the child was a daughter and brought up by the Lady *Shandoies*, W. *Knooles* his wife:] my Lord of *Ley* hearing thereof, wanted not a friend or two to accompany the Deputie, as among other, a couple of the Earles owne servants, *Crompton* [if I misse not his name] yeoman of his bottels, and *Lloid* his Secretary Entertained afterward by my Lord of *Leycester*. And so hee died in the way of an Extreame Flux, caused by an Italian *Recipe*, as all his friends are well assured: the maker whereof was a Surgion [as is believed] that then was newly come to my Lord from *Italy*. A cunning man, and sure in operation, with whom if the good Lady had beene sooner acquainted and used his helpe, shee should not have needed to have sitten so pensive at home and fearefull of her husbands former returne out of the same Countrey, but might have spared the yong child in her belly, which shee was enforced to make away [cruelly and unnaturally] for clearing the house against the good mans arrivall

I was recounting unto you others [said the Gentleman] made away by my Lord of *Leycester* with like art, and the next in order I thinke was *Sir Nicolas Throgmarton*, who was a man whom my Lord of *Leycester* used a great while [as all the World know-

¹ Shake-speare's stepfather, the ghost in *Hamlet*.

eth] to over-thwart and crosse the doings of my Lord Treasurer then Sir *Will. Cicill*,¹ a man specially misliked alwayes of *Leycester*, both in respect of his old Master the Duke of *Somerset*, as also for that his great wisdom, zeale and singular fidelity to the Realme, was like to hinder much this mans designements

Sir Will Cicill now L. Treasurer.

Now for the second point, which I named, touching marriages and contracts with Women: you must not marvaile though his Lordship bee somewhat divers, variable and inconstant, with himselfe, for that according to his profit or his pleasure, and as his lust and liking shall vary [wherein by the judgement of all men, hee surpasseth, not only *Sardanapalus* and *Nero*, but even *Helioabalus* himselfe:] so his Lordship also changeth Wives and Minions, by killing the one, denying the other, using the third for a time, and hee fawning upon the fourth. And for this cause hee hath his tearmes and pretences [I warrant you] of Contracts, Precontracts, Postcontracts, Protracts, and Retracts: as for example: after hee had killed his first wife, and so broken that contract, then forsooth would hee needs make himselfe Husband to the Queenes Majesty, and so defeat all other Princes by vertue of his precontract. But after this, his lust compelling him to an other place, hee would

Gentleman.

Leycester's most variable dealing with Women in contracts and marriages.

Contracts.

Precontracts.

¹ Polonius in *Hamlet*. Cp. note 1, p. 177 and the conjectural, 1589 Dramatis Personæ of *Hamlet*.

*Postcon-
tracts.*

needs make a postcontract with the Lady *Sheffield*, and so hee did, begetting two children upon her, the one a boy called *Robin Sheffield* now living, Some time brought up at *Newington*, and the other a daughter, borne [as is knowen] at *Dudley* Castle. But yet after, his concupiscence changing againe [as it never stayeth] hee resolved to make a retract, of this postcontract, [though it were as surely done [as I have said] as Bed and Bible could make the same] and to make a certaine new, protract, [which is a continuation of using her for a time] with the Widow¹ of *Essex*: But yet to stop the mouths of out criars, and to bury the Synagogus with some honour, [for these two wives of *Leycester*, were merrily and wittily called his old and new Testaments, by a person of great excellency within the Realme] hee was content to assigne to the former a thousand pounds in money with other petty considerations, [the pittifullest abused that ever was poore Lady] and so betake his limmes to the latter, which latter notwithstanding, hee so useth [as wee see] now confessing, now forswearing, now dissembling the marriage: as hee will alwayes yet keepe a voyd place for a new surcontract with any other, when occasion shall require.

*Retract.**Protract.**Leycester's
two Testa-
ments.**Leycester's Common-wealth,*

pp. 23, 27, 29, 30.

¹ Lettice Knollys, mother of Shake-speare.

His [Leicesters] treacheries towards the noble late Earle of *Sussex* in their many breaches, is notorious to all *England*. As also the bloody practizes against divers others. But as among many, none were more odious and misliked of all men, than those against Monsieur *Simiers* a stranger and Ambassador: whom first hee practised to have poisoned [as hath beene touched before] and when that devise tooke not place, then, hee appointed that *Robin Tider* his man] as after upon his ale bench hee confessed] should have slain him at the Black-friars at *Greenewich* as hee went fourth at the garden gate: but missing also of that purpose, for that hee found the Gentleman better provided and guarded than hee expected, hee dealt with certaine *Flusshiners* and other *Pirates* to sinke him at Sea with the *English* Gentlemen his favourers, that accompanied him at his returne into *France*. And though they missed of this practize also, [as not daring to set upon him for feare of some of her Majesties ships, who to breake off this designement attended by speciall commandement, to waft him over in safety] yet the foresaid *English* Gentlemen, were holden foure houres in chace at their comming back: as M. *Rawley*¹ well knoweth being then present, and two of the Chacers named *Clark* and

The intended Murder of Monsieur *Simiers* by Sundry meanes.

¹ *Claudius*, the King in *Hamlet*. Cp. the 1589 conjectural *Dramatis Personæ* of *Hamlet* and Raleigh as *Malvolio*, pp. 124, 125, 153.

Harris confessed afterward the whole designement.

Leycester's Common-wealth, pp. 37, 38.

The words of
Sir *Thomas*
Layton
brother-in-
law to my
Lord.

The words also of Sir *Thomas Layton*, to Sir *Henry Nevile*, walking upon the *Tarresse at Windsor* are knowne, who told him, after long discourse of their happy conceived Kingdome, that hee doubted not, but to see him one day, hold the same office in *Windsor*, of my Lord of *Leycester*, which now my Lord did hold of the *Queene*. Meaning thereby the goodly office of Constableship, with all Royalties and honours belonging to the same, which now the said Sir *Henry* exerciseth onely as Deputy to the Earle. Which was plainely to signifie, that, hee doubted not but to see my Lord of *Leycester* one day King, or els his other hope could never possibly take effect or come to passe. To the same point, tended the words of Mistresse *Anne West* Dame *Lettice* Sister, unto the Lady *Anne Askew* in the great Chamber, upon a day when her Brother *Robert Knowles* had danced disgratiously and scornfully before the *Queene* in presence of the *French*. Which thing for that her Majesty tooke to proceed of will in him, as for dislike of the strangers in presence, and for the quarrell of his Sister *Essex*: it pleased her highnesse to check him for the same, with addition of a reproachfull word or two [full well deserved] as though done for dis-

The words of
Mistresse
Anne West
sister unto
this holy
Countesse.

pite of the forced absence, from that place of honour,¹ of the good old Gentlewoman [I mitigate the words] his Sister. Which words, the other yonger twigge receiving in deepe dudgen, brake fourth in great cholor to her fore-named companion, and said, that shee nothing doubted; but that one day shee should see her Sister,¹ upon whom the Queene railed now so much [for so it pleased her to tearme her Majesties sharp speech] to sit in her place and throne; being much worthier of the same, for her qualities and rare vertues, then was the other. Which undutifull speech, albeit, it were over heard and condemned of divers that sat about them: yet none durst ever report the same to her Majesty; as I have heard sundry Courtiers affirme, in respect of the revenge which the reporters should abide at my Lord of *Leycesters* hand, when so ever the matter should come to light.

Leycester's Common-wealth, pp. 86, 87.

And surely it is a wonderfull matter to consider what a little check, or rather the bare imagination of a small overthwart, may worke in a proud and disdainefull stomack. The remembrance of his marriage missed, that hee

The causes of hatred in *Leycester* towards her Majesty.

¹ "The Countess Lettice [mother of Essex] was punished by the Queen's displeasure, which was so vehement that she was forbidden [during the Queen's life] to show herself at court,"¹—*Shakespeare, A Critical Study*, Brandes, p. 66.

¹ Cp. notes, p. 94.

so much pretended and desired with her Majesty doth stick deeply in his breast and stirreth him dayly to revenge. As also doth the disdain of certaine checkes and disgraces received at sometimes, especially that of his last marriage: which irketh him so much the more, by how much greater feare and danger it brought him into, at that time, and did put his Widow in such open phrensie, as shee raged many moneths after against her Majesty, and is not cold yet: but remaineth as it were a sworne enemy, for that injury, and standeth like a friend or fury at the elbow of her *Amadis*, to stirre him forward when occasion shall serve. And what effect such female suggestions may worke, when they find an humour proud and pliable to their purpose: you may remember by the example of the Duchesse of *Somerset*, who enforced her Husband to cut off the head, of his onely dear Brother, to his owne evident destruction for her contentation.

The force of female suggestions.

Leycester's Common-wealth, pp. 98, 99.

Gentleman.

This man therefore, so contemptible by his ancestors, so odible of himselfe, so plunged, overwhelmed, and defamed in all vice, so envied in the Court, so detested in the country, and not trusted of his own and dearest friends; nay [which I am privie to] so misliked and hated of his owne servants about him, for his beastly life, nigardy, and Atheisme [being never seene yet, to say one

The weakness of *Leist.* if her Majesty turne but her countenance from him,

private prayer within his Chamber in his life] as they desire nothing in this world so much as his ruine, and that they may be the first, to lay hands upon him for revenge. This man [I say] so broken both within and without, is it possible that Her Majesty, and her wise Councill should feare? I can never beleeve it; or if it be so, it is God's permission without all cause, for punishment of our sinnes: for that this man, if hee once perceive indeed that they feare him, will handle them accordingly, and play the Beare indeed: Which inconvenience I hope they will have care to prevent, and so I leave it to God, and them; craving pardon of my Lord of *Leycester* for my boldnesse, if I have beene too plaine with him. And so I pray you let us goe to supper,¹ for I see my servant expecting yonder at the gallerie doore, to call us downe.

Leycester's Common-wealth, pp. 177, 178.

¹ *King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Hamlet. At supper.

King. At supper! where?

Hamlet. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten.

Hamlet, iv. 3.

THE LAST STRAW, 1587.

[ESSEX TO MR. EDWARD DIER.]

Mr. Dier,—I have been this morning at Winchester House to seek you; and I would have given a thousand pounds¹ to have had one hour's speech with you; so much I would hearken to your counsel, and so greatly do I esteem your friendship. Things are fallen out very strangely against me, since my last being with you. Yesternight the Queen came to North Hall, where my Lady of Warwick would needs have my sister to be; which, though I knew not at the first, yet to prevent the worst, I made my Aunt Leighton signify so much unto the Queen before her coming from Theobalds, that, at her coming to North Hall, this matter might not seem strange unto her. She seemed to be well pleased and well contented with it, and promised to use her well.

Yesternight, after she was come, and knew my sister was in the house, she commanded my Lady of

¹ *Hamlet*. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound.
—*Hamlet*, III. 2. Cp. note from *Elze*, p. 111.

Warwick that my sister should keep her chamber; whereupon, being greatly troubled in myself, I watched when the Queen had supped, to have some speech with her, which I had at large, yet still she giving occasion thereof.

Her excuse was, first, she knew not of my sisters coming; and, besides, the jealousy that the world would conceive, that all her kindness to my sister was done for love of myself. Such bad excuses gave me a theme large enough, both for answer of them, and to tell her what the true causes were; why she would offer this disgrace both to me and to my sister, which was only to please that knave Raleigh, for whose sake I saw she would both grieve me and my love, and disgrace me in the eye of the world.

From thence she came to speak of Raleigh; and it seemed she could not well endure any thing to be spoken against him; and taking hold of one word, *disdain*, she said there was no such cause why I should disdain him. This speech did trouble me so much, that, as near as I could, I did describe unto her what he had been, and what he was; and then I did let her know whether I had cause to disdain his competition of love, or whether I could have comfort to give myself over to the service of a mistress that was in awe of such a man.

I spake, what of grief and choler, as much against him as I could, and I think he, standing at the door, might very well hear the worst that I spoke of himself. In the end, I saw she was resolved to defend him and to cross me. From thence *she came to speak bitterly against my mother*, which, because I could not endure to see me and my house disgraced [the only matter which both her choler and the practise of mine enemies had to work upon] I told her, for my sister she should not any longer disquiet her; I would, though it were almost midnight, send her away that night; and for myself, I had no joy to be in any place, but loth to be near about her, when I knew my affection so much thrown down, and such a wretch¹ as Raleigh highly esteemed of her.

To this she made not answer, but turned her away to my Lady of Warwick. So at that late hour I sent my men away with my sister; and after, I came hither myself. This strange alteration is by Raleigh's means; and the Queen, that hath tried all other ways, now will see whether she can by these hard courses drive me to be friends with Raleigh, *which rather shall drive me to many other extremities.*² If you come hither by twelve

¹ Cp. use of the word in Hamlet, note 1, p. 208.

² Cp. note, p. 94, and "The Argument," p. 21.

of the clock, I would fain speak with you. My resolution will let me take no longer time. I will be this night at Margate; and, if I can, I will ship myself for the Flushing, I will see Sluys lost or relieved, which cannot be yet, but is now ready to be done. If I return, I will be welcomed home; if not, *una bella morire*, is better than a disquiet life. This course may seem strange, but the extreme unkind dealing with me drives me to it. My friends will make the best of it; mine enemies cannot say it is dishonest; the danger is mine, and I am content to abide the worst. Whatsoever becomes of me, God grant her to be ever most happy; and so in haste I commit you to God.

Your's assured, R. Essex.

The 21, July 1587.¹

If you shew my letter to any body, let it be to my mother and Mr. Secretary.

Lives of the Earls of Essex, Vol. I. p. 186.

¹ "This letter has not the date of the year, but, as we find him writing from Theobalds on the 31st, July, 1587, to inform Leicester that the news of the fall of Sluys had just arrived, it is undoubtedly correctly placed."—*Ibid*, Vol. I. p. 186.

De Shakespeare nostrati.—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing [whatsoever he penned] he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, *Would he had blotted a thousand.* Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, *wherein he most faulted*; and to justify mine own candor: for I loved the man, and do honor his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any His wit was in his own power, *would the rule of it had been so too.*—*Discoveries, Ben Jonson, 1641.*

De Shakespeare nostrati.—Why Jonson described Shakespeare as “our fellow countryman” is not apparent, whoever Shakespeare was, he was an Englishman, and everybody must have known it.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb, p. 136.*

THE REVENGE¹ OF HAMLET.

“THAT PIECE OF HIS WHICH MOST KINDLED ENGLISH HEARTS.”

“Base thrall is he that is foul slander's slave:
To please all what might may him behave?
Yea, Jove's great son, though he were now alive,
Mought find no way this labour to achieve.”²

From *Peele's Eclogue Gratulatory to Essex*, 1589.

He that shall say that Essex died *not for treason* is punishable.—*James I.*³

CONJECTURAL DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, 1589.

| | | | |
|---|---|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| CLAUDIUS, <i>King of Denmark</i> | . | . | } SIR WALTER RALEIGH. |
| <i>and of Fardell⁴ and “the darling</i> | . | . | |
| <i>of the English Cleopatra,”⁵</i> | . | . | |
| LUCIANUS, <i>Nephew⁶ to the king.</i> | . | . | } SIR GEO. CAREW. |
| <i>a poisoner⁷ and a Fardell,</i> | . | . | |
| HAMLET, <i>Stepson of Leicester, the</i> | . | . | } ESSEX. |
| <i>former King, “Blood is a beggar,”⁸</i> | . | . | |
| <i>“Who would these Fardles⁹ beare.”—Hamlet, III. I.</i> | . | . | |
| POLONIUS, <i>“Indeed this</i> | . | } WM. CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH. | |
| <i>counsellor.”—Hamlet, III. 4.</i> | . | | |
| LAERTES, <i>son to Polonius,</i> | . | . | SIR ROBERT CECIL. |
| GHOST of Hamlet's <i>Stepfather,</i> | . | . | } LEICESTER. |
| The Player King, | . | . | |
| GERTRUDE, <i>Queen of Denmark,</i> | . | } QUEEN ELIZABETH. | |
| <i>wife¹⁰ of the former King and</i> | . | | |
| <i>mother¹¹ to Hamlet,</i> | . | | |
| The Player Queen, | . | | |

¹ Cp. Lodge 1596, on Hamlet, p. 114, and “Vindicta! Revenge,” p. 217.

² Cp. note 1, p. 186.

³ Quoted by Coke at Raleigh's trial in Winchester, Nov. 17th, 1603.

⁴ The Raleighs of Fardell. Cp. *Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. I. p. 2.

⁵ *Ibid.*, Vol. I. p. 52.

⁶ Cp. Raleigh's letter to Carew, p. 209.

⁷ Cp. Cecil's letter to Carew, p. 128.

⁸ Cp. Nash on *Hamlet*, p. 208.

⁹ “Personal allusions were the sauce of every play,”—*Shakespeare's Poems, Wyndham*, p. XLIV.

¹⁰ A consensual or Scotch marriage. Cp. the *De Quadra* letter of 1559, p. 205.

¹¹ “Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and so, my mother [Noble Storge] come, for England.”—*Hamlet*, IV. 3.

Terror of darkness! O, thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal on dark earth,
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowsy and enchanted night
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle;
Or thou great prince of shades where never sun
Sticks his far darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest: open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

Bussy d' Ambois, Chapman.

ULYSSES AND THE COURT OF ELIZABETH.

Truth is a good dog; but beware of barking too close to the heels of an error, lest you get your brains kicked out.—*Table Talk, Coleridge.*

When Shakespeare, Jonson, Fletcher, ruled the stage,
They took so bold a freedom with the age,
That there was scarce a knave or fool in town
Of any note. but had his portrait shown.

Sir Carr Scrope,¹

I work in weeds, when moon is in the wane,
Whilst all the swarm in sunshine taste the rose;
On black-fern, loe! I seek and suck my bane:
Whilst on the eglantine the rest repose,
Having too much, they still repine for more,
And cloy'd with sweetness, surfeit on their store.

The Buzzing Bees' Complaint, Essex, 1598

¹ "In defense of Satire;" quoted by the Earl of Rochester 1678, in an allusion to the Tenth Satire of the First Book of Horace.

FALSTAFF AS LORD COBHAM.

"THRASONICAL PUFF AND EMBLEM OF MOCK-VALOUR."

Shakespeare in both parts of Henry IV. originally named the chief of the princes associates after Sir John Oldcastle, a character in the old play. But Henry Brooke, Eighth Lord Cobham, who succeeded to the title early in 1597, and claimed descent from the historical Sir John Oldcastle, the Lollard leader, *raised objection*; and when the first part of the play was printed by the acting-company's authority in 1598 [Newly corrected in 1599] Shakespeare bestowed on Prince Hal's tun-bellied follower the new and deathless name of Falstaff.

A trustworthy edition of the second part of Henry IV. also appeared with Falstaff's name substituted for that of Oldcastle in 1600. There the epilogue expressly denied that Falstaff had any characteristic in common with the martyr Oldcastle.

"Oldcastle died a martyr, *and this is not the man.*"
—*A Life of William Shakespeare*, Sidney Lee, p. 169.

This Ulyssian disavowal made three years after the first publication shows the fight "still on" between the noble Lord Cobham and the Actor Shakspeare? for the ironical nature of the denial could not but thrust the poisoned arrow still deeper as will be seen by the reliques of Sir Henry Watton, Secretary to Essex.

"He, [Essex] never spoke ill of any one; only against Henry Lord Cobham he forswore all patience, calling him, even to the Queen, the sycophant *per excellentiam.*"—*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, Vol. II. p. 193.

HAMLET AS SHAKE-SPEARE.

"HE WOULD DO THE QUEEN GOOD AGAINST HER WILL."¹

"I have learnt" says De Quadra, the Spanish Ambassador, writing in **1559**, according to Mr. Froude, "I have learnt also certain other things as to the terms on which the Queen and Lord Robert [Leicester] stand toward each other, which I could not have believed." These terms are written in the next year to the Duchess of Parma thus:—"The Lord Robert hath made himself master of the business of the state and the person of the Queen;" and again he says "this woman is likely to go to sleep in the palace and wake with her Lover in the Tower."—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Gerald Massey, p. 575.

Player King-Leicester.

Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart gone round
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground, **1589**
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen **1559**
About the world have times twelve thirties been, **30**
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

Hamlet, III. 2, **1589.**²

"Sparks of indignation in the Queen, that were unquenched even with his [Essex's] blood."³—*Birch's Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 491.

First of all, you must consider with whom you have to deal, and what we be towards her; who, though she do descend very much in her sex as a woman,⁴ yet we

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 166.

² Cp. Nash on *Hamlet*, pp. 114, 208.

³ Cp. notes, p. 125.

⁴ Cp. Essex's letter to the Queen, p. 212.

may not forget her place, and the nature of it, as our Sovereign For though in the beginning when her Majesty sought you [after her good manner] she did bear with rugged dealing of yours, until she had what she fancied, yet now after satiety and fullness, it will rather hurt than help you But the best and soundest way in mine opinion is, to put on another mind, to commend such things *as should be in her*, as though they were in her indeed, for it is not good for any man straightly to weigh a general disallowance of her doings and *the world followeth the sway of her inclination*.—*Edw. Dyer to Sir Christopher Hatton*, Oct. 9th, 1572. [Cp. *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, Nicolas.*]

Then lived a galaxy of great men, and it is lamentable that they should have degraded their mighty powers to such base designs and purposes, dissolving the rich pearls of their great faculties in a worthless acid, to be drunken by a harlot. What was seeking the favor of the Queen, but the mere courtship of harlotry?—*Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton, Coleridge*, p. 66.

The purpose of playing is to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.—*Hamlet*, III. 2.

If, then, we should find that Shakspeare took these materials as they were presented to him, shall we not feel and acknowledge the purity and holiness of genius—a light, which, however it might shine on a dunghill, was as pure as the divine effluence which created all the beauty of nature?—*Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, Coleridge*, 1811, 1812.

“He [Philotas-Essex] that is the glory of the greeks,
Virtues upholder, Honors countenance.”

Essex as Philotas, Daniel's Tragedy of Philotas, 1605.

“The Queen hath been troubled with a spice or show of the mother, but indeed not so. The fits that she hath had, hath not been above a quarter of an hour; but yet this little in her hath bred strange bruits here at home.”—*Leicester to Court and Society from Elizabeth to Anne, Vol. I. p. 248.*

With the aforesaid person, [Leicester] and with divers others, she hath abused her bodie against God's lawes, to the disgrace of princely majestie, and the whole nations reproache, by unspeakable and incredible variety of luste, which modesty suffereth not to be remembered, neyther were it to chaste eares to be uttered how shamfully she hath defiled and infamed her person and country, and made her court as a trappe, by this damnable and detestable art to intangle in sinne, and overthrowe the younger sorte of the nobilitye¹ and gentleman of the lande; whereby she is become notorious to the worlde, and in other countryes a common fable for this her turpitude, which in so highe degre, namely in a woman and a queene, deserveth not onlie deposition,² but all vengeance, both of God and man, and cannot be tolerated without eternal infamie of our whole countrie, the whole worlde deriding our effeminate dastardie, that have suffered such a creature almost thirty years together to raigne both over our bodies and soules, and to have the chief regiment of al our affaires, as wel

¹ Cp. Essex's letter to the Queen, p. 212.

² Cp. the Philotas-Essex lines, p. 166, and sub-note 1, p. 162.

spirituall as temporal, to the extinguishinge not onely of religion, but of all chaste livinge and honesty.—*Admonition to the people of England, Cardinal Allen, 1588.* [Cp. *Lingard's History of England, Vol. VIII. p. 465.*]

Leicester's Ghost:

O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
 From me, whose love was of that dignity
 That it went hand in hand even with the vow
 I made to her in marriage, and to decline
 Upon a wretch¹ whose natural gifts were poor
 To those of mine!
 But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
 Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
 So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd
 Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
 And prey on garbage.¹

Hamlet, I. 5.

“By God's Son I am no Queen; that man [Essex] is above me.”—*Elizabeth to Harrington.*

“Yet *English Seneca* read by candle-light yields many good sentences, as “blood is a beggar,” and so forth; and if you intreat him fair in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches Seneca let blood line by line, and page by page, *at length must die to our stage.*”²—*Preface, Green's Menaphon, Thomas Nash, 1589.*

In Elizabethan England: “the young man of fashion began the day by riding to St. Paul's and promenading half-a-dozen times up and down its middle aisle

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh. Cp. note 1, p. 198.

² Exit Essex, enter the player Shakspeare. Cp. the “Argument” p. 21.

. At dinner he discussed Drake's expedition to Portugal At three he betook himself to the theatre then to the bear garden then to the barbers, in preparation for the *Carouse* of the evening at the 'Mitre,' the 'Falcon,' the 'Apollo,' the 'Boar's Head,' the 'Devil' or [most famous of all] the 'Mermaid,' where the literary club, the Syren, founded by none other than Sir Walter Raleigh himself, held its meetings The festive bowl circulated freely, even more so than in Denmark, which nevertheless passed for the toppers paradise."—*Shakespeare, A Critical Study, Brandes*, p. 177.

Hamlet. The King¹ doth wake to night and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering *upspring*² reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

Hamlet, I. 4.

Cussen George: For my retrait from the Court³ it was uppon good cause to take order for my prize. If in Irlande they thincke that I am not worth the respecting they shall mich deceave them sealvs, I am in place to be beleved not inferrior to any man, to plesure or displeure the greatest; and my oppinion is so received and beleved as I can anger the best of them. And therefore, if the Deputy be not as reddy to steed mee as I have bynn to defend hyme,—be it as is may. . . . I take mysealfe farr his better by the honorable of-

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh. Cp. note 1, p. 213.

² Pope substituted "upstart," this confirms the "plebeian time-server" of sub-note 1, p. 163.

³ Cp. Captain Allen's letter to Anthony Bacon, p. 215.

fices I hold, *as also by that nireness to her Majestye which still I injoy, and never more.* Farewell, noble George, my chosen friend and kinsman, from whom nor tyme, nor fortune, nor adversety, shall ever sever mee. —Letter, *Raleigh to Sir George Carew*, Dec. 27th, 1589. —*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. II. p. 41.

“There is this singular and admirable in the conduct of Elizabeth that she made her pleasures subservient to her policy, and she maintained her affairs by what in general occasions the ruin of princes. So secret were her amours, that even to the present day their mysteries cannot be penetrated. Her lovers were her ministers, and her ministers were her lovers.”—*Curiosities of Literature, Isaac Disraeli*, Vol. I. p. 352.

This strange alteration is by Raleghs means; and the Queen, that hath tried all other ways, now will see whether she can by these hard courses drive me to be friends with Raleigh, which rather shall drive me to *many other extremities* . . . Whatsoever becomes of me, God grant her to be *ever most happy*.¹—Letter, *Essex to Edward Dier*, July 21st, 1587.

Leicester's Ghost:

Howsoever thou pursuest this act,
Taint not thy mind, *nor let thy soul contrive*
Against thy mother aught;¹ leave her to heaven
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her.

Hamlet, 1. 5.

Before his Lordship's going into Ireland . . . it pleased him expressly and in a set manner to desire mine opinion and counsel. At which time I did not

¹ Cp. note from Elze, p. 111, and sub-note 2, p. 166.

only dissuade, but protest against his going, telling him with as much vehemency and asseveration as I could, that absence in that kind would *exulcerate* the Queen's mind, whereby it would not be possible for him to carry himself so as to give her sufficient contentment . . . I apprehended readily *a particular I think be known to very few*,¹ and the which I do the rather relate unto your Lordship, because I hear it talked, that while my Lord was in Ireland I revealed some matter against him, I cannot tell what.¹—*Bacon's Apology Concerning Essex*, 1604.

“Well, the next news that I heard was, that my Lord was come over, and that he was committed to his chamber *for leaving Ireland*² without the Queen's license . . . I came to his Lordship, and talked with him privately about a quarter of an hour, and he asked mine opinion of the course was taken with him . . . I remember my Lord was willing to hear me, but spake very few words, and shaked his head sometimes, as if he thought I was in the wrong . . . I prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconcilment to my Lord . . . I feared not to allege to her, that this proceeding toward my Lord was a thing towards the people very implausible; and therefore wished her Majesty, howsoever she did, yet to discharge herself of it, *and to lay it upon others*.”³—*Bacon's Apology Concerning Essex*, 1604.

In 1584, 1585, 1587 and again in 1589, Raleigh had large and very profitable grants of license to export

¹ Hamlet, a satire on the Court.

² The exulceration existed *before* his “going into Ireland.” Cp. Judge Webb's note p. 167, and notes pp. 125-158.

³ Hamlet by the Player, a harmless work of art. Cp. the “Argument,” p. 21.

woolen broad-cloths, *on payment of a rent reserved to the Queen* [p. 63]. In 1584, Raleigh obtained a still more important grant of what was termed the "Farm of Wines;" that is, the power of granting licenses for their vent, and of regulating under certain restrictions their prices, throughout England [p. 63]. The first relaxation [Elizabeth's anger at Raleigh's marriage] grew out of the necessities of the royal Exchequer [p. 143]. Spoils had been wrenched from Spain such as hitherto were almost unexampled. Sir Walter Raleigh is the especial man [p. 151]. One of the largest and best-laden of the coveted "Indian carracks" the *Madre de Dios*, was taken [1591-1594]¹ by Raleigh's own ship, *The Roebuck* [p. 149]. The spoils of the "great carrack" had for years a considerable effect on English commerce, in more ways than one. The sale of certain precious commodities *was altogether prohibited*, as regards the ordinary course of trade, in order to obtain *an advantageous market* for the goods stored up from the *Madre de Dios*:—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. I. p. 158.

Elizabeth, The Player Queen.

The instances that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love;
 A second time I kill my husband² dead,
 When second husband³ kisses me in bed.

Hamlet, III. 2.

The imprisonment mentioned by Sir Walter's biographer, in his life prefixed to his *History of the World* [Third Edition, 1687], was for devirginating a maid of

¹ Undoubtedly *Hamlet* was under constant revision up to 1601. Cp. note from Judge Webb, p. 150.

² Robin Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

³ Sir Walter Raleigh.

honour in 1595. But why for this one action he should lie under *the imputation of a debauch*, is the logic of none but the vulgar.—*History of Maryland, Bozman, 1811, p. 366.*

Queen. What shall I do?

Hamlet. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king¹ tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy² kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out.

Hamlet, III. 4.

When I remember that your Maj. hath, by the intolerable wrong you have done both me and yourself, not only broken all laws of affection, *but done against the honor of your sex*, I think all places better than that where I am, and all dangers well undertaken, so I might retire myself from the memory of my false, inconstant, and beguiling pleasures. I am sorry to write thus much, for I cannot think your mind so dishonorable but that you punish yourself for it, how little soever you care for me. But I desire whatsoever falls out, that your Maj. should be without excuse, you knowing yourself to be the cause, and all the world wondering at the effect. *I was never proud, till your Maj. sought to make me too base.* And now since my destiny is no better, my despair shall be as my love was, without repentance.—Letter, *Essex to the Queen.*—*Lives of the Earls of Essex, Vol. I. p. 493.*

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh. Cp. note 1, p. 209.

² Cp. note 1, p. 221.

To her first parliament Elizabeth expressed a wish that on her tomb might be inscribed the title of "the virgin queen." But *the woman who despises the safe guards must be content to forfeit the reputation of chastity* But Dudley though the most favoured, was not considered as her only lover; among his rivals were numbered Hatton, and Raleigh, and Oxford, and Blount, and Simier, and Anjou; and it was afterwards believed that her licentious habits survived, even when the fires of wantonness had been quenched by the chill of age.—*Lingard's History of England*, Vol. VIII. p. 424.

Mary to Elizabeth.

Woe to you! when, in time to come, the world
 Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds,
 With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veil'd
 The raging flames of lawless secret lust.

Mary Stuart, Schiller.

Leicester's Ghost:

Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
 With witchcraft of his wit, *with traitorous gifts*,— }¹
 O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
 So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
 The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.

Hamlet, 1. 5.

"Sir Walter Raleigh he is the hated man of the world, in court, city, and country."—*Anthony Bagot to Richard Bagot*, May 1587.—*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, Vol. I. p. 186.

¹ Sir Walter Raleigh. Cp. the spoils from the *Madre de Dios*, p. 212.

“My lord of Essex hath chased Mr. Raleigh from the court¹ and confined him in Ireland.”—Letter, dated Aug. 17, 1589, *Captain Francis Allen to Anthony Bacon.*

Quandra, bishop of Aquila, the spanish ambassador, in the beginning of 1561, informs the king, that according to common belief, the Queen “lived with Dudley,” that in one of his audiences Elizabeth spoke to him respecting this report, and *in proof of its improbability*, showed him the situation of her apartment and bed chamber But in a short time she deprived herself of this plea. Under the pretext that Dudley’s apartment in a lower story of the palace was unwholesome, she removed him to another, contiguous to her own chamber In September of the same year these rumours derived additional credit from the change in the Queen’s appearance.—*History of England, Lingard*, Vol. VIII. p. 425.

In allusion to the current talk on the subject of the Dudley amour De Quadra also reports that the Queen said she “was afraid the Archduke Charles might take advantage of the scandal which could not fail to reach his ears on his arrival in England, and should he not marry her [in consequence] her honour might suffer” should not innocence have remained proudly silent? Why should her Majesty have met scandal one half-way if she had not previously advanced the other half?—*Shakespeare’s Sonnets, Gerald Massey*, p. 575.

¹ By the play of Hamlet. Cp. Nash on Hamlet, 1589, pp. 114-208, also cp. Raleigh’s letters to Carew, p. 209.

Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery. Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.—*Hamlet*, III. 2.

“The Queen says he [Essex] hath played long enough upon her, and that she means to play awhile upon him.”—*News of the day, Chamberlin*, Aug. 30th, 1598.—*Lives of the Earls of Essex*, Vol. I. p. 491.

Her breasts two crystal orbs of whitest white,
Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
Between those hillocks Cupid doth delight
To sit and play, and in that valley sings:
Looking love-babies in her wanton eyes,
That all gross vapors thence doth chastesize.

Mother Nature describing her Phœnix¹ to *Jove, Love's Martyr*,²
p. 12.

“And so most humbly embracing and admiring the memory of those celestial beauties, which with the people is denied me to review, I pray God your Majesty may be eternal in joys and happiness. Your Majesty's most humble slave.”—Letter, *Raleigh* to the *Queen*, 1602.—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. II. p. 252.

Here shall you see how men disguise their ends,
And plant bad courses under pleasing shows,³
How well presumptions broken ways defends,

¹ Cp. Dr. Grosart's note, p. 84.

² On the authorship of *Love's Martyr*. Cp. note 1, p. 141.

³ For the political complexion of Shake-speare's historical plays, see records of *The New Shakespeare Society*, Vol. II., 1874.

Which clear-ey'd judgement gravely doth disclose.
Tragedy of Philotus [Essex as Philotus], *Daniel*, 1605.

. But now behold,
In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but by loving likelihood,
Where now the general of our gracious empress¹
[As in good time he may] from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit
To welcome him?

Henry V., Act V., Chorus.

“But if Shakespeare’s colleagues, acting Shakespeare’s Plays, gave umbrage to Essex’s political opponents in *Henry IV.*, applauded his ambition in *Henry V.*, and were accessories to his disloyalty in *Richard II.*, there were playwrights and players ready enough to back the winning side.”—*Shakespeare’s Poems, Geo. Wyndham*, p. 33.

Comedy.

How some damn'd tyrant *to obtain a crown*²
Stabs, hangs, impoisons, smothers, cutteth throats:
And then a Chorus, too, comes howling in
And tells us of the worrying of a cat:
Then, too, a filthy whining ghost,
Lapt in some foul sheet, or a leather pilch,
Comes screaming like a pig half stick'd,
And cries, *Vindicta!*—Revenge, Revenge!

Induction, *A Warning For Faire Women*, 1599.

¹ Essex, cp. lines on the dismantling of the Masque, p. 18.

² Essex, cp. Ben Jonson's "Steep desire," p. 223.

“The induction to the *Warning* is notable also in that it contains what is apparently a fling at Shakspeare’s *Richard III.*, *Henry V.*, *Macbeth* and *Hamlet*. It may cause surprise that such open mockery of the method, if not of the very plays of Shakspeare should have been allowed on his own stage.”—*The School of Shakspeare*, Richard Simpson, Vol. II. p. 216.

“Ben Jonson, in his *Cynthia's Revels* [1600], put forth two censorious allusions to Essex’s conduct. Indeed the framework of this play, apart from its incidental attacks on other authors, is a defense of ‘Cynthia’s’ [the Queen’s] severity. Says Cupid [I. 1]:—‘The huntress and queen of these groves, Diana, *in regard of some black and envious slanders hourly breathed against her*,¹ for divine justice on Actæon . . . hath . . . proclaim’d a solemn revels, which [her godhead put off] she will descend to grace.’ The play was acted before Elizabeth, and contains many allusions to the ‘Presence.’ After the masque, Cynthia thanks the masquers [v. 3]:—

‘For you are they, that not, as some have done,
Do censure us, as too severe and sour,
But as, more rightly, gracious to the good;
Although we not deny, unto the proud,
Or the profane, perhaps indeed austere:
For so Actæon, by presuming far,
Did, to our grief, incur a fatal doom . . .
Seems it no crime to enter sacred bowers
And hallow’d places with impure aspect,
Most lewdly to pollute? Let mortals learn
To make religion of offending heaven,
And not at all to censure powers divine.’

¹ The play of Hamlet. Cp. Letter, *Anthony Bacon to Essex*, p. 152.

In 1600, such lines can only have pointed to Essex-Actæon's mad intrusion into the presence of a Divine Virgin. In 1601 if, as some hold, these lines were a late addition, the reference to Essex's execution was still more explicit."—*Shakespeare's Poems, Geo. Wyndham*, p. xxxiv.

Further along in his notes [p. 258] speaking of Robert Chester's *Love's Martyr*, and the contributed poems by Shakespeare, Jonson, Chapman and Marston on the *Phoenix* and the *Turtle*, Mr. Wyndham says, "it is impossible to understand exactly what these poems are about."¹ Now continuing with crusty Ben in his "Revels" it will be seen that our *Phoenix* subject is renewed, and never was irony so deftly handled—that while apparently censuring Essex, Jonson² has assumed³ the character of Horatio and is fooling the Queen to the "top of her bent" that through the Queen he is carrying out Hamlet's dying request.

Hamlet. Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.

With what art and dare-devil hardihood "Good Horatio" performed this task—considering his loathing and contempt for the Queen's character, witness:—

¹ The Masque of *Love's Labor's Won*.

² Thy tittle's Asper, Criticus, Quintus, *Horatius*, Flaccus, *Satiromastix*, 1602.

³ Spenser was undoubtedly *Horatio* in the 1589 *Hamlet*. Cp. Hale's note, p. 83.

Elizabeth-Cynthia . . . Let it suffice
 That we take notice, *and can take revenge*
*Of these calumnious and lewd blasphemies.*¹
 For we are no less Cynthia than we were,
 Nor is our power, but as ourself, the same: . . .
 Years are beneath the spheres, and time makes weak
 Things under heaven, *not powers which govern heaven* . . .
 [*The dancers unmask.*

How: let me view you. *Ha! are we contemned?*¹
 Is there so little awe of our disdain,
 That any [*under trust of their disguise*]²
 Should mix themselves with others of the court,
 And, without forehead, boldly press so far,
 As farther none? How apt is lenity
 To be abused: severity to be loathed!
 And yet how much more doth the seeming face
 Of neighboring virtues, *and their borrowed names,*²
 Add of lewd boldness to loose vanities:
 Who would have thought that Philautia³ durst
 Or have usurped noble Storge's name,⁴
 Or with that theft have ventured on our eyes?
 Who would have thought, that all of them should hope
 So much of our connivance, as to come,
 To grace themselves with *titles not their own?*⁴
 Instead of medicines, have we maladies?
 And such imposthumes as Phantaste is
 Grow in our palace? We must lance these sores,
 Or all will putrify.

Cynthia's Revels, v. 3, *Ben Jonson*, 1600, 1601.

¹ Elizabeth as Gertrude in Hamlet.

² Essex disguised as Shake-speare.

³ Character assumed by Essex in *The Device of Self-Love*. Cp. note 1, p. 164, and sub-note 1, p. 173.

⁴ The Phoenix was Elizabeth's emblem, "about 1574 a medal was struck bearing on the obverse a portrait of Elizabeth, and on the reverse a phoenix in flames with cipher and crown."—*Century Dictionary*.

Player. But who, O, who had seen the mobled queen—

Hamlet. 'The mobled queen?

Polonius. That's Good; 'mobled queen' is good.

Player. Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout about that head
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up.

Hamlet, II. 2.

“The Queen is cankered and her mind has become as crooked as her carcass.¹ This remark of Essex cost my lord his head; which his iusurrection *had not cost him* but for that speech.”—*Prerogative of Parliaments, Raleigh's Works.* [Cp. *Lives of the Earls of Essex, Vol. II. p. 131.*]

Persian. What need have Alexander so to strive
By all these shows of form, to find this man
Guilty of treason, when he doth contrive
To have him so adjudged? Do what he can
He must not be acquit, tho' he be clear,
Th' offender, not the offence, is punished here.
And what avails the fore-condemned² to speak?
However strong his cause his state is weak.

Grecian. Ah, but it satisfies the world, and we
Think that well done, which done by law we see.

Persian. And yet your law serves but your private ends.
Act v., Chorus, *Tragedy of Philotus* [Essex as Philotus], *Samuel Daniel, 1605.*

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 213.

² Cp. sub-notes, pp. 162 and 163.

. Wen men grow fast
Honor'd and loved, there is a trick in state,
Which jealous princes never fail to use,
How to decline that growth, with fair pretext,
And honorable colors of employment,
Either by embassey, the war, or such,
To shift them forth into another air,
Where they may purge and lessen; so was he:
And had his seconds there, sent by Tiberius,
And his more subtle dam, to discontent him;
To breed and cherish mutinies; detract
His greatest actions; give audacious check
To his commands; and work to put him out
In open act of treason.

Sejanus, I. I, *Ben Jonson*, 1603.

Lastly, I would inform you, that this book,¹ [*Sejanus*] in all numbers, is not the same with that which was acted on the public stage; wherein a second pen *had*² good share: in place of which, I have chosen to put weaker, and, no doubt, less pleasing of mine own, than to defraud so happy a genius³ of his right by my loathed usurpation.—Introduction to *Sejanus*, 1603.

Shakespeare himself assisted Ben Jonson in his *Sejanus*, as it was originally written.—*Richard Farmer*.

¹ Cp. note I, p. 30.

² The man was dead.

³ Cp. Daniel's "genius of that time," p. 225.

THE MAN WAS DEAD.

Sacred is the fame of Poets.—*Saml. Daniel.*

. . . . Fame is all that a dead man can possess.—*Demosthenes.*

Any man who believes that William Shakspeare of Stratford wrote "Hamlet" or "Lear" is a fool.—*John Bright.*

We must sing too! What subject shall we choose?
Or whose great Name in Poets Heaven use. . . .
Who at suggestion of a steep desire¹
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream.

Ben Jonson in Love's Martyr, 1601, pp. 189, 192.

¹ To save *Love's Martyr* from being "suppressed" or "called in," Jonson is here patronizing the Queen—his real meaning, I take it, was given forty years later in *Discoveries*. Cp. pp. 200, 201.

In Patriam rediit magnus Appollo Suam.

. Fame's full of lies

Envy doth aye true honor's deeds despise.

Peele's Eclogue to Essex, 1589. [Cp. p. 293].

I remember well, I said to the Queen, you have now Madam obtained victory over two things, which the greatest princes in the world cannot at their wills subdue; *the one is over fame*,¹ the other is over a great mind.—*Bacon's Apology Concerning Essex*, 1604.

Rail not 'gainst Fortunes sacred deitie,
In youth thy virtuous patience she hath tryed,
From this base earth shee'l lift thee up on hie,
Where in content's rich chariot thou shalt ride,
And never with impatience to abide:

Fortune will glory in thy great renown,
And on thy feather'd head will set a crown.

Mother Nature to The Phœnix,² *Love's Martyr*, p. 31.

¹ This could be construed as the fame of Elizabeth as Gertrude in *Hamlet*, but I think it means the fame of Essex as Shake-speare.

² Cp. Essex as the Phœnix in *The Phœnix Masque of Love's Labor's Won*, note 1, p. 164.

THE MAN WAS DEAD.

Shake-speare, Dramatist, died of lese-majeste, Feb'y. 25th, 1601.

Queen Elizabeth, died Mar. 24th, 1603.

Shakspere, Player, died of a drunken frolic April 23rd, 1616.

And yet I grieve for that unfinished frame,
Which thou dear muse didst vow to sacrifice
Unto the bed of peace, and in the same
Design our happiness to memorize,
Must, as it is, remain, tho' as it is:
It shall to after-times relate my zeal
To Kings and unto right, to quietness,
And *to the union of the commonwealth*.¹
But this may now seem a superfluous vow,
We have this peace; and thou hast sung enough,
And more than will be heard, and then as good
As not to write, as not be understood,
For know, great Prince, when you shall come to know,
That 'tis not in the power of kings *to raise*
A spirit for verse, that is not born thereto,²
Nor are they born in every Prince's days:
For late Eliza's reign gave birth to more,
Than all the Kings of England did before.
And it may be,³ the genius of that time,
Would leave to her the glory in that kind,
And that the utmost powers of English rhyme,
Should be *within* her peaceful reign confin'd.

Dedication, *Daniel's Philotas*, [Essex as Philotas⁴], 1605.

In 1609 *Troilus and Cressida* was published *with the announcement* [in the preface] that the Shakespearian Plays were the property of certain grand possessors.—
The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb, p. 73.

¹ Cp. sub-note 1, p. 162.

² The Player Shakspere; it is noteworthy that Daniel refers to Shakspere and Shake-speare in the same poem.

³ For all time to come.

⁴ Cp. Daniel's letter to Devonshire, p. 161.

My comb, a rift; my hive, *a lease must be;*
 So chang'd, the bees scarce took me for a bee.
The Buzzing Bees Complaint,¹ Essex, 1598.

For shame, I say, give virtue honors due!
 I'll please the shepherd but by telling true;
 Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
 That *all his flock* right forwardly hath led.
Peele's Eclogue Gratulatory to Essex, 1589.

We propose a person¹ like our dove,
 Graced with a Phoenix² love:
 A bodie so harmoniously composed,
 As if *Nature* disclosed
 All her best symetrie in that one feature:³
 O, so divine a creature²
 Who could be false to? chiefly when he know's
 How only she³ bestowes
 The wealthy treasure of her love in him:
 Making his fortunes swim
 In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
 What savage, brute affection,
 Would not be fearful to offend a Dame³
 Of this excelling frame?
 Much more a noble and right generous Mind,
 [To virtuous moods inclined]
 That knows the weight of guilt.⁴
Ben Jonson in Love's Martyr, 1601.

She² was to him¹ th' analized world of pleasure,
Her firmness cloth'd him in variety;
 Excess of all things, he joyd in her measure,
 Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
George Chapman in Love's Martyr, 1601.

¹ Essex, the honey-tongued Shake-speare.

² The Phoenix Masque of Love's Labor's Won or The Enacted Will.

³ Mother Nature herself, a Dramatist. Cp. Spenser's lines frontispage 10.

⁴ The man was dead.

Such one *he was*, of him we boldly say,
In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
In whom in peace the elements all lay
So mixt as none could sovereignty impute,
As all did govern yet all did obey:
His lively temper was so absolute,
That it seemed, when Heaven his model first began,
In him it showed perfection in a man!

Michael Drayton, 1603.

It is noticeable that in a later edition of his poem [1619] Drayton has returned to his description, and retouched it into a still nearer likeness to that of Shakespeare. The last two lines are altered thus:—

As that it seemed when Nature him began,
She meant to show all that might be in man.

Shakespeare's Sonnets, Gerald Massey, p. 573.

We have expressed the opinion that Shakespeare had nothing to do with the publication of the *Sonnets* in 1609. This is put beyond a doubt by the parentheses at the end of Sonnet 126 in that edition. Shakespeare *could not* have inserted these parentheses, and Thorpe would not have done it if either he or his editor had been *in communication with Shakespeare*. In that case, one or the other of them would have asked him for the couplet; and he would either have supplied it or have explained that the poem was complete as it stood—Dr. Furnivall says he has no doubt that the insertion of the marks of parentheses “was the printers doings;” and Mr. Thomas Tyler expresses the same opinion; but it is extremely improbable that the printer would resort to this extraordinary typographical expedient [absolutely unprecedented, so far as our observation goes] with-

out consulting the publisher, and Thorpe would not have consented to it if he could have avoided it. It is clear that printer or publisher, or both, considered that something was evidently wanting *which could not be supplied* and must be accounted for. The only two books, so far as we know, ever published by Shakespeare himself were the *Venus and Adonis* [1593] and the *Lucrece* [1594]. These have dedications of his own, *and the care with which they are printed indicates that he supervised their passage through the press.* If he had had anything directly to do with bringing out the *Sonnets* in 1609, we may be sure that these poems in which he had so peculiarly personal an interest would have been dedicated by himself, and the printing would have been done under his own eye. He would not have allowed it to be done while he was absent from London but would have had it delayed *until his return.*¹ Some critics have said that "the correction of the press by the author was unknown in Elizabethan times;" but this is a mistake. At the end of Beeton's *Will of Wit* [1599] we find this note: "What faults are escaped in the printing, find by discretion, and excuse the author, by other work that let [hindered] him from attendance to the press." The many bad errors in the 1609 edition of the *Sonnets* and the parentheses in 126 are indisputable evidence that there was no "attendance to the press" on the part of the author.²—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, W. J. Rolfe, p. 184.

Whose great name in poets Heaven use,
 For the more countenance to our active muse?
 Ben Johnson in *Love's Martyr*, 1601, p. 189.

¹ "The undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

² "Thy adverse party is thy advocate."—Son. 27—xxxv.

Shine forth, thou star of poets; and with rage,
Or influence, *chide, or cheer, the drooping stage.*

Ben Jonson, in *First Folio*, 1623.

But for two remarkable circumstances, Shakespearian criticism would never have exercised so many minds and filled so many volumes. One is the fact noted by the editors of the Folio, that *Shakespeare had not "the fate common with some to be executor to his owne writing."* That the author of *Othello* and *As You Like It* should not have deemed those works worthy of the editorial care bestowed on *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*; that he used them simply as a means of making money, and when the purpose had been served, took no further heed of them; that notwithstanding the publication and rapid sale of pirated and inaccurate copies, he was never moved, *during the years of retirement at Stratford*, to take even the initial step of collecting and revising for publication the manuscripts of his plays; and that, so far as their author was concerned, they might be stolen, travestied, or perish altogether; are surely among the strangest facts in the history of literature.—*The Diary of Master William Silence, Madden*, p. 319.

Horace—[Jonson]:

"All men afright their foes in what they may,
Nature commands it, and men must obey."
Observe with me: "The wolf his tooth doth use,
The bull his horn. And who doth this infuse,
But nature?" . . . But briefly, *if to age I destined be,*
Or that quick death's black wings environ me;
If rich or poor; at Rome; or fate command
I shall be banished to some other land;
What hue soever my whole state shall bear,
I will write satires still, *in spite of fear.*

Eques: Virgil is now at hand, imperial Caesar.

Caesar: Rome's honor¹ is at hand then. Fetch a chair,
 And set it on our right hand; where 'tis fit
 Rome's honor,¹ and our own should ever sit.
 Now is he come out of Campania,
 I doubt not *he has finished all his Aeneids.*²
 Which, like another soul, I long to enjoy. } Maecenas.³
 What think you three, of Virgil, gentlemen, } Gallus.⁴
That are of his profession. } Tibullus.⁵

Gallus: So chaste and tender is his ear,
 In suffering any syllable to pass,
 That he thinks may become the *honored name*¹
*Of issue*⁶ to his so examined self;
 That all the lasting fruits of his full merit,
 In his own poems, he doth still distaste;
 As if his minds peace, which he strove² to paint,
 Could not with fleshly pencils have her right.
The Poetaster, v. 1., Ben Jonson, 1601.

¹ "Inevitably 'Liberal Honour' and 'Love's Lord' are accepted as his titles of right and it does not look like a mere coincidence that Churchyard names Essex 'Honor.'"

Sweet civil Lords, shall sawsy fellows meet,
 Who must ask grace, on knees at honors feet.

Churchyard's Fortunate Farewell, Dr. Grosart's introduction to Love's Martyr, pp. 35-39.

O Honour's fire, that not the brackish sea
 Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
 So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
 That they exceed the reach of shepherds rhyme.
Peele's Eclogue to Essex, 1589.

² The man was dead.

³ *Maecenas*,¹ Statesman and patron of literature. Intrusted with the administration of Rome during the absence of Octavianus on an expedition against Pompeius, friend and patron of Horace and Virgil.

⁴ *Gallus*, Poet, orator, general,² and politician. He supported Octavius, commanded a part of his army at the battle of Actium and pursued Antony to Egypt.

⁵ *Tibullus*, Elegiac poet patronized by Messala, whom he accompanied in a campaign to Aquitania.

. Look how the fathers face
 Lives in his *issue*, even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well turned, and true filed lines.

Memorial Verses, Ben Jonson, 1623.

¹ Essex, the brightest Maecenas of that accomplished age.—*Royal and Noble Authors, Walpole, Vol. 1. p. 108.*

² The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the General of our gracious Empress.—*Hamlet and Henry V. Cp. p. 18.*

Few people, whose eyes now glide as smoothly along the text of Shakspeare as along the text of the Waverly Novels, are aware of the amount of labour which the luxury they are enjoying has involved. It would be no exaggeration to say that the text of Shakspeare has come down to us in a worse state than that of any other great author, either in our own or in any other language. That he himself prepared none of his plays for publication is certain;¹ that any of them were printed from his autograph, or even from copies corrected by him, is, in spite of what Heminge and Condell have asserted, open to grave doubt. Of the thirty seven plays usually assigned to him, seventeen had at various times appeared in quarto, those quartos consisting of transcripts of stage copies surreptitiously obtained without the consent either of the author or of the manager. They have therefore no authority, but are depraved in different degrees by "the alterations and botchery of the *Players*" by interpolations of all kinds and from all sources, and by printers blunders in every form they can assume, from the corruption or omission of single words to simple revelries of nonsense. "Perhaps in the whole annals of English typography," says Hunter, "there is no record of any book of any extent and reputation having been dismissed from the press with less care and attention than the first folio." Bad as most of the quartos are,¹ the first folio is often worse. Words, the restoration of which is obvious, left unsupplied; unfamiliar words transliterated into gibberish; punctuation as it pleases chance; sentences with the subordinate

¹ My comb, a rift; my hive, a lease must be;
So chang'd, the bees scarce took me for a bee.
The Buzzing Bee's Complaint, Essex, 1598.

clauses higgledy-piggledy or upside down; lines transposed; verse printed as prose, and prose as verse; speeches belonging to one character given to another; stage directions incorporated in the text; actor's names suddenly substituted for those of the *dramatis personæ*; scenes and acts left unindicated or indicated wrongly—all this and more make the text of the first folio one of the most portentous specimens of typography and editing in existence.—*Essays and Studies*, J. Churton Collins, p. 292.

Galileo [1609] was reading the open volume of the sky, but Shakespeare¹ did not mention him. This to me is the most marvelous thing connected with this most marvelous man.—*Shakespeare A Lecture*, Robert G. Ingersoll, p. 16.

For such whose poems be they ne'er so rare,
 In private chambers that encloistered are,
 And by transcription daintily must go
 As tho' the world unworthy were to know
 Their rich composures, let those men who keep
 These wondrous *relics* in their judgement deep,
 And cry them up so, let such pieces be
 Spoke of by those that shall come after me.

Poets and Poesy, Michael Drayton [Certainly before 1609].

“All this is far too explicit to be general, and must have had a particular aim. The lines seem to reply to Meres. Here are the ‘rare poems’ for ‘Sugred Sonnets,’ the ‘private chambers’ for ‘private friends,’ the friends who keep the sonnets, for the friends among whom Shakespeare’s Sonnets are, and the men who cry up these *relics* in their judgement deep! The critic Meres for example.”—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Gerald Massey, p. 571.

¹ The man was dead.

In the light of present evidence Mr. Massey is undoubtedly correct in attributing to Drayton a "particular aim" at the Sonnets of 1609, but in so doing he fails to note that the "dainty transcriptions" could not be in "private chambers" or "encloistered" after their publication, which gives to Drayton's composition a date prior to 1609, and that in the use of the word "*relics*" Drayton very plainly tells us that the author of the Sonnets was in "the undiscovered country" prior to their publication in 1609 which wipes out the stupid miracle that the most intellectual of men, *willingly*,¹ "submitted to ascriptions by other hands," "gave his writings to negligence" and "deserted the children of his brain."

Be your words made, good Sir, of Indian ware,
That you allow me them by so small rate?
Or do you curtled Spartanes imitate?
Or do you mean my tender ears to spare
That to my questions you so total are?
When I demand of Phœnix,² Stellas³ state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late:
O God, think you that satisfies my care?
*I would know whether she did sit or walk;
How clothed; how waited-on; sigh'd she or smilde;
Whereof, with whom,—how often,—did she talke;
With what pastimes Time's journey she beguilde;*
If her lips daign'd to sweeten my poor name;
Say all; and, all well said, still say the same.
Astrophel to Stella, Son. 92, Philip Sidney, before 1586.

Yet in this lovely swain [Essex], *source of our glee,*
Must all his [Sidney's] virtues sweet revive be.
Peele's Eclogue Gratulatory to Essex, 1589.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 231.

² Cp. Essex as the Phœnix, note 1, p. 164, notes, p. 220 and all of p. 238.

³ Cp. sub-note 2, p. 120.

Rosalind. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? *What did he when thou saw'st him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? And when shalt thou see him again?* Answer me in one word.—*As You Like It*, III. 2.

All his other works—the narrative poems and the early quartos—are said to be “by William Shakespeare” which is the customary and prescriptive style of an author who ventures on his own account. The quarto [of the Sonnets] as printed, abounds in typographical and other errors—which might easily have escaped the eyes of a proof-reader, but not those of the writer himself. But while Shakespeare was the writer of the Sonnets *he had nothing to do with their publication* [in 1609]. The very form of the title-page, *Shake-speares Sonnets*, is proof positive of this.¹—*A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare*, Park Godwin, p. 16.

There is evidence absolutely incontrovertible, that the poet never saw the Sonnets through the press. There are from forty to fifty errors which could not have passed if they had been submitted to Shakspeare. And such is the nature of our poet's promises made to Southampton. *So careful was he in correcting his other poems*, [1593, 1594] that we must conclude he would have superintended the publication, and not subjected his promises of immortality to all the ills of printers mortality, *had he given his sanction to it* as it comes to us.—*The Secret Drama of Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Gerald Massey, p. 172.

I cannot sufficiently set down what [in my judgement, and by the relation of very just and wise men] I

¹ The man was dead.

have conceived of his secrets. But that I may speak somewhat of him according to true judgement and indifference: because peradventure, some have either malevolently, with exceeding bitterness abused his honorable ashes contumeliously; and others perchance which have as blindly in the contrary sanctified him as one more than a man, beyond his deserts and the measure of his nature; [both which are most odious to the true taste of all noble natures,] I say thus much: Which they that wisely did know him, will acknowledge also. *His mind* was incomprehensible, the loftiness of his wit was most quick, present, and incredible; in dissembling with counterfeit friends, and in turning the mischiefs and fallacies of his enemies upon their own heads and in concealing any matter and business of importance, beyond expectation.—*Four Books of Offices, Barnaby Rudge*, 1606.

Exalted Shakespeare, with a *boundless mind*,
Ranged far and wide, a genius unconfined;
The passions swayed, and captive led the heart,
Without the critic's rules or aid of art.

The Progress of Poesy, 1731.

No comprehension has yet been able to draw the line of circumscription round this *mighty mind* so as to say to itself "I have seen the whole."—*Coleridge*, 1833.

Whoever the great dramatist was, we can form no adequate conception of *his mind*; but mankind will always delight to scrutinise something that indefinitely raises its conceptions of its own powers and possibilities, and will seek, though eternally in vain, to penetrate the secret of this prodigious intellect.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare, Judge Webb*, 1902.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE POET OR PEACOCK?

Essex was great at impresses.

Jonson's Conc. with Drummond, p. 30.

Emblem reduceth conceits intellectual to images sensible.—

Adv. of L., Francis Bacon, II., 282.

And foul befall that cursed Cuckoe's throat,
That so hath crossed sweet Philomelæes note.

“*Finis Comes Essex.*” [Cp. pp. 244, 245.]

Ham. For thou dost know: O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was of Jove himself,
And now reigns here
A very, very-peacock.

Hora. *You might have rhymed.*¹

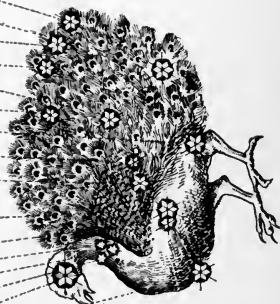
Hamlet, III. 2.

Ham. This realm [of art] dismantled was of Jove himself,²
And now reigns here
A very, very-Shakspere.³

Hora. [Quoting *Peete*.] Thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd-tree.
*Peetes Eclogue to Essex*⁴ 1589.



WILLIAM SHAKSPERE



'Tis not in the power of Kings to raise
a spirit for verse, that is not born thereto.
Samuel Daniel,⁵ 1605.

Thou need'st care for no man; no, not for them
that made thee proud with speaking their words on
the stage.—*Ratsel's Ghost*, 1605.

With mouthing words that better wits have framed,
Now purchase lands, and now Esquires are made.

The Return from Parnassus, 1602.

Poets are born, not made.—*Leonard Digges*.⁶

Strange fowl light upon neighboring ponds.

Cymbeline, 1. 4.

Swcet Swan of Avon!⁷ what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza, and our James.⁸

Ben Jonson, 1623.

I will write satires still in spite of fear.

Horace as *Ben Jonson* in *The Poetaster*.⁹

¹ The *arrangement* of the five lines from the 1623 Folio. Prior to Galileo's discovery of the telescope in 1609 the heavens were read with the naked eye. In 1603 was published the *Uranometria* of Johann Bayer, the protestant astronomer of Augsburg. Among the new figures were the *Phoenix* and the *Peacock*. In these two new asterisms the number of stars in each constellation corresponds to the number of letters forming the names of their respective owners—The emblems were undoubtedly ordered before 1594 and probably subsequent to 1590. Cp. Daniel's Sonnet, p. 65, Spenser's lines p. 83, and Drayton's Sonnet p. 98. This date of the composition of the Sonnets of 1609 happily agrees with the theory of Mr. Sidney Lee. Cp. his *Life of Shakespeare*, p. 85.

² This is strategy with a vengeance but that Shake-speare accounted himself a great moral teacher, cp. the six lines from *Willobius Avisa*, p. 47, and Robert Chester's lines, p. 37. "He [Essex] died more like a minister than a soldier."—*Marshal Biron*.

³ "This spelling of our great poets name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Blackfriars conveyance and mortgage."—*Introduction, The Leopold Shakspeare, F. J. Furnivall*.

⁴ That Essex was the Crow in the Peacocks feathers, cp. notes, p. 122, and Mr. Massey's lines, p. 73.

⁵ Cp. the context, p. 225.

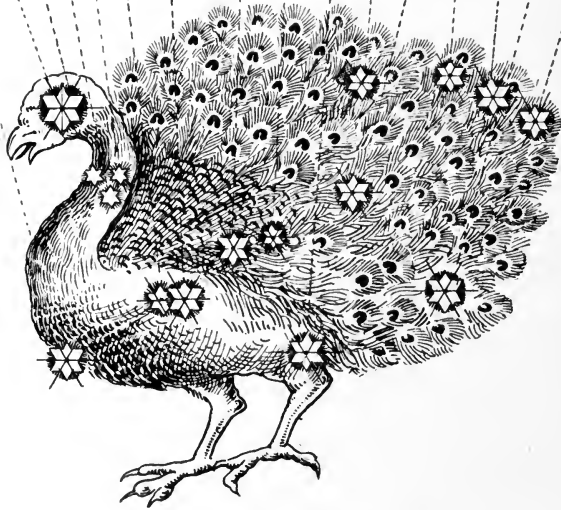
⁶ Cp. the context frontispage 3.

⁷ Cp. note 1, p. 225. ⁸ Cp. note 3, p. 201. ⁹ Cp. the context, p. 229.

York. My ashes, as the Phœnix,¹ may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all.

Third Henry VI., 1. 4.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE



From one of the original maps of Johann Bayer's² *Uranometria*, 1603. In viewing the map of the original constellation I would remind the reader not to look for the dotted lines or the name; the most powerful telescope will not reveal them, but the sixteen stars are visible to the naked eye, not one has been lost. For the Peacock's companion picture, see p. 248.

¹ Essex was a lineal descendant of the Duke of York, and under the law could easily have been Elizabeth's successor. Cp. his argument, *Second Henry VI.*, IV. 2.

² Cp. Essex's instructions to Henry Cuffe touching foreign parts, p. 241.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

“Mr. Henry Cuffe, the great confident and one of the secretaries of the Earl of Essex, had been sent with his lordships letters to England, and after landing us’d the utmost expedition to arrive with them at the court; but falling ill on the road was oblig’d on Friday night July 30th, [1596] to send up his letters inclos’d in one of his own to Mr. Reynoldes—

Good Mr. Reynoldes:

Amongst other things you shall recieve a discourse of our great action at Cadiz, penned very truly according to his lordships large instructions; by which, besides my own knowledge, he informed me of sundry particulars of moment in the process thereof. And after I had penn’d it as plainly as I might, altering little or nothing of his own draught, I caused his lordship to peruse it once again, and to add *Extremam Manum*, which he hath done, as you may perceive by the interlining. His lordship’s purpose is, that it should with the soonest be set in print, both to stop all vagrant rumours, and to inform those, that are well affected, of the truth of the whole, yet so that in any case neither his lordship’s name, nor mine, nor any other . . . my

lord, be either openly named, used, or so insinuated, that any slender guess may be drawn, who was the penman. My opinion is, that the best course is presently to cause a fair transcript to be made, and so either by Mr. Temple, or some other less to be suspected [in which point I know Sir Anthony Ashley will most willingly lend you his helping hand] to cause it to be delivered to some good printer, in good characters and with diligence, to publish it. Which course if you do not dislike, consider, I pray you, whether this preface, which I have in this my greatest wearines and distemper scribbled in haste, be tolerable; and if not [as I easily believe] I would wish you to pen a better of the same argument, and prefix it, that the whole may seem a letter sent from Cadiz, and the title in the title page may be, *A true relation of the action at Cadiz the 21st of June under the Earl of Essex and the lord admiral, sent to a gentleman in court from one, that served there in good place.* And withal confer with Mr Grevill, whether he can be contented to suffer the two first letters of his name to be used in the inscription: which if he grant, he must be intreated not to take notice of the author, but to give out, that indeed he received it amongst other papers by the first messenger; but by the inscription, which may be D. T. or some other disguised name, [as you shall think good] could

not conjecture the writer, only communicating it with some of good intelligence, who were present, and assured him of the truth thereof, and not altogether misliking the form, was the earlier persuaded to suffer it to go abroad; by which means it hath fallen into the press. If he be unwilling, you may put R. B. which some no doubt will interpret to be Beale. But it skills not. The original you are rather to keep, because my lord charged me to cause either you or Mons. Fontaine to turn either the whole or the sum of it into French, and to cause it to be sent to some good personages in those parts,¹ always observing the courses before specified. And so with my hearty commendations in great haste I commit you to God. This weary Friday night late in the evening.

Your most assured H. Cuffe''

[*Birch's Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 81.]

Note. Henry Cuffe was born about the year 1560, and educated at Trinity College in the university of Oxford, where he took the degree of bachelor of arts on the 13th of June 1580, and was chosen fellow of that college, but afterwards obliged to resign his fellowship on account of some words spoken by him to the discredit of the founder Sir Thomas Pope. However he was soon after in 1586 elected probationer fellow of Merton College, and in 1588 master fellow, and on the 20th of February that year took the degree of master of arts. He distinguished himself early by his genius and learning, as appears from several letters of his in elegant Latin to John Hotman, written from Oxford in 1592, and was eminent for his skill in the Greek language, of which he was made professor, and chosen proctor of the university April 10th, 1594, but some time left an academical life to enter into the service of the Earl of Essex as his secretary, and continued in it 'till the violent measures, into which he led his patron, brought them both to destruction—*Birch's Elizabeth*, Vol. II. p. 82.

¹ Cp. the emblems prepared by Johann Bayer of Augsburg, pp. 238, 248.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAYS.

Murder,¹ though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.—*Hamlet*, II. 2.

. . . The Accounts of the Revels at Court, between the years 1588 and 1604, the most interesting period in the career of Shakspeare, have not been discovered *in the depositories* for such papers.—*Works of Shakspeare*, Charles Knight, p. 726.

The efforts made by the greatest genius of the age [Bacon]² to blacken his [Essex's] memory proved entirely unavailing. Those most concerned in his death became objects of indignation and aversion. The Queen lost her popularity, and passed the rest of her life in misery.—*Cooper's Athenæ Cantabrigenses*, Vol. II. p. 299.

Various attempts have been made to arrange the plays of Shakspeare, each according to its priority in time, by proofs derived from external documents. How unsuccessful these have been might easily be shown, not only from the widely different results arrived at by men, all deeply versed in the black-letter books, old plays, pamphlets, manuscript records and catalogues of that age, but also from the fallacious and unsatisfactory nature of the facts and assumptions on which the evidence rests. . . . In such an age, and under such circumstances, can an allusion or reference to any drama or poem in the publication of a contemporary be received as conclusive evidence, that such drama or poem had at that time been published? Or, further, can the pri-

¹ Cp. all of p. 221.

² Cp. Mr. Swinburne on the revision of *Hamlet*, p. 150, and notes, p. 151.

ority of publication itself prove anything in favor of actually prior composition?—*Lectures On Shakspeare, Coleridge*, pp. 243, 245.

The exact order of the composition of the plays is entirely unknown, and the attempts which have been made to arrange it into periods, much more to rank play after play in regular sequence, are obvious failures, and are discredited not merely by the inadequate means—such as counting syllables and attempting to classify the cadence of lines—resorted to in order to effect them, but by the hopeless discrepancy between the results of different investigators and of the same investigator at different times.—*History of English Literature, Saintsbury*, p. 164.

. . . . In the deep nook, where once
Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
From the still-vex'd Bermoothes.

The Tempest, 1. 2.

“The Tempest” was probably the latest drama that Shakespeare completed. In the summer of 1609 a fleet bound for Virginia, under the command of Sir George Somers, was overtaken by a storm off the West Indies, and the admiral's ship, the “Sea-Venture,” was driven on the coast of the *hitherto unknown*¹ Bermuda Isles.—*Life of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee*, p. 252.

A description of the [Bermuda] islands by Henry May, who was shipwrecked on them in 1593, is given in Hakluyt, 1600, iii. pp. 573, 574.—*Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare, Nichol Smith*, p. 314.

Bermuda.—Group of 360 coral islands in Atlantic.
. . . . Discovered by Juan Bermudez about 1522.—*Pocket Atlas*, Rand, McNally & Co.

¹ Cp. ll. 9, 10, Son. 74-xciii. p. 99.

ESSEX CLAIMS THE AUTHORSHIP.

Vouchsafe, dread Sovereign, to know there lives a man, though dead to the world,¹ that doth more true honor to your thrice blessed day,² than all those that appear in your sight. — Letter, *Essex* to the *Queen*, Anniversary of her Accession, Nov. 17, 1600. — *Lives of the Earls of Essex*, Vol. II. p. 128.

Muses³ no more but Mazes⁴ be yor names
 Where discord sound shall marre your concorde sweete:
 Unkyndly now yor carefull fancye frames
 When fortune treades yor fauvsors under feete:
 But foule befalle that cursed Cuckoes⁵ throt⁶
 That soe hath crost sweet Philomelaes⁷ note.

And all unhappie hatched was that bird }
 That parret-like can never cease to prate: }⁵
 But most untymely spoken was that word }
 That brought the world in such a woefull state, }
 That Love and Likeing quite are overthrowne }⁸
 And in their place are hate and sorrowes growne. }

Is this the honoure of a haughtie thought }
 Ffor Lover's hap to have all spight of Love? }
 Hath wreached skill thus blinded Reason taught? }
 In this conceipt such discontent to moove? }⁴
 That Beautee so is of her selfe berefte }
 That no good hope of ought good hap, is lefte. }

¹ "Seneca let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must die to our stage." Cp. *Nash* on *Hamlet*, p. 209.

² The genius of that time
 Would leave to her [Elizabeth] the glory in that kind,
 And that the utmost powers of English rhyme
 Should be *within* her peaceful reign confined.
Samuel Daniel, 1605, [cp. p. 225].

³ The speaking characters of the Sonnets of 1609.

⁴ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

⁵ The player Shakspeare, a creature of the Crown.

⁶ "Odysseus aimed an arrow and hit him in the throat. — *The Odyssey*, *Palmer*."

⁷ Essex, the Nightingale or the honey-tongued Shake-speare,

⁸ The play of *Hamlet*, a satire on the Court.

Oh let no Phœnix looke upon a Crowe¹
 Nor daintye hills² bow downe to dirtye dales:³
 Let never Heaven an hellish humour knowe,
 Nor firme affect give eare to foolish tales:
 Ffor this in fyne will fall to be the troth
 That puddle matter⁴ makes unwholesome broth.

Woe to the world the sonne is in a cloude
 And darksome mists doth overrunne the day:
 In hope, Conceipte is not content allow'd,
 Favour must dye and Fancye weare awaye:
 Oh Heavens what Hell! The bands of Love are broken }
 Nor must a thought of such a thing be spoken. }⁵

Mars must become a coward in his mynde
 Whiles Vulcan standes to prate of Venus toyes:
 Beautie must seeme to go against her kinde⁴
 In crossing Nature in her sweetest joyes.⁶
 But ah no more, it is to much to thinke
 So pure a mouth should puddle-watters⁴ drinke.

But since the world is at this woefull passe
 Let Love's submission Honour's⁷ wrath apease:
 Let not an Horse be matched with an Asse⁸
 Nor hatefull tongue an happie hart disease.
 So shall the world commend a sweet conceipte,⁹
 And humble Fayth on heavenly honour waite.

Poems of Essex.

[From *Harleian MS.* 6910, Fol. 151, signed "Finis Comes Essex." Thence printed in "*Exc. Tudor*," Vol. I. p. 33.]

This poem in MS. has no title, the late Dr. Grosart who edited the *Poems of Essex, Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library*, Vol. IV. p. 82, in giving the name "*A Loyal Appeal in Courtesy*," says "I have given a heading to the poem indicative of the probable circumstance out of which it sprang."

¹ Cp. Act V. Scene 3, p. 160. ² The Sonnets in dramatic form.

³ A personal or "Dark Lady" interpretation of the Sonnets.

⁴ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

⁵ The play of Hamlet, a satire on the Court.

⁶ Mother Nature herself a dramatist. Cp. Spenser's lines, p. 10.

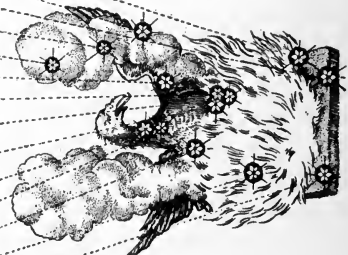
⁷ Cp. Essex as Virgil in the *Poetaster*, pp. 229, 230.

⁸ The player Shakspeare, a Creature of the Crown.

⁹ The Phœnix Masque of Love's Labor's Won or The Enacted Will.



ROBERT DEVEREUX



DIVUS SHAKE-SPEARE.

'Mongst all the creatures in this spacious round,
 Of the bird's kind, the Phoenix¹ is alone,
 Which best by you¹ of living things is known;
 None like to that, none like to you is found.
 Your beauty is the hot and splend'rous sun,
 The precious spices be your chaste desire,
 Which being kindled by that heav'nly fire,
 Your life so like the Phoenix's begun:
 Yourself thus burned in that sacred flame,

With so rare sweetness all the heav'ns perfuming,
 Again increasing, as you are consuming,
 Only by dying, born the very same;

And winged by fame, you to the stars ascend,¹
 So you of time shall live beyond the end.

In allusion to the Phoenix, Michael Drayton, 1594.

Caes. Say then, loved Horace, thy true thought of Virgil.

Hor. I judge him of a rectified spirit
 Bearing the nature and similitude
 Of a right heavenly body.

The Poetaster, v. 1., Ben Jonson, 1601.

But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Peroration, Memorial Verses, Ben Jonson, 1623.

When I demand of Phoenix, Stellas² state,
You say, forsooth, you left her well of late.

Sir Philip Sidney. [Cp. p. 233.]

Who would have thought that Philautia³ durst
Or have usurped noble Storge's name.⁴

Ben Jonson. [Cp. p. 220.]

.... Let that man with better sense advise,
That of the world least part to us is read;
And daily how through hardy enterprize
Many great regions are discovered
Why then should witless man so much misweene,
That nothing is but that which he hath seene?

What if *in the moon's fair shining sphere,*

What if in every other star unseene,

Of other worlds he happily should heare,⁵ [appeare.

He wonder would much more; yet such to some

Edmund Spenser. [Cp. p. 82.]

*Phoenix.*⁶

O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
More pure than that ore which fair Dido moans,
More sacred in my loving kind desire,
Than that which burnt old Esons aged bones,
Accept into your ever hallow'd flame,
Two bodies, from the which may spring *one name.*

*Turtle.*⁸

O sweet perfumed flame made of those trees,
Under the which the Muses nine have song
The praise of virtuous maids in mysteries,
To whom the fair-fac'd Nymphs did often throng;
Accept my body as a sacrifice
Into your flame, of whom *one name may rise.*

Love's Martyr. 1601, p. 139.

. Soul of the age!

The applause! delight! and wonder of our stage!

My Shake-speare rise.

Memorial Verses, Ben Jonson. 1623.

¹ The Masque of Love's Labor's Won and its author to be memorialized by a constellation.

² Cp. sub-note 2, p. 120. *Stella*,—this noble woman was the sister of that Robert Devereux who afterwards as Essex, was known as the most brilliant of Queen Elizabeth's courtiers.—*Shakspeare and His Forerunners, Lanier*, p. 246.

³ Satirizing the character assumed by Essex in the *Devise of Sir J. Love*, 1595. "It is of course Essex who is intended to speak through the Squire, and to assure the Queen that for her sake he renounces the works of Philautia.—*Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 61.

⁴ The Phoenix was Elizabeth's emblem. "About 1574 a medal was struck bearing on the obverse a portrait of Elizabeth, and on the reverse a phoenix in flames with cipher and crown."—*Century Dictionary*.

⁵ The characters in the Phoenix Masque are muses or gods.

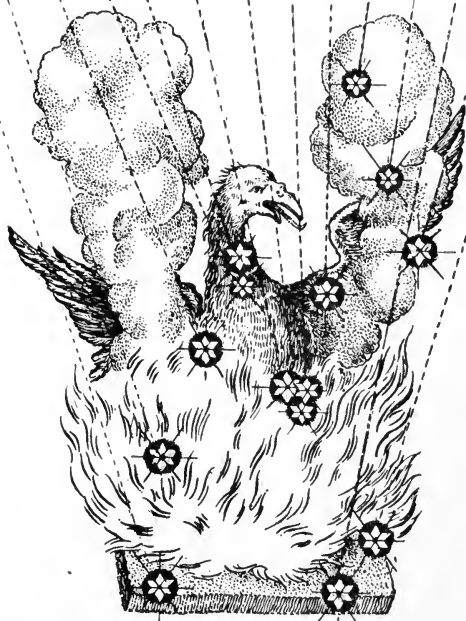
⁶ Allegory, the Sonnets of 1609 a Dismantled Masque.

⁷ The Masque and the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque. ⁸ Allegory for the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque. Cp. sub-note 2, p. 84.

. As when
 The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phoenix,¹
 Her ashes² new create another heir
 [When heaven shall call her *from this cloud of darkness*³]
 . . . Who . . . shall star-like rise⁴
 And so stand fix'd.⁵

Henry VIII., v. 4.

ROBERT DEVEREUX



She² was to him th' analisde world of pleasure,
Her firmnesse cloth'd him in varietie:
 Excesse of all things, he joyd in her measure,
 Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.

*In Allusion to the Phoenix,*⁵ *Geo. Chapman in Love's Martyr,* p. 188.

¹ The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque.

² The Phoenix Masque of Love's Labor's Won or The Enacted Will.

³ Not applicable to a monarch.

⁴ Cp. the Acrostic at the termination of the Dramatis Personæ, p. 24.

⁵ Cp. note 1, p. 247.

THE PHOENIX ANALYZED

—OR—

THE RETURN OF ULYSSES A STAR-LIKE RISING.

Loord Shakespeare lyes whom none but death could shake,
And here shall ly till judgement all awake,
When the last trumpet doth uncloose his eyes
The wittiest poet in the world shall rise.

*Anonymous.*¹

*The Phoenix*² *Analyzed.*

Now, after all, let no man
Receive it for a fable,
If a bird so amiable
Do turn into a woman.³

Or, by our Turtle's⁴ Augurie
That Natures fairest creature,⁵
Prove of his mistress feature
But a bare type and figure.³

Ben Jonson in Love's Martyr, 1601.

¹ On a fly-leaf of a copy of the 1623 Folio, owned by the Messrs. Christie in 1888.

² The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque.

³ Cp. notes on "*Valerius Terminus of the Interpretation of [Mother] Nature,*" pp. 89 and 91.

⁴ England's Wooden Horse, or the *Dramatis Personæ* of the Masque.

⁵ Mother Nature herself a dramatist. Cp. Spenser's lines frontispiece 10.

PHYSICS NOBLE SCIENCE.

Ere we pass Ile show some excellence
Of other herbs in physics noble science.

Mother Nature in Love's Martyr, p. 92.

The mounting Phœnix, chaste desire, {
This vertue fram'd, to conquer vice, }¹
This not-seene Nymph, this heatlesse fire,
This chaste found bird, of noble price,
Was nam'de Avisia by decree,
That name and nature might agree.

Henry Willobie² in Willobie's Avisia, p. 152.

Branches he bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof he gave
To each, but whose did receive
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep asleep he seem'd yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

Adventures of Ulysses, after Tennyson.

Her breasts two crystal orbs of whitest white,³
Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
Betweene those hillocks Cupid doth delight
To sit and play, and in that valley sings:
Looking love-babies in her wanton eyes,
That all gross vapors thence doth chastesize.

Robert Chester² in Love's Martyr, p. 12.

Whoever tasted once of that sweet food,
Wished not to see his native country more,
Nor give his friends the knowledge of his fate.
And then my messengers desired to dwell
Among the Lotus-eaters, and to feed
Upon the lotus, never to return.⁴

Adventures of Ulysses, Homer. [Bryant's tr.]

¹ The Masque of Love's Labor's Won. Cp. sub-note 2, p. 37.

² For the identity of this hitherto unknown and never-again-heard-of poet, see pen names of Essex, frontispiece.

³ Cp. Ben Jonson's lines on the Phœnix, p. 255.

⁴ Cp. notes from Messrs. Gollancz and Lee, pp. 48, 49.

“A WORK THAT HATH GREAT GLORY WON.”

Thomas Churchyard's lines on a dismantled Play that pleased not the million but was caviare to the General of our gracious Empress.

“Verses of value, if vertue bee seene,
Made of a Phenix, a King, and a Queene.”

Till that at large, our royall Phenix comes,¹
Packe hence poore men, or picke your fingers endes,
Or blow your nailes, or gnaw and bite your thombs,
Till God above, some better fortune sends.
Who here abides, till this bad world emends,
May doe full well, as tides doe ebbe and flow,
So fortune turnes, and haps doe come and goe.

God send some helpe, to solve sick poore mens sores, }
A boxe of baulme, would heale our woundes up quite: }²
That precious oyle, would eat out rotten cores, }
And give great health, and man his whole delighte. }
God send some sunne, in frostie morning white,
That cakes of ice may melt by gentle thaw,
And at well-head wee may some water drawe.

Ther needes no Poets pen, nor painters pencil, come in place,
Nor flattrig frase of men, whose filed spech gives ech thing grace,
To praise this worthy dame, a Nimph which Dian holds full deer³
That in such perfect frame, as mirror bright and christal cleer
Is set out to our view, threefold as faire as shining Sunne,
For beauty grace and hue, *a worke that hath great glory won,*
A Goddes dropt from sky, *for causes more than men may know,*
To please both minde and eie for those that dwels on earth below,
And shew what heavenly grace, and noble secret power divine
Is seene in Princely face, *that kind hath formed and framd so fine.*⁴
For this is all I write, of sacred Phenix¹ ten times blest,
To shew mine own delite, as fancies humor thinketh best.”

*Churchyard's Challenge,*⁵ 1593.

[For the context cp. *Dr. Grosart's* Introduction to *Love's Martyr*, pp. xxix., xxx., xxxi.]

¹ The Phœnix Masque of Love's Labor's Won or The Enacted Will.

² Cp. sub-note 2, p. 37

³ Cp. Ben Jonson's lines, p. 255.

⁴ Cp. note 1, p. 230, and Spenser's "base born men," p. 10.

⁵ Cp. Penelope's Challenge, p. 19.

ORIGIN OF THE "SWEET CONCEIT."

So shall the world commend a sweet conceipte,
And humble faith on heavenly honor waite.

Poems of Essex. [Cp. the context, p. 245.]

Athene. Father, whose oath in hollow hell is heard;
Whose act is lightning after thunder-word:
A boon! a boon! that I compassion find
For one, the most unhappy of mankind.

Zeus. How is he named?

Athene. Ulysses, he who planned
To take the towered city of Troy-land;¹
A mighty spearsman,² and a seaman wise,
A hunter, and at need a lord of lies

Zeus. What wouldst thou.

Athene. This! that he at last may view
The smoke of his own fire upcurling blue.

Ulysses, A Drama, Stephen Phillips, 1902.

¹ Spiritually, the Sonnets of 1609 are the Citadel of Troy. The Dramatis Personæ of the Sonnets being the Wooden Horse containing the name of Ulysses-Essex.

² Cp. sub-note 1, p. 113.

LINES OF THE MASQUE.

The evolution of all things is explained by the play of three forces, Necessity, Love and Hatred.—*Empedocles.*

Intellectual=Rarity-Wonder-Knowledge-Wisdom-Truth.¹

Moral=Love-Reason-Grace-Beauty-Art.¹

Sensual=Desire-Envy-Hope-Ambition-Folly.¹

By what extraordinary instinct did he divine the remote conclusions, the deepest insights of physiology and psychology?—*History of English Literature, Taine.*

‘Fair, kind, and true’ is all my argument,
‘Fair, kind, and true’ varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope affords.
‘Fair, kind, and true,’ have often liv’d alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in one.

[Cp. Sonnet 8-cv. p. 33.]

Shakespeare was too good a philosopher to exhibit all paths as leading alike to bliss; but he shows how of the two [?] kinds of love which he sings, one [?] toils steadily upwards in spite of occasional lapses, the other rapidly descends in spite of occasional halts.—*Philosophy of Shakespeare’s Sonnets, Richard Simpson.*

¹ Cp. the framework of the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque, p. 24.

THE PYTHAGOREAN TRANSMIGRATION.¹

O 'twas a moving *Epicidium!*²
 Can fire? can Time? can blackest Fate consume
 So rare creation? No; 'tis thwart to sence,
 Corruption quakes to touch such excellence,
 Nature exclaimes for Justice, Justice Fate,
 Ought into nought can never remigrate.
 Then looke; for see what glorious issue [brighter
 Then clearest fire, and beyond faith farre whiter
 Then *Dians* tier] now springs from yonder flame?

Let me stand numb'd with wonder, never came
 So strong amazement on astonish'd eie
 As this, this measureless pure Raritie.

Lo now; th' extracture of devinest *Essence*,
 The Soule of heavens labour'd *Quintessence*,
 [*Pceans* to *Phabus*] from deare Lovers death,
 Takes sweete creation and all blessing breath.

What strangenesse is't that from the *Turtles* ashes
 Assumes such forme? [whose splendor clearer flashes,
 Then mounted *Delius*] tell me genuine Muse.

Now yeeld your aides, you spirites that infuse³
 A sacred rapture, light my weaker eie:
 Raise my invention on swift Phantasie,
 That whilst of this same *Metaphisicall*
 God, Man, nor Woman, but elix'd of all
 My labouring thoughts, with strained ardor sing,
 My Muse may mount with an uncommon wing.

In Allusion to the Phanix, John Marston in Love's Martyr, p. 185.

¹ There never was a greater Genius in the World than Virgil.¹ He was one who seems to have been born for this glorious end, that the *Roman* Muse might exert in him the utmost force of her Poetry Could the greatest Genius that ever was infus'd into earthly mold by Heaven, if it had been unguided and unassisted by Art, have taught him to make that noble and wonderfull Use of the *Pythagorean Transmigration*, which he makes in the Sixth Book of his Poem? — *On the Genius and Writings of Shakespeare, John Dennis, 1711.*

² Cp. note 1, p. 110.

³ The poem of *The Phanix and Turtle Dove*, the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

¹ *Epistle, dedicatory to the Earl Marshal* [Essex]—'To the Understander', *Shield of Achilles*. Chapmans deepest concern is lest he should be thought a malicious detractor of so admired a poet as Virgil.¹—*Shakespeare's Poems, Wyndham, p. LXV.*

¹ Cp. Essex as Virgil in the *Poetaster*, p. 230.

ALL IS MIND.¹

Nor all the ladies of the Thespian Lake,
 Though they were crushed into one form, could make
 A beauty of that merit, that should take
 Our muse up by commission: No, we bring
 Our own true fire; Now our thought takes wing,
 And now an Epode to deep ears we sing.

In Allusion to the Phoenix, Ben Jonson in Love's Martyr, p. 190.

Phoenix—A bird of great beauty, existing single, after living five hundred years it builds for itself a funeral pile of spices and aromatic gums, and is fabled to be consumed by fire by its own act, and from its ashes to rise again to its "sun bright seats;" hence an emblem of truth, of immortality, and of the resurrection.—*Passim.*

Would not this, sir, *and a forest of feathers*²—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me—with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes,³ get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir?—*Hamlet*, III. 2.

Shake-speare's Phœnix = { The Sonnets of 1609 a Dismantled
 { Masque.

Shake-speare's Turtle Dove = { The poem of The Phœnix and
 [England's Wooden Horse] { Turtle Dove [containing the
 { name of Ulysses-Essex and the
 { twenty-two executors of the
 { Will], the Dramatis Personæ of
 { the Masque.

¹ All is mind,
 As far from spot, as possible defining.
John Marston in Love's Martyr, p. 188.

² The twenty-two characters of the Phœnix Masque are muses or gods.

³ Cp. Mr. Massey's lines, on note 1, p. 73.

With the Egyptians, "there is also another bird called the Phœnix . . . They say that he comes from Arabia and seldom makes its appearance amongst them, only once in five hundred years, as the Heliopolitans affirm: They say that it comes on the death of its sire . . . and brings the body of his father to the temple of the sun."¹—*Herodotus*, 70-73.

There is one bird which renews and reproduces itself. The Assyrians call it the Phœnix. This bird when it has completed the five ages of its life, constructs for itself a nest on the top of a quivering palm. As soon as it has strewed in this cassia and ears of sweet spike-nard and bruised cinamon with yellow myrrh, it lays itself down, and finishes its life in the midst of odors. They say that thence, from the body of its parent, is produced a little Phœnix, which is destined to live as many years. *When time has given it strength, and it is able to bear the weight, it lightens the branches of the lofty tree of the burden of the nest, and dutifully carries both its own cradle and the sepulcher of its parent,*¹ and lays it down before the sacred doors in the temple of Hyperion.—*Metamorphoses of Ovid*,² B. XV. 389-414.

Arabian Phœnix, a mythical bird of which only one specimen could be alive at a time. After living 500 years it erected for itself a funeral pyre, which the sun ignited, and out of the ashes of the former bird sprang a new one. The Phœnix was supposed to inhabit the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, called Razin, on the site of the Garden of Eden.—*Old Fortunatus* [Oliphant Smeaton, Ed.], p. 140.

¹ The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque—"only by dying, born the very same." Cp. Drayton's lines, p. 246.

² No student of Shakespeare needs reminding that all his early, and even his later works are full of reminiscences of Ovid. In the extent of his indebtedness to Ovid, he stands alone among Elizabethan poets.—*Studies in Shakespeare*, J. Churton Collins, p. 116.

THE PHOENIX¹ AND TURTLE DOVE.²

[WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE'S WILL.]

From the additional poems to *Robert Chester's Love's Martyr, or Rosalin's Complaint*,³ 1601.

| | | | |
|---|--|-----|---|
| W | Let the bird of lowdest lay, On the sole <i>Arabian</i> tree, Herauld sad and trumpet be: To whose sound chaste wings obey. | } 4 | W |
| I | But thou shriking harbinger, Foule precurrer of the fiend, Augour of the fevers end, To this troupe come thou not neere. | } 4 | I |
| L | From this Session interdict Every foule of tyrant wing, Save the Eagle, feath' red King, Keepe the obsequie so strict. | } 4 | L |
| L | Let the Priest in Surples white, That defunctive Musicke can, Be the death-devining Swan, Lest the <i>Requiem</i> lacke his right. | } 4 | L |
| I | And thou treble dated Crow, That thy sable gender mak'st, With the breath thou giv'st and tak'st, Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. | } 4 | I |
| A | Here the Antheme doth commence, Love and Constance is dead, <i>Phoenix</i> ¹ and the <i>Turtle</i> ² fled, In a mutuall flame from hence. | | A |

¹ The Sonnets of 1609, a Dismantled Masque.

² England's Wooden Horse or the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

³ Over a buried play, "One none-like Lily in the earth I placed."—*Mother Nature to Jove in Love's Martyr*, p. 10.

⁴ For the probably correct solving of the five riddles cp. pp. 260 to 264.

| | | |
|---|--|---|
| M | So they loved as love in twaine, Had the essence but in one, Two distincts, Division none, Number there in love was slaine. | M |
| S | Hearts remote, yet not asunder; Distance and no space was seene, Twixt this <i>Turtle</i> and his <i>Queene</i> ; But in them it were a wonder. | S |
| H | So betweene them Love did shine, That the <i>Turtle</i> ¹ saw his right, Flaming in the <i>Phoenix</i> ² sight; Either was the others mine. | H |
| A | Propertie was thus appalled, That the selfe was not the same: Single Natures double name, Neither two nor one was called. | A |
| K | Reason in itselfe confounded, Saw Division grow together, To themselves yet either neither, Simple were so well compounded. | K |
| E | That it cried, how true a twaine, Seemeth this concórdant one, Love hath Reason, Reason none, If what parts, can so remaine. | S |
| S | Whereupon it made this <i>Threne</i> , To the <i>Phoenix</i> ² and the <i>Dove</i> , ¹ Co-supremes and starres of Love, As <i>Chorus</i> to their Tragique Scene. | P |

¹ Allegory for the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

² The Sonnets of 1609, a dismantled Masque.

THRENOS.

P Beautie,¹ Truth,¹ and Raritie,¹ E
Grace¹ in all simplicitie,
Here enclosed, in cinders lie.

E Death is now the *Phoenix* nest, R
And the *Turtles* loyall brest,
To eternitie doth rest.

A Leaving no posteritie, E
Twas not their infirmitie,
It was married Chastitie.

R Truth may seeme, but cannot be, ?²
Beautie bragge, but tis not she,
Truth¹ and Beautie¹ buried be.

E To this urne let those repaire, ?²
That are either true or faire,
For these dead Birds, sigh a prayer.

William Shake-speare. ³

¹ Characters in the Masque. Cp. the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

² *Falstaff*. What said Master Dumbleton about the satin for my short cloak, and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance; he liked not the security.—*Second Henry IV.*, I. 2.

³ The signature is from a photograph of the original in the British Museum. In *Love's Martyr* the *eighteen* letter spelling of the poet's hyphenated signature is cunningly witnessed [by signatures to their own collateral *Phoenix* poetry] by Marston, Chapman and Jonson. For the undisputed *sixteen* letter spelling of the signature appended to the Player's will in 1616, see note 3, p. 237.

LET the bird of loudest lay,¹
 On the sole Arabian² tree³,
 Herald sad and trumpet be,
 To whose sound chaste wings obey. } Knowledge.⁴

¹ "Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge, the wing wherewith we fly to heaven."
Second Henry VI., iv. 7.

² By art in dissimulation Shake-speare has juggled with Herodotus and Ovid and veiled his meaning under relative matter—confounding, by the proximity of the title to the second line of the poem, the disputed origin of the Phœnix,—Arabia-Assyria, with an Assyrian bird about whose origin there is no dispute "that angel knowledge."⁵ The key to the five riddles, similar to the casket scene in *The Mer. of Venice*, is given in the closing lines of Marstons *Perfectioni Hymnus*,⁶ "all is mind," confirmed by the prophecy in *Henry VIII.*

. "As when
 The bird of wonder dies, *the maiden Phœnix*,⁷
 Her ashes new create another heir,
 [When Heaven shall call her *from this cloud of darkness*]⁸
 Who, from the sacred Ashes of her Honour⁹
 Shall Star-like rise and so stand fix'd."⁸

Henry VIII., v. 4.

³ Eve's tree of knowledge.

"All knowledge appeareth to be a plant of God's own planting." Cp. note I, p. 108.

⁴ Confirmed by the sixth and ninth lines of Son. 70-xx. p. 95.

"Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth."

"And for a woman wert thou first created."

⁵ "That angel Knowledge." [*L. L. Lost*, i. 1].

⁶ Cp. *Love's Martyr*, p. 188, [bottom paging].

⁷ The Sonnets of 1609, a dismantled Masque.

⁸ Not applicable to a being of flesh and blood.

⁹ Their love [The Masque and The Dramatis Personæ of the Masque] was "married chastity."

BUT thou shrieking harbinger,
Foul pre-currer of the fiend,
Auger of the fever's end,
To this troop come thou not near. } Time.¹

¹ Character addressed by Knowledge, Son. 56-cxxiii.

Knowledge: No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:¹
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.²
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire
Than think that we before have heard them told:
Thy registers and thee I both defy,¹
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past,
For thy records, and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste:
This I do vow and this shall ever be;
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

¹ "His *climbing* was a throwing down." Cp. note 1, p. 78.

² A favorite argument of Socrates, "Knowledge is nothing but reminiscence."—*The Phædo*, or *The Immortality of the Soul*, Plato.

FROM this session interdict,
 Every fowl of tyrant wing,
 Save the eagle,¹ feather'd king:² } Grace.³
 Keep the obsequy so strict.

¹ "Jove's bird,"—*Cymbeline*, iv. 2. "The holy eagle,"—*Cymbeline*, v. 4.

² "Two such opposed *Kings* encamp them still
 In man as well as herbs, *Grace* and rude will."
Rom. and Jul., II. 3.

³ One of four characters of the Masque boldly mentioned in the fourteenth stanza of the "Will:"—

"Beauty, Truth, and Rarity
Grace in all simplicity,
 Here enclosed in cinders lie."
The Phoenix and Turtle Dove.

The god of *Knowledge* being in love with *Mother Nature*, the supposed crucial Sonnet 67-CXLIV is a sympathetic appeal by the god of *Grace* to the goddess *Hope*.

Grace to Hope.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
 Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
 The better angel¹ is a man right fair,
 The worser spirit a woman² colour'd ill.
 To win me soon to hell, my female evil
 Tempteth my better angel from my side,
 And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
 Wooing his purity with her foul pride.
 And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend
 Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
 But being both from me, both to each friend,
 I guess one angel in another's hell:
 Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,
 Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

¹ The god of Knowledge. "That Angel Knowledge," *L. L. Lost*, I. 1.

² Mother Nature. Cp. note 2, p. 57.

LET the priest in surplice white,
 That defunctive music can,
 Be the death divining swan,¹
 Lest the requiem² lack his right. } Hope.³

¹ "I have seen a swan
 With bootless labour swim against the tide,
 And spend her strength with overmatching waves."
Third Henry VI., 1. 4.

² "Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
 Fading in music."
Mer. of Venice, III. 2.

³ "I appear to you to be inferior to swans with respect to divination, who, when they perceive that they must needs die, though they have been used to sing before, sing then more than ever, *rejoicing that they are about to depart to that deity whose servants they are.*"—*The Phuedo, or The Immortality of The Soul, Plato.*

Hope to Knowledge, 85-civ.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
 For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
 Such seems your beauty still. Three Winters cold
 Have from the forests shook three Summers pride;
 Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd,
 In process of the seasons have I seen;
 Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
 Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.⁴
 Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
 Steal from his figure and no pace perceiv'd;
 So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
 For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
 Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

⁴ The characters in the masque [excepting Father Time and Mother Nature] are Pythagoreans [cp. Son. 21-xi.]. Time of the play five years—each Act a year. The *Souls* which now are about to abandon Act 3 and become *Ambition* and *Wisdom* in Act 4, were *Desire* and *Rarity* in the first Act.

AND thou treble-dated¹ crow,²
 That thy sable gender mak'st
 With the breath thou givest and tak'st,
 'Mongst our mourners shalt thou go. } Nature.³

¹ Point of contact between the *Sonnets* of 1609 and the poem of *The Phœnix and Turtle Dove*, namely, Sonnets 60-LXX. and 81-CXIII. and the above stanza. The Crow is mentioned once in *Venus and Adonis* and once in the *Lucrece*, not at all in *The Lover's Complaint*.

² The "dark lady of the sonnets" and emblem of Mother Nature in the anti-masque—In again departing from tradition Shake-speare has availed himself of relative, though more pronounced ludicrous matter.

³ "Joachim Camerarius [1596] quoting Gesner for authority, remarks how in the solar rays, hawks or falcons, throwing off their old feathers, are accustomed to set right their defects and so to renew their youth."—*Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, H. Greene, p. 369.

Aside from the main purpose of the comedy [the exploiting of the Will] the antithetical arrangement of the Dramatis Personæ demanded the substitution of a carion bird and I believe that henceforth the crow and not the hawk or falcon will be recognized as the emblem of Nature.







Folly to Mother Nature, 138-CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
 Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
 If snow be white, why then her breasts are dun;
 If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her head.
 I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
 But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
 And in some perfumes is there more delight
 Than in the breath that from my mistress reeks.
 I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
 That music hath a far more pleasing sound;
 I grant I never saw a goddess go;
 My mistress, when she walks, treads on the ground:
 And yet, by heaven, I think my love as rare
 As any she belied with false compare.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL PROGRESSION.

All things spring from motion, and the relation that they bear to each other.—Introduction, *The Theætetus*, Plato.

Stand by fair Phoenix, *spread* thy wings of gold,
 And daunt the face of Heaven with thine eye,
 Like Junos bird thy beauty do unfold,
 And thou shalt triumph o'er thine enemy:
 Then thou and I in Phoebus coach will fly,
 Where thou shalt see and taste a secret fire,
 That will add *spreading life* to thy desire.
Mother Nature to The Phoenix, Love's Martyr, p. 27.

| Act I. | Act II. | Act III. | Act IV. | Act V. |
|--------|---------|---|----------|--------|
| Rarity | Wonder |  Knowledge  | Wisdom | Truth |
| Love | Reason |  Grace  | Beauty | Art |
| Desire | Envy |  Hope  | Ambition | Folly |

“*Wonder* is the child of *Rarity*”—“*Wonder* is the seed of *Knowledge*.”—“There is no *proceeding* in invention of knowledge but by similitude.”—*Francis Bacon*.¹

So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
 Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd.

Sonnet 85-civ., p. 110.

Kend shalt thou be of no man of my truth,
 Know first the motion, when the life ensueth.

The Dove to The Phoenix, Love's Martyr, p. 145.

¹ Cp. notes from Bacon and Macaulay, pp. 80, 81, and the Edwards note, p. 149, and notes, p. 106.

ICARUS, EMBLEM OF FOLLY.

[TO THE EARL OF ESSEX.]

My Lord,

No man can better expound my doings than your Lordship, which maketh me say the less. Only I humbly pray you to believe that I aspire to the conscience and commendation of first *bonus civis*, which with us is a good and true servant to the Queen, and next of *bonus vir*, that is an honest man. I desire your Lordship also to think that, though I confess I love some things much better than I love your Lordship, as the Queen's service, her quiet and contentment, her honour, *her favour*.¹ the good of my country and the like, yet I love few persons better than yourself, both for gratitude's sake, and for your own virtues, which cannot hurt but by accident or abuse. Of which my good affection I was ever and am ready to yield testimony by any good offices, *but with such reservations as yourself cannot but allow*.² For as I was ever sorry that your Lordship should fly with waxen wings, doubting Icarus' fortune, so for the growing up of your own feathers—especially ostrich's or any other save of a bird of prey²—no man shall be more glad. And this is the axle-tree whereupon I have turned and shall turn. Which to signify to you, though I think you are of yourself persuaded as much, *is the cause of my writing*.² And so I commend your Lordship to God's goodness. From Gray's Inn, this 20th day of July, 1600.

Your Lordship's most humbly,

Fr. Bacon.

¹ It was Bacon who withdrew himself from Essex, not Essex who shunned Bacon . . . As early as March 1597, we find him therefore shunning Essex's company in Court, desiring to speak with him, but "somewhere else than at court." — *Bacon and Essex*, E. A. Abbott, p. 103.

² I acquainted the Lord Generall [Essex] with your letter to mee, and your kynd acceptance of your enterlynement; hee was also wonderfull merry att your consait of *Richard the Second*.¹ I hope it shall never alter, and whereof I shall be most gladd of, *as the trew way to all our good*. QUIETT² and advancement, and most of all for Her sake whose affaires shall thereby fynd better progression. Sir, I will ever be your's; *it is all I can saye*, and I will performe it *with my life, and with my fortune*.—*Sir Walter Raleigh to Robert Cecil*, July 6th, 1597.—*Life of Raleigh, Edwards*, Vol. II. p. 169.

¹ Cp. note from Judge Webb, p. 125.

² Cp. Sir Walter Malvolio, pp. 124, 153.

Mr. Bacon,

I can neither expound nor censure your late actions, being ignorant of them all save one, and having directed my sight inward only to examine myself. You do pray me to believe that you only aspire to the conscience and commendation of *bonus civis* and *bonus vir*; and I do faithfully assure you that while that is your ambition [though your course be active and mind contemplative],¹ yet we shall both *convenire in eodem tertio*, and *convenire inter nos ipsos*. Your profession of affection and your offer of good offices are welcome to me. For answer to them I will say but this: that you have believed I have been kind to you, and you may believe that I cannot be other, either upon humor or mine own election. *I am a stranger to all poetical conceits*,² or else I should say somewhat of your poetical example. But this I must say, that I never flew with other wings than desire to merit, and confidence in, my sovereign's favour, and when one of these wings failed me, I would light nowhere but at my sovereign's feet, though she suffered me to be bruised with my fall. And till her Majesty—that knows I was never bird of prey—finds it to agree with her will and her service that my wings should be impeded again, I have committed myself to the mae. No power but my God's and my sovereign's can alter this resolution of

Your retired friend,

Essex.

¹ "This implies a charge of inconsistency against Bacon,"—*Abbott*, p. 182.

² Cp. note from Judge Holmes, p. 103.

Untruthfulness was the basis of Court life . . . there was the art of writing a letter in which the main point should be casually added or introduced; there was the art of being found reading a letter of *which one desired to make known the contents*, but not in a direct way . . . What the art of oratory was in democratic Athens, the art of lying and flattering was for a courtier in the latter part of the Elizabethan monarchy, no courtier was safe of his position without it.

Cog, lie, flatter and face,
Four ways in Court to win you grace.
If you be thrall to none of these,
Away, good Piers! Home, John Cheese!

Bacon and Essex, Edwin A. Abbott, pp. 1, 2, 3.

DAEDALUS AND ICARUS IN THE DRAMA.

K. Hen. What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind:
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush;
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,
That taught his son the office of a fowl?
And yet for all his wings the fool was drown'd.

K. Hen. I, Dædalus; my poor boy, Icarus;
Thy father, Minos, that denied our course;
The sun, that seared the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother Edward; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art:
If murdering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

* * * * *

Glo. I'll hear no more.—Die, prophet in thy speech.
For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

Third Henry VI., v. 6.

DAEDALUS EMBLEM OF ART.¹

Dædalus,—A mythical personage, under whose name the Greek writers personified the earliest development of the arts of sculpture and architecture, especially among the Athenians and Cretans.

Though he is represented as living in the early heroic period, the age of Minos and of Theseus, he is not mentioned by Homer, except in one doubtful passage. The ancient writers generally represent Dædalus as an Athenian, of the royal race of the Erechtheidae. Others call him a Cretan, on account of the long time he lived in Crete. He devoted himself to sculpture, and made great improvements in the art.

He instructed his sister's son, Perdix, who soon came to surpass him in skill and ingenuity, and Dædalus killed him through envy, being condemned to death for this murder, he went to Crete, where the fame of his skill obtained for him the friendship of Minos. He made the well-known wooden cow for Pasiphae; and on the birth of the Minotaur, Dædalus constructed the labyrinth, at Cnossus, in which the monster was kept. For his part in this affair, Dædalus was imprisoned by Minos; but Pasiphae released him, and, as Minos had seized all the ships on the coast of Crete, Dædalus procured wings for himself and his son Icarus, and fastened them on with wax. Dædalus himself flew safe over the Aegean, but, as Icarus flew too near the sun the wax by which his wings were fastened on was melted, and he dropped down and was drowned in that part of the

¹ "Art is commonly used by Shakespeare for letters, learning and science."
—*Dowden*.

Aegean which was called after him the Icarian sea. Dædalus fled to Sicily, where he was protected by Co-calus, the king of the Siciani, and where he erected many great works of art. Of the stories which connect him with Egypt, the most important are the statements of Diodorus, that he executed works there; that he copied his labyrinth from that in Egypt, that the style of his statues was the same as that of the ancient Egyptian statues, and that Dædalus himself was worshipped in Egypt as a god.¹

The later Greek writers explained these myths after their usual absurd plan. Thus according to Lucian, Dædalus was a great master of astrology, and taught the science to his son, who, soaring above plain truths into transcendental mysteries, lost his reason, and was drowned in the abyss of difficulties.

The Fable of Pasiphae is also explained by making her a pupil of Dædalus in astrology, and the bull is the constellation Taurus.

Palaephatus explains the wings of Dædalus as meaning the invention of sails—

If these fables are to be explained at all, the only rational interpretation is, that they were poetical inventions, setting forth the great improvement which took place, in the mechanical as well as in the fine arts, *at the age of which Dædalus is a personification.*¹

The exact character of the Dædalian epoch of art will be best understood from the statements of the ancient writers respecting his productions. The following works of sculpture and architecture are ascribed to him.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 160.

In Crete the cow of Pasiphae and the labyrinth. In Sicily, near Megaris, the Colymbethra, or reservoir, from which a great river named Alabon, flowed into the sea; near Agrigentum, an impregnable city upon a rock, in which was the royal palace and treasury of Cocalus; in the territory of Selinus a cave, in which the vapour arising from a subterranean fire was received in such a manner, as to form a pleasant vapour bath. He also enlarged the summit of mount Eryx by a wall, so as to make a firm foundation for the temple of Aphrodite. For this same temple he made a honeycomb of gold which could scarcely be distinguished from a real honeycomb. Diodorus adds, that he was said to have executed many more works of art in Sicily, which had perished through the lapse of time. Several other works of art were attributed to Dædalus, in Greece, Italy, Libya, and the islands of the Mediterranean. Temples of Apollo at Capua and Cumae were ascribed to him. In the islands called Electridae, in the Adriatic, there were said to be two statues, the one of tin and the other of brass, which Dædalus made to commemorate his arrival at those islands during his flight from Minos. They were the images of himself and his son Icarus. At Monogissa in Caria there was a statue of Artemis ascribed to him. In Egypt he was said to be the architect of a most beautiful propylaeum to the temple of Hephaestus at Memphis, for which he was rewarded by the erection of a statue of himself and made by himself, in that temple. Scylax mentions an altar on the coast of Libya, which was sculptured with lions and dolphins by Dædalus. The temple of Artemis Britomortis, in Crete, was ascribed to Dædalus. At Delos, a small terminal

wooden statue of Aphrodite, which was said to have been made by Dædalus for Ariadne, who carried it to Delos when she fled with Theseus. Pausanias adds, that these were all the works of Dædalus which remained at his time, for that the statue set up by the Argives in the Heraeum and that which Antiphemus had removed from the Sicanian city, Omphace, to Gelos, had perished through time.

The inventions and improvements attributed to Dædalus are both artistic and mechanical. He was the reputed inventor of carpentry and its chief tools, the saw, the axe, the plumb-line, the auger, the gimlet and glue. He was said to have been taught the art of carpentry by Minerva. In naval architecture, the invention of the mast and yards is ascribed to Dædalus.

In statuary, the improvements attributed to Dædalus were the opening of the eyes and of the feet, which had been formerly closed, and the extending of the hands, which had been formerly placed down close to the sides. Aristotle mentions a wooden figure of Aphrodite, which was moved by quicksilver within it, as a work ascribed to Dædalus.

From these statements of the ancient writers it is not difficult to form some idea of the period in the history of art which the name of Dædalus represents. The name itself, like the others which are associated with it, such as Eupalamus, implies *skill*. The Dædalian style of art continued to prevail and improve down to the beginning of the fifth century B. C., and the artists of that long period were called Dædalids, and claimed an actual descent from Dædalus, according to the well-known custom by which art was hereditary in certain families.

This genealogy was carried down as late as the time of Socrates, who claimed to be a Dædalid.¹—*Greek and Roman Biog. and M., Smith.*

¹ On the tomb of Shake-speare [who died in 1601, and was buried by proxy—preposterous as it may seem—as Shakspeare in 1616 “because peradventure, some¹ have either malevolently, with exceeding bitterness abused his honorable ashes contumeliously”]² was inscribed “Socrates ingenio,” a Socrates in his turn of mind.

“I declare” says Socrates in *The Theages*, “that I know nothing whatever, except one small matter what belongs to love. In that I surpass every one else, past as well as present.” In the Platonic philosophy this “small matter” enlarged itself into the great sustaining force of the universe, and he who knew love knew the kernel of all that could be known.—*Philosophy of Shakespeare's Sonnets, Richard Simpson.*

Hence it follows that *Love's Martyr* of the Elizabethan age, was not only the dismantled play of *Love's Labor's Won* but [subsequent to 1601] Shake-speare also, and the constellation of the Phoenix was the emblem not only for the play but for the author of the play. Cp. Drayton's Sonnet, p. 246.

¹ “The world followeth the sway of her inclination.”—*Dyer* [Cp. p. 206]. ² Cp. p. 286.

It has generally been supposed that the complexion of several of Shakespeare's Historical plays was political—in a measure, yes—but only to show that through his ancestry he was eligible to the succession. The chances are that Essex was promised the succession in 1588,¹ but as far as the evidence goes he was ever loyal to the succession of James. It is my opinion that the playing of *Richard the Second* “forty times in open streets and houses” in 1601, was a subterfuge of Elizabeth, Raleigh and Sir Robert Cecil, [paid for with their money]² and that in 1601 Essex had no more idea of supplanting Elizabeth than had the Countess Lettice, who was charged with the same offence.³ The “guilt” lay in lampooning the Queen as Gertrude in Hamlet, the defection being *Social*, not political.⁴ Again, the chances are that Robert Dudley was an honorable man, not an atheist, as charged, but along with Sidney, Spenser and Bruno of a Unitarian turn of mind, and under no conditions whatsoever would he have married Mary Stuart or Elizabeth the virgin-harlot, there was metal more attractive in the woman he married: “the better sort” Lettice Knollys the mother of Shake-speare “she that did supply the wars with thunder and the court with stars.” Socially to the rigidly honest, the rank and file of humanity has ever been out of joint, since, however gained, personal advancement is the ruling passion. For the play of Hamlet the world is indebted to what galled our poet “in the highest degree” not that his house was slandered, for that was to be expected, but the spectacle of the poltroonish time-serving world applauding slander⁵ inspired by exalted rottenness and propagated by social barnacles whose place depended upon abject fawning and disregard of truth, knaves who

“Used the advantage time and fortune gave,
Of worth and power to get the liberty.” }⁶

It is ominous that no member of the Court of Elizabeth ever mentioned the name of Shakespeare, and time has proven that the enemies of our poet were the most successful liars, thieves, and cut-throats the world has ever known. Sir William Cecil, at his death in 1598, was accounted one of the richest men in England, possessed of three hundred distinct landed estates presumably escheated by the crown.⁷ Figuring Elizabethan money at eight times its present value, Sir Walter Raleigh filched out of the Essex insurrection \$800,000.00,⁸ and modest Francis Bacon, since it was “a vice to know him”⁹ was sadly disappointed with his paltry fee of \$48,000.00. “The Queen hath done somewhat for me, though not in the proportion I hoped.”¹⁰

¹ Cp. the last stanza of *The Buzzing Bee's Complaint*, p. 338.

² Cp. Raleigh's letter to Cecil, p. 266.

³ Cp. p. 193.

⁴ Cp. all of p. 221, and notes, pp. 94 and 136.

The Percy appears to have had his match however in his own wife, Dorothy Devereux, the sister of Lady Rich and Robert Earl of Essex. In one of their domestic quarrels the Earl of Northumberland had said he would rather the King of Scots were buried than crowned, and that both he and all his friends would end their lives before her brother's great God should reign in his element. To which the lady spiritedly replied, that rather than any other save James should reign King of England she would eat their hearts in salt, though she were brought to the gallows immediately.—*Shakespeare's Sonnets, Massey*, p. 64.

⁵ Cp. note 1, p. 186.

⁶ Cp. the Essex Sonnet frontispiece 7.

⁷ Cp. *Burleigh and His Times, Macanlay*, p. 733.

⁸ Cp. *Lives of the Earls of Essex*, Vol. 2, p. 198.

⁹ That Francis Bacon was Osric in Hamlet, cp. pp. 150, 151.

¹⁰ Cp. *Bacon and Essex, Abbott*, p. 251.

POEM ATTRIBUTED TO SHAKESPEARE

—IN—

BENSON'S 1640 EDITION OF THE SONNETS.

“This Mynotaure, when hee came to growth, was inclosed in the Laborinth, which was made by the curious *Arts-master* Dedalus, whose tale likewise we thus pursue.”

When Dedalus the laborinth had built,
 In which t' include the Queene Pasiphaes guilt,
 And that the time was now expired full,
 To inclose the Mynotaure, halfe man, halfe bull:
 Kneeling he says, Just Mynos end my moans
 And let my native soil entomb my bones:
 Or if dread sovereign I deserve no grace,
 Look with a piteous eye on my sons face.
 And grant me leave from whence we are exiled,
 Or pity me, if you deny my child:
 This and much more he speaks, but all in vain.
 The king, both son and father will detain,
 Which he perceiving says; Now, now, 'tis fit,
 To give the world cause to admire my wit,
 Both land and sea are watched by day and night,
 Nor land nor sea lies open to our flight:
 Only the air remains, then let us try
 To cut a passage through the air and fly,
 Jove be auspicious to my enterprise,
 I covet not to mount above the skies:
 But make this refuge, since I can prepare
 No means to fly my Lord, but through the air,

Make me immortal, bring me to the brim
Of the black Stigian water, Styx ile swim:
Oh human wit, thou can'st invent much ill?
Thou searchest strange arts, who would think by skill
A heavy man like a light bird should stray,
And through the empty heavens find a way.
He placeth in just order all his quills,
Whose bottoms with resolved wax he fills,
Then binds them with a line, and being fast tied,
He placeth them like oars on either side,
The tender lad the downy feathers blew,
And what his father meant, he nothing knew,
The wax he fastened, with the strings he played
Not thinking for his shoulders they were made,
To whom his father spake [and then looked pale]
With these swift ships, we to our land must sail.
All passages doth cruel Mynos stop,
Only the empty air he still leaves ope.
That way must we; the land and the rough deep }¹
Doth Mynos bar, the air he cannot keep:
But in thy way beware thou set no eye
On the sign Virgo, nor Boetes high:
Look not the black Orion in the face
That shakes his sword, but just with me keep pace.

¹ It will be remembered that the characters of the Sonnet Masque are muses, the winged gods of Homer *in Extenso*.

The Phoenix to Dædalus.

“One on another's neck, do witness bear
Thy black [art] is fairest in my judgments place.”

Sonnet, cxxxI., p. 164.

And Spenser's line “Of other worlds he happily, should hear.” [Cp. p. 247.]
And Hamlet's “Forest of Feathers.” [Cp. Massey's lines, p. 73.]

Thy wings are now in fastening, fastening, follow me,
I will before thee fly as thou shalt see,
Thy father mount, or stoop, so I aread thee,
Make me thy guard, and safely I will lead thee:
If we should soar too near great Phœbus seat,
The melting wax will not endure the heat,
Or if we fly too near the humid seas,
Our moistened wings we cannot shake with ease.
Fly between both, and with the gusts that rise,
Let thy light body sail amidst the skies,
And ever as his little son he charms,
He fits the feathers to his tender arms:
And shows him how to move his body light,
As birds first teach their little young ones flight:
By this he calls to counsel all his wits,
And his own wings unto his shoulders fits,
Being about to rise, he fearfully quakes:
And in this new way his faint body shakes:
First ere he took his flight, he kissed his son,
Whilst by his cheeks the brinish waters run,
There was a hillock not so towering tall
As lofty mountains be, nor yet so small
To be with valleys even, and yet a hill,
From this thus both attempt their uncouth skill:
The father moves his wings, and with respect
His eyes upon his wandering son reflect:
They bear a spacious course, and the apt boy
Fearless of harm in his new tract doth joy,
And flies more boldly: Now upon them looks
The fishermen that angle in the brooks,
And with their eyes cast upward frightened stand,
By this is Samos Isle on their left hand,

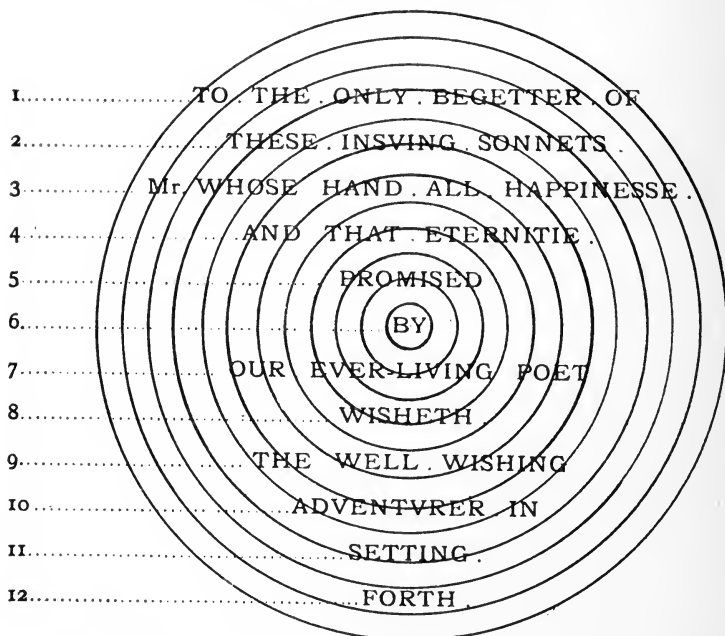
Upon the right Lehinthos they forsake,
Aslipalen and the Fishy Lake.
Shady Pachime full of woods and groves.
When the rash youth, too bold in venturing, roves;
Loses his guide, and takes his flight so high
That the soft wax against the sun doth fry,
And the cords slip, that kept the feathers fast,
So that his arms have power upon no blast:
He fearfully from the high clouds looks down,
Upon the lower heavens, whose curled waves frown
At his ambitious height, and from the skies
He sees black night and death before his eyes,
Still melts the wax, his naked arms he shakes,
And thinking to catch hold, no hold he takes:
But now the naked lad, down headlong falls,
And by the way, he father, father calls:
Help father help, I die, and as he speaks,
A violent surge his course of language breaks.
The unhappy father, but no father now,
Cries out aloud, Son Icarus where art thou?
Where art thou Icarus, where dost thou fly?
Icarus where art? When low he may espy
The feathers swim, aloud he doth exclaim,
The earth his bones, the sea still bears his name.

Shakespeare's Poems, John Benson, 1640.

COLLATERAL SUGGESTIONS.

'Friends, Noman kills me; Noman in the hour
Of sleep, oppresses me with fraudulent power,'
If no man hurt thee, but the hand divine
Inflict disease, it fits thee to resign:
To Jove or to thy father Neptune pray.
The brethren cry'd, and instant strode away.
Joy touched my secret soul and conscious heart,
Pleased with th' effect of conduct and of art.

Adventures of Ulysses [Pope's tr.].



“Ha! Cyclops! if any man of mortal birth
Note thine unseemly blindness, and inquire
The occasion, tell him that Lærtēs' son,
Ulysses, the destroyer of walled towns,
Whose home is Ithaca, put out thine eye.”

Adventures of Ulysses [Bryant's tr.].

Look [Homer].....thou shalt find
Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy brain,
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book.

William Shake-speare. [Cp. Son. LXXVII., p. 20.]

NOTED TRANSLATIONS
—OF—
PENELOPE'S CHALLENGE.¹

THE ARGUMENT.

To night, in honor of the marry'd life,
Our author treats you with a virtuous wife;
A lady, who, for twenty years, withstood
The pressing instances of flesh and blood,
Her husband, still a man of sense reputed,
[Unless this tale his wisdom have confuted,]
Left her at ripe eighteen, to seek renown,
And battle for a harlot at Troy Town;
To fill his place, fresh lovers came in shoals,
Much such as now a-days are cupids tools,
Some men of wit, but the most part were fools,
They sent her Billets doux, and presents many,
Of ancient Tea and Thericlean China;
Rail'd at the Gods, toasted her o'er and o'er,
Dress'd at her, danc'd, and fought, and sigh'd, and swore;
In short, did all that men could do to have her,
And damn'd themselves to get into her favour;
But all in vain, the virtuous dame stood buff, }
And let 'em know that she was coxcomb proof. }²

Prologue, Tragedy of Ulysses, Nicholas Rowe, 1706.

¹ For Shake-speare's probable use of Penelope's Challenge see p. 19.

² Cp. extracts from *Willobie's Avis*, p. 339, and notes from Messrs. Gollancz and Lee, pp. 48, 49.

Hear me, ye wooers, that a pleasure take
 To do me sorrow, and my house invade
 To eat and drink, as if 'twere only made
 To serve your rapines; my lord long away,
 And you allowed no colour for your stay
 But his still absence; Striving who shall frame
 Me for his wife; and, since 'tis made a game,
 I here propose divine Ulysses' bow
 For that great maister-piece to which ye vow:
 He that can draw it with least show to strive,
 And through these *twelve* ax-heads an arrow drive,
 Him will I follow, and this house forego
 That nourisht me a maid, now furnisht so
 With all things fit, and which I so esteem
 That I shall still live in it in my dream.

George Chapman, 1614-16.

Say you, whom these forbidden walls enclose,
 For whom my victims bleed, my vintage flows;
 If these neglected, faded charms can move?
 Or is it but a vain pretence, you love?
 If I the prize, if me you seek to wife,
 Hear the conditions, and commence the strife:
 Who first Ulysses' wondrous bow shall bend,
 And through *twelve ringlets* the fleet arrow send,
 Him will I follow, and forsake my home,
 For him forsake this lov'd, this wealthy dome,
 Long, long the scene of all my past delight,
 And still to last, the vision of my night.

Alexander Pope, 1725.

Ye noble suitors hear, who rudely haunt
This palace of a Chief long absent hence,
Whose substance ye have long time consumed,
Nor palliative have yet contrived, or could,
Save your ambition to make me a bride—
Attend this game to which I call you forth.
Now suitors! prove yourselves with this huge bow
Of wide-renown'd Ulysses; he who draws
Easiest the bow, and who his arrow sends
Through *twice six rings*, he takes me to his home,
And I must leave this mansion of my youth
Plenteous, magnificent, which, doubtless, oft
I shall remember even in my dreams.

William Cowper, 1791.

Hear me, ye noble suitors, who press heavily upon this house to eat and drink without ceasing, my husband being absent for a long time; nor have ye been able to make any other pretext for your sedition, but as desiring to marry me, and make me your wife. But come, suitors, since this contest has appeared; for I will put down the great bow of divine Ulysses, and *whoever* shall most easily stretch the bow in his *hands*, and shall dart an arrow through the whole *twelve* hatchets, him will I follow leaving this house which I entered when a virgin, verry beautiful, full of the means of livelihood: which I think I shall sometime remember, even in a dream.

T. A. Buckley, 1855.

Thus coming in, the curved bow she held,
 And the large quiver with sad arrows stored,
 Also the maidens bore a coffer, filled
 With brass and steel, the prizes of their lord.
 So came the queen near to the banquet-board;
 And by the pillar of the dome she stood,
 Screened with her lucid veil, and spoke this word:
 "Hear now, ye suitors, who for drink and food
 Lie heavy on this house, and vex my widowhood.
 "This was your pretext, and none else but this,
 To wed me, come, behold your test of skill!
 Nor of due guerdon shall the victor miss.
 Here is my lord's bow; feel it as ye will;
 And from *whose hand* the shaft with easiest thrill
 Flies through each ring which there in order gleams,
 Him will I follow both for good and ill,
 Leaving this house which so delightful seems,
 Home to be yet remembered even in my dreams.

P. S. Worsley, 1861.

Hear, noble suitors! ye who throng these halls,
 And eat and drink from day to day, while long
 My husband has been gone; Your sole excuse
 For all this lawlessness the claim ye make
 That I become a bride. Come then, for now
 A contest is proposed. I bring to you
 The mighty bow that great Ulysses bore.
 Who'er among you he may be *whose hand*
 Shall bend¹ this bow, and send through these *twelve rings*
 An arrow, him I follow hence, and leave
 This beautiful abode of my young years,
 With all its plenty,—though its memory,
 I think, will haunt me even in my dreams.

W. C. Bryant, 1872.

¹ Shall *String* this bow.—"The first attempt of Telemachus and the suitors was not an attempt to shoot, but to lodge the bow-string on the opposite horn, the bow having been released at one end, and slackened while it was laid by."
 —*William Cowper.*

Hear me! ye princely suitors: who to feast
Continual of viands and of wines
Within these walls resort, and on our home
Oppressive burdens lay while so long time
My consort absent lingers, and no ground
Can for you trespass herein urge but hopes
Of nuptial contract making; and myself
The bride to be: Attend to me, who thus
The prize of competition you have made—
This mighty bow, Ulysses' own, I here
Before you all produce; and *whosoe'er*
This self-same bow, as here he *handles* it,
With greatest ease shall stretch, and through the rings
Of all *twelve axes* shall an arrow shoot,
The man will be whom I shall follow hence,
This palace quitting which, while yet a girl,
I enter'd, rich in beauty, rich in wealth,
Lifes maintenance providing; all of which
Long hence shall I in memory retain,
Aye, ev'n in dreams recalling.

George Musgrave, 1865.

Hear me, ye lordly wooers, that have vexed this house, that ye might eat and drink here evermore, forasmuch as the master is long gone, nor could you find any other mask for your speech, but all your desire was to wed me and take me to wife. Nay come now, ye wooers, seeing that this is the prize that is put before you. I will set forth for you the great bow of divine Odysseus, and *whoso* shall most easily string the bow in his *hands*, and shoot through all *twelve axes*, with him will I go and forsake this house, this honourable house, so very fair and filled with all lively-hood, which methinks I shall yet remember, aye, in a dream.—*S. H. Butcher and A. Lang, 1879.*

Harken to me, ye arrogant suitors that evermore
 Afflict mine house with devouring and drinking our garnered store
 While my lord hath been long time gone; and through all this
 weary tide

Could your false hearts find for your lips no word-pretence beside,
 Save this, that each of you sorely desired to win me his bride.
 Come suitors, for this is the contest appointed your wooing to end:
 I will set you the mighty bow of Odysseus the hero divine:
Whosoe'er of you all with his *hands* shall the bow most easily
 bend,

And shoot through the rings of the axes *twelve* ranged all in a
 line,

Him will I follow, forsaking this beautiful home of mine,
 Dear home, that knew me a bride, with its wealth of abundant
 store;

I shall never forget it: even in dreams I shall see it for evermore.

Arthur L. Way, 1880.

Harken, O high-heart woers, this house that waste and wear,
 Eating and drinking our substance without a stop or stay,
 The wealth of our house-master so long a while away,
 And can make no other pretext of the matter ye plan to do
 But that ye long to wed me and take me the wife of you.
 —Come, woers, since the contest and the prize befalleth so,
 Here will I lay before you Odysseus' mighty bow,
 And *whichso* of you the easiest with his *palms* the bow shall bend,
 And throughout all *twelve* of the axes the shaft therefrom shall
 send,

Him then shall I follow, departing from this house of the wed-
 ded wife,

This fair house so abundant in all that upholdeth life;
 Which yet shall I remember, tho but in dreams it be.

Wm. Morris, 1887.

My noble suitors, hear me. The prince, my son,
Hath told you of the purpose of my coming:
Howe'er that be, attend. Ye have now long time
Besieged this widowed house, and day by day
Eating and drinking without end, abused
The absence of its lord; and ever in all
Ye have still proclaimed one object, me to woo
And wed. Till now I have barred consent: to-day
I yield me to your urgency to declare
Whom I will choose: but since not willingly
I wed, I set my fortune with the gods
To guide and govern. Here is Ulysses' bow:
With this contest I pray you among yourselves,
And I will be the prize. Yes, his am I
Who strings most easily this bow, and shoots
The truest arrow through the axes' heads.
He is my husband and with him to-day
Will I leave this fair house so dearly loved.
Eumæus, take the bow. Offer it now
In turn to all: and let all try in turn;
I will sit here and watch.

Robert Bridges, 1884.

Hearken you haughty suitors who beset this house,
eating and drinking ever, now my husband is long gone;
no word of excuse can you suggest except your wish to
marry me and win me for your wife. Well then, my
suitors,—since before you stands your prize,—I offer
you the mighty bow of prince Odysseus; and *whoever*
with his *hands* shall lightliest bend the bow and shoot
through all *twelve* axes, him I will follow and forsake this
home, this bridal home, so very beautiful and full of
wealth, a place I think I ever shall remember, even in
my dreams.—*G. H. Palmer, 1891.*

A FULL LENGTH PORTRAIT OF ESSEX.

“I cannot sufficiently set down what [in my judgement, and by the relation of very just and wise men of his secrets]¹ I have considered and conceived of that noble warrior. Howbeit, thus much as the least of my just obsequies to so renowned a lord; He never was heard [that ever I could heare] to have gloried or boasted of his victories or fortunate services: but in all his actions, civile or military, did refer all with joyfull humblenesse and thanksgiving to God; and to the speciall wisdom and direction of his Prince, as a servant and minister of theirs. And thus, by specious declaration of his vertue in obedience, and of his modestie in speech, he still lived free from malice: and yet as a royall deere, always pasturing within the golden pale of glorie. Howbeit, [to his owne sodaine dissolution, and to the dolorous downefall and heaviness of his many friends which fell with him, and which lamented for him long after him] hee found it and left it, which is by Tacitus written as a position infallible, to bee pondered amongst all ambitious and aspiring subjects, or other great ones, which cannot set limits to their owne appetites, *Quam formidolosum sit privati hominis gloriam supra principis attoli.*

But that I may speake somewhat of him according to true judgement and indifferencie: because peradventure, some have either malevolently, with exceeding bitterness abused his honorable ashes contumeliously; and others percase which have as blindly in the contrary sanctified him as one more than a man, beyonde his

¹ *The masque of Love's Labor's Won.*

“Her firmnesse cloth'd him in variety.” [Cp. p. 248.]

deserts and the measure of his nature; [both which are most odious to the true taste of all noble natures,] I say thus much: which they that wisely did know him, will acknowledge also. His minde was incomprehensible. By nature a man addicted to pleasures, but much more to glorie. If he were at any time luxurious, [which some very impudently have thrust upon his dead coffin, against all truth and modestie] it was very little: and that, when he was idle, which was very seldom. Howbeit, never could any delicacies or corporall comforts draw him, since he was imployed in the publike counsels of his Prince and Countrey to neglect any serious businesse. He was eloquent, and well knew the guilefull trappes and insidious treacheries of this world, by good experience and much reading. He was affable, and soone any man's friend, that was either by friends commended unto him, or had any specious appearance of good qualities in him. The loftiness of his wit [as I may most properly term it] was most quick, present, and incredible: in dissembling with counterfeit friends, and in concealing any matter and businesse of importance, beyond expectation.¹ He was bountifull, magnificent, and liberall, in all the course of his life: having commended multitudes of people unto livings, pensions, preferments, and great sums of money; as appeared both by the land of his owne, which he sould and engaged to maintaine the same, and by the large dispensation of his soveraigne's treasure, committed to his trust and discretion. And, which I may speake in truth most boldly, his fortune was always good before, as appeared in France and Cadiz; but much inferior to his valorous industrie, until his late unfortunate voyage in Anno 1597—: and that his other pestilent and inauspicious expedition for Ireland; before which times it was difficult, to be discerned, whether his valour or fortune were more. I myselfe,

¹ The Sonnets of 1609, a dismantled masque,

a boy, have seen him in the French warres to communicate in sports, and sometimes in serious matters, with men of meane condition and place, [their fortunes and parentage valued] to be delighted and exercised in labouring with the mattock in trenches, fosses and in other workes amongst his battels: to be busied in setting of watches, in making of barricadoes at his quarter, and in often walking the round.¹ Also that vice [which contagious ambition much affecteth,] could never be noted in him; which was, to detract from the credit and good fame of any of his fellows in her majesties counsell, [they being absent] or of any other man. Only this it went neere him, and laie heavie to his heart, that any of them should be thought more valiant than himself. Being scarce a vice, but emulation rather proceeding from the mightnesse of his spirit. And without doubt, he did exceed many of them in many things. By which means, even as Salust describeth Sylla, so did he become precious in presence of his souldiers. From his childhood he was hardened with exercise,² taking pleasure and some travaile and labours, which other men for the most part would have reputed miseries and calamities. His apprehension and prudeuce was admirable; by which he would, and many times did, prevent and turn the mischiefes and fallacies of his enemies upon their own heads.³ He was circumspect in all matters appertaining to his owne office and charge; and would not endure, if by any means counsell or engine he could devise, to leave any safe evasions or munitions, offensive or defensive, with his enemies. And that which was most rare in so great a Captaine. [though in discipline of warre he declared

¹ "A little touch of Harry in the night.

Walking from watch to watch. from tent to tent."

Henry V. [Chorus, Act IV.]

² "I have been in continual practice, I shall win at the odds."—*Hamlet*, v. 2.

³ *The masque of Love's Labor's Won.* Cp. all of p. 250.

himself severe as was fit, meeke and honorable towards his Captaines which had well deserved,] neither did his mildnesse and facilitie withdraw from his reputation, nor his severity diminish the love of his souldiers only this to conclude of him in the person of a Generall.

The end of his life was much lamented by the better and nobler part of his countrymen. It was very grievous to them that were his friends and lovers: it was pitied and repined against with a certain kind of regret by forrenners and strangers, which had heard of his valour: and those enemies, or emulators rather, of his heroicall vertues in Spaine and France, which had felt the weight of his valour, rejoyced not upon report of his death. I would [if it had so pleased God] that he might have died in the warres upon the enemies of his country; that I might with good cheere have registered his death in these Offices.

To conclude with his description of body, briefly being the same with that which Tacitus did write of Julius Agricola:—*decentior Quam sublimior fruit, nihil metus in vultu, gratia oris supererat, bonum virum facile credideres magnum libenter.* He was tall and in authority: yet was he more comely than loftie. In his forehead and countenance much valour and boldnesse were imprinted and expressed. His lookes were very gracious. They that had judiciously beheld him, would have easily believed that he was a very good man, and would have been very glad to have known him a mightie man. And that which was most rare and admirable in men of our age, in his distresse and calamities his mind was not only great and noble, like his blood and place, but much loftier and firmer than in his most firme honours and prosperitie.

And so much in brief, so neare as I could, have I done to life, the morall qualities and perfections of that heroicall Generall, without adulation or partialitie.—*Four Books of Offices, Barnabe Barnes, 1606.*

POEMS BEARING ON THE AUTHORSHIP.

To the memory of my beloved, the Author, Mr. William Shakespeare, and what he hath left us.¹

To draw no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man, nor muse, can praise too much;
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd, or whore,
Should praise a matron; what would hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill-fortune of them, or the need.
I, therefore, will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! and wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie

¹ If my memory is not at fault Dryden branded this poem "invidious panegyric," but not so, the scope is eulogistic and satirical. If, through necessity, the Sonnets of 1609 are a dismantled Masque, if, through necessity, the cherished character assumed by our dramatist was that of Ulysses, then, *of necessity*, there was a Shake-speare and a Shakspeare, the duality in name being in harmony with the duality of the Sonnets, the duality of the Phoenix, the duality of *Love's Martyr*, and the dual drift of this poem. Cp. p. 28.

A little further, to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praiseto give.
That I not mix thee so,¹ my brain excuses;
I mean with great but disproportion'd muses:
For, if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers.
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlow's mighty line:
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,²
From thence to honour thee, I will not seek
For names; but call forth thundering Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles, to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece, or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come. }³
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time;
And all the muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines; }⁴
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.

¹ Referring to an elegy on Shake-speare and Shakspeare, written by William Basse. This elegy ["curious in its way"] is given on p. 147.

² Cp. note 2, p. 225, and note 1, p. 290.

³ The speaking characters of the Sonnets, personified abstractions, the acme of Hellenic bloom.

⁴ Cp. Spenser's lines, p. 10.

The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
 Neat Terence, witty Platus, now not please;
 But antiquated and deserted lie,
 As they were not of nature's family.
 Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part:
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 [Such as thine are] and strike the second heat
 Upon the muses' anvil; turn the same,
 [And himself with it] that he thinks to frame;
 Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made, as well as born:
 And such wert thou! Look, how the father's face
 Lives in his issue; even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind, and manners, brightly shines
 In his well-turned and true-filed lines;
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
*Sweet Swan of Avon!*¹ *what a sight it were*
 To see thee in *our* water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
 That so did take Eliza, and our James.²
 But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
 Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

Ben Jonson in First Folio, 1623.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 225, and note 1, p. 290.

² Had Essex, instead of James, been Elizabeth's successor, "Hyperion to a satyr," hence, no doubt, James was greatly "taken" with the assumption of the Shake-spearian authorship by the player. Cp. note 3, p. 201.

AN ECLOGUE GRATULATORY.

To the renowned Shepherd of Albions Arcadia: Robert Earl of Essex and Ewe, for his welcome into England from Portugal.¹

Piers.

Palinode.

In Patriam rediit magnus Apollo suam.

Palinode.

Herdgroom, what makes thy pipe to go so loud?
Why be thy looks so smirking and so proud?
Verily plain Piers, but this doth ill agree
With th' bad fortune that ever thwarteth thee.

Piers.

What thwarteth me, good Palinode, is fate,
Aye, born was Piers to be unfortunate:
Yet shall my bag-pipe go so loud and shrill
That heaven may entertain my kind good-will;
Io, io pæan!

Palinode.

Thou art too bold, and crowdest all too high;
Beware a chip fall not into thine eye:
Man, if triumphals here be in request,
Then let them chant them that can chant them best.

Piers.

Thou art a sour swain, Palinode, perdy;
My bag-pipe vaunteth not of victory:
'Tis only a twang I beg to make
For chivalry and lovely learning's sake!

Io, io pæan!

¹ It has been noted by Dr. Latham that *in the text* of one of the early quartos, *Hamlet* was sent not to England but to "Portingal."

Of arms to sing I have nor lust nor skill;
 Enough is me to blazon my good-will,
 To welcome home that long hath lacked been,
 One of the jolliest shepherds of our green;
 Io, io pæan!

Palinode.

Tell me, good Piers, I pray thee tell it me,
 What may this jolly swain or shepherd be,
 Or whence y-comen,¹ that he thus welcome is,
 That thou art all so blithe to see his bliss?

Piers.

Palinode, thou makest a double demand,
 Which I will answer as I understand;
 Yet will I not forget, so God me mend,
 To pipe loud pæans as my stanzas end.
 Io, io pæan!

This shepherd, Palinode, whom my pipe praiseth,
 Whose glory my reed to the welkin raiseth,
 He's a great herdgroom, certes, but no swain, }
 Save hers that is the flower of Phœbe's plain. }²
 Io, io pæan!

He waiteth where our great shepherdess doth wun,
 He playeth in the shade and thriveth in the sun;
 He shineth on the plains, his lusty flock him by,
 As when Apollo kept in Arcady;
 Io, io pæan!

Fellow in arms he was in their flow'ring days
 With that great shepherd, good Philisides,³
 And in sad fable did I see him dight,
 Moaning the miss of Pallas' peerless knight;
 Io, io pæan!

¹ He comes.² Cp. the Charles Knight note, p. 242.³ Sir Philip Sidney.

With him he served, and watch'd and waited late,
To keep the grim wolf from Eliza's gate;
And for their mistress, thoughten these two swains,
They moughten never take too mickle pains.

Io, io pæan!

But, ah for grief! that jolly groom is dead, }
For whom the Muses silver tears have shed; }¹
Yet in this lovely swain, *source of our glee,*²
Must all his virtues sweet revive be:

Io, io pæan!

Palinode.

Thou foolish swain that thus art over joy'd,
How soon may here thy courage be accoy'd!
If he be one come new from western coast,
Small cause hath he, or thou for him, to boast.

I see no palm, I see no laurel boughs
Circle his temple or adorn his brows;
I hear no triumphs for this late return,
But many a herdsman more disposed to mourn.

Piers.

Pale look'st thou, like spite, proud Palinode;
Venture doth loss, and war doth danger bode:
But thou art of those harvesters, I see,
Would at one shock spoil all the filberd-tree.

Io, io pæan!

For shame, I say, give virtue honors due!
I'll please the shepherd but by telling true;
Palm mayst thou see and bays about his head,
That all his flock right forwardly hath led;

Io, io pæan!

¹ Sir Philip Sidney.

² In the year 1589, Peele was employed [and possible in daily contact] with the player Shakspeare at the Blackfriars theatre.

But woe is me rude lad, fame's full of lies,
 Envy doth aye true honor's deeds despise;
 Yet chivalry will mount with glorious wings,
 Spite all, and nestle near the seat of kings.

Io, io pæan!

Base thrall is he that is foul slander's slave:
 To pleasen all what wight may him behave?
 Yea, Jove's great son, though he were now alive,
 Mought find no way this labour to achieve.

Io, io pæan!

O honor's fire, that not the brackish sea
 Mought quench, nor foeman's fearful 'larums lay!
 So high those golden flakes done mount and climb
 That they exceed the reach of shepherd's rhyme.

Io, io pæan!

Palinode.

Honor is in him that doth it bestow;
 Thy reed is rough, thy seat is all too low
 To write such praise; hadst thou blithe Homers quill,
 Thou moughtst have matter equal with thy skill.

Piers.

Twit me with boldness, Palin, as thou wilt,
 My good mind be my glory and my guilt;
 Be my praise less or mickle, all is one,
 His high deserts deserven to be known.

Io, io pæan!

George Peele, 1589.

Scattered through the last decade of Elizabeth's reign are many poems of rare beauty signed *Ignoto*. As far as I have been able to gather, the use of this name ceased with the death of Essex in 1601. In *Robert Chester's Love's Martyr* "Ignoto" is the moving spirit; it is from Ignoto's lines Jonson, Chapman and Marston take their cue for the burning of the second Phoenix.

THE FIRST.

The silver vault of heaven, hath but one eie,
 And that's the Sunne: the foule-maskt Ladie, Night
 [Which blots the cloudes, the white booke of the skie,]
 But one sicke *Phæbe*, fever-shaking light:
 The heart, one string: so, thus in single turnes,
 The world one *Phænix*, till another burnes.

THE BURNING.

Suppose here burnes this wonder of a breath,
 In righteous flames, and holy-heated fires:
 [Like Musicke which doth rapt it selfe to death,
 Sweet'ning the inward roome of mans Desires;]
 So she wast's both her wings in piteous strife;
 The flame that eates her, feedes the others life:
 Her rare-dead ashes, fill a rare-live urne:
 One *Phænix* borne, another Phoenix burne.

Ignoto in *Love's Martyr*, p. 181.

In *Love's Martyr* the above lines immediately precede the poem of *The Phoenix and Turtle Dove*—i. e., The Dramatis Personæ of *The Masque of Love's Labor's Won*, showing, almost conclusively, that *Robert Chester's Love's Martyr* is a posthumous work of Shake-speare.¹

"Speaking generally, I do not rate Robert Chester as a poet very high, [p. lxii.] but a sympathetic reader will come, now and again, on "brave translunary things" [p. ixiii.]. There are touches and allusions throughout that I can explain alone by interchange of conversation between the Poet [Chester] and Essex [p. lxvii.] and I think I can detect in some of his lines a reflex or remembrance of the rhythm of Shakespeare's lines" [p. lxvii.].—Introduction to *Love's Martyr*, [Dr. Grosart, Ed.], 1878.

¹ Cp. note from Saintsbury, p. 41, and Chester's lines, p. 75.

THE NIGHTINGALE TO HIS MUSE.

And foul befall that Cursed Cuckoe's throt,
That so hath crossed sweet Philomelaes note.

Poems of Essex.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a group of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone:
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast against a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity:
'Fie, fie, fie,' now would she cry;
'Tereu, tereu'! by-and-by;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
'Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;¹
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,

¹ "Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late."
That is

"Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to mockery to sell."
Spenser [Cp. p. 10].

Careless of thy sorrowing,
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle Fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find:
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal.
Bountiful they will him call,
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king;'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have at commandment:
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown;
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need:
If thou sorrow, he will weep;
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

Ignoto in Englands' Helicon, 1600.

THE ROBIN.

Bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.—*Ophelia.*

Of all the birds that fly with wing,
 The Robin hath no peere,
 For he in field and house can sing
 And chant it all the year:
 This Robin is a pretty one,
 Well form'd at point devise
 A mynion bird to look upon
 And sure of worthy praise.
 His looks be brave, his voice full shrill,
 His feathers bravely pruned,
 And all his members wrought at will,
 With notes full trimly tuned.

The Nightingale will scarce be tame, }
 No company keep he can; }
 He dare not show his face for shame; }¹
 He feareth the look of man: }
 But Robin like a man can look,
 And doth shun no place;
 He will sing in every nook,
 And stare you in the face.
 He taketh bread upon the board,
 And then away he goes;
 Wherefore, to tell you at a word,
 His noble kind he shows.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 298.

They are but woodcocks that do frown,
At Robins hap so good:
He hurts no bird in field or town,
In forest nor in wood,
Although he steps from beam to bawlke,
And hops about the bed;
When Peacocks¹ proud about do walk,
With hearts as cold as lead.
Yet Robin deserves praise therefore,
If he his merits have,
That from the frost and winter sore,
His feathers so can save.

Now Robin, rattle forth thy song,
And make thy words to ring:
I pray to God thou prosper long,
And all that so can sing.
Fie on all foolish dastard birds,
That sing with cowards voice:
They may be likened unto owls
Which nowhere can rejoice.
As I have said, so say I still,
The Robin passeth all,
That ever sang so at his will
Among'st us, great or small.

The Camden Miscellany, [Vol. 3, p. 21.].

NOTE—The poem called "The Robin," refers covertly to Robert Earl of Essex. The production must have been penned by one of his friends or adherents, while he was in possession of the warmest regards of the Queen. She was in the habit of familiarly calling him her "Robin" and upon that point, and in praise of the habits and qualities of the bird, the production is founded. It must have possessed in its perfect state [as we may judge from the obviously mutilated copy before us] no little spirit and elegance. As we have never seen any other transcript of it, we have no means of correcting its errors, and it is much easier to detect the mistakes of the scribe, than to amend them.—Editor, *Camden Society Miscellany*, [Vol. 3, p. 10.].

¹ Cp. note 4, p. 237.

² Cp. note 1, frontispage 2.

THE SHEPHERD'S PRAISE OF HIS
SACRED DIANA.¹

Praised be Diana's fair and harmless light,
Praised be the dews wherewith she moistes the ground,
Praised be her beams, the glory of the night,
Praised be her power, by which all powers abound.

Praised be her nymphs, with whom she decks the woods,
Praised be her knights, in whom true honor lives,
Praised be that force by which she moves the floods;
Let that Diana shine which all these gives.

In heaven queen she is among the spheres,
She mistress-like makes all things to be pure;
Eternity in her oft change she bears;
She beauty is, by her the fair endure.

Time wears her not, she doth his chariot guide;
Mortality below her orb is placed;
By her the virtue of the stars down slide,
In her is virtue's perfect image cast.

A knowledge pure it is her worth to know;
With Circes let them dwell that think not so.
Ignoto in England's Helicon, 1600 [Bullen, Ed., p. 127].

¹ Probably these matchless lines were written in honor of the bragging Dame—not unexpert in cunning, who came to the relief of Shake-speare in 1591. The Diana of Ephesus. Cp. *The Argument*, p. 23.

AN HEROICAL POEM.

My wanton Muse that whilom wont to sing
Fair beauty's praise and Venus' sweet delight,
Of late had changed the tenor of her string
To higher tunes than serve for Cupid's fight:
 Shrill trumpets' sound, sharp swords, and lances strong,
 War, blood, and death, were matter of her song.

The god of love by chance had heard thereof,
That I was proved a rebel to his crown;
"Fit words for war," quoth he, with angry scoff,
"A likely man to write of Mars his frown.
 Well are they sped whose praises he shall write,
 Whose wanton pen can nought but love indite."

This said, he whisk'd his party-colour'd wings,
And down to earth he comes more swift than thought;
Then to my heart in angry haste he flings,
To see what change these news of wars had wrought.
 He pries, and looks, he ransacks ev'ry vein,
 Yet finds he nought, save love and lover's pain.

Then I that now perceived his needless fear,
With heavy smile began to plead my cause:
"In vain," quoth I, "this endless grief I bear,
In vain I strive to keep thy grievous laws,
 If after proof so often trusty found,
 Unjust suspect condemn me as unsound.

"Is this the guerdon of my faithful heart?
Is this the hope on which my life is stay'd?
Is this the ease of never-ceasing smart?
Is this the price that for my pains is paid?
 Yet better serve fierce Mars in bloody field,
 Where death or conquest, end or joy doth yield.

"Long have I served, what is my pay but pain?
Oft have I sued, what gain I but delay?
My faithful love is quited with disdain,
My grief a game, my pen is made a play;
 Yea, love that doth in other favour find,
 To me is counted madness out of kind.

“And last of all, but grievous most of all,
 Thyself, sweet Love, hath kill'd me with suspect.
 Could Love believe, that I from Love would fall?
 Is war of force to make me Love neglect?
 No, Cupid knows my mind is faster set,
 Than that by war I should my love forget.

“My Muse indeed to war inclines her mind,
 The famous acts of worthy Brute to write;
 To whom the gods this island's rule assign'd,
 Which long he sought by seas through Neptune's spite:
 With such conceits my busy head doth swell,
 But in my heart nought else but love doth dwell.

“And in this war thy part is not the least;
 Here shall my Muse Brute's noble love declare,
 Here shalt thou see thy double love increased,
 Of fairest twins that ever lady bare.
 Let Mars triumph in armour shining bright,
 His conquer'd arms shall be thy triumph's light.

“As he the world, so thou shalt him subdue,
 And I thy glory through the world will ring,
 So by my pains thou wilt vouchsafe to rue
 And kill despair.” With that he whisk'd his wing,
 And bid me write, and promised wished rest;
 But sore I fear false hope will be the best.

Ignoto.

This poem had previously appeared in Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody*, subscribed “A. W.,” and headed “Upon an Heroical Poem *which he had begun*¹ [in imitation of Virgil] of the first inhabiting of this famous isle by Brute and the Trojans.” It is in the Oxford edition of Raleigh's Poems; but there is not the slightest evidence to show that Raleigh was the author. There is an early MS. copy in Harleian MS. 6901 without a signature.—*England's Helicon* [Bullen, Ed., 1887].

¹ Ignoto was dead. Cp. p. 225.

Happy where he could finish forth his fate
In some enchanted desert, most obscure
From all society, from love, from hate
Of worldly folk, then would he sleep secure;
Then wake again and yield God ever praise.
Content with hips and haws and bramble-berry,
In contemplation passing still his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry;
And when he dies his tomb may be a bush,
Where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush.

Poems of Essex.

To a worthy lord, now dead,¹ upon presenting him,
for a new years gift, with Cæsar's Commentaries and
Cornelius Tacitus.

Worthily famous lord, whose virtues rare,
Set in the gold of never-stain'd nobility,
And noble mind shining in true humility,
Make you admir'd of all that virtuous are:
If, as your sword with envy imitates
Great Cæsar's sword in all his deeds victorious;
So your learn'd pen would strive to be glorious,
And write your acts perform'd in foreign states;
Or if some one, with the deep wit inspired
Of matchless Tacitus, would then historify,
Then Cæsar's works so much we should not glorify,
And Tacitus would be much less desired.
But till yourself, or some such put them forth,
Accept of these as pictures of your worth.

Francis Davison.

Probably the unfortunate Robert Earl of Essex, who, as is stated in the Memoir, was in some degree the patron of Francis Davison.—*Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, [Nicolas, Ed., 1826].

¹ Ignoto was dead. Cp. note 1, p. 304.

THE SHEPHERD'S SLUMBER.

In peascod time, when hound to horn
Gives ear till buck be kill'd,
And little lads with pipes of corn
Sat keeping beasts a-field,
I want to gather strawberries tho,
By woods and groves full fair;
And parch'd my face with Phoebus so,
In walking in the air,
That down I laid me by a stream,
With boughs all over-clad;
And there I met the strangest dream
That ever shepherd had.
Methought I saw each Christmas game,
Each revel all and some,
And everything that I can name,
Or may in fancy come.
The substance of the sights I saw
In silence pass they shall,
Because I lack the skill to draw
The order of them all;
But Venus shall not pass my pen,
Whose maidens in disdain
Did feed upon the hearts of men
That Cupid's bow had slain.
And that blind boy was all in blood,
Be-bathed up to the ears,
And like a conqueror he stood,
And scorned lover's tears.
"I have," quoth he, "more hearts at call
Than Caesar could command,
And like the deer I make them fall,

That runneth o'er the land.
One drops down here, another there;
In bushes as they groan,
I bend a scornful careless ear,
To hear them make their moan."
"Ah, sir," quoth Honest Meaning then,
"Thy boy-like brags I hear;
When thou hast wounded many a man,
As huntsman doth the deer,
Becomes it thee to triumph so?
Thy mother wills it not;
For she had rather break thy bow,
Than thou shoud'st play the sot."
"What saucy merchant speaketh now?"
Said Venus in her rage;
"Art thou so blind thou know'st not how
I govern every age?
My son doth shoot no shaft in waste,
To me the boy is bound;
He never found a heart so chaste,
But he had power to wound."
"Not so, fair goddess," quoth Free-will,
"In me there is a choice;
And cause I am of mine own ill
If I in thee rejoice.
And when I yield myself a slave
To thee, or to thy son,
Such recompense I ought not have,
If things be rightly done."
"Why, fool," stepp'd forth Delight and said,
"When thou art conquer'd thus,
Then, lo! dame Lust, that wanton maid,

Thy mistress is, I wus.
 And Lust is Cupid's darling dear,
 Behold her where she goes;
 She creeps the milk-warm flesh so near,
 She hides her under close,
 Where many privy thoughts do dwell,
 A heaven here on earth;
 For they have never mind of hell,
 They think so much on mirth."
 "Be still, Good Meaning," quoth Good Sport,
 "Let Cupid triumph make;
 For sure his kingdom shall be short,
 If we no pleasure take.
 Fair Beauty, and her play-pheers gay,
 The virgins vestal too,
 Shall sit and with their fingers play,
 As idle people do.
 If honest meaning fall to frown,
 And I good Sport decay,
 Then Venus' glory will come down
 And they will pine away,"
 "Indeed" quote Wit, "this your device
 With strangeness must be wrought;
 And where you see these women nice,
 And looking to be sought,
 With scowling brows their follies check,
 And so give them the fig;
 Let Fancy be no more at beck,
 When Beauty looks so big."
 When Venus heard how they conspired
 To murder women so,
 Methought indeed the house was fired,

With storms and lightning tho.
The thunderbolt through windows burst,
And in their steps a wight,
Which seem'd some soul or spirit accurst,
So ugly was the sight.
"I charge you, ladies all," quoth he,
"Look to yourselves in haste;
For if that men so wilful be,
And have their thoughts so chaste,
That they can tread on Cupid's breast,
And march on Venus' face,
Then they shall sleep in quiet rest,
When you shall wail your case!"
With that had Venus all in spite
Stirr'd up the dames to ire;
And Lust fell cold, and Beauty white
Sat dabbling with Desire,
Whose mutt'ring words I might not mark,
Much whispering there arose;
The day did lower, the sun wax'd dark,
Away each lady goes.
But whither went this angry flock?
Our Lord himselve doth know.
Wherewith full loudly crew the cock,
And I awaked so.
A dream, quote I, a dog it is,
I take thereon no keep;
I gage my head such toys as this
Doth spring from lack of sleep.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, Bullen, p. 222.

TO CYNTHIA.

My thoughts are wing'd with Hopes, my Hopes with
Love;

Mount Love unto the moon in clearest night,
And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
On earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:

And whisper this, but softly, in her ears,
Hope oft doth hang the head and Trust sheds tears.

And you, my Thoughts, that seem mistrust to carry,
If for mistrust my mistress you do blame,
Say, though you alter, yet you do not vary,
As she doth change and yet remain the same:

Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
And Love is sweetest season'd with Suspect.

If she for this with clouds do mask her eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,
Or with thy tears derobe them into rain,

Thoughts, Hopes, and Love, return to me no more,
Till Cynthia shine as she hath shone before.

Ignoto in England's Helicon 1600, Bullen, p. 149.

“These verses have been ascribed to Shakespeare on the authority of a common-place book, which is preserved in the Hamburg city library. In this the lines are subscribed W. S. and the copy is dated 1606. The little poem is quite worthy of Shakespeare’s sonneteering pen and period. The alliteration in sound and sense; the aerial fancy moving with such a gravity of motion; the peculiar corruscation that makes it hard to determine whether the flash be a sparkle of fancy or the twinkle of wit: are all characteristic proofs of its authorship. No other poet of the period save Spenser could have been thus measuredly extravagant, and he would not have dared the perilous turn on ‘mistress’ and ‘mistrust.’”

The line.

“And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect”
surely comes from the same mint as

“The ornament of beauty is suspect.”—*Sonnet 60*—LXX., p. 85.
also the line,

“And make the heavens dark with her disdain”
is essentially Shakspearian; one of those which occur at
times, after threading the way daintily through intricate
windings, sweeping out into the broader current with a
full stroke of music and imagination, such as this from
the 18th sonnet,

“But thy eternal summer shall not fade.”

Then the ‘windy sighs,’ and the *tears for rain* are
just as recognisable as a bit of the Greek mythology.
Here is one of the Poet’s pet trinkets of fancy. With
him sighs and tears, ‘poor fancy’s followers!’ are sorrow’s
wind and rain.¹

I have not the least doubt of the poem being Shak-
speare’s own, and my suggestion is that it was written
for the Earl of Essex, at a time when the Queen, ‘*Cyn-
thia*’, was not shining on him with her favouring smile,
and that Essex had it set to music, by Douland, to be
sung at Court.—*Shakspeare’s Sonnets, Massey*, pp. 466,
467.

¹ “Storming her world with *sorrow’s wind and rain*.”

A Lover’s Lament.

The *winds thy sighs*.

Romeo and Juliet, III. 5.

“We cannot call her *winds and waters, sighs and tears*.”

Antony and Cleopatra.

“Where are my *tears? Rain, rain, to lay this wind*.”

Troilus and Cressida.

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST LOVE.

All is not gold that shineth bright in show;
 Not every flower so good as fair to sight;
 The deepest streams above do calmest flow,
 And strongest poisons oft the taste delight.
 The pleasant bait doth hide the harmful hook,
 And false deceit can lend a friendly look.

Love is the gold whose outward hue doth pass,
 Whose first beginnings goodly promise make
 Of pleasures fair and fresh as summer's grass,
 Which neither sun can parch nor wind can shake;
 But when the mould should in the fire be tried,
 The gold is gone, the dross doth still abide.

Beauty the flower so fresh, so fair, so gay,
 So sweet to smell, so soft to touch and taste,
 As seems it should endure, by right, for aye,
 And never be with any storm defaced;
 But when the baleful southern wind doth blow,
 Gone is the glory which it erst did show.

Love is the stream whose waves so calmly flow,
 As might entice men's minds to wade therein;
 Love is the poison mix'd with sugar so,
 As might by outward sweetness liking win;
 But as the deep o'erflowing stops thy breath,
 So poison once received brings certain death.

Love is the bait whose taste the fish deceives,
 And makes them swallow down the choking hook;
 Love is the face whose fairness judgement reaves,
 And makes thee trust a false and feigned look;
 But as the hook the foolish fish doth kill,
 So flattering looks the lover's life doth spill.

Ignoto in *England's Helicon*, 1614, Prefatory Table.
 Signed "A W." in *Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*, 1602.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD
TO HIS LOVE.

Come live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beautiful pine,
The cedar, and the spreading vine;
And all the woods to be a screen,
Lest Phœbus kiss my summer's queen.

The seat of your disport shall be
Over some river in a tree,
Where silver sands and pebbles sing,
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds, with their heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess woods' echoes with sweet notes,
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring doves' wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night;
While Flora busie is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand Glowworms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with most majesty.

Then in mine arms will I enclose,
Lily's fair mixture with the rose,
Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to Love's paradise,
Then come with me and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, 1600

[Bullen, Ed., p. 232].

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward Winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotton;
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joy no date, had age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, 1600 [Bullen, p. 231].

AN INVECTIVE AGAINST WOMEN.

Are women fair? Aye, wond'rous fair to see to;
 Are women sweet? Yea, passing sweet they be too:
 Most fair and sweet to them that inly love them;
 Chaste and discreet to all, save those that prove them.

Are women wise? Not wise, but they be witty:
 Are women witty? Yea, the more the pity:
 They are so witty, and in wit so wily,
 That be ye ne'er so wise, they will beguile ye.

Are women fools? Not fools, but fondlings many.
 Can women fond be faithful unto any?
 When snow-white swans do turn to color sable,
 Then women fond will be both firm and stable.

Are women saints? No saints, nor yet no devils.
 Are women good? Not good, but needful evils;
 So angel-like, that devils I do not doubt them;
 So needful ill, that few can live without them.

Are women proud? Aye, passing proud, and praise them:
 Are women kind? Aye, wond'rous kind, and please them:
 Or so imperious, no man can endure them;
 Or so kind-hearted, any may procure them.

Ignoto in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1602 [Nicolas, Ed., 1826, p. 289].

TRUE-LOVE'S KNOT.

Love is the link, the knot, the band of unity;
And all that love, do love with their belov'd to be.
 Love only did decree,
 To change his kind in me.
For though I lov'd with all the powers of my mind,
And though my restless thoughts their rest in her did
 find,
 Yet are my hopes declin'd,
 Sith she is most unkind.
For since her beauty's sun my fruitless hope did breed,
By absence from that sun, I hop'd to starve that weed;
 Though absence did indeed
 My hopes not starve, but feed.
For when I shift my place, like to the stricken deer,
I cannot shift the shaft, which in my side I bear:
 By me it resteth there,
 The cause is not elsewhere.
So have I seen the sick to run and turn again,
As if that outward change could ease his inward pain:
 But still, alas! in vain,
 The fit doth still remain.
Yet goodness is the spring from whence this ill doth grow,
For goodness caus'd the love, which great respect did
 owe.
 Respect true love did show:
 True love thus wrought my woe.

Ignoto in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody, 1602 [Nicolas Ed., 1826, p. 284].

THE UNKNOWN SHEPHERD'S COMPLAINT.

My flocks feed not, my ewes breed not,
 My rams speed not, all is amiss:
 Love is denying; Faith is defying;
 Heart's renying, causer of this.
 All my merry jigs are quite forgot,
 All my lady's love is lost, God wot;
 Were her faith was firmly fix'd in love,
 There a nay is placed without remove.
 One silly cross wrought all my loss;
 O frowning fortune, cursed fickle dame!
 For now I see inconstancy
 More in women than in men remain.

In black mourn I, all fears scorn I,
 Love hath forlorn me, living in thrall;
 Heart is bleeding, all help needing,
 O cruel speeding, fraughted with gall.
 My shepherd's pipe can sound no deal,
 My wether's bell rings doleful knell.
 My curtail dog that wont to have play'd,
 Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
 With sighs so deep, procures to weep,
 In howling-wise to see my doleful plight.
 How sighs resound, through heartless ground,
 Like a thousand vanquished men in bloody fight.

Clear wells spring not, sweet birds sing not,
 Green plants bring not forth their dye;
 Herds stand weeping, flocks all sleeping,
 Nymphs back peeping fearfully.
 All our pleasure known to us poor swains,
 All our merry meeting on the plains,
 All our evening sports from us are fled,
 All our love is lost, for Love is dead.
 Farewell, sweet Love, thy like ne'er was,
 For sweet content, the cause of all my moan:
 Poor Corydon must live alone;
 Other help for him, I see that there is none.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, 1600.

THE LOVER AND HIS LADY.

Lady, my flame still burning,
And my consuming anguish,
Doth grow so great, that life I feel to languish:
Then let your heart be moved,
To end my grief and yours, so long time proved;
And quench the heat that my chief part so fireth,
Yielding the fruit that faithful love requireth.

HER ANSWER.

Sweet Lord, your flame still burning,
And your consuming anguish,
Cannot be more than mine, in which I languish;
Nor more your heart is moved,
To end your grief and mine, so long time proved:
But if I yield, and so your love decreaseth,
Then I my lover lose, and your love ceaseth.¹
Ignoto in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody.

AN UNREPENTANT LOVER.

To plead my faith, where faith hath no reward,
To move remorse where favor is not born:
To heap complaints where she doth not regard,
Were fruitless, bootless, vain and yield but scorn.
I loved her whom all the world admired,
I was refused of her that can love none:
And my vain hope which far too high aspired
Is dead and buried and for ever gone.
Forget my name since you have scorned my love,
And womanlike do not too late lament:
Since for your sake I do all mischief prove,
I none accuse nor nothing do repent.
I was as fond as ever she was fair
Yet lov'd I not more than I now despair.

Poems of Essex.

¹ Cp. note 2, p. 37 and all of p. 39.

SOCKLESS SHAKE-SPEARE.

There is none, oh! none but you,
 Who from me estrange the sight,
 Whom mine eyes affect to view,
 And chain'd ears hear with delight.

Other's beauties others move;
 In you I all the graces find;
 Such are the effects of love,
 To make them happy that are kind.

Women in frail beauty trust;
 Only seem you kind to me!
 Still be truly kind and just,
 For that can't dissembled be.

Dear, afford me then your sight,
 That surveying all your looks,
 Endless volumes I may write,
 And fill the world with envied books.

Which, when after ages view,
 All shall wonder and despair,
 Women, to find a man so true,
 And men, a woman, half so fair.

*Poems of Essex.*¹

¹ Cp. note from Saintsbury, p. 41.

A NYMPH'S DISDAIN OF LOVE.

“Hey, down, a down!” did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting;
“Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.”
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

When women knew no woe,
But lived themselves to please,
Men's feigning guiles they did not know,
The ground of their disease.
Unborn was false suspect,
No thought of jealousy;
From wanton toys and fond affect,
The virgin's life was free.
“Hey, down, a down!” did Dian sing, &c.

At length men used charms,
To which what maids gave ear,
Embracing gladly endless harms,
Anon enthralled were.
Thus women welcomed woe,
Disguised in name of love,
A jealous hell, a painted show:
So shall they find that prove.
“Hey, down, a down!” did Dian sing,
Amongst her virgins sitting;
“Than love there is no vainer thing,
For maidens most unfitting.”
And so think I, with a down, down, derry.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, 1600 [Bullen Ed., p. 152].

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION
OF LOVE.

Melibæus. Shepherd, what's Love, I pray thee tell?

Faustus. It is that fountain and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is perhaps that sauncing bell,
That tolls all to heaven or hell:
And this is love, as I heard tell.

Meli. Yet what is Love, I prithee say?

Faus. It is a work on holiday,
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of the play:
And this is Love as I hear say.

Meli. Yet what is Love, good shepherd, sain?

Faust. It is a sunshine mix'd with rain,
It is a tooth-ache, or like pain,
It is a game, where none doth gain;
The lass saith no, and would full fain:
And this is Love, as I hear sain.

Meli. Yet shepherd, what is Love, I pray?

Faust. It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of sporting fray,
It is a thing will soon away, [may:
Then, nymphs, take vantage while ye
And this is Love, as I hear say,

Meli. Yet what is Love, good shepherd, show?

Faust. A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that passeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe,
And he that proves shall find it so:
And, shepherd, this is Love, I trow.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, Bullen, p. 106.

THE SHEPHERD TO THE FLOWERS.

Sweet violets, Love's paradise, that spread
Your gracious odours, which you couched bear
 Within your paly faces,
Upon the gentle wing of some calm breathing wind,
 That plays amidst the plain,
 If by the favour of propitious stars you gain
Such grace as in my lady's bosom place to find,
 Be proud to touch those places,
And when her warmth your moisture forth doth wear,
Whereby her dainty parts are sweetly fed,
 Your honours of the flowery meads I pray,
 You pretty daughters of the earth and sun,
 With mild and seemly breathing straight display
 My bitter sighs, that have my heart undone,

Vermilion roses, that with new day's rise
Display your crimson folds fresh-looking, fair,
 Whose radiant bright disgraces
The rich adorned rays of roseate rising morn.
 Ah! if her virgin's hand
 Do pluck your pure, ere Phœbus view the land,
And veil your gracious pomp in lovely Nature's scorn;
 If chance my mistress traces
Fast by your flowers to take the Summer's air,
Then, woeful blushing, tempt her glorious eyes,
 To spread their tears, Adonis' death reporting,
And tell Love's torments, sorrowing for her friend,
 Whose drops of blood within your leaves consorting,
 Report fair Venus' moans to have no end,
Then may remorse, in pitying of my smart,
 Dry up my tears, and dwell within her heart.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, Bullen, p. 178.

LOVE'S SORROWS.

Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy:
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning, but unsavory end;
 Ne'er settled equally, but high or low,
 That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false and full of fraud,
 Bud and be blasted, in a breathing-while;
 The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
 Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
 The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
 Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures:
 It shall be raging-mad and silly mild,
 Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
 It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
 It shall be merciful and too severe,
 And most deceiving when it seems most just;
 Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
 Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war and dire events,
 And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;
 Subject and servile to all discontents,
 As dry combustious matter is to fire:
 Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
 They that love best their loves shall not enjoy.

Venus and Adonis.

LOVE THE ONLY PRICE OF LOVE.

The fairest pearls that northern seas do breed,
For precious stones from eastern coasts are sold;
Nought yields the earth that from exchange is freed,
Gold values all, and all things value gold;
 Where goodness wants an equal change to make,
 There greatness serves, or number place doth take.

No mortal thing can bear so high a price,
But that with mortal thing it may be bought;
The corn of Sicil buys the western spice;
French wine of us, of them our cloth is sought.
 No pearls, no gold, no stones, no corn, no spice,
 No cloth, no wine, of love can pay the price,

What thing is love, which nought can countervail?
Nought save itself, ev'n such a thing is love.
All worldly wealth in worth as far doth fail,
As lowest earth doth yield to heaven above.
 Divine is love, and scorneth worldly pelf,
 And can be bought with nothing, but with self.

Such is the price my loving heart would pay;
Such is the pay thy love doth claim as due.
Thy due is love, which I, poor I, essay,
In vain essay to quite with friendship true.
 True is my love, and true shall ever be,
 And truest love is far too base for thee.

Love but thyself, and love thyself alone,
For, save thyself, none can thy love requite;
All mine thou hast, but all as good as none,
My small desert must take a lower flight.
 Yet if thou wilt vouchsafe my heart such bliss,
 Accept it for thy prisoner as it is.

Ignoto in England's Helicon [Bullen Ed., p. 250].

ECLOGUE.

Shepherd. . . . *Herdman.**Shepherd.*

Come, gentle herdman, sit by me,
 And tune thy pipe by mine,
 Here underneath this willow tree,
 To shield the hot sunshine;
 Where I have made my summer bower,
 For proof of summer beams;
 And deck'd it up with many a flower,
 Sweet seated by the streams;
 Where gentle Daphne once a day
 These flow'ry banks doth walk,
 And in her bosom bears away
 The pride of many a stalk;
 But leaves the humble heart behind,
 That should her garland dight;
 And she, sweet soul! the more unkind
 To set true loves so light:
 But whereas others bear the bell,
 As in her favour blest,
 Her shepherd loveth her as well
 As those whom she loves best.

Herdman.

Alas, poor pastor! I find
 Thy love is lodg'd so high,
 That on thy flock thou hast no mind,
 But feed'st a wanton eye.
 If dainty Daphne's looks besot
 Thy doating heart's desire,
 Be sure, that far above thy lot
 Thy liking doth aspire.
 To love so sweet a nymph as she,
 And look for love again,

Is fortune fitting high degree,
Not for a shepherd's swain.
For she of lordly lads becoy'd,
And sought of great estates;
Her favour scorns to be enjoy'd
By us poor lowly mates.
Wherefore I warn thee to be wise;
Go with me to my walk,
Where lowly lasses be not nice;
There like and choose thy make:
Where are no pearls or gold to view,
No pride of silken sight,
But petticoats of scarlet hue,
Which veil the skin snow-white.
There truest lasses be to get
For love and little cost:
There sweet desire is paid his debt,
And labour seldom lost.

Shepherd.

No, herdman, no! thou rav'st too loud,
Our trade so vile to hold;
My weed as great a heart doth shroud,
As his that's clad in gold.
And take the truth that I thee tell,
This song fair Daphne sings,
That Cupid will be served as well
Of shepherds as of kings.
For proof whereof, old books record
That Venus, queen of love,
Would set aside her warlike lord,
And youthful pastor's prove;
How Paris was as well beloved
As simple shepherd's boy,
As after when that he was proved
King Priam's son of Troy.
And therefore have I better hope,

As had those lads of yore:
 My courage takes as large a scope,
 Although their haps were more.
 And that thou shalt not deem I jest,
 And bear a mind more base,
 No meaner hope shall haunt my breast
 Than dearest Daphne's grace.
 My mind no other thought retains;
 Mine eye nought else admires;
 My heart no other passion strains,
 Nor other hap desires.
 My muse of nothing else entreats,
 My pipe nought else doth sound,
 My veins no other fever heats,
 Such faith's in shepherds found.

Herdman.

Ah! shepherd, then I see, with grief,
 Thy care is past all cure;
 No remedy for thy relief,
 But patiently endure.
 Thy wonted liberty is fled,
 Fond fancy breeds thy bane,
 Thy sense of folly brought abed,
 Thy wit is in the wane.
 I can but sorrow for thy sake,
 Since love lulls thee asleep;
 And whilst out of thy dream thou wake,
 God shield thy straying sheep!
 Thy wretched flock may rue and curse
 This proud desire of thine,
 Whose woeful state from bad to worse
 Thy careless eye will pine.
 And even as they, thyself likewise
 With them shall wear and waste
 To see the spring before thine eyes,
 Thou thirsty canst not taste.

Content thee, therefore, with conceit,
Where others gain the grace;
And think thy fortune at the height,
To see but Daphne's face.
Although thy truth deserved well
Reward above the rest,
Thy haps shall be but means to tell
How other men are blest.
So, gentle shepherd, farewell now!
Be warned by my reed;
For I see written in thy brow,
Thy heart for love doth bleed.
Yet longer with thee would I stay,
If aught would do thee good:
But nothing can the heat allay,
Where love inflames the blood.

Shepherd.

Then, herdman, since it is my lot,
And my good liking such,
Strive not to break the faithful knot
That thinks no pain too much:
For what contents my Daphne best
I never will despise,
So she but wish my soul good rest
When death shall close mine eyes.
Then, herdman, farewell once again,
For now the day is fled:
So might thy cares, poor shepherd's swain,
Fly from thy careful head.

*Ignoto in Davison's Poetical Rhapsody*¹ [Nichols Ed.,
p. 78].

¹ Francis Davison, son of the famous Secretary of state, published a poetical miscellany in 1602, under the title of *Davison's Poems, or a Poetical Rhapsody*, containing small pieces by the author himself, by his brother Walter, by a friend whom he calls *Anomos*, by Sir John Davis, the Countess of Pembroke, Sir P. Sidney etc. A second edition appeared in 1608, a third in 1611, and a fourth in 1621.—*Ellis*, Vol. III. p. 11.

DISPRAISE OF LOVE AND LOVERS'
FOLLIES.

If love be life, I long to die,
 Live they that list for me;
 And he that gains the most thereby,
 A fool at least shall be;
 But he that feels the sorest fits,
 'Scapes with no less than loss of wits.
 Unhappy life they gain
 Which love do entertain.

In day by feigned looks they live,
 By lying dreams in night,
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give,
 Each smile a false delight.
 If 't hap their lady pleasant seem,
 It is for other's love they deem;
 If void she seem of joy,
 Disdaine doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find.
 Such is the life they lead,
 Blown here and there with every wind,
 Like flowers in the mead;
 Now war, now peace, now war again,
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain;
 Though dead, in midst of life;
 In peace, and yet at strife.

Ignoto in England's Helicon, Bullen, p. 226.

A DEFIANCE TO DISDAINFUL LOVE.

Now have I learn'd with much ado at last
By true disdain to kill desire;
This was the mark at which I shot so fast,
 Unto this height I did aspire.
Proud Love, now do thy worst and spare not,
For thee and all thy shafts I care not.

What hast thou left wherewith to move my mind?
 What life to quicken dead desire?
I count thy words and oaths as light as wind,
 I feel no heat in all thy fire.
Go change thy bow, and get a stronger;
Go break thy shafts, and buy thee longer.

In vain thou bait'st thy hook with beauty's blaze,
 In vain thy wanton eyes allure;
These are but toys for them that love to gaze,
 I know what harm thy looks procure.
Some strange conceit must be devised,
Or thou and all thy skill despised.

*Ignoto*¹ in *England's Helicon* [Bullen Ed., p. 254].

¹ For Ignoto's lovable or companionable qualities with his fellow poets, see the poem, p. 140. These *Verses to the conceit of The Fwery Queen* I consider a most valuable touch of the man Shake-speare. It shows him in the character of "Homerus, the Joiner," which he undoubtedly was in more ways than one. It has always been a pet theory of mine, that there would have been no Elizabethan era in our literature had not Shake-speare been heir to the crown—"the one preeminent man" set the fashion, this is borne out by the Players clam-like retirement at Stratford and the fact that not a line can be shown from his pen subsequent to the death of Essex.

PHYLLIDA'S LOVE-CALL TO HER
CORYDON, AND HIS REPLYING.

- Phyl.* Corydon, arise, my Corydon!
Titan shineth clear.
- Cor.* Who is it that calleth Corydon?
Who is it that I hear?
- Phyl.* Phyllida, my true love, calleth thee,
Arise then, arise then,
Arise and keep thy flock with me!
- Cor.* Phyllida, my true love, is it she?
I come then, I come then,
I come and keep my flock with thee.
- Phyl.* Here are cherries ripe for my Corydon;
Eat them for my sake.
- Cor.* Here's my oaten pipe, my lovely one,
Sport for thee to make.
- Phyl.* Here are threads, my true love, fine as silk,
To knit thee, to knit thee,
A pair of stockings white as milk.
- Cor.* Here are reeds, my true love, fine and neat,
To make thee, to make thee,
A bonnet to withstand the heat.
- Phyl.* I will gather flowers, my Corydon,
To set in thy cap,
- Cor.* I will gather pears, my lovely one,
To put in thy lap.
- Phyl.* I will buy my true love garters gay,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about his legs so tall.
- Cor.* I will buy my true love yellow say,
For Sundays, for Sundays,
To wear about her middle small.

- Phyl.* When my Corydon sits on a hill
Making melody—
- Cor.* When my lovely one goes to her wheel,
Singing cheerily—
- Phyl.* Sure methinks my true love doth excel
For sweetness, for sweetness,
Our Pan, that old Arcadian knight.
- Cor.* And methinks my true love bears the bell
For clearness, for clearness,
Beyond the nymphs that be so bright.
- Phyl.* Had my Corydon, my Corydon,
Been, alack! her swain—
- Cor.* Had my lovely one, my lovely one,
Been in Ida plain—
- Phyl.* Cynthia Endymion had refused,
Preferring, preferring,
My Corydon to play withal.
- Cor.* The queen of love had been excused
Bequeathing, bequeathing,
My Phyllida the golden ball.
- Phyl.* Yonder comes my mother, Corydon,
Whither shall I fly?
- Cor.* Under yonder beech, my lovely one,
While she passeth by.
- Phyl.* Say to her thy true love was not here;
Remember, remember,
To-morrow is another day.
- Cor.* Doubt me not, my true love, do not fear;
Farewell then; farewell then
Heaven keep our loves always.
- Iguoto in England's Helicon, Bulln. p. 90.*

THE FALSE FORGOTTEN.

Change thy mind since she doth change,
 Let not fancy still abuse thee:
 Thy untruth can not seem strange
 When her falsehood doth excuse ye.
 Love is dead and thou art free,
 She doth live but dead to thee.

When she loved thee best a while,
 See how still she did delay thee;
 Using shows for to beguile,
 Those vain hopes which have betrayed ye.
 Now thou seest but all too late,
 Love loves truth, which women hate.

Love farewell, more dear to me,
 Than my life which thou preservest.
 Life, thy joy is gone from thee,
 Others have what thou deservest:
 They enjoy what 's not their own
 Happier life to live alone.

Yet thus much to ease my mind,
 Let her know what she hath gotten:
 She who time hath proved unkind,
 Having changed is quite forgotten.
 For time now hath done her worst,
 Would she had done so at first.

Love no more since she is gone,
 She is gone, and loves another:
 Being once deceived by one,
 Leave to love and love no other.
 She was false, bid her adieu,
 She was best but yet untrue.

THE BUZZING BEES COMPLAINT

—OR—

THE HONEY-TONGUED SHAKE-SPEARE.¹

There was a time when silly bees could speak,
And in that time, I was a silly bee,
Who suck'd on time, until my heart did break,
Yet never found that time would favor me:
Of all the swarm I only could not thrive,
Yet brought I wax and honey to the hive.

Then thus I buzz'd when time no sap would give:
Why is this blessed time to me so dry?
Since in this time the lazy drone doth live,
The wasp, the worm, the gnat, the butterfly,
Mated with grief I kneeled on my knees,
And thus complained to the king of bees.

God grant my liege thy time may never end,
And yet vouchsafe to hear my plaint of time,
When every fruitless fly hath found a friend }
Am I cast down, whilst attomies do clyme? }²
The king replied but this; "peace peevish bee,
Th' art born to serve the time, the time not thee."

"The time not thee:" the words clipt short my wings,
And made me worm-like stoop that once did fly:
Awful regard disputeth not with kings,
Receives repulse, and never asketh why:
Then from the time, a time I me withdrewe, }
To suck on hen-bane, hemlock, nettles, rewe. }³

¹ They talk of the honey-tongued Shakespeare, but they do not tell us who the honey-tongued Shakespeare was.—*The Mystery of William Shakespeare*, Judge Webb.

² The player Shakspeare.

³ Cp. note 1, p. 298.

But from these leaves no dram of sweet I drain,
 My headstrong fortune did my wits bewitch,
 The juicè disperst black blood in every vein, }
 For honey, gall; for wax, I gathered pitch; }¹
 My comb, a rift; my hive, a lease must be;
 So chang'd, the bees scarce took me for a bee.

I work in weeds, when moon is in the wane,
 Whilst all the swarm in sunshine taste the rose;
 On black-fern, loe! I seek and suck my bane;
 Whilst on the eglantine the rest repose,
 Having too much, they still repine for more,
 And cloyed with sweetness, surfeit on their store.

Swollen fat with feasts, full merrily they pass,
 In swarms and clusters falling on a tree,
 Where finding me to nibble on the grass,
 Some scorn, some muse and some do pity me.
 And some me envy, and whisper to the king,
 "Some must be still, and some must leave no sting."

Are bees waxt wasp's and spiders, to afflict? }
 Do honey bowels make the spirits gall? }
 Is this the juice of flowers, to stir suspect? }²
 Is't not enough to tread on them that fall? }
 What sting has patience, but a single grief,
 That stings nought but itself, without relief.

¹ The play of Hamlet. Cp. the argument, p. 21.

"Seneca let blood line by line, and page by page, at length must die to our stage."—*Nash on Hamlet*. Cp. p. 208.

² "*Phaeton* to his friend Florio." Cp. p. 169.

Sad patience, that attendeth at the door,
And teacheth wise-men thus conclude in schools:
Patience I am, and therefore must be poor;
Fortune bestowes her riches not on fòols,¹
 “Great king of bees! that righteth every wrong,
 Listen to patience in her dying song.”

I cannot feed on fennel, like some flies,
Nor fly to every flower to gather gain;
My appetite waits on my Prince's eyes,
Contented with contempt, and pleased with pain;
 And yet I still expect an happy hower,
 When she shall say “The bee may suck a flower.”

Of all the grief's that most my patience grate,
There's one that fretteth in the highest degree,
To see some caterpillars bred of late,
Cropping the flowers that should sustain the bee: }¹
 Yet smiled I, for that the wisest knows,
 Moths eat the cloth, cankers consume the rose.

Once did I see by flying in the field,
Foul beasts to browse upon the lilies fair;
Virtue nor beauty could no succor yield,
All's provender to the ass but the air;¹
 The partial world of thee takes little heed,
 And gives them flowers that should on thistles feed.

¹ The player Shakspeare.

Thus only I must drain the Egyptian flowers,
 Finding no savor; bitter sap they have,
 And seek out rotten tombs, the dead man's bowers,
 And light on Lotus growing by the grave,
 If this I cannot find, ah! hapless bee,
 Witching tobacco; I will fly to thee!

What though thou dye my lungs in deepest black,
 A mourning habit suits a sable heart:
 What though thy fumes sound memories do crack,
 Forgetfulness is fittest for my smart,
 O virtuous fume, let it be carved on oke,
 That words, hopes, wits, and all the world is smoke.

Five years twice told, with promise unperformed,¹
 My hope-stuff'd head was cast into a slumber;
 Sweet dreams of gold; on dreams I then presumed,
 And 'mongst the bees thought I was of their number,
 Waking, I found hives, but hopes had made me vain,
 Yet 'twas not tobacco that stupified my brain.

*Poems of Essex.*²

¹ *The Buzzing Bees Complaint* "is said to have been written during his first discontentment and absence from Court in July, August 1598."—*Lives of The Earls of Essex, Devereux*, Vol. II., p. 194.

The "promise," then, was made in the Armada year 1588—

.....Let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne.

Hamlet, I. 2, 1589.

² Like the play of *Hamlet*, this poem is alive with venom, hence, intensely dramatic; had our critics *only known* that it was Shake-speare at his best, it would, long since, have been lauded to the skies, truly "nothing can be great except through the general." As to the beauty of individual lines, Professor Saintsbury is committed [in a measure] to the first quatrain of Sonnet cxvi. [p. 129]. I will match him with the first four lines of the Essex Sonnet, frontispiece 7, then the entire fourteen liner, p. 170, has the true Shake-spearian ring, and the *Phaeton* Sonnet, p. 169, is not bad.

*The victorie of English Chastitie,*¹

Under the fained name of

*AVISA.*²

FOR beauties Ball, in *Ida-Vale*,
Three Nymphes at once, did once contend,
The Princely *Shepherd* of the *Dale*,
By judgement did the quarrell end:
That *Paris* might faire *Hellen* have,
The *Golden Price* to *Venus* gave.

In *Sea-bred* soyle, on *Tempe* downes,
Whose silver spring, from *Neptunes* Well,
With mirth salutes the neighbour townes,
A hot *Contention* lately fell:
Twice two sweet *Graces*, urge the strife,
Of two which was the *Constant'st* wife.

Faire *Venus* vaunts *Penelops* fame
From *Greece*, from listes of *Lavin Land*
Proud *Juno* stoutly doth the same,
Whose prayse in princely wealth doth stand:
They both condemne *Diana's* choyce,
That to *Avisa*³ gave her voyce.

Then

¹ Their love [The *Masque* and The *Dramatis Personæ* of the *Masque*] was married chastity. Cp. l. 9, *Threnos*, p. 259; also lines from *Henry VIII.*, p. 260.

² The heading is copied verbatim from *Willobie's Avisas*, p. 149. [The Spenser Society Reprint of the 1635 Edition.]

³ Allegory for *The Masque of Love's Labor's Won.* Cp. the "Phœnix bird," note 1, p. 342 and sub-note 1, p. 40.

Shake-speare England's Ulysses,

Then came the pale *Athenian Muse*,
 Whose learned wisdom past them all,
 She with *Diana* did refuse
 The *Grecians* prayse: though *Juno* call,
 Chaste *Wit* to *Wealth* here will not yeeld:
 Nor yet to strangers leave the field:

Contention.

Whil'st *Eris* flasht these fretting flames,
 A Noble prince in *Rosie* borne,
Rogero hight, to *Angry* dames,
 His flying steed, and pace did turne,
 Which done they all did straight agree,
 That this *Rogero*, Judge should be.

A noble man
 of Greece,
 not farre
 from Heli-
 con.

On flowrie bancks, this Councell pla'st,
 From jealous *Juno's* envious eyes,
 Long smothered hate flames forth at last,
 In furious smoakes of angry cries:
 As though she had the Garland wan,
 With scoffing termes, she thus began.

The Oration
 of *Juno* a-
 gainst En-
 glish Chasti-
 ty under the
 name of
Avisa.

„ Stoop *Grecian* trumpes, cease *Romans* prayse,
 „ Shut up with shame, your famous dames;
 „ Sith we our selves *Base Britans* rayse
 „ To over-Top their chiefest fames:
 „ With *Noble* faith what madnesse dare
 „ Such *Novell* gwestes and faith compare?

„ *Penelope* must now contend
 „ For chaste renowne: whose constant heart,
 „ Both Greeks and Latines all commend
 „ With poore *Avisa* new upstart,
 „ I scorne to speake much in this case,
 „ Her prayses *Rivall* is so base.

Penelope sprang from Noble house, ,,
 By Noble match, twice Noble made, ,,
Avisa, both by Syre and spouse, ,,
 Was linckt to men of meanest trade:¹ ,,
 What furie forc't *Diana's* wit, ,,
 To match these two so farre unfit? ,,

The *Grecian* dame of princely peeres ,,
 Twice fifty flatly did denie: ,,
 Twice ten yeeres long in doubtfull feares, ,,
 Could new *Avisa* so reply? ,,
 And she that is so stout and strong, ,,
 Could she have staid but halfe so long? ,,

Fie, leave for shame, thus to commend, ,,
 So base a *Britaine*, shall I speake? ,,
 I thinke these Muses did intend, ,,
 To blow a glasse that should not breake: ,,
 Here *Venus* smilde, and *Juno* staid, ,,
 Judge now (quoth she) for I have said. ,,

When *Pallas* heard this ruffling rage,
 These toying jestes, this false surmise-
 Shee paws'd which way she might asswage,
 The flame that thus began to rise,
 With settled grace and modest eye,
 Thus did shee frame her milde reply.

The reply of
Pallas a-
 gainst *Juno*
 in defence
 of *Avisa*.

Thou princely *Judge* here maist thou see, ,,
 What force in *Error* doth remaine, ,,
 In Envious Pride what fruits there be, ,,
 To writhe the paths, that lie so plaine: ,,
 *A double darkness drownes the mind,*² ,,
 Whom selfe will make so wilfull blind. ,,
 Can

¹ Cp. note 1, frontispape 2.

² Cp. the dualism's of the exposition, p. 28.

„ Can *Britaine* breede no *Phœnix* bird,¹
 „ No constant feme in English field?
 „ To Greece to Rome, is there no third,
 „ Hath *Albion* none that will not yeeld?
 „ If this affirme you will not dare,
 „ Then let me *Faith* with *Faith* compare.

Willoby described no particular woman, but only Chastity and faith it selfe under the name of *Avisa*.

„ Let choyce respect of *Persons* slide
 „ Let *Faith* and *Faith* a while contend,
 „ Urge not the *Names* till cause be tride,
 „ Tis only *Faith*, that we commend,
 „ We strive not for *Avisa's* fame.
 „ We recke not of *Avisa's* name.

„ To prove him vaine, that vainely strives,
 „ That Chastity is no where found,
 „ In English earth, in British wives,
 „ That all are fickle, all unsound,
 „ We framde a wench, *we fain'd a name*,
 „ That should confound them all with shame. }²

Chastity is termed *Avisa quasi Non Visa, aut ab Ave Altivolanto*.

„ To this at first you did consent,
 „ And lent with joy your helping hand,
 „ You both at first were well content,
 „ This fained frame should firmly stand,
 „ We to *Diana* gave the maide, }
 „ That she might no way be betraid. }³

„ The mounting *Phœnix*, *chast desire*, }
 „ This *Vertue* fram'd, to conquer *Vice*, }⁴
 „ This *Not-seene Nimph*, this heatlesse fire,
 „ This *Chast found Bird*, of noble price,
 „ Was nam'de *Avisa* by decree,
 „ That *Name* and *nature* might agree.

If

¹ Allegory, the Sonnets of 1609, a dismantled Masque. Cp. sub-note 1, p. 40.

² Cp. notes from Messrs. Gollancz and Lee, pp. 48, 49.

³ Mother Nature herself a dramatist. Cp. the *Diana* poem, p. 302, and all of frontispag 10.

⁴ Cp. the sensual line of the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 253.

| | |
|--|-------------------|
| If this <i>Avisa</i> represent, | „ |
| <i>Chast Vertue</i> in a fained name, | „ |
| If <i>Chastity</i> it selfe be ment, | „ |
| To be extold with lasting fame; } ¹ | „ |
| Her Greekish gemme can <i>Juno</i> dare, | „ |
| With this <i>Avisa</i> to compare? | „ |
| Let wise Ulysses constant mate, | „ |
| Vaunt noble birth her richest boast, | „ Chastity is |
| Yet will her challenge come too late, | „ the gift of |
| When <i>Pride and wealth</i> have done their most, | „ God. |
| For this <i>Avisa</i> from above | „ |
| Come down whose Syre, is mighty Jove. ² | „ |
| How can you terme her then <i>Obscure</i> , | „ |
| That shines so bright in every eye? | „ |
| How is she base that can endure, | „ |
| So long, so much and mounts so hie? | „ |
| If she you meane, have no such power, | „ |
| Tis your <i>Avisa</i> , none of our. | „ |
| <i>This not seene bird</i> , though rarely found, | „ True Chasti- |
| In proud attire, in gorgeous gownes, | „ ty is sooner |
| Though she love most the countrie ground, | „ and oftner |
| And shunnes the great and wealthy townes, | „ found in the |
| Yet if you know a bird so base, | „ poorest then |
| In this <i>Devise</i> she hath no place. | „ in the richest. |
| Was Greekish dame twice ten yeares chast, | „ |
| Did she twice fiftie flat deny? | „ Chastity is |
| <i>Avisa</i> hath <i>Ten thousand</i> past, | „ daily assaul- |
| To thousands daily doth reply, | „ ted a thou- |
| If your <i>Avisa</i> have a blot, | „ sand wayes |
| Your owne it is, we know her not. | „ yet it still |
| | „ getteth the |
| | „ victorie. |

Some

¹ "So you of time shall live beyond the end." Cp. *Drayton's Sonnet*, l. 14, p. 246.

² Cp. note 2, p. 237.

„ Some greatly doubt your *Grecian* dame
 „ Where all be true that Poets faine:
 „ But *Chastity* who can for shame,
 „ Denie she hath, and will remaine.
 „ Though women daily doe relent.
 „ Yet this *Avisa* cannot faint.

The effects,
 of true
 Chastitie.

„ She quels by *Reason* filthy *lust*,
 „ Shee chokes by *Wisdome* leude *Desires*
 „ Shee shunnes the baite that *Fondlings* trust,
 „ From *Sathans* fleights she quite retires,
 „ Then let *Avisa's* prayse bee spread,
 „ When rich and poore, when all are dead. } 1

„ Let idle vaine, and *Flewent Rigges*,
 „ Be *Canton'de* with eternall shame,
 „ Let blowing buddes of blessed twigges,
 „ Let *Chast-Avisa* live with fame:
 „ This said, *Sweet Pallas* takes her rest,
 „ Judge *Prince* (quoth she) what you thinke best.

The sen-
 tence of *Ro-*
gero against
Juno.

But wise *Rogero* pawsing staid,
 Whose silence seem'd to shew some doubt,
 Yet this at last he gravely said,
 Ye *Nimphes* that are so faire, so stout,
 Sith I your *Judge* to *Judge* must be,
 Accept in worth, this short decree.

„ The question is, where *Grecian Ghost*,
 „ Can staine the stemme of *Trojan* race:
 „ Where *Ithac Nimphes* may onely boast,
 „ And *Brittish Faith* account as base,
 „ Where old *Penelops* doubtfull fame,
 „ *Selfe Chastity* may put to shame?

¹ Cp. notes, p. 37.

MONKS OF MONKERY¹

—OR—

OF FORMER READINGS OF THE SONNETS.

“You shall find them seren, cleere and elegantly plaine, such gentle straines as shall recreate and not perplexe your braine, no intricate² or cloudy stuffe to puzzell intellect, but perfect eloquence.”—Preface, *Benson's Edition of The Sonnets*, 1640.

“The great poetical lawgiver of the days of George III.—pronounced that the Sonnets were too bad even for his genius to make tolerable. He, Steevens, sent forth his decree that nothing less than an Act of Parliament could compel the reading of Shakespeare's Sonnets.”—*Works of Shakspeare*, Charles Knight, p. 674.

“A strenuous endeavor not to read the sonnets has recently been made by a German, named Barnstorff, and it is out of sight more successful than any attempt yet made to read them. It is so immeasurably far-reaching, so unfathomably profound, that we may call it perfectly successful. This author has discovered that the sonnets are a vast Allegory, *for they do not speak to beings of flesh and blood*,³ no Earls of Southampton or Pembroke, no Queen Elizabeth or Elizabeth Vernon, no corporeal being, in short, no body whatever, but Shakespeare's own genius or art.”—*Shakespeare's Sonnets*, Gerald Massey, p. 17.

¹ With Uncle Sam's compliments to Mr. J. B. Swinburne, cp. his *Studies in Shakespeare*, p. 214.

² Cp. the Italian Lord's Cretan labyrinth, p. 146.

³ Barnstorff is right

“God, Man nor Woman, but elix'd of all.”

John Marston. Cp. pp. 254, 265.

“As late as 1797 George Chalmers strenuously argued that the Sonnets were written to, or meant for, Queen Elizabeth; and not until about the beginning of the present century did a decided change of opinion take place.”—*A New Study of The Sonnets of Shakespeare*, Parke Godwin, p. 39.

“Having thus determined that Elizabeth was the ‘Phœnix,’¹ I proceed now to inquire who was intended by the ‘Turtle Dove;’¹ and the whole bearing of the Poems, make us think of but one preeminent man in the Court of Elizabeth, and unless I err egregiously, it will be felt that only of the brilliant but impetuous, the greatly dowered but rash, the illustrious but unhappy Robert Devereux, Second Earl of Essex, could such splendid things have been thought.”—*Love’s Martyr*, [Dr. Grosart’s Ed. 1878.] p. xxxiv., xxxv.

“It has scarcely ever been doubted, among critics, that the sonnets, smaller poems, and plays were the work of one and the same author; the similitudes of thought, style, and diction are such as to put at rest all question on that head; though many have experienced insurmountable difficulties in the attempt to reconcile the sonnets with the life of the man William Shakespeare Many of them show the strongest internal evidence of their having been addressed to the Queen, *as they no doubt were.*¹ Bacon tells us, that ‘she was very willing to be courted, wooed, and to have sonnets made in her commendation.’”—*The Authorship of Shakespeare*, Judge Holmes, Vol. I., p. 187.

¹ Cp. p. 255.

“Upon Shakespeare’s Sonnets such a preposterous pyramid of presumptuous commentary has long since been reared by the Cimmerian speculation and Boeotian ‘brain-sweat’ of sciolists¹ and scholiasts, that no modest man will hope and no wise man will desire to add to the structure or subtract from it one single brick of proof or disproof, theorem or theory.”—*A Study of Shakespeare, Swinburne, p. 62.*

“Scorn not the sonnet, Critic, you have frowned
Mindless of its just honours. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart.”

Wordsworth.

“ ‘With this same key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart’—once more!
Did Shakespeare? If so, the less Shakespeare he!”

*Browning.*²

“No whit the less like Shakespeare, but undoubtedly the less like Browning.”—*Swinburne.*

“The Phoenix and the Dove,³ or Turtle, where the Phœnix represents constancy—I suppose from its ever *returning after death to its ‘sun bright seats,’* [as the old Anglo-Saxon poet calls them] and the Turtle-dove represents true love. It has more complex ideas in it, for the number of words, than perhaps any other poem in our language, and it takes some diligence of mind, with the poem before your eyes, *to make out all its meaning.* For a certain far-withdrawn and heart-conquering tenderness, we have not another poem like it.”—*Shakspeare and His Forerunners, Sidney Lanier, Vol. I., p. 94.*

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 346.

² “O Caesar! thou art mighty yet.”

³ Cp. p. 255.

“No vainer fancies this side of madness ever entered the human mind, than certain expositions of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. The very initials of the dedicatee ‘W. H.’ have had volumes written about them; the Sonnets themselves have been twisted and classified in every conceivable shape. The persons to whom they are addressed, or to whom they refer, have been identified with half the gentlemen and ladies of Elizabeth’s court, and half the men of letters of the time; some of them are evidently, addressed *to a man*, others *to a woman*. For my part I am unable to find the slightest interest or the most rudimentary importance in the questions whether the ‘Mr. W. H.’ of the dedication was the Earl of Pembroke, and if so, whether he was also the object of the majority of the *Sonnets*; whether the ‘dark lady’ the ‘woman colored ill’ was Miss Mary Fitton; whether the rival poet was Chapman.¹ Very likely all these things are true: very likely not one of them is true. They are impossible of settlement, and if they were settled they would not in the slightest degree *affect the poetical beauty and the human interest of the Sonnets*.

Hallam thought it impossible not to wish that Shakespeare had not written, what some critics, not perhaps the least qualified, have regarded as the high watermark of English, if not of all, poetry. This latter estimate will only be dismissed as exaggerated by those who are debarred from appreciation by want of sympathy with the subject, or distracted by want of comprehension of it.” . . . —*History of English Literature, Geo. Saintsbury*, p. 161.

¹ Cp. p. 130.

“In 1601, Shakespeare’s full name was appended to ‘a poetical essaie on the Phœnix and the Turtle.’ The poem may be a mere play of fancy without reconдите intention, or it may be of allegorical import. *Happily* Shakespeare wrote nothing else of like character.”—*A Life of Shakespeare, Sidney Lee, p. 183.*

“I advise caution in accepting the theory, as at present developpt, that the Phœnix and Turtle are Elizabeth and Essex, for it may lead them into the mixture of the man who next week went last month to find a mares nest.”—*F. J. Furnival, New Shake Soc., Series 1, Vols. V.–VII., p. 88.*

“The supreme object of Shakespeare’s Sonnets was to aid in getting Southampton married, and see him safe in Mistress Vernons’ arms, encompassed with content. This is the be-all and end-all of his song; his one theme with many variations.”—*Shakespeare’s Sonnets, Gerald Massey, p. 286.*

“Strange as is may seem, it is nevertheless the fact, that during the first eighty years of the eighteenth century the Sonnets were taken as being all addressed to a woman, all written in honour of Shakespeare’s mistress. It was not till 1780 that Malone and his circle pointed out that more than one hundred of the poems were addressed to a man. . . . Not until the beginning of the nineteenth century did people in general understand, *what Shakespeare’s contemporaries can never have doubted,*¹ that the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets were inspired by a young man.”—*Shakespeare, A Critical Study, Geo. Brandes, p. 266.*

¹ Cp. all of frontispage 3.

“‘It was doubtless to Shakespeare’s personal relations with men and women of the Court that his sonnets owe their existence.’ . . . Sonnet cvii.,¹ in which plain reference is made to Queen Elizabeth’s death, may be fairly regarded as a belated and final act of homage on Shakespeare’s part to the importunate vogue of the Elizabethan sonnet.”—*A Life of Shakespeare, Lee*, pp. 83, 87.

The god of *Grace* to *Mother Nature*.²

“The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that put’st forth all to use,
And sue a friend came debtor for my sake;
So him I lose through my *unkind abuse*.”

“Abuse of his [Shakespeare’s] good-nature, which has turned out ill for him. The metaphor of this, *and other sonnets*, is reminiscent of the straits to which the poet’s father reduced himself and his friends who went surety for him to the baker.”—*Shakespeare’s Poems, Wyndham*, p. 327.

“In the sonnets he [Shakespeare] had already dwelt upon his age, he says, for instance in Sonnet cxxxviii.,”

[*Father Time* to *The goddess Envy*.]³

When my love swears that she is made of truth,
I do believe her, though I know she lies
That she might think me some untutor’d youth
Unlearned in the world’s false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking *that she thinks me young*,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue.

A Critical Study, Brandes, p. 472.

¹ Cp. p. 121.

² Cp. p. 103.

³ Cp. p. 60.

“The ‘sweet abandonment of love’ was the great occupation of Shakespeares life . . . He had many loves, amongst others one for a sort of Marion Delorme, a miserable deluding despotic passion, of which he felt the burden and the shame, but from which nevertheless he could not and would not free himself But what a soiled Celimene, is the creature before whom Shakespeare kneels, with as much scorn as of desire!”

[The goddess *Envy* to the goddess *Reason*.]¹

..... Those lips of thine,
That have profaned their scarlet ornaments
And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as mine,
Robb'd others bed's revenues of their rents.

English Literature, Taine, Vol. I., p. 345.

The god of *Desire* to the god of *Love*.²

As a decrepit fathar takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, *made lame* by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.

Sonnet xxxvii.

“I accept *the lameness*, poverty and contempt as literally true for this period of Shakespeare's life. It does not follow that he had been lame long, nor yet that he remained so. He may have been ‘made lame’ by some accident—possibly in a recent scuffle.”—*Shakespeare's Sonnets, Samuel Butler, p. 159.*

..... 'Tis lameness of the mind
That had no better skill: yet let it passe,
For burdnous lodes are set upon asse.

*Robert Chester*³ in *Love's Martyr*, p. 142.

¹ Cp. p. 69.

² Cp. p. 36.

³ For the identity of this hitherto unknown and never-again-heard-of poet [except in *Love's Martyr*,] see pen names of Essex, frontispiece.

[APPENDIX I.]

LOVE'S MARTYR

—OR—

ROSALIN'S COMPLAINT.

LOVES MARTYR:
OR,
ROSALINS COMPLAINT.

*Allegorically Shadowing the truth of Love,
in the constant Fate of the Phoenix
and Turtle.*

A Poeme enterlaced with much varietie and raritie;
*now first translated out of the venerable Italian Torquato
Caeliano, by ROBERT CHESTER.*

With the true legend of famous King *Arthur*, the last of the nine
Worthies, being the first *Essay* of a new *Brytish* Poet: collected
out of diverse Authentickall Records.

*To these are added some new compositions, of severall modern Writers
whose names are subscribed to their severall workes, upon the
first subject: viz. the Phoenix and
Turtle.*

*Mar:—Mutare dominum non potest liber notus.*¹



LONDON
Imprinted for E. B.
1601.

¹ Cp. notes, p. 148.

TO THE HONORABLE,
and (of me before all other)

honored Knight, Sir John Salisburie
one of the Esquires of the bodie to the
Queenes most excellent Majestie, Robert

Chester wisheth increase of vertue
and honour.

Posse & nolle, nobile.

HONORABLE Sir, having according to the directions of some of my best-minded friends, *finished my long expected labour;*¹ knowing this ripe judging world to be full of envie, every one [as sound reason requireth] thinking his owne child to be fairest although an Æthiopian, I am emboldened to put my infant wit to the eye of the world under your protectio knowing that if Absurditie like a theefe have crept into any part of these Poems, your well-graced name will over-shadow these defaults, and the knowne Character of your vertues, cause the common back-biting enemies of good spirits, to be silent. To the World I put my Child to nurse, at the expence of your favour, whose glorie will stop the mouthes of the vulgar, and I hope cause the learned to rocke it asleepe [for your sake] in the bosome of good wil. Thus wishing you all the blessings of heaven and earth; I end.

Yours in all service,

R. O. CHESTER.

¹ That *Love's Martyr* is a posthumous work of Shake-speare, cp. all of p. 297.

*The Authors request to
the Phoenix.*¹

P*Hænix of beautie, beauteous Bird of any
To thee I do entitle all my labour,
More precious in mine eye by far then many,
That feedst all earthly senses with thy savour:
Accept my home-writ praises of thy love,
And kind acceptance of thy Turtle-dove.*¹

*Some deepe-read scholler fam'd for Poetrie,
Whose wit-enchanting verse deserveth fame,
Should sing of thy perfections passing beautie,
And elevate thy famous worthy name:
Yet I the least, and meanest in degree,
Endevoured have to please in praising thee.*

R. Chester.

¹ Cp. p. 255.

To the kind Reader.

O *F* bloody warres, nor of the sacke of Troy,
Of Pryams murdred sonnes, nor Didoes fall,
Of Hellens rape, by Paris Trojan boy,
Of Cæsars victories, nor Pompeys thrall,
Of Lucrece rape, being ravisht by a King,
Of none of these, of sweete Conceit I sing.

*Then (gentle Reader) over-read my Muse,
That armes herselfe to flie a lowly flight,
My untun'd stringed verse do thou excuse,
That may perhaps accepted, yeeld delight:*

*I cannot dime in praises to the skie,
Least falling, I be drown'd with infamie. }¹*

Mea mecum Porto.

R. Ch.

¹ Cp. note 1, p. 354.

ROSALINS COM-
PLAINT, METAPHORI-
cally applied to Dame Nature at a Parlia-
ment held (in the high Star-chamber) by the
Gods, for the preservation and increase of
Earths beauteous Phœnix.

A Solemne day of meeting mongst the Gods,
And royall parliament there was ordained:
The heavenly Synod was at open ods,
And many harts with earthly wrongs were pained:
Some came to crave excuse, some to complaine
Of heavie burdend griefes they did sustaine.

Vesta she told, her Temple was defiled:
Juno how that her nuptiall knot was broken;
Venus from her sonne *Cupid* was exiled:
And *Pallas* tree with ignorance was shoken:
Bellona rav'd at Lordlike cowardice,
And *Cupid* that fond Ladies were so nice.

To this Assembly came Dame *Nature* weeping,
And with her handkercher through wet with teares,
She dried her rosie cheekes, made pale with sighing,
Hanging her wofull head, head full of feares:
And to *Joves* selfe plac'd in a golden seate,
She kneeld her downe, and thus gan to intreate:

Thou mightie Imperator of the earth,
Thou ever-living Regent of the aire,
That to all creatures giv'st a lively breath,

And thundrest wrath downe from thy firie chaire,
Behold thy handmaid, king of earthly kings,
That to thy gracious sight sad tidings brings.

One rare rich *Phoenix*¹ of exceeding beautie,
One none-like Lillie in the earth I placed;
One faire *Helena*, to whom men owe dutie:
One countrey with a milke-white Dove I graced:
One and none such, since the wide world was found
Hath ever *Nature* placed on the ground.²

Head. Her head I framed of a heavenly map,
Wherein the sevenfold vertues were enclosed,
When great *Apollo* slept within my lap,
And in my bosome had his rest reposed,
I cut away his locks of purest gold,
And plac'd them on her head of earthly mould.

Haire. When the least whistling wind begins to sing,
And gently blowes her haire about her necke,
Like to a chime of bells it soft doth ring,
And with the pretie noise the wind doth checke,
Able to lull asleepe a pensive hart,
That of the round worlds sorrowes beares a part.

Forehead. Her forehead is a place for princely *Jove*
To sit, and censure matters of import:
Wherein men reade the sweete conceipts of Love,
To which hart-pained Lovers do resort,
And in this Tablet find to cure the wound,
For which no salve or herbe was ever found.

¹ Allegory, the Sonnets of 1609, a dismantled Masque.

² I would remind the reader that here, as throughout the Masque, Mother Nature speaks of herself as Nature, this is not the least confusing part of the exposition.

Under this mirroure, are her princely eyes: *Eyes.*
Two Carbuncles, two rich imperiall lights;
That ore the day and night do soveraignize,
And their dimme tapers to their rest she frights:
Her eyes excell the Moone and glorious Sonne,
And when she riseth al their force is donne.

Her morning-coloured cheekes, in which is plac'd, *Cheekes.*
A Lillie lying in a bed of Roses;
This part above all others I have grac'd,
For in the blue veines you may reade sweet posies:
When she doth blush, the Heavens do wax red.
When she lookes pale, that heavenly Front is dead.

Her chinne a litle litle pretie thing *Chinne.*
In which the sweet carnatian Gelli-flower,
Is round encompast in a christall ring,
And of that pretie Orbe doth beare a power:
No storme of Envie can this glorie touch,
Though many should assay it overmuch.

Her lippes two rubie Gates from whence doth spring, *Lippes.*
Sweet honied deaw by an intangled kisse,
From forth these glories doth the Night-bird sing,
A Nightingale that no right notes will miss:
True learned Eloquence and Poetrie,
Do come betwene these dores of excellencie.

Her teeth are hewed from rich crystal Rockes, *Teeth.*
Or from the Indian pearle of much esteem,
These in a closet her deep counsell lockes,

And are as porters to so faire a Queene,
 They taste the diet of the heav'nly traine
 Other base grossnesse they do still disdaine.

Tongue. Her tongue the utterer of all glorious things.
 The silver clapper of that golden bell,
 That never soundeth but to mightie Kings,
 And when she speakes, her speeches do excell:
 He in a happie chaire himselfe doth place,
 Whose name with her sweet tongue she means to
 grace.

Necke. Her necke is *Vestas* silver conduit pipe,
 In which she powers perfect chastitie,
 And of the muskie grapes in sommer ripe,
 She makes a liquor of rarietie,
 That dies this swanne-like piller to a white,
 More glorious then the day with all his light.

Breastes. Her breasts two crystal orbes of whitest white,
 Two little mounts from whence lifes comfort springs.
 Between those hillockes *Cupid* doth delight
 To sit and play, and in that valley sings:
 Looking love-babies in her wanton eyes,
 That all grosse vapours thence doth chastesize.

Armes. Her armes are branches of that silver tree,
 That men surname the rich *Hesperides*,
 A precious circling shew of modestie,
 When she doth spread these glories happines:
 Ten times ten thousand blessings he doth state,
 Whose circled armes shall cling about her waste.

Her hands are fortunes palmes, where men may reade *Hands.*
His first houres destiny, or weale or woe,
When she this sky-like map abroad doth spreade,
Like pilgrimes many to this Saint do go,
 And in her hand, white hand, they there do see
 Love lying in a bed of ivorie.

Her fingers long and small do grace her hand; *Fingers.*
For when she toucheth the sweete sounding Lute,
The wild untamed beasts amaz'd do stand,
And carroll-chanting birds are sudden mute:
 O fingers how you grace the silver wires,
 And in humanitie burne *Venus* fires!

Her bellie (o grace incomprehensible) *Bellie.*
Far whiter then the milke-white lillie flower.
O might *Arabian Phanix* come invisible,
And on this mountaine build a glorious bower,
 Then Sunne and Moone as tapers to her bed,
 Would light loves Lord to take her maidenhead.

Be still my thoughts, be silent all yee Muses, *Nota.*
Wit-flowing eloquence now grace my tongue:
Arise old *Homer* and make no excuses, }
Of a rare peece of art must be my song, }¹
 Of more then most, and most of all beloved,
 About the which *Venus* sweete doves have hovered.

There is a place in lovely paradize,
From whence the golden *Gehon* overflows
A fountaine of such honorable prize,

¹ Cp. all of p. 20.

That none the sacred, sacred vertues knowes,
 Walled about, betok'ning sure defence,
 With trees of life, to keepe bad errors thence.¹

Thighes. Her thighs two pillers fairer far then faire,
 Two underprops of that celestiaall house,
 That Mansion that is *Junos* silver chaire,
 In which *Ambrosia VENUS* doth carouse,
 And in her thighs the prety veines are running
 Like Christall rivers from the maine streames flowing.

Legges. Her legges are made as graces to the rest,
 So pretie, white, and so proportionate,
 That leades her to loves royall sportive nest,
 Like to a light bright Angel in her gate:
 For why no creature in the earth but she;
 Is like an Angell, Angell let her be.

Feete. Her Feete [now draw I to conclusion]
 Are neat and litle to delight the eye,
 No tearme in all humane invention,
 Or in the veine of sweet writ Poetrie
 Can ere be found, to give her feet that grace,
 That beares her corporate Soule from place to place.

And if by night she walke, the Marigold,
 That doth inclose the glorie of her eye,
 At her approach her beauty doth unfold,
 And spreads her selfe in all her royaltie,
 Such vertue hath this Phœnix glassy shield,
 That Floures and Herbs at her faire sight do yeeld.

¹ Cp. all of p. 250.

And if she grace the Walkes within the day,
Flora doth spreade an Arras cloth of flowers,
Before her do the prety *Satires* play,
And make her banquets in their leavie Bowers:
 Head, Haire, Brow, Eyes, Cheeks, Chin and all
 Lippes, Teeth, Tong, Neck, Brests, Belly are majesticall.

This *Phœnix* I do feare me will decay,
And from her ashes never will arise
An other Bird her wings for to display,
And her rich beauty for to equalize:
 The *Arabian* fires are too dull and base,
 To make another spring within her place.

Therefore dread Regent of these Elements,
Pitie poore *Nature* in her Art excelleng,¹
Give thou an humble eare to my laments,
That to thee have a long true tale beene telling,
 Of her, who when it please thee to behold,
 Her outward sight shall bewties pride unfold.

At these words *Jove* stood as a man amazed,
And *Junos* love-bread bewtie turnd to white,
Venus she blusht, and on dame *Nature* gazed,
And *Vesta* she began to weepe outright:
 And little *Cupid* poore boy strucke in love,
 With repetition of this earthly Dove.

But at the last *Jove* gan to rouse his spirit,
And told dame *Nature* in her sweet discourse;
Her womans Toung did run before her Wit,

¹ Cp. Spenser's lines p. 10.

Such a faire soul her selfe could never nurse,
 Nor in the vastie earth was ever living,
 Such beauty that all beauty was excellling.

Nature was strucke with pale temeritie,
 To see the God of thunders lightning eyes.
 He shooke his knotty haire so wrathfully,
 As if he did the heavenly rout despise:
 Then down upon her knee dame *Nature* fals,
 And on the great gods name aloud she cals.

Jove thou shalt see my commendations,
 To be unworthie and impartiall,
 To make of her an extallation,
 Whose beautie is devine majesticall.
 Looke on that painted picture there, behold
 The rich wrought *Phoenix* of *Arabian* gold.

Joves eyes were setled on her painted eyes,
Jove blushing smil'd, the picture smil'd againe;
Jove spoke to her, and in her heart did rise
 Loves amours, but the picture did disdain
 To love the god, *Jove* would have stole a kisse,
 But *Juno* being by, denyed him this.

When all the rest beheld this counterfeit, }
 They knew the substance was of rarer price: }¹
 Some gaz'd upon her face, on which did waite
 As messengers, her two celestially eyes;
 Eyes wanting fire did give a lightning flame, }
 How much more would her eyes mans senses tame? }²

¹ Point of contact between *Love's Martyr* and the Sonnets of 1609. Cp. note 2, p. 34.

² Cp. the sensual line of the Dramatis Personæ, p. 253.

Then all the Gods and Goddesses did decree,
In humble maner to intreat of *Jove*
And every power upon his bended knee,
Shewd faithfull service in dame *Natures* love,
 Intreating him to pacifie his Ire,
 And raise another *Phœnix* of new fire.

Her picture from *Joves* eyes hath banisht Hate,
And Mildnesse plaind the furrowes of his brow,
Her painted shape hath chastised debate,
And now to pleasure them he makes a vow:
 Then thus *Jove* spake, tis pittie she should die,
 And leave no ofspring of her Progenie.

Nature go hie thee, get thee *Phœbus* chaire,
Cut through the skie, and leave *Arabia*,
Leave that il working peece of fruitlesse ayre,
Leave me the plaines of white *Brytania*,
 These countries have no fire to raise that flame,
 That to this *Phœnix* bird can yeeld a name.

There is a country Clymat fam'd of old,
That hath to name delightsome *Paphos* Ile,
Over the mountaine tops to trudge be bold,
There let thy winged Horses rest awhile:
 Where in a vale like *Ciparissus* grove,
 Thou shalt behold a second *Phœnix* love.

A champion country full of fertill Plaines,
Green grassie Medowes, little prettie Hills,
Abundant pleasure in this place remaines,

And plenteous sweetes this heavenly clymat filles:
 Faire flowing bathes that issue from the rockes,
 Abundant heards of beasts that come by flockes.

High stately Cædars, sturdie bigge arm'd Okes,
 Great Poplers, and long trees of *Libanon*,
 Sweete smelling Firre that frankensence provokes,
 And Pine apples from whence sweet juyce doth come:
 The sommer-blooming Hawthorne; under this
 Faire *Venus* from *Adonis* stole a kisse.

Fine Thickets and rough Brakes for sport and pleasure,
 Places to hunt the light-foote nimble Roe:
 These groves *Diana* did account her treasure,
 And in the cold shades, oftentimes did goe
 To lie her downe, faint, weary on the ground,
 Whilest that her Nymphs about her daunst a round.

A quire of heavenly Angels tune their voyces,
 And counterfeit the *Nightingale* in singing,
 At which delight some pleasure she rejoyces,
 And *Plenty* from her cell her gifts is bringing:
 Peares, Apples, Plums, and the red ripe Cherries,
 Sweet Strawberries with other daintie berries.

Here haunt the *Satyres* and the *Driades*,
 The *Hamadriades* and pretie Elves,
 That in the groves with skipping many please,
 And runne along upon the water shelves:
 Heare *Mermaides* sing, but with *Ulysses* eares,
 The country Gallants do disdain their teares.

The Crocadile and hissing Adders sting,
May not come neere this holy plot of ground,
No Nightworme in this continent may sing,
Nor poison-spitting Serpent may be found:
Here Milke and Hony like two rivers ran,
As fruitfull as the land of *Canaan*.

What shall I say? their Orchards spring with plentie,
The Gardens smell like *Floras* paradise,
Bringing increase from one to number twentie,
As Lycorice and sweet *Arabian* spice:
No place is found under bright heavens fair blisse
To bear the name of *Paradise* but this.

Hard by a running streame or crystall fountaine,
Wherein rich *Orient* pearle is often found,
Environ'd with a high and steepie mountaine,
A fertill soile and fruitful plot of ground,
There shalt thou find true *Honors* lovely *Squire*, }
That for this *Phenix* keeps *Prometheus* fire. }¹

His bower wherein he lodgeth all the night,
Is fram'd of Cædars and high loftie Pine,
I made his house to chastice thence despight,
And fram'd it like this heavenly roofe of mine:
His name is *Liberall honor*, and his hart,
Aymes at true faithfull service and desart.

Looke on his face, and in his browes doth sit,
Bloud and sweete *Mercie* hand in hand united,
Bloud to his foes, a president most fit

¹ The Turtle Dove or the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

For such as have his gentle humour spited:
 His Haire is curl'd by nature mild and meeke,
 Hangs carelesse downe to shrowd a blushing cheeke.

Give him this Ointment to annoint his Head,
 This precious Balme to lay unto his feet,
 These shall direct him to this *Phanix* bed,
 Where on a high hill he this Bird shall meet:
 And of their Ashes by my doome shal rise,
 Another *Phanix* her to equalize.

This said the Gods and Goddesses did applaud,
 The Censure of this thundring Magistrate,
 And *Nature* gave him everlasting laud,
 And quickly in the dayes bright Coach she gate
 Downe to the earth, she's whirled through the ayre;
Love joyne these fires, thus *Venus* made her prayer.

*An Introduction to the Prayer.*¹

Guide thou great Guider of the Sunne and Moone,
 Thou elementall favourer of the Night,
 My undeserved wit, wit sprong too soone,
 To give thy greatnesse everie gracious right:
 Let Pen, Hand, Wit and undeserving tongue,
 Thy praise and honor sing in everie song.

In my poore prayer guide my Hand aright,
 Guide my dull Wit, guide all my dulled Senses,
 Let thy bright Taper give me faithfull light,
 And from thy Booke of life blot my offences:
 Then arm'd with thy protection and thy love,
 Ile make my prayer for thy Turtle-dove.

¹ The prayer is given on p. 15.

TO THOSE OF LIGHT BELEEFE.

You gentle favourers of excelling Muses,
And gracers of all Learning and Desart,
You whose Conceit the deepest worke peruses,
Whose judgements still are governed by Art:
 Reade gently what you reade, this next conceit,
 Fram'd of pure love, abandoning deceit.

And you whose dull imagination,
And blind conceited Error hath not knowne,
Of Herbes and Trees true nomination,
But thinke them fabulous that shall be showne;
 Learne more, search much, and surely you shall find
 Plaine honest Truth and Knowledge comes behind.

Then gently [gentle Reader] do thou favour,
And with a gracious looke grace what is written,
With smiling cheare peruse my homely labour,
With Envies poisoned spitefull looke not bitten:
 So shalt thou cause my willing thought to strive,
 To adde more Honey to my new-made Hive.

A meeting Dialogue-wise between Nature,
the *Phœnix*, and the *Turtle Dove*.

Nature. **A**Ll haile faire *Phœnix*, whither art thou flying?
Why in the hot Sunne dost thou spread thy wings?
More pleasure shouldst thou take in cold shades lying?
And for to bathe thyselfe in wholsome Springs,
Where the woods feathered quier sweetely sings:
 Thy golden Wings and thy breasts beauteous Eie,
 Will fall away in *Phœbus* royaltie.

Phœnix. O stay me not, I am no *Phœnix* I, }
And if I be that bird, I am defaced, }¹
Upon the *Arabian* mountaines I must die,
And never with a poore young *Turtle* graced;²
Such operation in me is not placed:
 What is my Beautie but a painted wal,
 My golden spreading Feathers quickly fal.

Nature. Why dost thou shead thy Feathers, kill thy Heart,
Weep out thine Eyes, and staine thy golden Face?
Why dost thou of the worlds woe take a part,
And in relenting tears thy selfe disgrace?
Joyes mirthful Tower is thy dwelling place:³
 All Birdes for vertue and excelling beautie,
 Sing at thy reverend feet in Love and Dutie.

¹ The Sonnets of 1609, a dismantled Masque.

² The *Dramatis Personæ* of the Masque.

³ The play a comedy.

Oh how thou feed'st me with my Beauties praising! *Phoenix.*
 O how thy Praise sounds from a golden Tounge!
 O how thy Tounge my Vertues would be raising!
 And raising me thou dost corrupt thy song:
 Thou seest not Honie and Poison mixt among;
 Thou not'st my Beautie with a jealous looke,
 But dost not see how I do bayte my hooke.

Tell me, O tell me, for I am thy friend, *Nature.*
 I am Dame *Nature* that first gave thee breath,¹
 That from *Jove's* glorious rich seate did descend,
 To set my Feete upon this lumpish earth:
 What is the cause of thy sad sullen Mirth?
 Hast thou not Beautye, Vertue, Wit and Favour:
 What other graces would'st thou crave of Nature?

What is my Beauty but a vading Flower? } *Phoenix.*
 Werein men reade their deep-conceived Thrall, }
 Alluring twentie Gallants in an hower, }
 To be as servile vassalls at my Call? }
 My sunne-bred looks their Senses do exhall:
 But (o my grieve) where my faire Eyes would love, }
 Foule bleare-eyed Envie doth my thoughts reprove. }³

What is my Vertue but a Tablitorie:
 Which if I did bestow would more increase?
 What is my wit but an inhumane glorie:
 That to my kind deare friends would proffer peace?
 But O vaine Bird, give ore in silence, cease:
 Malice perchaunce doth hearken to thy words,
 That cuts thy threed of Love with twentie swords.

¹ Cp. note 3, p. 249.

² Cp. last line of Son. 150, p. 173.

³ She longs to be a play, not merely love Sonnets.

Nature. Tell me (O Mirrour) of our earthly time,
 Tell me sweete *Phœnix* glorie of mine age,
 Who blots thy Beauty with foule *Envies* crime,
 And locks thee up in fond *Suspitions* cage?¹
 Can any humane heart beare thee such rage?
 Daunt their proud stomacks with thy piercing Eye,
 Unchaine Loves sweetnesse at thy libertie.

Phœnix. What is't to bath me in a wholesome Spring,
 Or wash me in a cleere, deepe, running Well,
 When I no vertue from the same do bring,
 Nor of the balmie water beare a smell?
 It better were for me mongst Crowes to dwell, [billing,
 Then flocke with Doves, when Doves sit alwayes
 And waste my wings of gold, my Beautie killing.

Nature. Ile chaine foule *Envy* to a brazen Gate,
 And place deepe *Malice* in a hollow Rocke,
 To some blacke desert Wood Ile banish *Hate*,
 And fond *Suspition* from thy sight Ile locke:
 These shall not stirre, let anie Porter knocke.
 Thou art but yong, fresh, greene, and must not passe,
 But catch the hot *Sunne* with thy steeled glasse.

Phœnix. That Sunne shines not within this Continent,
 That with his warme rayes can my dead Bloud chearish,
 Grosse cloudie Vapours from this Aire is sent,
 Not hot reflecting Beames my heart to nourish.
 O Beautie, I do feare me thou wilt perish:
 Then gentle *Nature* let me take my flight,
 But ere I passe, set *Envie* out of sight.

¹ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

Ile conjure him, and raise him from his grave,
And put upon his head a punishment:

Nature thy sportive Pleasure meanes to save,
Ile send him to perpetuall banishment,
Like to a totterd Furie ragd and rent:

Ile baffle him, and blind his Jealous eye,
That in thy actions Secrecie would prye.

Nature.

Ile conjure him, Ile raise him from his Cell,
Ile pull his Eyes from his conspiring head,
Ile locke him in the place where he doth dwell;
Ile starve him there, till the poore slave be dead,
That on the poisonous Adder oft hath fed:

These threatnings on the Helhound I will lay,
But the performance beares the greater sway.

Stand by faire *Phœnix*, spread thy Wings of gold,
And daunt the face of Heaven with thine Eye,
Like *Junos* bird thy Beautie do unfold,
And thou shalt triumph ore thineemie: }
Then thou and I in *Phœbus* coach will flie, }
Where thou shalt see and taste a secret Fire, }
That will adde spreading life to thy Desire. } 1

Arise thou bleare-ey'd *Envie* from thy bed,
Thy bed of Snakie poison and corruption,
Unmaske thy big-swolne Cheekes with poyson red,
For with thee I must trie Conclusion,
And plague thee with the Worlds confusion.

I charge thee by my power to appeare,
And by Celestiall warrant to draw neare.

¹ Cp. all of p. 265.

Phenix. O what a mistie Dampe breakes from the ground,
 Able it selfe to infect this noysome Aire:
 As if a cave of Toades themselves did wound,
 Or poysoned Dragons fell into dispaire,
 Hels damned sent with this may not compare,
 And in this foggie cloud there doth arise
 A damned Feend ore me to tyrannize.

Nature. He shall not touch a Feather of thy wing,
 Or ever have Authoritie and power,
 As he hath had in his days secret prying,
 Over thy calmie Lookes to send a shower:
 Ile place thee now in secrecies sweet bower,
 Where at thy will in sport and dallying,
 Spend out thy time in Amorous discoursing.

Phenix. Looke *Nurce*, looke *Nature* how the Villaine sweates,
 His big-swolne Eyes will fall unto the ground,
 With fretting anguish he his blacke breast beates,
 As if he would true harted minds confound:
 O keepe him backe, his sight my heart doth wound:
 O *Envie* it is thou that mad'st me perish,
 For want of that true Fire my heart should nourish.

Nature. But I will plague him for his wickednesse,
Envie go packe thee to some forreine soyle,
 To some desertfull plaine or Wildernesse,
 Where savage Monsters and wild beasts do toyle,
 And with inhumane Creatures keep a coyle.
 Be gon I say, and never do returne,
 Till this round-compast world with fire do burne.

What is he gone? is *Envie* packt away? *Phœnix.*
 Then one fowle blot is mooved from his Throne,
 That my poore honest Thoughts did seeke to slay:
 Away fowle griefe, and over-heavie Mone,
 That do ore charge me with continuall grones,
 Will you not hence? then with downe-falling teares,
 Ile drowne my selfe in rippenesse of my Years.

Fie peevish Bird, what art thou franticke mad? *Nature.*
 Wilt thou confound thy selfe with foolish Griefe?
 If there be cause or meanes for to be had,
 Thy Nurse and nourisher will find reliefe:
 Then tell me all thy accidents in briefe;
 Have I not banisht *Envy* for thy sake?
 I greater things for thee ile undertake.

Envie is gone and banisht from my sight, *Phœnix.*
 Banisht for ever comming any more:
 But in *Arabia* burnes another Light, }
 A dark dimme Taper that I must adore, }¹
 This barren Countrey makes me to deplore:
 It is so saplesse that the very Spring,
 Makes tender new-growne Plants be with'ring.

The noisome Aire is growne infectious,
 The very Springs for want of Moisture die,
 The glorious Sunne is here pestiferous,
 No hearbes for *Phisicke* or sweet *Surgerie*,²
 No balme to cure hearts inward maladie:
 No gift of *Nature*, she is here defaced,
 Heart-curing *Balsamum* here is not placed.

¹ The Turtle Dove or Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

² Cp. note 2, p. 382.

Nature. Is this the fumme and substance of thy woe?
 Is this the Anker-hold unto thy bote?
 Is this thy Sea of Griete doth overflow?
 Is this the River sets thy ship aflote?
 Is this the Lesson thou hast learn'd by rote?
 And is this all? and is this plot of Ground
 The substance of the Theame doth thee confound?

Phœnix. This is the Anker-hold, the Sea, the River,
 The Lesson and the substance of my Song,
 This is the Rocke my Ship did seeke to shiver,
 And in this ground with Adders was I stung, }
 And in a lothsome pit was often flung: }¹
 My Beautie and my Vertues captivate,
 To Love, dissembling Love that I did hate.²

Nature. Cheare up thy spirit *Phœnix*, prune thy wings,
 And double-gild thy Fethers for my newes;
 A *Nightingale* and not a *Raven* sings,
 That from all blacke contention will excuse
 Thy heavy thoughts, and set them to peruse
 Another Clymat, where thou maist expresse,
 A plot of *Paradice* for worthinesse.

Jove in divine divinesse of his Soule,
 That rides upon his frie axaltree,
 That with his Mace doth humane flesh controule,
 When of mans deedes he makes a Registrie,
 Loving the good for singularitie:
 With a vail'd Count'nance and a gracious Smile,
 Did bid me plant my Bird in *Paphos* Ile.

¹ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

² Cp. note 3, p. 373.

What ill divining Planet did presage,
 My timelesse birth so timely brought to light?
 What fatal Comet did his wrath engage,
 To work a harmelesse Bird such worlds despight,
 Wrapping my dayes blisse in blacke fables night?¹
 No Planet nor no Comet did conspire
 My downfall, but foule *Fortunes* wrathful ire.

Phenix.

What did my Beautie move her to disdain?
 Or did my Vertues shadow all her Blisse?
 That she should place me in a desert Plaine,
 And send forth *Envie* with a *Judas* kisse,
 To sting me with a *Scorpions* poisoned hisse?
 From my first birth-right for to plant me heare,
 Where I have alwaies fed on Griefe and Feare. }¹

Raile not gainst *Fortunes* sacred Deitie,
 In youth thy vertuous patience she hath tryed,
 From this base earth shee'le lift the up on hie,
 Where in Contents rich Chariot thou shalt ride,
 And never with Impatience to abide:
 Fortune will glorie in thy great renowne,
 And on thy feathered head will set a crowne.

Nature.

T'was time to come, for I was comfortlesse,
 And in my Youth have bene Infortunate:
 This Ile of *Paphos* I do hope will blesse,
 And alter my halfe-rotten tottering state,
 My hearts Delight was almost runiate.
 In this rich Ile a *Turtle* had his nest,
 And in a Wood of gold tooke up his rest.

Phenix.

¹The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Certain labyrinth.

Nature. Fly in this Chariot, and come sit by me,
 And we will leave this ill corrupted Land,
 We'le take our course through the blew Azure skie,
 And set our feet on *Paphos* golden sand.
 There of that *Turtle Dove* we'le understand:
 And visit him in those delightfull plaines,
 Where Peace conjoyn'd with Plenty still remaines.

Phœnix. I come, I come, and now farewell that strond,
 Upon whose craggie rockes my Ship was rent,
 Your ill beseeming follies made me fond,
 And in a vastie Cell I up was pent,¹
 Where my fresh blooming Beauty I have spent.
 O blame your selves ill nurtred cruell Swaines, }
 That fild my scarlet Glorie full of Staines. }²

Nature. Welcome immortal Bewtie, we will ride
 Over the Semi-circle of *Europa*,
 And bend our course where we will see the Tide,
 That parts the Continent of *Africa*,
 Where the great *Cham* governes *Tartaria*:
 And when the starrie Curtaine vales the night,
 In *Paphos* sacred Ile we meane to light.

¹ The 1609 arrangement of the Sonnets, a Cretan labyrinth.

² Cp. all of pp. 351 and 352.

☞ We now skip many weary pages of *Love's Martyr*—bringing the reader down to the meeting of the *Phœnix* with the *Turtle Dove*. Dr. Grosart's complete edition of *Love's Martyr* will be found in the transactions of the *New Shak. Soc.*, 1878.

[ENTER THE TURTLE DOVE.]¹

But what sad-mournfull drooping soule is this,
Within whose watry eyes sits Discontent,
Whose snaile-pac'd gate tels something is amisse:
From whom is banisht sporting Meriment:

Phœnix.

Whose feathers mowt off, falling as he goes,
The perfect picture of hart pining woes?

This is the carefull bird the *Turtle Dove*,
Whose heavy croking note doth shew his griefe,
And thus he wanders seeking of his love,
Refusing all things that may yeeld reliefe:

Nature.

All motions of good turnes, all Mirth and Joy,
Are bad, fled, gone, and falne into decay.

Is this the true example of the Heart?
Is this the Tutor of faire *Constancy*?²
Is this Loves treasure, and Loves pining smart,
Is this the substance of all honesty?

Phœnix.

And comes he thus attir'd, alas poore soule,
That Destines foule wrath should thee controule.

See Nourse, he stares and lookes me in the face,
And now he mournes, worse then he did before,
He hath forgot his dull slow heavy pace,
But with swift gate he eyes us more and more:

O shall I welcome him, and let me borrow
Some of his griefe to mingle with my sorrow.

¹ Allegory for the Dramatis Personæ of the Masque.

² Cp. note 3, p. 33.

- Nature.* Farwell faire bird, Ile leave you both alone,
 This is the *Dove* you long'd so much to see,
 And this will prove companion of your mone,
 An Umpire of all true humility:
 Then note my *Phœnix*, what there may ensue,
 And so I kisse my bird. *Adue, Adue.*
- Phœnix.* Mother farewell; and now within his eyes,
 Sits sorrow clothed in a sea of teares,
 And more and more the billowes do arise:
 Pale Griefe halfe pin'd upon his brow appears,
 His feathers fade away, and make him looke,
 As if his name were writ in Deaths pale booke.
- Turtle.* O stay poore *Turtle*, wherest thou gazed,
 At the eye-dazling Sunne, whose sweete reflection,
 The round encompass heavenly world amazed?
 O no, a child of Natures true complexion,¹
 The perfect *Phœnix* of rariety,
 For wit, for vertue, and excelling beauty.
- Phœnix.* Haile map of sorrow:² *Tur.* Welcome *Cupid's* child.
 Let me wipe off those teares upon thy cheekes,
 That stain'd thy beauties pride, and have defil'd
 Nature it selfe, that so usurping seekes
 To sit upon thy face, for Ile be partener,
 Of thy harts wrapped sorrow more hereafter.

¹ Cp. note 3, p. 249.

² The Masque is mutilated or dismembered, hence Love's Martyr.

Natures faire darling, let me kneel to thee
And offer up my true obedience,
And sacredly in all humility,
Crave pardon for presumptions foule offence:

Turtle.

Thy lawne-snow-colour'd hand shall not come neare
My impure face, to wipe away one teare.

My teares are for my *Turtle* that is dead,
My sorrow springs from her want that is gone,
My heavy note sounds for the soule that's fled,
And I will dye for him left all alone:

I am not living, though I seeme to go,
Already buried in the grave of wo.

Why I have left *Arabia* for thy sake,
Because those fires have no working substance,
And for to find thee out did undertake:
Where on the mountaine top we may advance

Phœnix.

Our fiery alter; let me tell thee this,
Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.

Come poore lamenting soule, come sit by me,
We are all one, thy sorrow shall be mine,
Fall thou a teare, and thou shalt plainly see,
Mine eyes shall answer teare for teare of thine:
Sigh thou, Ile sigh, and if thou give a grone,
I shall be dead in answering of thy mone.

Turtle. Loves honorable Friend, one grone of yours,
 Will rend my sicke-love-pining hart asunder,
 One sigh brings teares from me like *Aprill* showers,
 Procur'd by Sommers hote loud cracking thunder:
 Be you as mery as sweet mirth may be,
 Ile grone and sigh, both for your selfe and me.

Phœnix. Thou shalt not gentle *Turtle*, I will beare
 Halfe of the burdenous yoke thou dost sustaine,
 Two bodies may with greater ease outweare
 A troublesome labour, then Ile brooke some paine,
 But tell me gentle *Turtle*, tell me truly
 The difference betwixt false Love and true Sinceritie.

Turtle. That shall I briefly, if youle give me leave,
 False love is full of Envie and Deceit,
 With cunning shifts our humours to deceive,
 Laying downe poison for a sugred baite,
 Alwayes inconstant, false and variable,
 Delighting in fond change and mutable.

True love, is loving pure, not to be broken,
 But with an honest eye, she eyes her lover,
 Not changing variable, nor never shoken
 With fond Suspition, secrets to discover,
 True love will tell no lies, nor ne're dissemble,
 But with a bashfull modest feare will tremble.

False love puts on a Maske to shade her folly,
True love goes naked wishing to be seene,
False love will counterfeite perpetually,
True love is Troths sweete emperizing Queene:
 This is the difference, true Love is a jewell,
 False love, hearts tyrant, inhumane, and cruell.

What may we wonder at? O where is learning?
Where is all difference twixt the good and bad?
Where is *Apelles* art? where is true cunning?
Nay where is all the vertue may be had?

Phoenix.

 Within my *Turtles* bosome, she refines, }
 More then some loving perfect true devines. }¹

Thou shalt not be no more the *Turtle-Dove*,
Thou shalt no more go weeping al alone,
For thou shalt be my selfe, my perfect Love,
Thy grieve is mine, thy sorrow is my mone,
 Come kisse me sweetest sweete, O I do blesse
 This gracious luckie Sun-shine happinesse.

How may I in all gratefulnessse requite,
This gracious favor offred to thy servant?
The time affordeth heavinessse not delight,
And to the times appoint wee be observant:

Turtle.

 Command, O do commaund, what ere thou wilt,
 My hearts bloud for thy sake shall straight be spilt.

¹ Cp. the sensual line of the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

- Phenix.* Then I command thee on thy tender care,
 And chiefe obedience that thou owst to me,
 That thou especially (deare Bird) beware
 Of impure thoughts, or uncleane chastity:
 For we must wast together in that fire,
 That will not burne but by true Loves desire.
- Turtle.* A spot of that foule monster neare did staine,
 These drooping feathers, nor I never knew
 In what base filthy clymate doth remaine
 That spright incarnate; and to tell you true,
 I am as spotlesse as the purest whight,
 Cleare without staine, of envy, or despight.
- Phenix.* Then to yon next adjoyning grove we'le flye,
 And gather sweete wood for to make our flame,
 And in a manner sacrificingly,
 Burne both our bodies to revive one name:¹
 And in all humblenesse we will intreate
 The hot earth parching Sunne to lend his heate.
- Turtle.* Why now my heart is light, this very doome
 Hath banisht sorrow from my pensive breast:
 And in my bosome there is left no roome,
 To set blacke melancholy, or let him rest;
 He fetch sweete mirrhe to burne, and licorice,
 Sweete Juniper, and straw them ore with spice.
- Phenix.* Pile up the wood, and let us invoke
 His great name that doth ride within his chariot,
 And guides the dayes bright eye, let's nominate

¹ The return of Ulysses a "star-like" rising, cp. the acrostic at the termination of the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

Some of his blessings, that he well may wot,
Our faithfull service and humility,
Offer'd unto his highest Deiety.

Great God *Apollo*, for thy tender love,
Thou once didst beare to wilful *Phæton*,
That did desire thy chariots rule above,
Which thou didst grieve in hart to thinke upon:
Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
That shall receive the Sacrifice of bloud.

For thy sweete *Daphnes* sake thy best beloved,
And for the Harpe receiv'd of *Mercury*,
And for the *Muses* of thee favored,
Whose gift of wit excels all excellency:
Send thy hot kindling fire into this wood,
That shall receive the Sacrifice of bloud.

Turtle.

For thy sweet fathers sake great *Jupiter*,
That with his thunder-bolts commands the earth,
And for *Latonas* sake thy gentle mother,
That first gave *Phæbus* glories lively breath:
Send thy hot kindling light into this wood,
That shall receive the sacrifice of bloud.

Phanix.

Stay, stay, poore *Turtle*, o we are betraid,
Behind yon little bush there sits a spy,
That makes me blush with anger, halfe afraid,
That in our motions secrecy would pry:
I will go chide with him, and drive him thence,
And plague him for presumptions foule offence,

Turtle. Be not affraid, it is the *Pellican*,
 Looke how her yong-ones make her brest to bleed,
 And drawes the bloud foorth, do the best she can,
 And with the same their hungry fancies feede,
 Let her alone to vew our Tragedy,
 And then report our Love that she did see.

See beauteous *Phœnix* it begins to burne.
 O blessed *Phœbus*, happy, happy light,
 Now will I recompence thy great good turne,
 And first (deare bird) Ile vanish in thy sight,
 And thou shalt see with what a quicke desire,
 Ile leape into the middle of the fire.

Phœnix. Stay *Turtle* stay, for I will first prepare;
 Of my bones must the Princely *Phœnix* rise,
 And ift be possible thy bloud wele spare,
 For none but for my sake, dost thou despise
 This frailty of thy life, o live thou still,
 And teach the base deceitfull world Loves will.

Turtle. Have I come hither drooping through the woods,
 And left the springing groves to seeke for thee?
 Have I forsooke to bathe me in the fouds,
 And pin'd away in carefull misery?
 Do not deny me *Phœnix* I must be
 A partner in this happy Tragedy.

Phœnix. O holy, sacred, and pure perfect fire,
 More pure then that ore which faire *Dido* mones,
 More sacred in my loving kind desire,

Then that which burnt old *Esons* aged bones,
Accept into your ever hallowed flame,
Two bodies,¹ from the which may spring one name.²

O sweet perfumed flame, made of those trees, *Turtle.*
Under the which the *Muses* nine have song
The praise of vertuous maids in misteries,
To whom the faire-fac'd *Nymphes* did often throng:
Accept my body as a Sacrifice
Into your flame, of whom one name may rise.²

O wilfulnesse, see how with smiling cheare, *Phœnix.*
My poore deare hart hath flong himselfe to thrall,
Looke what a mirthfull countenance he doth beare,
Spreading his wings abroad, and joyes withall:
Learne thou corrupted world, learne, heare, and see,
Friendships unspotted true sincerity.

I come sweet *Turtle*, and with my bright wings,
I will embrace thy burnt bones as they lye,
I hope of these another Creature springs, }
That shall possesse both our authority: }³
I stay to long, o take me to your glory,
And thus I end the *Turtle Doves* true story.

Finis. R. C.

¹ The poem of *The Phœnix and Turtle* and the *Sonnets* of 1609.

² The return of Ulysses a "star-like rising," cp. the acrostic at the termination of the *Dramatis Personæ*, p. 24.

³ The Masque of Love's Labor's Won.

Conclusion.

GEntle conceivers of true meaning Wit,
 Let good Experience judge what I have writ,
 For the Satyricall fond applauded vaines,
 Whose bitter worme-wood spirite in some straines,
 Bite like the Curres of *Agypt* those that love them,
 Let me alone, I will be loth to move them,
 For why, when mightie men their wit do prove,
 How shall I least of all expect their love?
 Yet to those men I gratulate some paine,
 Because they touch those that in art do faine.
 But those that have the spirit to do good,
 Their whips will never draw one drop of bloud:
 To all and all in all that view my labour,
 Of every judging sight I crave some favour
 At least to reade, and if you reading find,
 A lame leg'd staffe, tis lamenesse of the mind
 That had no better skill: yet let it passe,
 For burdnous lodes are set upon an Asse.
 From the sweet fire of perfumed wood, }
 Another princely *Phœnix* upright stood: }¹
 Whose feathers purified did yeeld more light,
 Then her late burned mother² out of sight,
 And in her heart restes a perpetuall love,
 Sprong from the bosome of the *Turtle-Dove*.
 Long may the new uprising bird increase,
 Some humors and some motions to release,
 And thus to all I offer my devotion,
 Hoping that gentle minds accept my motion.

Finis R. C.

¹ Shake-speare's poem of *The Phœnix and Turtle Dove*.² The dialogue in *Love's Martyr*, a play by example for the Sonnet Masque.

HEREAFTER FOLLOW DIVERSE

Poeticall Essaies on the former Subject; viz: the *Turtle* and *Phœnix*.

*Done by the best and chiefest of our
moderne writers, with their names sub-
scribed to their particular workes:
never before extant.*

And (now first) consecrated by them all generally,
*to the love and merite of the true-noble Knight,
Sir John Salisburie.*

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori.



Anchora Spei.

MDCI.

THE PHOENIX AND
TURTLE DOVE.¹

(WILLIAM SHAKE-SPEARE'S WILL.)

¹(This poem, containing the Dramatis
Personae of the Sonnets, is given
on pp. 257-265 inclusive.)

(WITNESS.)

The following poems signed by Marston, Chapman and Jonson constitute the three requisite witnesses to the will;¹ they serve no other purpose.

¹ Cp. Son. 6-LVII., p. 31, and Son. 48-CXLIII., p. 73.)

*A narration and description of a
most exact wondrous creature, arising
out of the Phœnix and Turtle
Doves ashes.¹*

The description of this Perfection.

Dares then thy too audacious sense
Presume, define that boundlesse *Ens*,
That amplest thought transcendeth?
O yet vouchsafe my *Musc*, to greeke
That wondrous rarenesse, in whose sweete
All praise begins and endeth.
Divinest Beautie? that was slightest,
That adorn'd this wondrous Brightest,
Which had nought to be corrupted.
In this, Perfection had no meane
To this, Earths purest was uncleane
Which vertue even instructed.
By it all Beings deck'd and stained,
Ideas that are idly fained
Onely here subsist invested.
Dread not to give strain'd praise at all,
No speech is Hyperbolicall,
To this perfection blessed.
Thus close my Rimes, this all that can be sayd,
This wonder never can be flattered.

To Perfection.

A Sonnet.

Oft have I gazed with astonish'd eye,
At monstrous issues of ill shaped birth,
When I have seene the Midwife to old earth,
Nature produce most strange deformitie.

¹ The above is the *Love's Martyr* heading of the Marston poem given on p. 254.

So have I marveld to observe of late,
 Hard favor'd Feminines so scant of faire,
 That Maskes so choicely, sheltred of the aire,
 As if their beauties were not theirs by fate.

But who so weake of observation,
 Hath not discern'd long since how vertues wanted,
 How parcimoniously the heavens have scanted,
 Our chiefest part of adoration.

But now I cease to wonder, now I find
 The cause of all our monstrous penny-showes:
 Now I conceit from whence wits scarc'tie growes,
 Hard favour'd features, and defects of mind.
 Nature long time hath stor'd up vertue, fairenesse,
 Shaping the rest as foiles unto this Rarenesse.

Perfectioni Hymnus.

What should I call this creature,
 Which now is growne unto maturitie?
 How should I blase this feature
 As firme and constant as Eternitie?
 Call it Perfection? Fie!
 Tis perfecter then brightest names can light it:
 Call it Heavens mirror? I.
 Alas, best attributes can never right it.
 Beauties resistlesse thunder?
 All nomination is too straight of sence:
 Deepe Contemplations wonder?
 That appellation give this excellence.
 Within all best confin'd,
 (Now feeblor *Genius* end thy slighter riming)

No Suberbes,* all is *Mind*,
 As farre from spot, as possible-defining.

John Marston.

* *Differentia
 Deorum & ho-
 minum (apud
 Senecam) sic
 habet nostria
 melior pars a-
 nimus in illis
 nulla pars ex-
 tra animum.*

Peristeros: or the male Turtle.

Not like that loose and partie-liver'd Sect
 Of idle Lovers, that (as different Lights,
 On colour'd subjects, different hewes reflect;)

Change their Affections with their Mistris Sights,
 That with her Praise, or Dispraise, drowne, or flote,
 And must be fed with fresh Conceits, and Fashions;
 Never waxe cold, but die: love not, but dote:

"Loves fires, staid Judgements blow, not humorous
 Passions,
 Whose Loves upon their Lovers pomp depend,
 And quench as fast as her Eyes sparkle twinkles,
 "(Nought lasts that doth to outward worth contend,
 "Al Love in smooth browes born, is tomb'd in wrink-
 les.)

* *The Turtle.* But like the consecrated *Bird of love,

* *The Phoenix.* Whose whole lifes hap to his *sole-mate alluded,
 Whome no prowd flockes of other Foules could move,
 But in her selfe all compaine concluded.
 She was to him th' *Analysde* World of pleasure,
 Her firmenesse cloth'd him in varietie;
 Excesse of all things, he joyd in her measure,
 Mourn'd when she mourn'd, and dieth when she dies.
 Like him I bound th' instinct of all my powers,
 In her that bounds the Empire of desert,
 And Time nor Change (that all things else devoures,
 But truth eterniz'd in a constant heart)
 Can change me more from her, then her from merit,
 That is my forme, and gives my being, spirit.

George Chapman.

Præludeium.

WE must sing too? what Subject shal we chuse?
Or whose great Name in Poets Heaven use,
For the more Countenance to our Active Muse?

Hercules? *alasse his bones are yet sore,*
With his old earthly Labors; t' exact more
Of his dull Godhead, were Sinne: Lets implore

Phœbus? *No: Tend thy Cart still. Envious Day*
Shall not give out, that we have made thee stay,
And foundred thy hot Teame, to tune our Lay.

Nor will we beg of thee, Lord of the Vine,
To raise our spirites with thy conjuring Wine,
In the green circle of thy Ivy twine.

Pallas, *nor thee we call on, Mankind Maide,*
That (at thy birth) mad'st the poore Smith afraide,
Who with his Axe thy Fathers Mid-wife plaide.

Go, crampe dull Mars, light Venus, when he snorts,
Or with thy Tribade Trine, invent new sports,
Thou, nor their loosenesse with our Making sorts.

Let the old Boy your sonne ply his old Taske
Turne the stale Prologue to some painted Maske,
His Absence in our Verse is all we aske.

Hermes *the cheater, cannot mixe with us,*
Though he would steale his sisters Pegasus,
And rifle him; or pawne his Petasus,

*Nor all the Ladies of the Thespian Lake,
 (Though they were crusht into one forme) could make
 A Beauty of that Merit, that should take*

*Our Muse up by Commission: No, we bring
 Our owne true Fire; Now our thought takes wing
 And now an Epode to deep eares we sing.*

Epos.

“**N**ot to know *Vice* at all, and keepe true state,
 “Is *Vertue*; and not Fate:
 “Next to that *Vertue*, is, to know *Vice* well,
 “And her blacke spight expell.
 Which to effect (since no brest is so sure,
 Or safe, but shee'l procure
 Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
 Of *Thoughts*, to watch and ward
 At th' *Eye* and *Eare*, (the *Ports* unto the *Mind*;)
 That no strange or unkind
 Object arrive there, but the *Heart* (our spie)
 Give knowledge instantly.
 To wakefull *Reason*, our *Affections* King:
 Who (in th' examining)
 Will quickly taste the *Treason*, and commit
 Close, the close cause of it.
 “Tis the securest Pollicie we have,
 “To make our *Sense* our Slave.
 But this faire course is not embrac'd by many;
 By many? scarce by any:
 For either our *Affections* do rebell,
 Or else the *Sentinell*,
 (That shal ring larum to the *Heart*) doth sleepe,
 Or some great *Thought* doth keepe

Backe the Intelligence, and falsely swears
They'r base, and idle Feares,
Whereof the loyall *Conscience* so complaines
Thus by these subtill traines,
Do severall *Passions* still invade the *Mind*,
And strike our *Reason* blind:
Of which usurping ranke, some have thought *Love*,
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent Tumults, Horrors, and Unrests,
In our enflamed brests.
But this doth from their cloud of Error grow,
Which thus we overblow.
The thing they here call *Love*, is blind *Desire*,
Arm'd with *Bow*, *Shafts*, and *Fire*;
Inconstant like the Sea, of whence 'tis borne,
Rough, swelling, like a Storme:
With whome who failes, rides on the surge of *Feare*,
And boiles as if he were
In a continuall Tempest. Now true *Love*
No such effects doth prove:
That is an Essence most gentile, and fine.
Pure, perfect; nay divine:
It is a golden Chaine let down from Heaven,
Whose linkes are bright, and even
That fals like Sleepe on lovers; and combines
The soft and sweetest *Minds*
In equal knots: This beares no *Brands* nor *Darts*
To murder different harts,
But in a calm and God-like unitie,
Preserves *Communitie*.
O who is he that (in this peace) enjoys
Th' *Elixir* of all joyes?
(A forme more fresh then are the *Eden* bowers,
And lasting as her flowers:
Richer then *Time*, and as *Times Vertue* rare,
Sober, as saddest *Care*,

A fixed *Thought*, an *Eye* untaught to glance;)

 Who (blest with such high chance)

 Would at suggestion of a steepe *Desire*

 Cast himselfe from the spire

 Of all his Happinesse? But soft: I heare

 Some vicious *Foole* draw neare,

 That cries we dreame; and swears, there's no such thing

 As this chaste *Love* we sing.

 Peace *Luxurie*, thou art like one of those

 Who (being at sea) suppose

 Because they move, the *Continent* doth so:

 No (*Vice*) we let thee know,

 Though thy wild Thoughts with *Sparrowes* wings do flie,

 “*Turtles* can chastly die;

 And yet (in this t'expresse our selfe more cleare)

 We do not number here

 Such *Spirites* as are onely continent,

 Because *Lusts* meanes are spent:

 Or those, who doubt the common mouth of *Fame*,

 And for their *Place*, or *Name*,

 Cannot so safely sinne; Their *Chastitie*

 Is meere *Necessitie*,

 Nor meane we those, whom *Vowes* and *Conscience*

 Have fild with *Abstinence*:

 (Though we acknowledge who can so abstaine,

 Makes a most blessed gaine:

 “He that for love of godnesse hateth ill,

 “Is more Crowne-worthy still,

 “Then he which for sinnes *Penaltie* forbears,

 “His *Heart* sinnes, though he feares.)

 But we propose a person like our *Dove*,

 Grac'd with a *Phoenix* love:

 A beauty of that cleare and sparkling Light,

 Would make a Day of Night,

 And turne the blackest sorrowes to bright joyes:

 Whose Od'rous breath destroyes

All taste of Bitternesse, and makes the Ayre
As sweete as she is faire;
A Bodie so harmoniously composde,
As if *Nature* disclosde
All her best *Symmetrie* in that one *Feature*:
O, so divine a Creature
Who could be false too? chiefly when he knowes
How onely she bestowes
The wealthy treasure of her love in him;
Making his Fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection?
What savage, brute Affection,
Would not be fearefull to offend a *Dame*
Of this excelling frame?
Much more a noble and right generous *Mind*,
(To vertuous moodes enclin'd)
That knowes the weight of *Guilt*:¹ He will refraine
From thoughts of such a straine:
And to his *Sence* object this Sentence ever,
“*Man may securely sinne, but safely never.*”¹

Ben Johnson.

*The Phœnix Analysde.*²

Now, after all, let no man
Receive it for a *Fable*,
If a *Bird* so amiable,
Do turne into a Woman.

Or by our (*Turtles*) Augure
That *Natures* fairest Creature,
Prove of his *Mistris'* Feature,
But a bare *Type* and *Figure*.

¹ Cp. the *Dramatis Personæ* of *Hamlet*, p. 201.

² Cp. notes, p. 249.

Splendor! O more then mortall,
 For other formes come short all
 Of her illustrate brightnesse,
 As farre as Sinne's from lightnesse.

Her wit as quicke, and sprightfull
 As fire; and more delightfull
 Then the stolne sports of *Lovers*,
 When night their meeting covers.

Judgement (adorned with Learning)
 Doth shine in her discerning,
 Cleare as a naked vestall
 Closde in an orbe of Christall.

Her breath for sweete exceeding
 The *Phœnix* place of breeding,
 But mixt with sound, transcending
 All *Nature* of commending.

Alas: then whither wade I,
 In thought to praise this *Ladie*,
 When seeking her renowning,
 My selfe am so neare drowning?

Retire, and say; Her *Graces*
 Are deeper then their *Faces*:
 Yet shee's nor nice to shew them,
 Nor takes she pride to know them.

Ben: Johnson.

FINIS.

[APPENDIX II.]

SIR FRANCIS BACON HIS APOLOGIE,

IN

CERTAINE IMPUTATIONS,

CONCERNING

THE LATE EARLE OF ESSEX.

WRITTEN TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE HIS VERY GOOD LORD THE

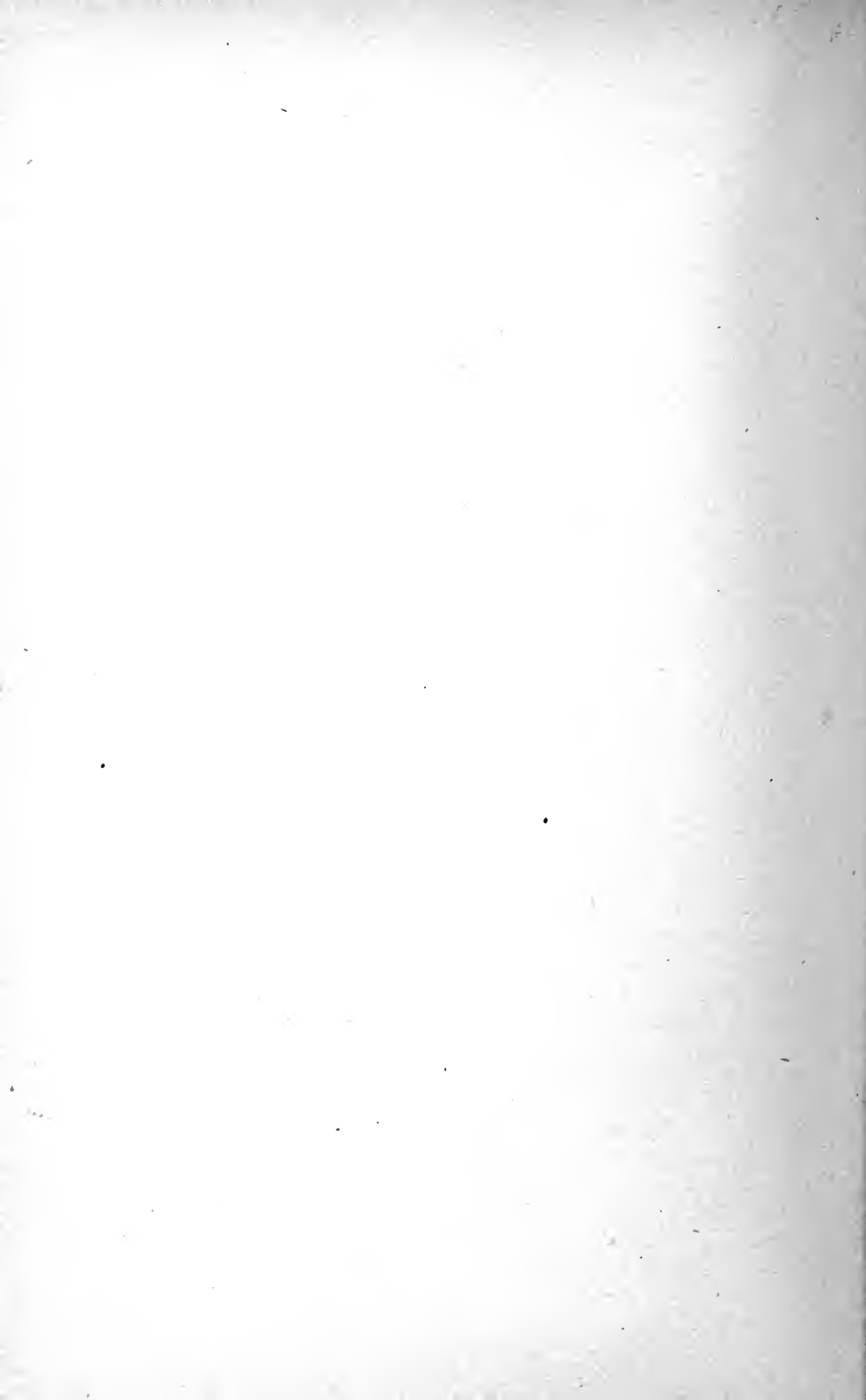
EARLE OF DEVONSHIRE,

LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR FELIX NORTON, AND ARE TO BE SOLD IN PAUL'S CHURCHYARD
AT THE SIGNE OF THE PAROT.

1604.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HIS
VERY GOOD LORD THE EARL OF DEVONSHIRE,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND.

IT may please your good Lordship: I cannot be ignorant, and ought to be sensible, of the wrong which I sustain in common speech, as it I had been false or unthankful to that noble but unfortunate Earl, the Earl of Essex: and for satisfying the vulgar sort, I do not so much regard it; though I love good name, but yet as an handmaid and attendant of honesty and virtue. For I am of his opinion that said pleasantly, *That it was a shame to him that was a suitor to the mistress, to make love to the waiting-woman*; and therefore to woo or court common fame otherwise than it followeth upon honest courses, I, for my part, find not myself fit nor disposed. But on the other side, there is no worldly thing that concerneth myself which I hold more dear than the good opinion of certain persons; amongst which there is none I would more willingly give satisfaction unto than to your Lordship. First, because you loved my Lord of Essex, and therefore will not be partial towards me; which is part of that I desire: next, because it hath ever pleased you to show yourself to me an honourable friend, and so no baseness in me to seek to satisfy you: and lastly, because I know your Lordship is excellently grounded in the true rules and habits of duties and moralities; which must be they which shall decide this matter: wherein [my Lord] my defence needeth to be but simple and brief: namely, that whatsoever I did concerning that action and proceeding, was done in my duty and service to the Queen and the State; in which I would not show myself false-hearted nor faint-hearted for any man's sake living. For every honest man, that hath his heart well planted, will forsake his King rather than forsake God, and forsake his friend rather than forsake his King; and yet will forsake any earthly commodity, yea and his own life in some

cases, rather than forsake his friend. I hope the world hath not forgotten these degrees, else the heathen saying, *Amicus usque ad aras*, shall judge them. And if any man shall say that I did officiously intrude myself into that business, because I had no ordinary place; the like may be said of all the business in effect that passed the hands of the learned counsel, either of State or Revenues, these many years, wherein I was continually used. For, as your Lordship may remember, the Queen knew her strength so well, as she looked her word should be a warrant: and after the manner of the choicest princes before her, did not always tie her trust to place, but did sometime divide private favour from office. And I for my part, though I was not so unseen in the world but I knew the condition was subject to envy and peril; yet because I knew again she was constant in her favours, and made an end where she began, and specially because she upheld me with extraordinary access, and other demonstrations of confidence and grace, I resolved to endure it in expectation of better. But my scope and desire is, that your Lordship would be pleased to have the honourable patience to know the truth in some particularity of all that passed in this cause wherein I had any part, that you may perceive how honest a heart I ever bare to my Sovereign and to my Country, and to that Nobleman, who had so well deserved of me, and so well accepted of my deservings; whose fortune I cannot remember without much grief. But for any action of mine towards him, there is nothing that passed me in my life-time that cometh to my remembrance with more clearness and less check of conscience; for it will appear to your Lordship that I was not only not opposite to my Lord of Essex, but that I did occupy the utmost of my wits, and adventure my fortune with the Queen to have reintegrated his, and so continued faithfully and industriously till his last fatal impatience (for so I will call it), after which day there was not time to work for him; though the same my affection, when it could not work on the subject proper, went to the next, with no ill effect towards some others, who I think do rather not know it than not acknowledge it. And this I will assure your Lordship, I will leave nothing untold that is truth, for any enemy that I

have to add; and on the other side, I must reserve much which makes for me, upon many respects of duty, which I esteem above my credit: and what I have here set down to your Lordship, I protest, as I hope to have any part in God's favour, is true.

It is well known, how I did many years since dedicate my travels and studies to the use and (as I may term it) service of my Lord of Essex, which, I protest before God, I did not, making election of him as the likeliest mean of mine own advancement, but out of the humour of a man, that ever, from the time I had any use of reason (whether it were reading upon good books, or upon the example of a good father, or by nature) I loved my country more than was answerable to my fortune, and I held at that time my Lord to be the fittest instrument to do good to the State; and therefore I applied myself to him in a manner which I think happeneth rarely amongst men: for I did not only labour carefully and industriously in that he set me about, whether it were matter of advice or otherwise, but neglecting the Queen's service, mine own fortune, and in a sort my vocation, I did nothing but devise and ruminatè with my selfe to the best of my understanding, propositions and memorials of any thing that might concern his Lordship's honour, fortune, or service. And when not long after I entered into this course, my brother Master Anthony Bacon came from beyond the seas, being a gentleman whose ability the world taketh knowledge of for matters of State, specially foreign, I did likewise knit his service to be at my Lord's disposing. And on the other side, I must and will ever acknowledge my Lord's love, trust, and favour towards me; and last of all his liberality, having infeoffed me of land which I sold for eighteen hundred pounds to Master Reynold Nicholas, and I think was more worth, and that at such a time, and with so kind and noble circumstances, as the manner was as much as the matter; which though it be but an idle digression, yet because I am not willing to be short in commemoration of his benefits, I will presume to trouble your Lordship with relating to you the manner of it. After the Queen had denied me the Solicitor's place, for the which his Lordship had been a long and earnest suitor on my behalf, it pleased him to come to me from Richmond to Twicknam Park, and brake with

me, and said: Master Bacon, the Queen hath denied me yon place for you, and hath placed another; I know you are the least part of your own matter,¹ but you fare ill because you have chosen me for your mean and dependance; you have spent your time and thoughts in my matters; I die (these were his very words) if I do not somewhat towards your fortune: you shall not deny to accept a piece of land which I will bestow upon you. My answer I remember was, that for my fortune it was no great matter; but that his Lordship's offer made me call to mind what was wont to be said when I was in France of the Duke of Guise, that he was the greatest usurer in France, because he had turned all his estate into obligations: meaning that he had left himself nothing, but only had bound numbers of persons to him. Now my Lord (said I) I would not have you imitate his course, nor turn your state thus by great gifts into obligations, for you will find many bad debtors. He bade me take no care for that, and pressed it: whereupon I said: My Lord, I see I must be your homager, and hold land of your gift; but do you know the manner of doing homage in law? always it is with a saving of his faith to the King and his other Lords; and therefore, my Lord (said I), I can be no more yours than I was, and it must be with the ancient savings: and if I grow to be a rich man, you will give me leave to give it back to some of your unrewarded followers. But to return: sure I am (though I can arrogate nothing to myself but that I was a faithful remembrancer to his Lordship) that while I had most credit with him his fortune went on best. And yet in two main points we always directly and contradictorily differed, which I will mention to your Lordship because it giveth light to all that followed. The one was, I ever set this down, that the only course to be held with the Queen, was by obsequiousness and observance; and I remember I would usually gage confidently, that if he would take that course constantly, and with choice of good particulars to express it, the Queen would be brought in time to Assuerus question, to ask, *What should be done to the man that the King would honour*: meaning that her goodness was without limit, where there

¹ This is Bacon's own expression, i. 348.—*Abbott*.

was a true concurrence; which I knew in her nature to be true. My Lord on the other side had a settled opinion, that the Queen could be brought to nothing but by a kind of necessity and authority; and I well remember, when by violent courses at any time he had got his will, he would ask me: Now Sir, *whose principles be true?* and I would again say to him: *My Lord, these courses be like to hot waters, they will help at a pang; but if you use them, you shall spoil the stomach, and you shall be fain still to make them stronger and stronger, and yet in the end they will lesse their operation;* with much other variety, wherewith I used to touch that string. Another point was, that I always vehemently dissuaded him from seeking greatness by a military dependance, or by a popular dependance, as that which would breed in the Queen jealousy, in himself presumption, and in the State perturbation: and I did usually compare them to Icarus' two wings which were joined on with wax, and would make him venture to soar too high, and then fail him at the height. And I would further say unto him: My Lord, stand upon two feet, and fly not upon two wings. The two feet are the two kinds of Justice, commutative and distributive: use your greatness for advancing of merit and virtue, and relieving wrongs and burdens; you shall need no other art or fineness: but he would tell me, that opinion came not from my mind but from my robe. But it is very true that I, that never meant to enthrall myself to my Lord of Essex, nor any other man, more than stood with the public good, did (though I could little prevail) divert him by all means possible from courses of the wars and popularity: for I saw plainly the Queen must either live or die; if she lived, then the times would be as in the declination of an old prince; if she died, the times would be as in the beginning of a new; and that if his Lordship did rise too fast in these courses, the times might be dangerous for him, and he for them. Nay, I remember I was thus plain with him upon his voyage to the Islands, when I saw every spring put forth such actions of charge and provocation, that I said to him: My Lord, when I came first unto you, I took you for a physician that desired to cure the diseases of the State; but now I doubt you will be like those physicians which can be content to keep their patients low, because

they would always be in request: which plainness he nevertheless took very well, as he had an excellent ear, and was *patientissimus veri*, and assured me the case of the realm required it: and I think this speech of mine, and the like renewed afterwards, pricked him to write that apology which is in many men's hands.

But this difference in two points so main and material, bred in process of time a discontinuance of privateness (as it is the manner of men seldom to communicate where they think their courses not approved) between his Lordship and myself; so as I was not called nor advised with, for some year and a half before his Lordship's going into Ireland, as in former time: yet nevertheless touching his going into Ireland, it pleased him expressly and in a set manner to desire mine opinion and counsel. At which time I did not only dissuade, but protest against his going, telling him with as much vehemency and asseveration as I could, that absence in that kind would exulcerate the Queen's mind, whereby it would not be possible for him to carry himself so as to give her sufficient contentment; nor for her to carry herself so as to give him sufficient countenance: which would be ill for her, ill for him, and ill for the State. And because I would omit no argument, I remember I stood also upon the difficulty of the action; setting before him out of histories, that the Irish was such an enemy as the ancient Gauls, or Britons, or Germans were, and that we saw how the Romans, who had such discipline to govern their soldiers, and such donatives to encourage them, and the whole world in a manner to levy them; yet when they came to deal with enemies which placed their felicity only in liberty and the sharpness of their sword, and had the natural and elemental advantages of woods, and bogs, and hardness of bodies, they ever found they had their hands full of them; and therefore concluded, that going over with such expectation as he did, and through the churlishness¹ of the enterprise not like to answer it, would mightily diminish his reputation: and many other reasons I used, so as I am sure I never in anything in my lifetime dealt with him in like earnestness by speech, by writing, and by all the means I could devise. For I did as plainly see

¹ *curlishness*, in original.—*Abbott*.

his overthrow chained as it were by destiny to that journey, as it is possible for any man to ground a judgment upon future contingents. But my Lord, howsoever his ear was open, yet his heart and resolution was shut against that advice, whereby his ruin might have been prevented. After my Lord's going, I saw how true a prophet I was, in regard of the evident alteration which naturally succeeded in the Queen's mind; and thereupon I was still in watch to find the best occasion that in the weakness of my power I could either take or minister, to pull him out of the fire if it had been possible: and not long after, methought I saw some overture thereof, which I apprehended readily; a particularity I think be¹ known to very few, and the which I do the rather relate unto your Lordship, because I hear it should be talked, that while my Lord was in Ireland I revealed some matter against him, or I cannot tell what; which if it were not a mere slander as the rest is, but had any though never so little colour, was surely upon this occasion. The Queen one day at Nonesuch, a little (as I remember) before Cuffe's coming over, I attending her, showed a passionate distaste of my Lord's proceedings in Ireland, as if they were unfortunate, without judgment, contemptuous, and not without some private end of his own, and all that might be, and was pleased, as she spake of it to many that she trusted least, so to fall into the like speech with me; whereupon I, who was still awake and true to my grounds which I thought surest for my Lord's good, said to this effect: Madam, I know not the particulars of estate, and I know this, that Princes' actions must have no abrupt periods or conclusions, but otherwise I would think, that if you had my Lord of Essex here with a white staff in his hand, as my Lord of Leicester had, and continued him still about you for society to yourself, and for an honour and ornament to your attendance and Court in the eyes of your people, and in the eyes of foreign Embassadors, then were he in his right element: for to discontent him as you do, and yet to put arms and power into his hands, may be a kind of temptation to make him prove cumbersome and unruly. And

¹ So in original.—*Abbott.*

therefore if you would *imponere bonam clausulam*, and send for him and satisfy him with honour here near you, if your affairs which (as I have said) I am not acquainted with, will permit it, I think were the best way. Which course, your Lordship knoweth, if it had been taken, then all had been well, and no contempt in my Lord's coming over, nor continuance of these jealousies, which that employment of Ireland bred, and my Lord here in his former greatness. Well, the next news that I heard was, that my Lord was come over, and that he was committed to his chamber for leaving Ireland without the Queen's license: this was at Nonesuch, were (as my duty was) I came to his Lordship, and talked with him privately about a quarter of an hour, and he asked mine opinion of the course was taken with him; I told him, My Lord, *Nubecula est, cito transibit*; it is but a mist: but shall I tell your Lordship, it is as mists are, if it go upwards, it may haps cause a shower, if downwards, it will clear up. And therefore good my Lord carry it so, as you take away by all means all umbrages and distastes from the Queen; and specially, if I were worthy to advise you (as I have been by yourself thought, and now your question imports the continuance of that opinion) observe three points: First, make not this cessation or peace which is concluded with Tyrone, as a service wherein you glory, but as a shuffling up of a prosecution which was not very fortunate. Next, represent not to the Queen any necessity of estate, whereby, as by a coercion or wrench, she should think herself inforced to send you back into Ireland, but leave it to her. Thirdly, seek access *importune, opportune*, seriously, sportingly, every way. I remember my Lord was willing to hear me, but spake very few words, and shaked his head sometimes, as if he thought I was in the wrong; but sure I am, he did just contrary in every one of these three points. After this, during the while since my Lord was committed to my Lord Keeper's, I came divers times to the Queen, as I had used to do, about causes of her revenue and law business, as is well known; by reason of which accesses, according to the ordinary charities of Court, it was given out that I was one of them that incensed the Queen against my Lord of Essex. These speeches, I cannot

tell, nor I will not think, that they grew any way from her Majesty's own speeches, whose memory I will ever honour; if they did, she is with God, and *miserum est ab illis ladi, de quibus non possis queri*. But I must give this testimony to my Lord Cecil, that one time in his house at the Savoy he dealt with me directly, and said to me, Cousin, I hear it, but I believe it not, that you should do some ill office to my Lord of Essex; for my part I am merely passive and not active in this action, and I follow the Queen and that heavily and I lead her not; my Lord of Essex is one that in nature I could consent with as well as with anyone living: the Queen indeed is my Sovereign, and I am her creature, I may not leese her, and the same course I would wish you to take: whereupon I satisfied him how far I was from any such mind. And as sometimes it cometh to pass, that men's inclinations are opened more in a toy, than in a serious matter: A little before that time, being about the middle of Michælmas term, her Majesty had a purpose to dine at my lodge at Twicknam Park, at which time I had (though I profess not to be a poet) prepared a sonnet directly tending and alluding to draw on her Majesty's reconcilment to my Lord, which I remember also I showed to a great person, and one of my Lord's nearest friends, who commended it: this, though it be (as I said) but a toy, yet it showed plainly in what spirit I proceeded, and that I was ready not only to do my Lord good offices, but to publish and declare myself for him; and never was so ambitious of any thing in my life-time, as I was to have carried some token or favour from her Majesty to my Lord; using all the art I had, both to procure her Majesty to send, and myself to be the messenger: for as to the former, I feared not to allege to her, that this proceeding toward my Lord was a thing towards the people very implausible; and therefore wished her Majesty, howsoever she did, yet to discharge herself of it, and to lay it upon others; and therefore that she should intermix her proceeding with some immediate graces from herself, that the world might take knowledge of her princely nature and goodness, lest it should alienate the hearts of her people from her. Which I did stand upon, knowing very well that if she once relented to send or visit, those demonstrations would prove matter of sub-

stance for my Lord's good. And to draw that employment upon myself, I advised her Majesty; that whensoever God should move her to turn the light of her favour towards my Lord, to make signification to him thereof, that her Majesty, if she did it not in person, would at the least use some such mean as might not intitle themselves to any part of the thanks, as persons that were thought mighty with her, to work her, or to bring her about; but to use some such as could not be thought but a mere conduct of her own goodness: but I could never prevail with her, though I am persuaded she saw plainly whereat I levelled; but she had me in jealousy, that I was not hers intirely, but still had inward and deep respects towards my Lord, more than stood at that time with her will and pleasure. About the same time I remember an answer of mine in a matter which had some affinity with my Lord's cause, which though it grew from me, went after about in other's names. For her Majesty being mightily incensed with that book which was dedicated to my Lord of Essex, being a story of the first year of King Henry the fourth, thinking it a seditious prelude to put into the people's heads boldness and faction, said she had good opinion that there was treason in it, and asked me if I could not find any places in it that might be drawn within case of treason: whereto I answered: for treason surely I found none, but for felony very many. And when her Majesty hastily asked me wherein, I told her the author had committed very apparent theft, for he had taken most of the sentences of Cornelius Tacitus, and translated them into English, and put them into his text. And another time, when the Queen would not be persuaded that it was his writing whose name was to it, but that it had some more mischievous author, and said with great indignation that she would have him racked to produce his author, I replied, Nay Madam, he is a Doctor, never rack his person, but rack his stile; let him have pen, ink, and paper, and help of books, and be enjoined to continue the story where it breaketh off, and I will undertake by collecting¹ the stiles to judge whether he were the author or no. But for the main matter, sure I am, when the Queen at any time asked mine opinion

¹ So in original.

of my Lord's case, I ever in one tenour said unto her; That they were faults which the law might term contempts, because they were the transgression of her particular directions and instructions: but then what defence might be made of them, in regard of the great interest the person had in her Majesty favour; in regard of the greatness of his place, and the ampleness of his commission; in regard of the nature of the business, being action of war, which in common cases cannot be tied to strictness of instructions; in regard of the distance of place, having also a sea between, that demands and commands must be subject to wind and weather; in regard of a counsel of State in Ireland which he had at his back to avow his actions upon; and lastly, in regard of a good intention that he would allege for himself, which I told her in some religions was held to be a sufficient dispensation for God's commandments; much more for Princes': in all these regards, I besought her Majesty to be advised again and again, how she brought the cause into any public question: nay, I went further, for I told her, my Lord was an eloquent and well-spoken man, and besides his eloquence of nature or art, he had an eloquence of accident which passed them both, which was the pity and benevolence of his hearers; and therefore that when he should come to his answer for himself, I doubted his words would have so unequal passage above theirs that should charge him, as would not be for her Majesty's honour; and therefore wished the conclusion might be, that they might wrap it up privately between themselves, and that she would restore my Lord to his former attendance, with some addition of honour to take away discontent. But this I will never deny, that I did show no approbation generally of his being sent back again into Ireland, both because it would have carried a repugnancy with my former discourse, and because I was in mine own heart fully persuaded that it was not good, neither for the Queen, nor for the State, nor for himself: and yet I did not dissuade it neither, but left it ever as *locus lubricus*. For this particularity I do well remember, that after your Lordship was named for the place in Ireland, and not long before your going, it pleased her Majesty at Whitehall to speak to me of that nomination: at which time I said to her; Sure-

ly Madam, if you mean not to employ my Lord of Essex thither again, your Majesty cannot make a better choice; and was going on to show some reason; and her Majesty interrupted me with great passion: Essex! (said she); whensoever I send Essex back again into Ireland, I will marry you, claim it of me: whereunto I said; Well Madam, I will release that contract, if his going be for the good of your State. Immediately after the Queen had thought of a course (which was also executed) to have somewhat published in the Star-chamber, for the satisfaction of the world touching my Lord of Essex his restraint, and my Lord of Essex not to be called to it, but occasion to be taken by reason of some libels then dispersed: which when her Majesty propounded unto me, I was utterly against it; and told her plainly, that the people would say that my Lord was wounded upon his back, and that Justice had her balance taken from her, which ever consisted of an accusation and defence, with many other quick and significant terms to that purpose: insomuch that I remember I said, that my Lord *in foro famæ* was too hard for her; and therefore wished her, as I had done before, to wrap it up privately. And certainly I offended her at that time, which was rare with me: for I call to mind, that both the Christmas, Lent, and Easter term following, though I came divers times to her upon law business, yet methought her face and manner was not so clear and open to me as it was at the first. And she did directly charge me, that I was absent that day at the Star-chamber, which was very true; but I alleged some indisposition of body to excuse it: and during all the time aforesaid, there was *altum silentium* from her to me touching my Lord of Essex causes.

But towards the end of Easter term, her Majesty brake with me, and told me that she had found my words true: for that the proceeding in the Star-chamber had done no good, but rather kindled factious bruits (as she turmed them) than quenched them, and therefore that she was determined now for the satisfaction of the world, to proceed against my Lord in the Star-chamber by an information *ore tenus*, and to have my Lord brought to his answer; howbeit she said she would assure me that whatsoever she did should be towards my Lord *ad castigationem, et non ad de-*

structionem; as indeed she had often repeated the same phrase before: whereunto I said (to the end utterly to divert her), Madam, if you will have me speak to you in this argument, I must speak to you as Friar Bacon's head spake, that said first, *Time is*, and then *Time was*, and *Time would never be*: for certainly (said I) it is now far too late, the matter is cold and hath taken too much wind; whereat she seemed again offended and rose from me, and that resolution for a while continued; and after, in the beginning of Midsummer term, I attending her, and finding her settled in that resolution (which I heard of also otherwise), she falling upon the like speech, it is true that, seeing no other remedy, I said to her slightly, Why, Madam, if you will needs have a proceeding, you were best have it in some such sort as Ovid spake of his mistress, *Est aliquid luce patente minus*, to make a counsel-table matter of it, and there an end; which speech again she seemed to take in ill part; but yet I think it did good at that time, and help to divert that course of proceeding by information in the Star-chamber. Nevertheless afterwards it pleased her to make a more solemn matter of the proceeding; and some few days after, when¹ order was given that the matter should be heard at York-house, before an assembly of Counsellors, Peers, and Judges, and some audience of men of quality to be admitted, and then did some principal counsellors send for us of the learned counsel, and notify her Majesty's pleasure unto us, save that it was said to me openly by one of them, that her Majesty was not yet resolved whether she would have me forborne in the business or no. And hereupon might arise that other sinister and untr̄ue speech that I hear is raised of me, how I was a suitor to be used against my Lord of Essex at that time: for it is very true that I, that knew well what had passed between the Queen and me, and what occasion I had given her both of distate and distrust in crossing her disposition by standing stedfastly for my Lord of Essex, and suspecting it also to be a stratagem arising from some particular emulation, I writ to her two or three words of compliment, signifying to her Majesty, that if she would be pleased

¹ So in original. = *Abbott*.

to spare me in my Lord of Essex cause, out of the consideration she took of my obligation towards him, I should reckon it for one of her highest favours; but otherwise desiring her Majesty to think that I knew the degrees of duties, and that no particular obligation whatsoever to any subject could supplant or weaken that entireness of duty that I did owe and bear to her and her service; and this was the goodly suit I made, being a respect that no man that had his wits could have omitted: but nevertheless I had a further reach in it, for I judged that day's work would be a full period of any bitterness or harshness between the Queen and my Lord, and therefore if I declared myself fully according to her mind at that time, which could not do my Lord any manner of prejudice, I should keep my credit with her ever after, whereby to do my Lord service. Hereupon the next news that I heard was, that we were all sent for again, and that her Majesty's pleasure was, we all should have parts in the business; and the Lords falling into distribution of our parts, it was allotted to me, that I should set forth some undutiful carriage of my Lord, in giving occasion and countenance to a seditious pamphlet, as it was termed, which was dedicated unto him, which was the book before-mentioned of King Henry the fourth. Whereupon I replied to that allotment, and said to their Lordships, that it was an old matter, and had no manner of coherence with the rest of the charge, being matters of Ireland, and therefore that I having been wronged by bruits before, this would expose me to them more; and it would be said I gave in evidence mine own tales. It was answered again with good show, that because it was considered how I stood tied to my Lord of Essex, therefore that part was thought fittest for me which did him least hurt; for that whereas all the rest was matter of charge and accusation, this only was but matter of caveat and admonition. Wherewith though I was in mine own mind little satisfied, because I knew well a man were better to be charged with some faults, than admonished of some others: yet the conclusion binding upon the Queen's pleasure directly *volens nolens*, I could not avoid that part that was laid upon me; which part if in the delivery I did handle not tenderly (though no man before me did so in so clear terms free my Lord from all disloyalty as I

did), that, your Lordship knoweth, must be ascribed to the superior duty I did owe to the Queen's fame and honour in a public proceeding, and partly to the intention I had to uphold myself in credit and strength with the Queen, the better to be able to do my Lord good offices afterwards: for as soon as this day was past, I lost no time, but the very next day following (as I remember) I attended her Majesty, fully resolved to try and put in ure my utmost endeavour, so far as I in my weakness could give furtherance, to bring my Lord again speedily into Court and into favour; and knowing (as I supposed at least) how the Queen was to be used, I thought that to make her conceive that the matter went well then, was the way to make her leave off there: and I remember well, I said to her, You have now Madam obtained victory over two things, which the greatest princes in the world cannot at their wills subdue; the one is over fame, the other is over a great mind: for surely the world be now, I hope, reasonably well satisfied; and for my lord, he did show that humiliation towards your Majesty, as I am persuaded he was never in his life-time more fit for your favour than he is now: therefore if your Majesty will not mar it by lingering, but give over at the best, and now you have made so good a full point, receive him again with tenderness, I shall then think that all that is past is for the best. Whereat I remember she took exceeding great contentment, and and did often iterate and put me in mind, that she had ever said that her proceedings should be *ad reparationem* and not *ad ruinam*, as who saith, that now was the time I should well perceive that that saying of hers should prove true. And further she willed me to set down in writing all that passed that day. I obeyed her commandment, and within some few days brought her again the narration, which I did read unto her at two several afternoons: and when I came to that part that set forth my Lord's own answer (which was my principal care), I do well bear in mind that she was extraordinarily moved with it, in kindness and relenting towards my Lord, and told me afterwards (speaking how well I had expressed my Lord's part) that she perceived old love would not easily be forgotten: whereunto I answered suddenly, that I hoped she meant that by herself. But in conclusion I did advise her,

that now she had taken a representation of the matter to herself, that she would let it go no further: For Madam (said I) the fire, blazeth well already, what should you tumble it? And besides, it may please you keep a convenience with yourself in this case; for since your express direction was, there should be no register nor clerk to take this sentence, nor no record or memorial made up of the proceeding, why should you now do that popularly, which you would not admit to be done judicially? Whereupon she did agree that that writing should be suppressed; and I think there were not five persons that ever saw it. But from this time forth, during the whole latter end of that summer, while the Court was at Nonesuch and Oatlands, I made it my task and scope to take and give occasion for my Lord's reintegration in his fortune: which my intention I did also signify to my Lord as soon as ever he was at his liberty, whereby I might without peril of the Queen's indignation write to him; and having received from his Lordship a courteous and loving acceptance of my good will and endeavours, I did apply it in all my accesses to the Queen, which were very many at that time, and purposely sought and wrought upon other variable pretences, but only and chiefly for that purpose. And on the other side, I did not forbear to give my Lord from time to time faithful advertisement what I found, and what I wished. And I drew for him by his appointment some letters to her Majesty, which though I knew well his Lordship's gift and stile was far better than mine own, yet because he required it, alleging that by his long restraint he was grown almost a stranger to the Queen's present conceits, I was ready to perform it: and sure I am that for the space of six weeks or two months it prospered so well, as I expected continually his restoring to his attendance. And I was never better welcome to the Queen, nor more made of, than when I spake fullest and boldest for him: in which kind the particulars were exceeding many; whereof, far an example; I will remember to your Lordship one or two: as at one time, I call to mind, her Majesty was speaking of a fellow that undertook to cure, or at least to ease my brother of his gout, and asked me how it went forwards: and I told her Majesty that at the first he received good by it, but after in the course of his cure

he found himself at a stay or rather worse: the Queen said again, I will tell you, Bacon, the error of it: the manner of these physicians, and especially these empirics, is to continue one kind of medicine, which at the first is proper: being to draw out the ill humour, but after they have not the discretion to change their medicine, but apply still drawing medicines, when they should rather intend to cure and corroborate the part. Good Lord Madam (said I), how wisely and aptly can you speak and discern of physic ministered to the body, and consider not that there is the like occasion of physic ministered to the mind: as now in the case of my Lord of Essex, your princely word ever was that you intended ever to reform his mind; and not ruin his fortune: I know well you cannot but think that you have drawn the humour sufficiently, and therefore it were more than time, and it were but for doubt of mortifying or exulcerating, that you did apply and minister strength and comfort unto him: for these same gradations of yours are fitter to corrupt than correct any mind of greatness. And another time I remember she told me for news, that my Lord had written unto her some very dutiful letters, and that she had been moved by them, and when she took it to be the abundance of the heart, she found it to be but a preparative to a suit for the renewing of his farm of sweet wines: whereunto I replied, O Madam, how doth your Majesty conster of these things, as if these two could not stand well together, which indeed nature hath planted in all creatures. For there but two sympathies, the one towards *perfection*, other towards *preservation*. That to perfection, as the iron contendeth to the loadstone: that to preservation, as the vine will creep towards a stake or prop that stands by it; not for any love to the stake, but to uphold itself. And therefore, Madam, you must distinguish: my Lord's desire to do you service is as to his perfection, that which he thinks himself to be born for; whereas his desire to obtain this thing of you, is but for a sustentation. And not to trouble your Lordship with many other particulars like unto these, it was at the self-same time that I did draw, with my Lord's privity, and by his appointment, two letters, the one written as from my brother, the other as an answer returned from my Lord, both to be by me in secret manner

showed to the Queen, which it pleased my Lord very strangely to mention at the bar; the scope of which were but to represent and picture forth unto her Majesty my Lord's mind to be such as I knew her Majesty would fainest have had it: which letters whosoever shall see (for they cannot now be retracted or altered, being by reason of my brother's or his Lordship's servants' delivery long since comen into divers hands) let him judge, specially if he knew the Queen, and do remember those times, whether they were not the labours of one that sought to bring the Queen about for my Lord of Essex his good. The troth is, that the issue of all his dealing grew to this, that the Queen, by some slackness of my Lord's, as I imagine, liked him worse and worse, and grew more incensed towards him. Then she, remembering belike the continual and incessant and confident speeches and courses that I had held on my Lord's side, became utterly alienated from me, and for the space of at least three months, which was between Michaelmas and New-year's-tide following, would not as much as look on me, but turned away from me with express and purpose-like discountenance wheresoever she saw me; and at such time as I desired to speak with her about law-business, ever sent me forth very slight refusals; insomuch as it is most true, that immediately after New-year's-tide I desired to speak with her; and being admitted to her, I dealt with her plainly and said, Madam, I see you withdraw your favour from me, and now that I have lost many friends for your sake, I shall leese you too: you have put me like one of those that the Frenchmen call *enfants perdus*, that serve on foot before horsemen, so have you put me into matters of envy without place, or without strength; and I know at chess a pawn before the king is ever much played upon; a great many love me not, because they think I have been against my Lord of Essex; and you love me not, because you know I have been for him: yet will I never repent me, that I have dealt in symplicity of heart towards you both, without respect of cautions to myself; and therefore *vivus vidensque perco*. If I do break my neck, I shall do it in manner as Master Dorrington did it, which walked on the battlements of the church many days, and took a view and survey where he should fall: and so Madam (said I) I am not so

simple but that I take a prospect of mine overthrow, only I thought I would tell you so much, that you may know that it was faith and not folly that brought me into it, and so I will pray for you. Upon which speeches of mine uttered with some passion, it is true her Majesty was exceedingly moved, and accumulated a number of kind and gracious words upon me, and willed me to rest upon this, *Gratia mea sufficit*, and a number of other sensible and tender words and demonstrations, such as more could not be; but as touching my Lord of Essex, *ne verbum quidem*. Whereupon I departed, resting then determined to meddle no more in the matter; as that that I saw would overthrow me, and not be able to do him any good. And thus I made mine own peace with mine own confidence at that time; and this was the last time I saw her Majesty before the eighth of February, which was the day of my Lord of Essex his misfortune. After which time, for that I performed at the bar in my public service, your Lordship knoweth by the rules of duty that I was to do it honestly, and without prevarication; but for any putting myself into it, I protest before God, I never moved neither the Queen, nor any person living, concerning my being used in the service, either of evidence or examination; but it was merely laid upon me with the rest of my fellows. And for the time which passed, I mean between the arraignment and my Lord's suffering, I well remember I was but once with the Queen; at what time, though I durst not deal directly for my Lord as things then stood, yet generally I did both commend her Majesty's mercy, terming it to her as an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands, and made an excellent odour in the senses of her people; and not only so, but I took hardiness to extenuate, not the fact, for that I durst not, but the danger, telling her that if some base or cruel-minded persons had entered into such an action, it might have caused much blood and combustion: but it appeared well they were such as knew not how to play the malefactors; and some other words which I now omit. And as for the rest of the carriage of myself in that service, I have many honourable witnesses that can tell, that the next day after my Lord's arraignment, by my diligence and information touching the quality and nature

of the offenders, six of nine were stayed, which otherwise had been attained, I bringing their Lordship's letter for their say, after the jury was sworn to pass upon them; so near it went: and how careful I was, and made it my part, that whosoever was in trouble about that matter, as soon as ever his case was sufficiently known and defined of, might not continue in restraint, but be set at liberty; and many other parts, which I am well assured of¹ stood with the duty of an honest man. But indeed I will not deny for the case of Sir Thomas Smith of London, the Queen demanding my opinion of it, I told her I thought it was as hard as many of the rest: but what was the reason? because at that time I had seen only his accusation, and had never been present at any examination of his; and the matter so standing, I had been very untrue to my service, if I had not delivered that opinion. But afterwards upon a re-examination of some that charged him, who weakened their own testimony; and especially hearing himself *viva voce*, I went instantly to the Queen, out of the soundness of my conscience, and not regarding what opinion I had formerly delivered, told her Majesty, I was satisfied and resolved in my conscience, that for the reputation of the action, the plot was to countenance the action further by him in respect of his place, than they had indeed any interest or intelligence with him. It is very true also, about that time her Majesty taking a liking of my pen, upon that which I had done before concerning the proceeding at York-house, and likewise upon some other declarations which in former times by her appointment I put in writing, commanded me to pen that book, which was published for the better satisfaction of the world; which I did, but so as never secretary had more particular and express directions and instructions in every point how to guide my hand in it; and not only so; but after that I had made a first draught thereof, and propounded it to certain principal counsellors, by her Majesty's appointment, it was perused, weighed, censured, altered, and made almost a new writing,² according to their Lordship's better consideration; wherein their Lordships and myself both were as re-

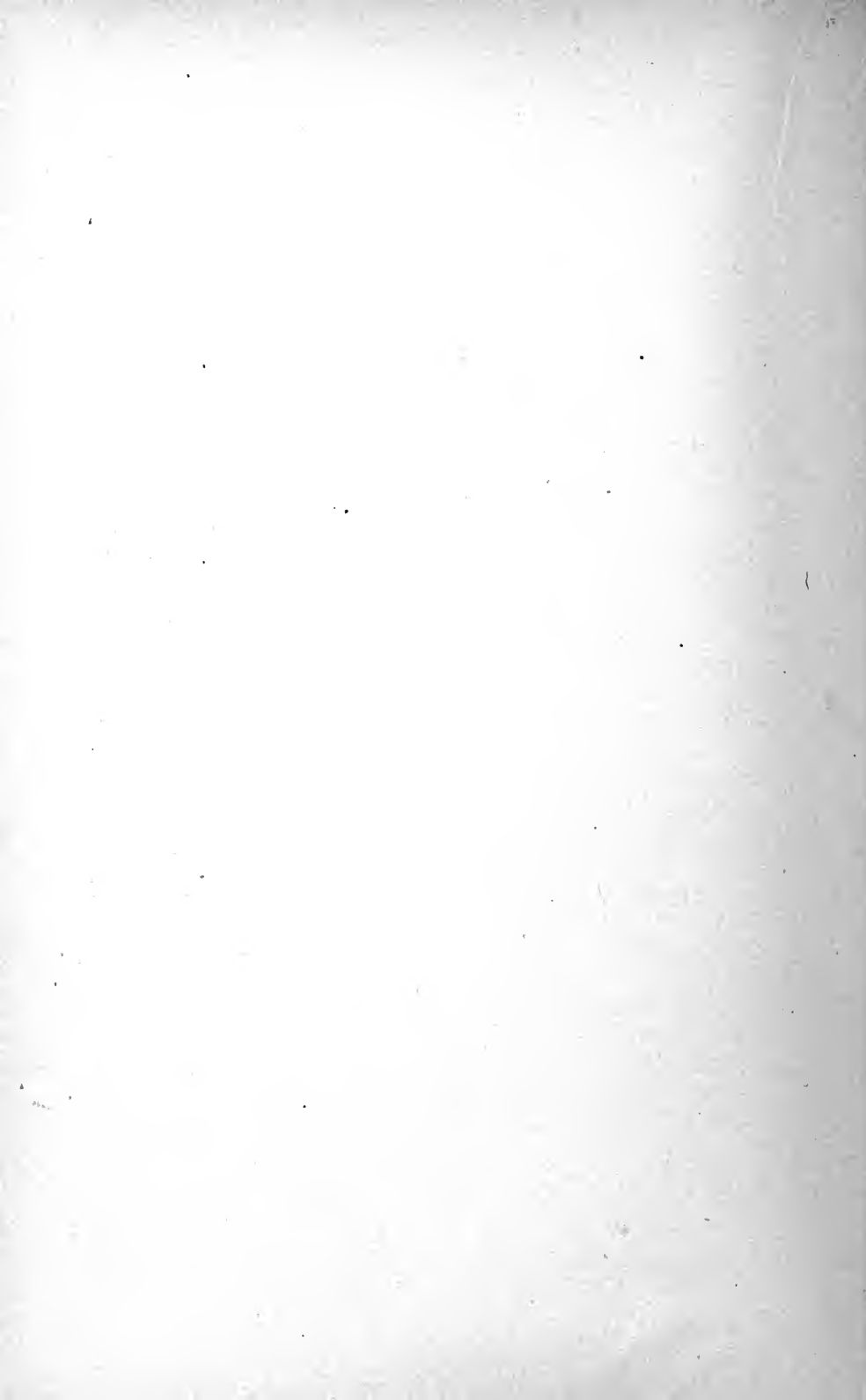
¹ So in original.

² *anew, writing* in original.

ligious and curious of truth, as desirous of satisfaction: and myself indeed gave only words and form of style in pursuing their direction. And after it had passed their allowance, it was again exactly perused by the Queen herself, and some alterations made again by her appointment: nay, and after it was set to print, the Queen, who, as your Lordship knoweth, as she was excellent in great matters, so she was exquisite in small, and noted that I could not forget my ancient respect to my Lord of Essex, in terming him ever, My Lord of Essex, My Lord of Essex, in almost every page of the book, which she thought not fit, but would have it made Essex, or the late Earl of Essex: whereupon of force it was printed *de novo*, and the first copies suppressed by her peremptory commandment. And this, my good Lord, to my furthest remembrance, is all that passed wherein I had part; which I have set down as near as I could in the very words and speeches that were used, not because they are worthy the repetition, I mean those of mine own; but to the end your Lordship may lively and plainly discern between the face of truth and a smooth tale. And the rather also because in things that passed a good while since, the very words and phrases did sometimes bring to my remembrance the matters: wherein I report me to your honourable judgment, whether you do not see the traces of an honest man: and had I been as well believed either by the Queen or by my Lord, as I was well heard by them both, both my Lord had been fortunate, and so had myself in his fortune.

To conclude therefore, I humbly pray your Lordship to pardon me for troubling you with this long narration; and that you will vouchsafe to hold me in your good opinion, till you know I have deserved, or find that I shall deserve the contrary; and even so I continue

At your Lordship's honourable commandments very humbly.



[APPENDIX III.]

A

DECLARATION OF THE PRACTICES AND TREASONS

ATTEMPTED AND COMMITTED BY

ROBERT LATE EARL OF ESSEX

AND HIS COMPLICES,

AGAINST HER MAJESTY AND HER KINGDOMS,

AND OF THE PROCEEDINGS AS WELL AT THE ARRAIGNMENTS AND CONVIC-
TIONS OF THE SAID LATE EARL, AND HIS ADHERENTS, AS AFTER:

TOGETHER WITH THE VERY CONFESSIONS,

AND OTHER PARTS OF THE EVIDENCES THEMSELVES, WORD FOR WORD
TAKEN OUT OF THE ORIGINALS.

IMPRINTED AT LONDON BY ROBERT BARKER,
PRINTER TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY.

ANNO 1601.



A DECLARATION
TOUCHING THE
TREASONS OF THE LATE EARL OF ESSEX
AND HIS COMPLICES.

Though public justice passed upon capital offenders, according to the laws, and in course of an honourable and ordinary trial (where the case would have borne and required the severity of martial law to have been speedily used), do in itself carry a sufficient satisfaction towards all men, specially in a merciful government, such as her Majesty's is approved to be: yet because there do pass abroad in the hands of many men divers false and corrupt collections and relations of the proceedings at the arraignment of the late Earls of Essex and Southampton; and again, because it is requisite that the world do understand as well the precedent practices and inducements to the treasons, as the open and actual treasons themselves (though in a case of life it was not thought convenient to insist at the trial upon matter of inference or presumption, but chiefly upon matter of plain and direct proofs); therefore it hath been thought fit to publish to the world a brief Declaration of the practices and treasons attempted and committed by Robert late Earl of Essex and his complices against her Majesty and her kingdoms, and of the proceedings at the convictions of the said late Earl and his adherents upon the same treasons: and not so only, but therewithal, for the better warranting and verifying of the narration, to set down in the end the very confessions and testimonies themselves, word for word taken out of the originals, whereby it will be most manifest that nothing is obscured or disguised, though it do appear by divers most wicked and seditious libels thrown abroad, that the dregs of

these treasons, which the late Earl of Essex himself, a little before his death, did term a Leprosy, that had infected far and near, do yet remain in the hearts and tongues of some misaffected persons.

THE most partial will not deny, but that Robert late Earl of Essex was by her Majesty's manifold benefits and graces, besides oath and allegiance, as much tied to her Majesty as the subject could be to the sovereign; her Majesty having heaped upon him both dignities, offices, and gifts, in such measure, as within the circle of twelve years or more there was scarcely a year of rest, in which he did not obtain at her Majesty's hands some notable addition either of honour or profit.

But he on the other side, making these her Majesty's favours nothing else but wings for his ambition, and looking upon them not as her benefits but as his advantages, supposing that to be his own metal which was but her mark and impression, was so given over by God (who often punisheth ingratitude by ambition, and ambition by treason, and treason by final ruin), as he had long ago plotted it in his heart to become a dangerous supplanter of that seat, whereof he ought to have been a principal supporter; in such sort as now every man of common sense may discern not only his last actual and open treasons, but also his former more secret practices and preparations towards those his treasons, and that without any gloss or interpreter but himself and his own doings.

For first of all, the world can now expound why it was that he did aspire, and had almost attained, unto a greatness like unto the ancient greatness of the *Praefectus Pratorio* under the Emperors of Rome, to have all men of war to make their sole and particular dependence upon him; that with such jealousy and watchfulness he sought to discountenance any one that might be a competitor to him in any part of that greatness; that with great violence and bitterness he sought to suppress and keep down all the worthiest martial men which did not appropriate their respects and acknowledgments only towards himself. All which did manifestly detect and distinguish, that it was not the reputation of a famous leader in the wars which he sought [as it was construed a great while], but only power and greatness to serve

his own ends; considering he never loved virtue nor valour in another, but where he thought he should be proprietary and commander of it, as referred to himself.

So likewise those points of popularity which every man took notice and note of, as his affable gestures, open doors, making his table and his bed so popularly places of audience to suitors, denying nothing when he did nothing, feeding many men in their discontentments against the Queen and the State, and the like, as they ever were since Absalon's time the forerunners of treasons following, so in him were they either the qualities of a nature disposed to disloyalty, or the beginnings and conceptions of that which afterwards grew to shape and form.

But as it were a vain thing to think to search the roots and first motions of treasons, which are known to none but God that discerns the heart, and the devil that gives the instigation; so it is more than to be persumed (being made apparent by the evidence of all the events following) that he carried into Ireland a heart corrupted in his allegiance, and pregnant of those or the like treasons which afterwards came to light.

For being a man by nature of an high imagination, and a great promiser to himself as well as to others, he was confident that if he were once the first person in a kingdom, and a sea between the Queen's seat and his, and Wales the nearest land from Ireland, and that he had got the flower of the English forces into his hands (which he thought so to intermix with his own followers, as the whole body should move by his spirit), and if he might have also absolutely into his hands *potestatem vitæ et necis* and *arbitrium belli et pacis* over the rebels of Ireland, whereby he might entice and make them his own, first by pardons and conditions, and after by hopes to bring them in place where they should serve for hope of better booties than cows, he should be able to make that place of Lieutenancy of Ireland as a rise or step to ascend to his desired greatness in England.

And although many of these conceits were windy, yet neither were they the less like to his, neither are they now only probable conjectures or comments upon these his last treasons, but the very preludes of actions almost immediately subsequent, as shall be touched in due place.

But first, it was strange with what appetite and thirst he did affect and compass the government of Ireland, which he did obtain. For although he made some formal shows to put it from him; yet in this, as in most things else, his desires being too strong for his dissimulations, he did so far pass the bounds of *decorum*, as he did in effect name himself to the Queen by such description and such particularities as could not be applied to any other but himself; neither did he so only, but further he was still at hand to offer and urge vehemently and peremptorily exceptions to any other that was named.

Then after he once found that there was no man but himself (who had other matters in his head) so far in love with that charge as to make any competition or opposition to his pursuit, whereby he saw it would fall upon him, and especially after himself was resolved upon, he began to make propositions to her Majesty by way of taxation of the former course held in managing the actions of Ireland, especially upon three points; The first, that the proportions of forces which had been there maintained and continued by supplies, were not sufficient to bring the prosecutions there to period. The second, that the axe had not been put to the root of the tree, in regard there had not been made a main prosecution upon the arch-traitor Tyrone in his own strength, within the province of Ulster. The third, that the prosecutions before time had been intermixed and interrupted with too many temporizing treaties, whereby the rebel did ever gather strength and reputation to renew the war with advantage. All which goodly and well-sounding discourses, together with the great vaunts that he would make the earth tremble before him, tended but to this, that the Queen should increase the list of her army and all proportions of treasure and other furniture, to the end his commandment might be the greater. For that he never intended any such prosecution may appear by this, that even

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at the time before his going into Ireland he did open himself so far in speech to Blunt, his inwardest counsellor, *That he did assure himself that many of the rebels in Ireland would be advised by him:* so far was he from intending any prosecution

towards those in whom he took himself to have interest. But his ends were two: The one, to get great forces into his hands; the other, to oblige the heads of the rebellion unto him, and to make them of his party. These two ends had in themselves a repugnancy; for the one imported prosecution, and the other treaty: but he, that meant to be too strong to be called to account for anything, and meant besides when he was once in Ireland to engage himself in other journeys that should hinder the prosecution in the North, took things in order as they made for him. And so first did nothing, as was said, but trumpet a final and utter prosecution against Tyrone in the North, to the end to have his forces augmented.

But yet he forgat not his other purpose of making himself strong by a party amongst the rebels, when it came to the scanning of the clauses of his commission. For then he did insist, and that with a kind of contestation, that the pardoning, no not of Tyrone himself, the capital rebel, should be excepted and reserved to her Majesty's immediate grace; being infinitely desirous that Tyrone should not look beyond him for his life or pardon, but should hold his fortune as of him, and account for it to him only.

So again, whereas in the commission of the Earl of Sussex, and of all other lieutenants or deputies, there was ever in that clause which giveth unto the lieutenant or deputy that high or regal point of authority to pardon treasons and traitors, an exception contained of such cases of treason as are committed against the person of the King; it was strange, and suspiciously strange even at that time, with what importunity and instance he did labour, and in the end prevailed, to have that exception also omitted; glosing then, that because he had heard that by strict exposition of law (a point in law that he would needs forget at his arraignment, but could take knowledge of it before, when it was to serve his own ambition,) all treasons of rebellion did tend to the destruction of the King's person, it might breed a buzz in the rebel's heads, and so discourage them from coming in; whereas he knew well that in all experience passed, there was never rebel made any doubt or scruple upon that point to accept of pardon

from all former governors, who had their commissions penned with that limitation (their commissions being things not kept secretly in a box, but published and recorded): so as it appeared manifestly that it was a mere device of his own out of the secret reaches of his heart then not revealed; but it may be shrewdly expounded since, what his drift was, by those pardons which he granted to Blunt the marshal, and Thomas Lee, and others that his care was no less to secure his own instruments than the rebels of Ireland.

Yet was there another point for which he did contend and contest, which was, that he might not be tied to any opinion of the Counsel of Ireland, as all others in certain points (as pardoning traitors, concluding war and peace, and some other principal articles) had been before him; to the end he might be absolute of himself, and be fully master of opportunities and occasions for the performing and executing of his own treasonable ends.

But after he had once by her Majesty's singular trust and favour toward him obtained his patent of commission as large, and his list of forces as full as he desired, there was an end in his course of the prosecution in the North. For being arrived into Ireland, the whole carriage of his actions there was nothing else but a cunning defeating of that journey, with an intent (as appeared) in the end of the year to pleasure and gratify the rebel with a dishonourable peace, and to contract with him for his own greatness.

Therefore not long after he had received the sword, he did voluntarily engage himself in an unseasonable and fruitless journey into Munster, a journey never propounded in the Counsel there, never advertised over hither while it was past: by which journey her Majesty's forces, which were to be preserved entire both in vigour and number for the great prosecution, were harassed and tired with long marches together, and the northern prosecution was indeed quite dashed and made impossible.

But yet still doubting he might receive from her Majesty some quick and express commandment to proceed; to be sure, he pursued his former device of wrapping himself in other actions, and so set himself on work anew in the county of Ophaley, being re-

solved, as is manifest, to dally out the season, and never to have gone that journey at all: that setting forward which he made in the very end of August being but a mere play and a mockery, and for the purposes which now shall be declared.

After he perceived that four months of the summer and three parts of the army were wasted, he thought now was a time to set on foot such a peace as might be for the rebels' advantage, and so to work a mutual obligation between Tyrone and himself; for which purpose he did but seek a commodity. He had there with him in his army one Thomas Lee, a man of a seditious and working spirit, and one that had been privately familiar and entirely beloved of Tyrone, and one that afterwards, immediately upon Essex open rebellion, was apprehended for a desperate attempt of violence against her Majesty's person; which he plainly confessed, and for which he suffered. Wherefore judging him to be a fit instrument, he made some signification to Lee of such an employment, which was no sooner signified than apprehended by Lee. He gave order also to Sir Christopher Blunt, marshal of his army, to license Lee to go to Tyrone, when he should require it. But Lee thought good to let slip first unto Tyrone (which was nevertheless by the marshal's warrant) one James Knowd, a person of wit and sufficiency, to sound in what terms and humours Tyrone then was. This Knowd returned a message from Tyrone to Lee, which was, *That if the Earl of Essex would follow Tyrone's plot, he would make the Earl of Essex the greatest man that ever was in England: and further, that if the Earl would have conference with him, Tyrone would deliver his eldest son in pledge for his assurance.* This message was delivered by Knowd to Lee, and by Lee was imparted to the Earl of Essex, who after this message employed Lee himself to Tyrone, and by his negotiating, (whatsoever passed else) prepared and disposed Tyrone to the parley.

And this employment of Lee was a matter of that guilt- In the
iness in my Lord, as, being charged with it at my Lord con-
Keeper's only in this nature (for the message of Knowd fession
of Th. Lee.

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was not then known) that when he pretended to assail Ty-
rone he had before underhand agreed upon a parley, my
Lord utterly denied it that he ever employed Lee to Tyrone
at all, and turned it upon Blunt, whom he afterwards re-
quired to take it upon him, having before sufficiently pro-
vided for the security of all parts, for he had granted both
to Blunt and Lee pardons of all treasons under the great
seal of Ireland, and so, himself disclaiming it, and they be-
ing pardoned, all was safe.

But when that Tyrone was by these means (besides what
others God knows) prepared to demand a parley, now was
the time for Essex to acquit himself of all the Queen's com-
mandments, and his own promises and undertakings for the
northern journey; and not so alone, but to have the glory at
the disadvantage of the year, being but 2500 strong of foot,
and 300 of horse, after the fresh disaster of Sir Coniers
Clifford, in the height of the rebels' pride, to set forth to
assail, and then that the very terror and reputation of my
Lord of Essex person was such as did daunt him and make
him stoop to seek a parley; and this was the end he shot at
in that September journey, being a mere abuse and bravery,
and but inducements only to the treaty, which was the only
matter he intended. For Essex drawing now towards the
catastrophe or last part of that tragedy for which he came
upon the stage in Ireland, his treasons grew to a further
ripeness. For knowing how unfit it was for him to commu-
nicate with any English, even of those whom he trusted most
and meant to use in other treasons, that he had an intention
to grow to an agreement with Tyrone to have succours from
him for the usurping upon the state here, (not because it
was more dangerous than the rest of his treasons, but be-
cause it was more odious, and in a kind monstrous, that he
should conspire with such a rebel against whom he was sent,
and therefore might adventure to alienate men's affections
from him,) he drave it to this, that there might be, and so
there was, under colour of treaty, an interview and private
conference between Tyrone and himself only. no third per-

son admitted. A strange course, considering with whom he dealt, and especially considering what message Knowld had brought, which should have made him rather call witnesses to him than avoid witnesses. But he being only true to his own ends, easily dispensed with all such considerations. Nay there was such careful order taken that no person should overhear one word that passed between them two, as because the place appointed and used for the parley was such as there was the depth of a brook between them, which made them speak (with) some loudness, there were certain horsemen appointed by order from Essex to keep all men off a great distance from the place.

It is true that the secrecy of that parley, as it gave to him the more liberty of treason, so it may give any man the more liberty of surmise what was then handled between them; inasmuch as nothing can be known but by report from one of them two, either Essex or Tyrone.

But although there were no proceeding against Essex upon these treasons, and that it were a needless thing to load more treasons upon him then, whose burthen was so great after; yet for truth's sake, it is fit the world know what is testified touching the speeches, letters, and reports of Tyrone, immediately following this conference, and observe also what ensued likewise in the designs of Essex himself.

On Tyrone's part it fell out, that the very day after that Essex came to the Court of England, Tyrone having conference with Sir William Warren at Armagh, by way of discourse told him, and bound it with an oath, and iterated it two or three several times; *That within two or three months he should see the greatest alterations and strangest that ever he saw in his life, or could imagine: and that he the said Tyrone hoped ere long to have a good share in England.* With this concurred fully the report of Richard Bremingham, a gentleman of the Pale, having made his repair about the same time to Tyrone to right him in a cause of land; saving that Bremingham delivers the like speech of Tyrone to himself; but not what Tyrone hoped, but what Tyrone had

The relation of Sir W. Warren, certified under his hand, from the Council of Ireland to the Lords of the

Council here. The report of R. Bre-ming-ham to the Council of Estate in Ire-land. The con-fes-sion of Th. Wood

promised in these words, *That he had promised* (it may be thought to whom) *ere long to show his face in England, little to the good of England.*

These generalities coming immediately from the report of Tyrone himself, are drawn to more particularity in a conference had between the Lord Fitz-Morrice, Baron of Liksawne in Munster, and one Thomas Wood, a person well reputed of, immediately after Essex coming into England. In which conference Fitz-Morrice declared unto Wood, that Tyrone had written to the traitorous titular Earl of Desmond, to inform him that the condition of that contract between Tyrone and Essex was, *That Essex should be King of England; and that Tyrone should hold of him the honour and state of Viceroy of Ireland; and that the proportion of soldiers which Tyrone should bring or send to Essex, were*

8,000 Irish. With which concurrerth fully the testimony of the said James Knowde, who, being in credit with Owny Mac Roory, chief of the Omoores in Lemster, was used as a secretary for him, in the writing of a letter to Tyrone, immediately after Essex coming to England. The effect of which letter was, *To understand some light of the secret agreement between the Earl of Essex and Tyrone, that he the said Owny might frame his course accordingly.* Which letter, with further instructions to the same effect, was in the presence of Knowde delivered to Turlagh Macdavy, a man of trust with Owny, who brought an answer from Tyrone: the contents whereof were, *That the Earl of Essex had agreed to take his part, and that they should aid him towards the conquest of England.*

Besides, very certain it is, and testified by divers credible persons, that immediately upon this parley there did fly abroad as sparkles of this fire (which it did not concern Tyrone so much to keep secret, as it did Essex) a general and received opinion, that went up and down in the mouths both of the better and meaner sort of rebels, *That the Earl of Essex was theirs, and they his; and that he would never leave the one sword, meaning that of Ireland, till he had got-*

The declaration of Da-

ten the other in England; and that he would bring them to serve, where they should have other manner of booties than cows; and the like speeches. And Thomas Lee himself, (who had been, as was before declared, with Tyrone two or three days, upon my Lord's sending, and had sounded him) hath left it confessed under his hand, *That he knew the Earl of Essex and Tyrone to be one, and to run the same courses.*

And certain it is also, that immediately upon that parley Tyrone grew into a strange and unwonted pride, and appointed his progresses and visitations to receive congratulations and homages from his confederates, and behave himself in all things as one that had some new spirit of hope and courage put into him.

But on the Earl of Essex his part ensued immediately after this parley a strange motion and project, which though no doubt he had harboured in his breast before, yet for anything yet appeareth, he did not utter and break with any in it, before he had been confirmed and fortified in his purpose by the combination and correspondence which he found in Tyrone upon their conference. Neither is this a matter gathered out of reports, but confessed directly by two of his principal friends and associates, being witnesses upon their own knowledge, and of that which was spoken to themselves: the substance of which confessions is this: *That a little before my Lord's coming over into England,¹ at the castle of Dublin, where Sir Christopher Blunt lay hurt, having been lately removed thither from Reban, a castle of Thomas Lee's, and placed in a lodging that had been my Lord of Southampton's, the Earl of Essex took the Earl of Southampton with him to visit Blunt, and there being none present but they three, my Lord of Essex told them, he found it now necessary for him to go into England, and would advise with them of*

¹ Mr. Spedding here says, "According to the examination which bears Sir Christopher's signature, it was some few days before the Earl's journey into the North: which would imply a still more deliberate and inexcusable treason, and seems hardly credible."—Abbott. But see above, p. 129.

by the manner of his going, since to go he was resolved. And thereupon propounded unto them, that he thought it fit to carry with him of the army in Ireland as much as he could conveniently transport, at least the choice of it, to the number of two or three thousand, to secure and make good his first descent on shore, purposing to land them at Milford Haven in Wales, or thereabouts; not doubting, but that his army would so Increase within a small time by such as would come in to him, as he should be able to march with his power to London, and make his own conditions as he thought good. But both Southampton and Blunt dissuaded him from this enterprise; Blunt alleging the hazard of it, and that it would make him odious: and Southampton utterly disliking of that course, upon the same and many other reasons. Howbeit thereupon Blunt advised him rather to another course, which was to draw forth of the army some 200 resolute gentlemen, and with those to come over, and so to make sure of the Court, and so to make his own conditions. Which confessions it is not amiss to deliver by what a good providence of God they came to light: for they could not be used at Essex arraignment to charge him, because they were uttered after his death.

But Sir Christopher Blunt at his arraignment, being charged that the Earl of Essex had set it down under his hand that he had been a principal instigator of him to his treasons, in passion brake forth into these speeches: *That then he must be forced to disclose what further matters he had held my Lord from, and desired for that purpose (because the present proceeding should not be interrupted) to speak with the Lord Admiral and Mr. Secretary after his arraignment;* and so fell most naturally and most voluntarily into this his confession, which if it had been thought fit to have required of him at that time publicly, he had delivered before his conviction. And the same confession he did after (at the time of his execution) constantly and fully confirm, discourse particularly, and take upon his death, where never any man showed less fear, nor a greater resolution to die.

And the same matter so by him confessed was likewise

confessed with the same circumstances of time and place the occasion of
by Southampton, being severally examined thereupon.

So as now the world may see how long since my Lord the falling
put off his vizard, and disclosed the secrets of his heart to into the
two of his most confident friends, falling upon that unnat- the
ural and detestable treason, whereunto all his former actions afore-
in his government in Ireland (and God knows how long be- said
fore) were but introductions. con-
fessions.

But finding that these two persons, which of all the rest The
he thought to have found forwardest, Southampton, whose place
displacing he had made his own discontentment (having of
placed him, no question, to that end, to find cause of dis- Gen-
contentment), and Blunt, a man so enterprising and prod- eral of
igal of his own life (as himself termed himself at the bar), the
did not applaud to this his purpose, and thereby doubting Horse
how coldly he should find others minded, that were not so in the
near to him; and therefore condescending to Blunt's advice army
to surprise the Court, he did pursue that plot accordingly, of Ire-
and came over with a selected company of captains and land
voluntaries, and such as he thought were most affectionate was
unto himself and most resolute, though not knowing of his con-
purpose. So as even at that time every man noted and ferred
wondered what the matter should be, that my Lord took his by Es-
most particular friends and followers from their companies, sex
which were countenance and means unto them, to bring upon
them over. But his purpose (as in part was touched be- South-
fore) was this; that if he held his greatness in Court, and amp-
were not committed (which in regard of the miserable and ton
deplored estate he left Ireland in, whereby he thought the con-
opinion here would be that his service could not be spared, trary
he made full account he should not be) then, at the first to her
opportunity, he would execute the surprise of her Majesty's Majes-
person. And if he were committed to the Tower or to prison ty's
for his contempts (for besides his other contempts, he came ex-
over expressly against the Queen's prohibition under her press
signet), it might be the care of some of his principal friends, com-
by the help of that choice and resolute company which he mand-
brought over, to rescue him. ment.

But the pretext of his coming over was, by the efficacy of his own presence and persuasion to have moved and drawn her Majesty to accept of such conditions of peace as he had treated of with Tyrone in his private conference; which was indeed somewhat needful, the principal article of them being, *That there should be a general restitution of rebels in Ireland to all their lands and possessions, that they could pretend any right to before their going out into rebellion*, without reservation of such lands as were by Act of Parliament passed to the Crown, and so planted with English, both in the time of Queen Mary, and since; and without difference either of time of their going forth, or nature of their offence, or other circumstance: tending in effect to this, That all the Queen's good subjects, in most of the provinces, should have been displanted, and the country abandoned to the rebels.

When this man was come over, his heart thus fraught with treasons, and presented himself to her Majesty, it pleased God, in his singular providence over her Majesty, to guide and hem in her proceeding towards him in a narrow way of safety between two perils. For neither did her Majesty leave him at liberty, whereby he might have commodity to execute his purpose; nor restrain him in any such nature, as might signify or betoken matter of despair of his return to Court and favour. And so the means of present mischief being taken away, and the humours not stirred, this matter fell asleep, and the thread of his purposes was cut off. For coming over about the end of September, and not denied access and conference with her Majesty, and then being commanded to his chamber at Court for some days, and from thence to the Lord Keeper's house, it was conceived that these were no ill signs. At my Lord Keeper's house he remained till some few days before Easter, and then was removed to his own house, under the custody of Sir Richard Barkley, and in that sort continued till the end of Trinity Term following.

For her Majesty all this while looking into his faults with the eye of her princely favour, and loath to take advantage of his great offences in other nature than as contempts, resolved so to proceed against him as might (to use her Majesty's own words) tend *ad correctionem, et non ad ruinam*.

Nevertheless afterwards, about the end of Trinity Term following, for the better satisfaction of the world, and to repress seditious bruits and libels which were dispersed in his justification, and to observe a form of justice before he should be set at full liberty; her Majesty was pleased to direct, that there should be associate unto her Privy Counsel some chosen persons of her nobility, and of her judges of the law; and before them his cause (concerning the breaking of his instructions for the northern prosecution, and the manner of his treating with Tyrone, and his coming over and leaving the kingdom of Ireland contrary to her Majesty's commandment, expressed as well by signification thereof made under her royal hand and signet as by a most binding and effectual letter written privately to himself) to receive a hearing; with limitation nevertheless that he should not be charged with any point of disloyalty; and with like favour directed that he should not be called in question in the open and ordinary place of offenders in the Star Chamber, from which he had likewise by a most penitent and humble letter desired to be spared, as that which would have wounded him for ever as he affirmed, but in a more private manner at my Lord Keeper's house. Neither was the effect of the sentence that there passed against him any more than a suspension of the exercise of some of his places: at which time also, Essex, that could vary himself into all shapes for a time, infinitely desirous (as by the sequel now appeareth) to be at liberty to practise and revive his former purposes, and hoping to set into them with better strength than ever, because he conceived the people's hearts were kindled to him by his troubles, and that they had made great demonstrations of as much; he did transform himself into such a strange and dejected humility, as if he had been no man of this world, with passionate protestations that he called God to witness *that he had made an utter divorce with the world, and he desired her Majesty's favour not for any worldly respect, but for a preparative for a Nunc dimittis; and that the tears of his heart had quenched in him all humours of ambition.* All this to make her Majesty secure, and to lull the world asleep, that he was not a man to be held any ways dangerous.

Not many days after, Sir Richard Barkley his keeper was removed from him, and he set at liberty; with this admonition only, *That he should not take himself to be altogether discharged, though he were left to the guard of none but his own discretion.* But he felt himself no sooner upon the wings of his liberty but (notwithstanding his former shows of a mortified estate of mind) he began to practise afresh, as busily as ever reviving his former resolution; which was the surprising and possessing the Queen's person and the Court. And that it may appear how early after his liberty he set his engines on work, having long before entertained into his service, and during his government in Ireland drawn near unto him in the place of his chief secretary, one Henry Cuffe, a base fellow by birth, but a great scholar, and indeed a notable traitor by the book, being otherwise of a turbulent and mutinous spirit against all superiors:

The
decla-
ration
of Sir
Henry
Nevill.

This fellow, in the begining of August, which was not a month after Essex liberty granted, fell of practising with Sir Henry Nevill, that served her Majesty as leiger ambassador with the French King, then newly come over into England from Bulleyn; abusing him with a false lie and mere invention, that his service was blamed and misliked and that the imputation of the breach of the treaty of peace held at Bulleyn was like to light upon him (when there was no colour of any such matter), only to distate him of others and fasten him to my Lord; though he did not acquaint him with any particulars of my Lord's designs till a good while after.

But my Lord having spent the end of the summer (being a private time, when everybody was out of town and dispersed) in digesting his own thoughts, with the help and conference of Master Cuffe, they had soon set down between them the ancient principle of traitors and conspirators, which was, *to prepare many, and to acquaint few;* and, after the manner of mines, to make ready their powder and place it, and then give fire but in the instant. Therefore the first consideration was of such persons as my Lord thought fit

to draw to be of his party; singling out both of nobility and martial men and others such as were discontented or turbulent, and such as were weak of judgment and easy to be abused, or such as were wholly dependants and followers (for means or countenance) of himself, Southampton, or some other of his greatest associates.

And knowing there were no such strong and drawing cords of popularity as religion, he had not neglected, both at this time and long before, in a profane policy to serve his turn (for his own greatness) of both sorts and factions, both of Catholics and Puritans, as they term them; turning his outside to the one and his inside to the other, and making himself pleasing and gracious to the one sort by professing zeal and frequenting sermons and making much of preachers, and secretly underhand giving assurance to Blunt, Davies and divers others, that (if he might prevaile in his desired greatness) he would bring in a toleration of the Catholic religion.

Then having passed the whole Michaelmas Term in making himself plausible, and in drawing concourse about him, and in affecting and alluring men by kind provocations and usage (wherein, because his liberty was qualified, he neither forgot exercise of mind nor body, neither sermon nor tennis-court, to give the occasion and freedom of access and concourse unto him) and much other practice and device; about the end of that term, towards Christmas, he drew to a more framed resolution of the time and manner, when and how he would put his purpose in execution. And first, about the end of Michaelmas Term, it passed as a kind of cipher and watchword amongst his friends and followers, *That my Lord would stand upon his guard*: which might receive construction in good sense, as well guard of circumspection as guard of force; but to the more private and trusty persons he was content it should be expounded that he would be cooped up no more, nor hazard any more restraints or commandments.

But the next care was: how to bring such persons as he thought fit for his purpose into town together, without vent

The
con-
fession
of
Blunt
and
Dav-
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The
decla-
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of Sir
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ry Ne-
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sion of

Sir of suspicion, to be ready at the time when he should put his
 Ferdinando design in execution; which he had concluded should be some
 Gorge time in Hilary Term; wherein he found many devices to
 draw them up, some for suits in law, and some for suits in
 The Court, and some for assurance of land: and one friend to draw
 confession up another, it not being perceived that all moved from one
 of Blunt head. And it may be truly noted, that in the catalogue of those
 persons that were the eighth of February in the action of
 open rebellion, a man may find almost out of every county
 of England some; which could not be by chance or constellation: and in the particularity of examinations (too long to be rehearsed) it was easy to trace in what sort many of them were brought up to town, and held in town upon several pretences. But in Candlemas Term, when the time drew near, then was he content consultation should be had by certain choice persons, upon the whole matter and course which he should hold. And because he thought himself and his own house more observed, it was thought fit that the meeting and conference should be at Drury House, where Sir Charles Davers lodged. There met at this council, the Earl of Southampton, with whom in former times he had been at some emulations and differences in Court. But after, Southampton having married his kins-woman, and plunged himself wholly into his fortune, and being his continual associate in Ireland, he accounted of him as most assured unto him, and had long ago in Ireland acquainted him with his purpose, as was declared before. Sir Charles Davers, one exceedingly devoted to the Earl of Southampton, upon affection begun first upon the deserving of the same Earl towards him, when he was in trouble about the murder of one Long. Sir Ferdinando Gorge, one that the Earl of Essex had of purpose sent for up from his government at Plymouth by his letter, with particular assignation to be here before the second of February. Sir John Davies, one that had been his servant, and raised by him, and that bare office in the Tower, being Surveyor of the Ordinance, and one that he greatly trusted: and John Littleton, one they respected for his wit and valour.

The consultation and conference rested upon three parts: The perusal of a list of those persons, whom they took to be of their party: The consideration of the action itself which they should set afoot, and how they should proceed in it: And the distribution of the persons, according to the action concluded on, to their several employments.

The list contained the number of sixscore persons, noblemen and knights and principal gentlemen, and was (for the more credit's sake) of the Earl of Essex own handwriting.

For the action itself, there was proposition made of two principal articles: The one, of possessing the Tower of London: The other, of surprising her Majesty's person and the Court; in which also deliberation was had what course to hold with the City, either towards the affecting of the surprise or after it was effected.

For the Tower was alleged, the giving a reputation to the action, by getting into their hand the principal fort of the realm, with the stores and provisions thereunto appertaining, the bridling of the City by that piece, and commodity of entrance in and possessing it, by the means of Sir John Davies. But this was by opinion of all rejected, as that which would distract their attempt from the more principal, which was the Court, and as that which they made a judgment would follow incidently, if the Court were once possessed.

But the latter, which was the ancient plot (as was well known to Southampton), was in the end by the general opinion of them all insisted and rested upon.

And the manner how it should be ordered and disposed was this: That certain selected persons of their number, such as were well known in Court, and might have access without check or suspicion into the several rooms in Court, according to the several qualities of the persons and the differences of the rooms, should distribute themselves into the Presence, the Guard-chamber, the Hall, and the utter Court and gate, and some one principal man undertaking

The confessions of Sir Chas. Davers, 1, 2; Sir John Davies, 2; Sir Ferdin. Gor., 2; Sir Christopher Blunt, 2; Southampton at the bar.

every several room with the strength of some few to be joined with him, every man to make good his charge, according to the occasion. In which distribution, Sir Charles Davers was then named to the Presence and to the great chamber, where he was appointed, when time should be, to seize upon the halberds of the guard; Sir John Davies to the Hall; and Sir Christopher Blunt to the utter gate; these seeming to them the three principal wards of consideration. And that things being with in the Court in a readiness, a signal should be given and sent to Essex to set forward from Essex House, being no great distance off. Whereupon Essex, accompanied with the noblemen of his party, and such as should be prepared and assembled at his house for that purpose, should march towards the Court; and that the former conspirators already entered should give correspondence to them without, as well by making themselves masters of the gates to give them entrance, as by attempting to get into their hand upon the sudden the halberds of the guard, thereby hoping to prevent any great resistance within, and by filling all full of tumult and confusion.

This being the platform of their enterprise, the second act of this tragedy was also resolved; which was, that my Lord should present himself to her Majesty as prostrating himself at her feet, and desire the remove of such persons as he called his enemies from about her. And after that my Lord had obtained possession of the Queen and the state, he should call his pretended enemies to a trial upon their lives, and summon a Parliament, and alter the government, and obtain to himself and his associates such conditions as seemed to him and them good.

There passed speech also in this conspiracy of possessing the City of London, which Essex himself, in his own particular and secret inclination, had ever a special mind unto: not at a departure or going from his purpose of possessing the Court, but as an inducement and preparative to perform it upon a surer ground. An opinion bred in him (as may be imagined) partly by the great overweening he had of the love of the citizens; but chiefly, in all likelihood, by a fear that although he should have prevailed in getting her Majesty's person into his hands for a time with his

two or three hundred gentlemen, yet the very beams and graces of her Majesty's magnanimity and prudent carriage in such disaster working with the natural instinct of loyalty, which of course (when fury is over) doth ever revive in the hearts of subjects of any good blood or mind (such as his troop for the more part was compounded of, though by him seduced and bewitched) would quickly break the knot, and cause some disunion and separation amongst them; whereby he might have been left destitute, except he should build upon some more popular number; according to the nature of all usurping rebels, which do ever trust more in the common people than in persons of sort or quality. And this may well appear by his own plot in Ireland, which was to have come with the choice of the army, from which he was diverted, as before is showed. So as his own courses inclined ever to rest upon the main strength of the multitude, and not upon surprises, or the combinations of a few.

But to return: These were the resolutions taken at that consultation, held by these five at Drury House some five or six days before the rebellion, to be reported to Essex, who ever kept in himself the binding and directing voice: which he did to prevent all differences that might grow by dissent or contradiction. And besides he had other persons (which were Cuffe and Blunt) of more inwardness and confidence with him than these (Southampton only excepted) which managed that consultation. And for the day of the enterprise, which is that must rise out of the knowledge of all the opportunities and difficulties, it was referred to Essex his own choice and appointment; it being nevertheless resolved that it should be some time before the end of Candlemas Term.

But this council and the resolutions thereof were in some points refined by Essex, and Cuffe, and Blunt: for first it was thought good, for the better making sure of the utter gate of the Court, and the greater celerity and suddenness, to have a troop at receipt to a competent number, to have come from the Mews, where they should have been assem-
tion. Sir Henry Nevill's declaration.

bled without suspicion in several companies, and from thence cast themselves in a moment upon the Court gate, and join with them which were within, while Essex with the main of his company were making forward.

It was also thought fit, that because they would be commonwealth's men and foresee that the business and service of the public state should not stand still, they should have ready at Court and at hand certain other persons to be offered to supply the offices and places of such her Majesty's counsellors and servants as they should demand to be removed and displaced.

But chiefly it was thought good, that the assembling of their companies together should be upon some plausible pretext: both to make divers of their company, that understood not the depth of the practices, the more willing to follow them¹ and to engage themselves; and to gather them together the better without peril of detecting or interrupting: and again, to take the Court the more unprovided, without any alarm given. So as now there wanted nothing but the assignation of the day: which nevertheless was resolved indefinitely to be before the end of the term, as was said before, for the putting in execution of this most dangerous and execrable treason. But God, who had in his divine providence long ago cursed this action with the curse that the psalm speaketh of, *That it should be like the untimely fruit of a woman, brought forth before it came to perfection*, so disposed above, that her Majesty, understanding by a general churme³ and muttering of the great and universal resort to Essex House, contrary to her princely admonition, and somewhat differing from his former manner (as there could not be so great fire without some smoke), upon the seventh of February, the afternoon before this rebellion, sent to Essex House Mr. Secretary Harbert, to require him to come before the Lords of her Majesty's Council, then

The
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sion
of
Blu-
nt, 3.

¹ Mr. Spedding annotates, "In the original there is a semicolon after 'them,' and a comma after 'themselves;' which must be a misprint."—*Abbott.*

² See p. 215 above.

³ *Charme* in the original.—*Abbott.*

sitting in counsel at Salisbury Court, being the Lord Treasurer's house: where it was only intended that he should have received some reprehension for exceeding the limitations of his liberty granted to him in a qualified manner, without any intention towards him of restraint; which he, under colour of not being well, excused to do: but his own guilty conscience applying it that his trains were discovered, doubting peril in any further delay, determined to hasten his enterprise, and to set it on foot the next day.

But then again, having some advertisement in the evening that the guards were doubled at Court, and laying that to the message he had received overnight, and so concluding that alarm was taken at Court, he thought it to be in vain to think of the enterprise of the Court by way of surprise: but that now his only way was to come thither in strength, and to that end first to attempt the City. Wherein he did but fall back to his own former opinion, which he had in no sort neglected, but had formerly made some overtures to prepare the City to take his part; relying himself (besides his general conceit that himself was the darling and minion of the people and specially of the City) more particularly upon assurance given of Thomas Smith, then sheriff of London, a man well beloved amongst the citizens, and one that had some particular command of some of the trained forces of the City, to join with him. Having therefore concluded upon this determination, now was the time to execute in fact all that he had before in purpose digested.

First therefore he concluded of a pretext which was ever part of the plot, and which he had meditated upon and studied long before. For finding himself (thanks be to God) to seek, in her Majesty's government, of any just pretext in matter of state, either of innovation, oppression, or any unworthiness: as in all his former discontentments he had gone the beaten path of traitors, turning their imputation upon counsellors and persons of credit with their sovereign, so now he was forced to descend to the pretext of a private quarrel; giving out this speech, how that evening, when he should have been called before the Lords of the Council, there was an ambuscado of musketers placed upon the

water by the device of my Lord Cobham and Sir Walter Raleigh, to have murdered him by the way as he passed. A matter of no probability; those persons having no such desperate estates or minds, as to ruin themselves and their posterity by committing so odious a crime.

Con-
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of Sir
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But contrariwise, certain it is Sir Ferdinando Gorge accused Blunt to have persuaded him to kill, or at least apprehend, Sir Walter Raleigh; the latter whereof Blunt denieth not, and asked Sir Walter Raleigh forgiveness at the time of his death.

But this pretext, being the best he had, was taken: and then did messages and warnings fly thick up and down to every particular nobleman and gentleman, both that evening and the next morning, to draw them together in the forenoon to Essex House, dispersing the foresaid fable, That he should have been murdered; save that it was sometime on the water, sometime in his bed, varying according to the nature of a lie. He sent likewise the same night certain of his instruments, as namely one William Temple,¹ his secretary, into the City, to disperse the same tale, having increased it some few days before by an addition, That he should have been likewise murdered by some Jesuits to the number of four: and to fortify this pretext, and to make the more buzz of the danger he stood in, he caused that night a watch to be kept all night long towards the street, in his house. The next morning, which was Sunday, they came unto him of all hands, according to his messages and warnings. Of the nobility, the Earls of Rutland, Southampton, and the Lord Sands, and Sir Henry Parker, commonly called the Lord Mountegle; besides divers knights and principal gentlemen and their followers, to the number of some three hundred. And also it being Sunday and the hour when he had used to have a sermon at his house, it gave cause to some and colour to others to come upon that occasion. As they came, my Lord saluted and embraced,

¹ Mr. Spedding adds, "There were two Temples, Edward and William. I suspect it was *Edward* who was employed in this service."—*Abbott*.

and to the generality of them gave to understand, in as plausible terms as he could, *That his life had been sought, and that he meant to go to the Court and declare his griefs to the Queen, because his enemies were mighty, and used her Majesty's name and commandment;* and desired their help to take his part; but unto the more special persons he spake high and in other terms, telling them *That he was sure of the City, and would put himself into that strength that her Majesty should not be able to stand against him, and that he would take revenge of his enemies.*

The confession of the Earl of Rutland.

All the while after eight of the clock in the morning, the gates to the street and water were strongly guarded, and men taken in and let forth by discretion of those that held the charge, but with special caution of receiving in such as came from Court, but not suffering them to go back without my Lord's special direction, to the end no particularity of that which passed there might be known to her Majesty.

About ten of the clock, her Majesty having understanding of this strange and tumultuous assembly at Essex House, yet in her princely wisdom and moderation thought to cast water upon this fire before it brake forth to further inconvenience: and therefore using authority before she would use force, sent unto him four persons of great honour and place, and such as he ever pretended to reverence and love, to offer him justice for any griefs of his, but yet to lay her royal commandment upon him to disperse his company, and upon them to withdraw themselves.

These four honourable persons, being the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England, the Earl of Worcester, the Comptroller of her Majesty's household, and the Lord Chief Justice of England, came to the house, and found the gates shut upon them. But after a little stay, they were let in at the wicket; and as soon as they were within, the wicket was shut, and all their servants kept out, except the bearer of the seal. In the court they found the Earls with the rest of the company, the court in a manner full, and upon their coming towards Essex, they all flocked and thronged about

The declaration of the Lord Keeper, the Earl of Worcester, the Lord Chief Justice, under their hands. The oath of

the Lord Chief Justice *viva voce.* The declaration of the Earl of Worcester, *viva voce.* them; whereupon the Lord Keeper in an audible voice delivered to the Earl the Queen's message, *That they were sent by her Majesty to understand the cause of this their assembly, and to let them know that if they had any particular cause of griefs against any persons whatsoever they should have hearing and justice.*

Whereupon the Earl of Essex in a very loud and furious voice declared, *That his life was sought, and that he should have been murdered in his bed, and that he had been perfidiously dealt withal;* and other speeches to the like effect. To which the Lord Chief Justice said, If any such matter were attempted or intended against him, it was fit for him to declare it, assuring him both a faithful relation on their part, and that they could not fail of a princely indifferency and justice on her Majesty's part.

To which the Earl of Southampton took occasion to object the assault made upon him by the Lord Gray: which my Lord Chief Justice returned upon him, and said, *That in that case justice had been done, and the party was in prison for it.*

Then the Lord Keeper required the Earl of Essex, that if he would not declare his griefs openly, yet that then he would impart them privately; and then they doubted not to give him or procure him satisfaction.

Upon this there arose a great clamour among the multitude: *Away, my Lord; they abuse you, they betray you; they undo you; you lose time.* Whereupon my Lord Keeper put on his hat, and said with a louder voice than before, *My Lord, let us speak with you privately, and understand your griefs; and I do command you all upon your allegiance to lay down your weapons and to depart.* Upon which words the Earl of Essex and all the rest, as disdainng commandment, put on their hats; and Essex somewhat abruptly went from him into the house, and the Counsellors followed him, thinking he would have private conference with them as was required.

And as they passed through the several rooms, they might hear many of the disordered company cry, *Kill them, kill*

them; and others crying, Nay, but shop them up, keep them as pledges, cast the great seal out at the window; and other such audacious and traitorous speeches. But Essex took hold of the occasion and advantage to keep in deed such pledges if he were distressed, and to have the countenance to lead them with him to the Court, especially the two great magistrates of justice and the great seal of England, if he prevailed, and to deprive her Majesty of the use of their counsel in such a strait, and to engage his followers in the very beginning by such a capital act as the imprisonment of Counsellors carrying her Majesty's royal commandment for the suppressing of a rebellious force.

And after that they were come up into his book-chamber, he gave order they should be kept fast, giving the charge of their custody principally to Sir John Davis, but adjoined unto him a warder, one Owen Salisbury, one of the most seditious and wicked persons of the number, having been a notorious robber, and one that served the enemy under Sir William Stanley, and that bare a special spleen unto my Lord Chief Justice; who guarded these honourable persons with muskets charged and matches ready fired at the chamber-door.

This done, the Earl (notwithstanding my Lord Keeper still required to speak with him) left the charge of his house with Sir Gilly Mericke; and using these words to my Lord Keeper, *Have patience for awhile, I will go take order with the Mayor and Sheriffs for the City, and be with you again within half an hour,* issued with his troop into London, to the number of two hundred, besides those that remain in the house; choice men for hardiness and valour; unto whom some gentlemen and one nobleman did after join themselves.

But from the time he went forth, it seems God did strike him with the spirit of amazement, and brought him round again to the place whence he first moved.

For after he had once by Ludgate entered into the City, he never had so much as the heart or assurance to speak any set or confident speech to the people, (but repeated only over and over his tale as he passed by, *that he should have been murdered,*) nor to do any act of foresight or courage; but he that had vowed he would

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never be cooped up more,cooped himself first within the walls of the City, and after within the walls of an house, as arrested by God's justice as an example of disloyalty. For passing through Cheapside, and so towards Smith's house, and finding, though some came about him, yet none joined or armed with him, he provoked them by speeches as he passed to arm, telling them, *They did him hurt and no good, to come about him with no weapons.*

But there was not in so populous a city, where he thought himselfe held so dear, one man, from the chiefest citizen to the meanest artificer or prentice, that armed with him: so as being extremely appalled, as divers that happened to see him then might visibly perceive in his face and countenance, and almost moulten with sweat, though without any cause of bodily labour but only by the perplexity and horror of his mind, he came to Smith's house the sheriff, where he refreshed himself a little and shifted him.

But the meanwhile it pleased God that her Majesty's directions at Court, though in a case so strange and sudden, were judicial and sound. For first there was commandment in the morning given unto the City, that every man should be in a readiness both in person and armour, but yet to keep within his own door, and to expect commandment; upon a reasonable and politic consideration, that had they armed suddenly in the streets, if there were any ill-disposed persons, they might arm on the one side and turn on the other, or at least if armed men had been seen to and fro, it would have bred a greater tumult, and more bloodshed; and the nakedness of Essex troop whold not have so well appeared.

And soon after, direction was given that the Lord Burghley, taking with him the King of Hearlds, should declare him traitor in the principal parts of the City; which was performed with good expedition and resolution, and the loss and hurt of some of his company. Besides that, the Earl of Cumberland, and Sir Thomas Gerard, Knight-marshal, rode into the City, and declared and notified to the people

that he was a traitor: from which time divers of his troop withdrawing from him, and none other coming in to him, there was nothing but despair. For having stayed awhile, as is said, at Sheriff Smith's house, and there changing his pretext of a private quarrel, and publishing *That the realm should have been sold to the Infanta*, the better to spur on the people to rise, and [having] called and given commandment to have brought arms and weapons of all sorts, and been soon after advertised of the proclamation, he came forth in a hurry.

So having made some stay in Gracious Street, and being dismayed upon knowledge given to him that forces were coming forwards against him under the conduct of the Lord Admiral, the Lieutenant of her Majesty's forces, and not knowing what course to take, he determined in the end to go back towards his own house, as well in hope to have found the Counsellors there, and by them to have served some turn, as upon trust that towards night his friends in the City would gather their spirits together and rescue him, as himself declared after to M. Lieutenant of the Tower.

But for the Counsellors, it had pleased God to make one of the principal offenders his instrument for their delivery; who seeing my Lord's case desperate, and contriving how to redeem his fault and save himself, came to Sir John Davis and Sir Gilly Mericke, as sent from my Lord; and so procured them to be released.

But the Earl of Essex, with his company that was left, thinking to recover his house, made on by land towards Ludgate; where being resisted by a company of pikemen and other forces, gathered together by the wise and diligent care of the Bishop of London, and commanded by Sir John Lusson, and yet attempting to clear the passage, he was with no great difficulty repulsed. At which encounter Sir Christopher Blunt was sore wounded, and young Tracy slain, on his part; and one Waits on the Queen's part, and some other. Upon which repulse he went back and fled towards the water side, and took boat at Queenhive, and so was receiv-

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ed into Essex House, at the watergate, which he fortified and barricado'd; but instantly the Lord Lieutenant so disposed his companies, as all passage and issue forth was cut off from him both by land and water, and all succours that he might hope for were discouraged: and leaving the Earl of Cumberland, the Earl of Lincoln, the Lord Thomas Howard, the Lord Gray, the Lord Burghley, and the Lord Compton, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Thomas Gerrard, with divers others, before the house to landward, my Lord Lieutenant himself thought good, taking with him the Lord of Effingham, Lord Cobham, Sir John Stanhope, Sir Robert Sidney, M. Foulk Grevill, with divers others, to assail the garden and banquetting-house on the waterside, and presently forced the garden, and won to the walls of the house, and was ready to have assailed the house; but out of a Christian and honourable consideration, understanding that there were in the house the Countess of Essex, and the Lady Rich, with their gentlewomen, let the Earl of Essex know by Sir Robert Sidney, that he was content to suffer the ladies and gentlewomen to come forth. Whereupon Essex, returning the Lord Lieutenant thanks for the compassion and care he had of the ladies, desired only to have an hour's respite to make way for their going out, and an hour after to barricado the place again. Which because it could make no alteration to the hindrance of the service, the Lord Lieutenant thought good to grant. But Essex, having had some talk within of a sally, and despairing of the success, and thinking better to yield himself, sent word that upon some conditions he would yield.

But the Lord Lieutenant utterly refusing to hear of capitulations, Essex desired to speak with my Lord, who thereupon went up close to the house; and the late Earls of Essex and Southampton, with divers other lords and gentlemen their partakers, presented themselves upon the leads: and Essex said, he would not capitulate, but entreat; and made three petitions. The first, *That they might be civilly used*: whereof the Lord Lieutenant assured them. The second, *That they might have an honourable trial*: whereof the Lord Lieutenant answered they needed not to doubt. The third, *That he might have Ashton a preacher with him in prison for the comfort of his soul*: which the Lord Lieutenant

said he would move to her Majesty, not doubting of the matter of his request, though he could not absolutely promise him that person.¹ Whereupon they all, with the ceremony amongst martial men accustomed, came down and submitted themselves and yielded up their swords, which was about ten of the clock at night; there having been slain in holding of the house, by musket shot, Owen Salisbury, and some few more on the part of my Lord, and some few likewise slain and hurt on the Queen's part: and presently, as well the Lords as the rest of their confederates of quality were severally taken into the charge of divers particular lords and gentlemen, and by them conveyed to the Tower and other prisons.

So as this action, so dangerous in respect of the person of the leader, the manner of the combination, and the intent of the plot, brake forth and ended within the compass of twelve hours, and with the loss of little blood, and in such sort as the next day all courts of justice were open, and did sit in their accustomed manner; giving good subjects and all reasonable men just cause to think, not the less of the offenders' treason, but the more of her Majesty's princely magnanimity and prudent foresight in so great a peril; and chiefly of God's goodness, that hath blessed her Majesty in this, as in many things else, with so rare and divine felicity.

¹ "Whereas the Earl of Essex desired to have a chaplain of his own sent unto him to give him sacrificial comfort, wherein the Lord Admiral hath moved her Majesty; but his own chaplain being evil at ease, Dr. Don, the Dean of Norwich, is sent unto him to attend there, for whose diet and lodging the Lieutenant of the Tower is to take order."—Letter to Lord Thomas Howard, Constable of the Tower of London. Feb. 16. Council Reg. Eliz. No. 17, fol. 83. I quote from a copy.—*Abbott*.

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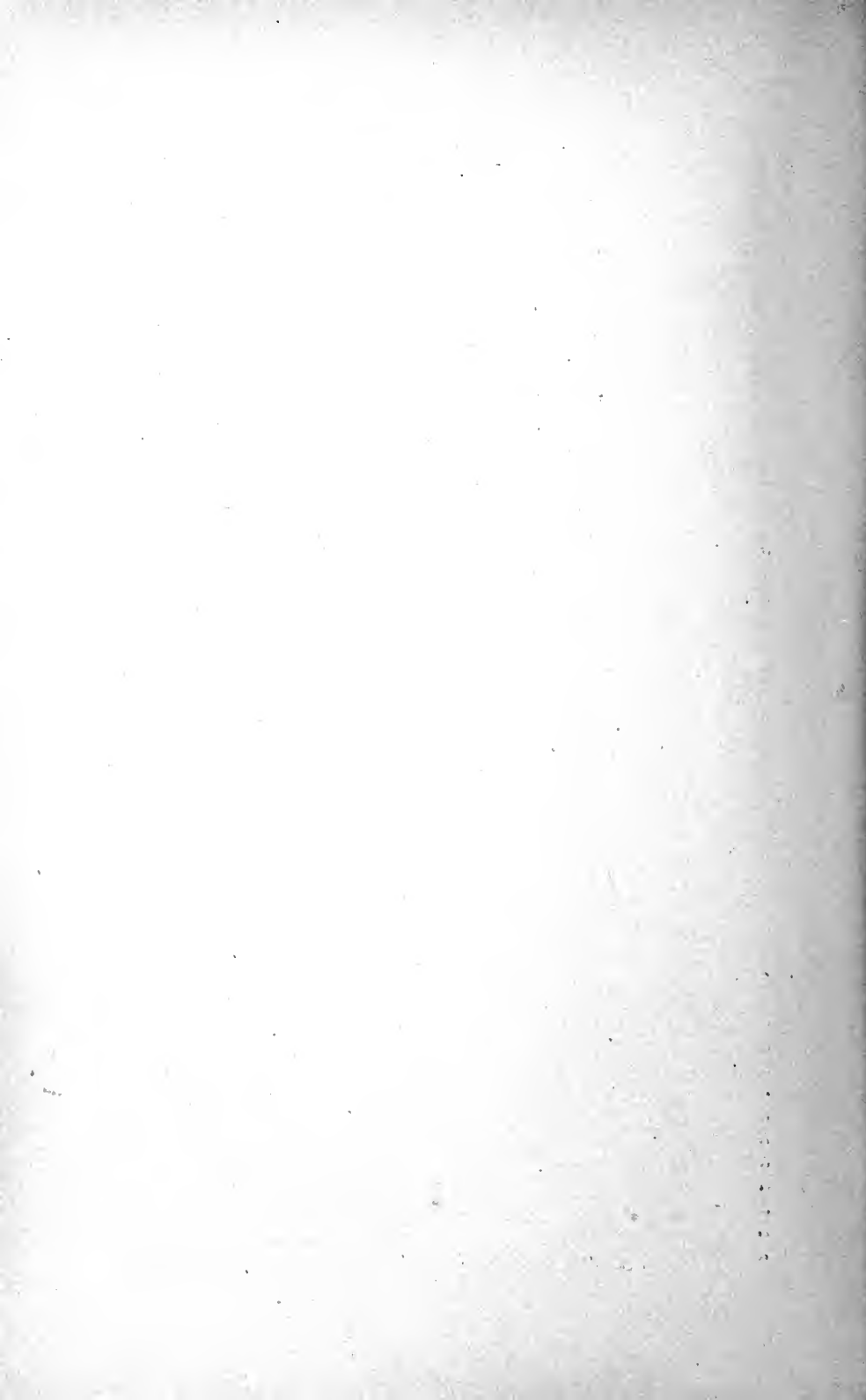
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