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# SHAKESPEARE STUDIES

IN

## BACONIAN LIGHT

BY

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(Author of "*Dethroning Shakespeare*": former Editor of  
"*The Bacon Journal*").



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*Oberon.*—Now, my Titania, wake you, my sweet Queen !

*Titania.*—My Oberon ! what visions have I seen !  
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.

*Oberon.*—There lies your love !

*Titania.*                   How came these things to pass ?  
O, how mine eyes do loath his visage now.

*Oberon.*—Silence awhile ! Robin, take off this head.

*M. N. D.*

2/27 33

Are you native of this place ? Your accent is something finer  
than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

*As You Like It.*

What a thrice-double ass  
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,  
And worship this dull fool !

*Tempest.*

Bollon

Ass ! I'll take that burden from your back.

*King John.*

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## PREFACE.

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IN the world's literature the greatest name is Shakespeare. Equally true is the assertion that in the world's literature there is no greater name than Bacon. Shakespeare and Bacon, if they are to be distinguished, were contemporaries; the apparatus of scholarship, books, colleges, teachers, and all the accumulations of literary creation, which they used, were the same for both. If they stood on an equal literary level they must have climbed the heights by the same paths, and at much the same time, and one would think they must have elbowed one another during the ascent. And yet neither of them refers to the other, even by the most covert allusion. Still the identical culture must assert itself whether it is acknowledged or not, and accordingly we find that the two groups of writings perpetually touch one another, and each may supply the other with innumerable lights of interpretation. Notwithstanding these cross lights of mutual reflection, the separate students of each seem resolved to keep them apart. In the elucidation of Bacon's philosophy Shakespeare is neglected, in the interpretation of Shakespeare's poetry Bacon is neglected. If any comparison is made between them it is usually one rather of grammatical form and structure, than of interior soul and substance. At the same time it is a commonplace in Bacon biography to bracket the two names together as representing literary production equal in value, and similar in quality: though as a rule this approximation is expressed in general terms, while particular applications are rarely supplied. One of

the reasons for this, with the more recent critics and biographers, is a most tremulous timidity arising out of an apprehension of being compromised by association with that most obnoxious group of quasi-literary persons who advocate the personal identity of Bacon and Shakespeare. If some singular resemblance in thought or expression is pointed out, the critic hastens to separate himself from those who see more in this than a casual and quite accidental resemblance. "Do not suppose," the critic eagerly explains, "that I assert that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, because I point out these identities in style or idea :"—the imputation is too terrible, and the critic protests his orthodoxy by most severe comments on the mental—almost moral—unsoundness that can arrive at such a distressing conclusion.

I am persuaded that Shakespearean comment and annotation has suffered severely from this resolute determination to keep the two groups of writings apart; and one design of this volume is to protest against this neglect of Baconian light on Shakespeare, and to show, by signal examples, what a rich field of illustration and interpretation is thus ignored. Let these great poems, we say, be brought into relationship with all Elizabethan literature which can supply helpful elucidation. We ask for no exceptional favour for Bacon's writings—we only ask that they should take the place that rightfully belongs to them. If the result is that our theory forces itself forward either as a corollary lawfully deduced from these comments, or as a hypothesis that may be used to account for them—let it be so; that is only fair play and no favour.

But oh, most gentle and gentlemanly critics, do be patient and tolerant about it;—be not so indelicately angry! Cease your clamours and asperities, and denunciations and vituperations, and let us talk over the matter gravely and calmly, without vulgar abuse or heated imputations! Perfervid disputation always has a flavour not only of extravagance but of insincerity, and we

Baconians find it extremely difficult to persuade ourselves that you yourselves believe all the hard things you say about us. You call us half-educated Philistines, crazy Baconizers, ignorant cranks, or mad moon-rakers, though you must know that we number in our ranks men as sound in judgment and as well equipped in learning as yourselves. It is high time that all this nonsense should stop. Such missiles do not hurt us, they would amuse us if their exhibition of bad temper were not saddening and discreditable. Our case is a very intelligible and a very lawful one. Our argument holds the field, and it has come to stay. We are quite content to abide the issue of sound reason and exhaustive research, and we decline to retaliate by the use of the weapons which are so freely employed against us. For no Baconian, so far as I know, seeks to help his cause by personal abuse or intolerant and wrathful speech. All this—as is usually the case in analogous instances—is the monopoly of the conservators, and is no part of the armoury of the innovators. Nothing can banish our thesis except demonstrative proof on a very large scale that some other explanation of the genesis of Shakespeare is more credible and better supported by facts than ours.

The reader of the following pages should carefully keep in mind the distinction that is invariably observed between *Shakspere* and *Shakespeare*. The word *Shakspere* always means Mr. William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon. The word *Shakespeare* always means either the writer of the plays and poems which are known by this patronymic, or else the poetry itself, apart from any question of authorship. And when I speak of Shakespeare as an author, or of the collected writings under this title, I do so “without prejudice.” By using current phraseology I make no concession to current notions attached to it. It is necessary to premise this because many Baconians think that by speaking of “Shakespeare” as an author we give away our case and use language that misrepresents our

thoughts. I do not think so. My impression is that when the time comes for a general recognition of Bacon as the true Shakespeare, the poetry will still be called "Shakespeare," and that no one will find anything compromising in such language, any more than we do when we refer to George Eliot or Georges Sand, meaning Miss Evans or Madame Dudevant. In using Bacon's *nom de plume* we are but accepting his own leading, while we reserve an interpretation which he did not himself supply, but left to posterity to discover. Indeed, the word *Shakspere* itself, so spelt, is quite arbitrary. It might be Shaxpur, or Shagspur, or any of the few score spellings which were current in Warwickshire in the 16th century. Among these our particular William seems to have made no election; for no one can find for the name any standard spelling in any of his varied and almost indecipherable signatures.

One more claim I make, namely, that the Baconian theory should not be confounded with any of the speculations that are often associated with it—cipher speculations especially. While I may say that my own attitude towards them is chiefly sceptical, yet I decline to embarrass the main argument by these collateral and somewhat irritating discussions.

R. M. THEOBALD.

Blackheath, S.E.,  
September, 1901.

# SHAKESPEARE STUDIES IN BACONIAN LIGHT.



## CHAPTER I.

### *PRELIMINARIES.*

IT is quite possible for whole generations of thoughtful men, and of educated, experienced critics, to entertain a belief which is absolutely unsound and absurd, without being conscious that that belief is open to debate at all. Tradition floats and supports countless errors. But it is also possible that the debateable quality of the false belief may flash upon anyone's convictions instantaneously, and then for ever after it ceases to occupy any settled resting place in his mind. For example, the idea that William Shakspeare wrote the plays and poems attributed to him was for me not so much a persuasion as a settled tradition, never interfered with, till one day, visiting a friend, and looking over his excellent and well-selected library, I took up Gerald Massey's book on Shakespeare's Sonnets, and asked my friend if he had formed any opinion about it. His reply was to this effect: "Doubtless the book is good enough in its way; but if you want to get clear light as to the genesis of Shakespeare's poetry, you should read *this*;" and he put into my hands Nathaniel Holmes's book on

“The Authorship of Shakespeare.” As soon as the book was in my hand, the persuasion took hold of my mind that this question of the authorship of Shakespeare was one open to debate, and that Holmes’s conclusion was probably right. My conversion was of the most orthodox and instantaneous character, and the belief then adopted has never been disturbed. But although the central truth came suddenly, the reasons and arguments to support it could not thus immediately enter into the mind. That moment was the starting point of a long course of study. I read all I could get hold of by Bacon, and re-read Shakespeare, and kept the two in perpetual juxtaposition for years, until the persuasion which came by a flash of intuition ripened into a strong and well-grounded conviction, resting on facts and arguments, solid and secure as mathematical demonstration.

Now I do not expect many persons to change their traditional belief in this rapid fashion; but I do think that it does not require much study or painful reflection to see that the question itself is quite a lawful one, not to be settled by a snap-finger dismissal of derision. The literary robe of the man, William Shakspeare, is evidently a misfit; the garment is too big and costly for his small and insignificant personality. But so securely has the name of William Shakspeare fastened itself on the grandest creations of all literature, that even those (perhaps especially those) who have devoted themselves to Shakesporean studies all their life, have failed to see that the previous question of authorship has to be admitted as one element in their studies. One eminent Shakesporean writing to an equally eminent Baconian says, “We traverse your premises, Mr. S—; there is no doubt, and therefore there is no necessity for enquiry.” For him then the problem is non-existent, but the unabashed dogmatism of such a settlement is rather surprising. Another distinguished Shakesporean student and author wrote to me as follows: “In the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy I take no interest whatever. To

establish the Baconian authorship of Shakspeare's works, two things have to be proved : first that Shakespeare did not write the plays and poems attributed to him, and secondly that Francis Bacon did. As I have never yet seen a *primâ facie* case made out for the former of these propositions, I have no inclination to consider seriously the so-called arguments by which it is attempted to prove the latter." This is perfectly fair language, and with such convictions there is no reason why any attention should be given to the opposing thesis. I cannot, however, refrain from expressing my astonishment that any competent Shakespearean scholar should fail to perceive the enormous difficulty of accounting for the possession of Shakespearean attributes by such a man as William Shakspeare must have been.

Other critics are not so civil. Indeed, a discreditable habit has arisen of reviling and insulting those who advocate the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare. Measureless and supercilious contempt, with much affusion of unsavoury epithets is meted out to us by these gentlemen. We are ignorant, or cracked, or joking or paradoxical,—we are idiotic, characteristic-blind as certain persons are colour-blind, and "the tomfoolery of it is infinite." That is pretty fair for one "gentleman:" and he is the leader of the clan. Another member of this Hooligan type of critics writes thus to a friend in America, for publication in an American journal:—"Not a single adherent of any weight has joined the Baconian party here. A few persons who believe that we are the ten tribes, and that Arthur Orton was Sir Roger Tichborne, and that Tennyson's sister was the author of 'In Memoriam,'—people for whom evidence does not exist, and who love paradox for its own sake,—form the whole Baconian schism over here." This sweetly reasonable and gentle writer does not seem to concern himself with the truth or falsehood of these reckless assertions.

He gives the bastinado with his tongue ;  
Our ears are cudgelled.

Other critics, again, adopt a tone of weariness, a 'don't bother' sort of air; they are fatigued with these stupidities, they are so busy counting the weak and strong endings, the run-on lines, the central pauses, the rhymed couplets, the unstopped lines, and so forth, that they have no reserve of mental activity for our case. They can go into paroxysms of rapture over some hoax of a portrait, or some trumpery ring or wooden stool, which can by any process of straining evidence or torturing facts be associated with their fetish; but when the problem to be discussed is, the relation between "Shakespeare" and the greatest intellect that ever illuminated literature, himself a contemporary, living within an easy walk of the assumed author, likely to know all persons and all books worth knowing in his own country and time,—when this is the problem, our critics begin to yawn, and beg to be excused from taking interest in these unprofitable discussions. It really seems as if the sweet swan of Avon had by some Circean witchcraft transformed his followers into geese.

Dr. Hudson, one of the most capable of Shakespearean critics and biographers, dismisses the Baconian theory in the following summary style:—

"Upon this point I have just four things to say,—  
 1. Bacon's requital of the Earl's bounty [the Earl of Essex] was such a piece of ingratitude as I can hardly conceive the author of *King Lear* to have been guilty of.  
 2. The author of Shakespeare's plays, whatever he may have been, certainly was not a scholar. He had indeed something vastly better than learning, but he had not that.  
 3. Shakespeare never philosophises. Bacon never does anything else.  
 4. Bacon's mind, great as it was, might have been cut out of Shakespeare's, without being missed" ("Shakespeare: His Life, Art, and Character" by Rev. N. H. Hudson, LL.D., Vol. I. 269).

This is not serious argument, and it would be simply a waste of time and words to discuss it. All these "four



things" are either extremely debateable, or infinitely doubtful, or plainly inaccurate, or vaguely indefinite.

Other critics seem to take a frisky delight in claiming for William Shakespere exactly what no one has ever found or can find in him, while others deny to the poet accomplishments which he unquestionably possessed. Thus, one adventurous advocate of the Stratford claimant says: "Every careful student or critic is inevitably forced to the conclusion that the works must have been written either by Shakespere or by some man whose education and experience were like his. His life is a key to much that would otherwise be perplexing in his writings;" which is exactly the conclusion that no careful student or critic can possibly adopt, and which even good Shakespearean scholars, such as Charles Knight and Grant White, are forced to abandon. These extraordinary assertions are made by a writer who probably knows that the profoundest and most philosophical Shakespearean critic who ever lived, Coleridge, in view of these same facts, is absolutely non-plussed by the anomalies suggested by what is known of William Shakespere, and what we know must have been the character of the true author. "What," he exclaims, "are we to have miracles in Sport? Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" While Emerson cannot marry the facts of Shakespeare's life to the verse; and Hallam, nauseated by the unsavoury gossip and unclean rumours associated with Shakespere's name, despairing, yet with noble rage, calls for the Shakespere that heaven made—not the one that earth supplies.

I do not name these writers because I desire to avoid personal attack.

And, after all, what have these critics to show in support of their singular contention that Shakespeare's poems are illuminated and illustrated by Shakespere's life? Absolutely nothing! There is not a single passage in the poetry that becomes more interesting or more clear by reference to anything known about the Stratford playwright. Pro-

fessor Dowden has written a thoughtful and suggestive book on the "Mind and Art of Shakspeare," showing the noble personal qualities that are dimly reflected in the plays. All he says is beautiful and interesting so long as William Shakspeare is kept at a distance—so long as we follow Ben Jonson's sly suggestion and "look not on his picture, but his book." But as soon as the Warwickshire rustic is admitted, the dignity and *vraisemblance* of the argument vanishes—the whole matter becomes, in Baconian language, "preposterous," grotesque, topsyturvy. For instance, here is an eloquent and weighty passage—which it is a pleasure to transcribe:—"If Shakspeare had died at the age of 40, it might have been said, 'the world has lost much, but the world's chief poet could not have created anything more wonderful than *Hamlet*.' But after *Hamlet* came *King Lear*. *Hamlet* was in fact only the point of departure in Shakspeare's immense and final sweep of mind—that in which he endeavoured to include and comprehend life for the first time adequately. Through *Hamlet*, perhaps also through events in the poet's personal history, which tested his will as *Hamlet*'s was tested, Shakspeare had been reached and touched by the shadow of some of the deep mysteries of human existence. Somehow a relation between his soul and the dark and terrible forces of the world was established, and to escape from a thorough investigation and sounding of the depths of life was no longer possible." True! most true! and if we go to Bacon's life to find out what were these stern facts which about the time that *Lear* was written, reached and touched his soul, and forced him to include and comprehend the deepest mysteries of existence, we shall find the events which cast those deep shadows in the plays. For about this time—between 1600 and 1604—the terrible tragedy of Essex's fall tested and tortured his spirit. For twenty years he had been a struggling disappointed man, his transcendant powers neglected or put to ignoble drudgery, forced to battle with sordid cares and envious

obstruction. He had lost his only brother Anthony, his second self, his "comfort," as he pathetically calls him, the one man in the whole world who understood and valued him aright. His mother, after years of mental and physical decay, had died, her splendid faculties having been long clouded and distorted by madness. His dearest hopes connected with that philosophic reformation which was nearest his heart seemed to be removed from their fruition by inaccessible distance; his great nature fretted in solitude against the barriers and limitations which seemed to baffle its most cherished aspirations.

Here we see the agony and conflict which Professor Dowden so eloquently describes; here is the cry of anguish which is echoed in Hamlet's strife with destiny, and in Lear's wild wail of unutterable pain. If Professor Dowden had been able to search in this direction for the original of the portrait which he draws of "The Mind and Art of Shakespeare," how would his deepest speculations have been more than justified! What new and profound and precious comments would he have made if he could have brought his glorious guesses into this historic environment! It is almost shocking, it is inexpressibly humiliating, to see his attempts to establish a *rapport* for them with the vulgar, hollow mask of a life which is all that research can possibly find in the Stratford personality—a shrunken, sordid soul, fattening on beer and coin, and finding sweetness and content in the *stercorarium* of his Stratford homestead. Professor Dowden does not apparently shrink from this desperate approximation, and here is the result: "Shakspeare had by this time mastered the world from a practical point of view. He was a prosperous and wealthy man." That is all! Here is the issue of these glorious guesses; only this, and nothing more! Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion! "Sounding the depths of life," "including and comprehending" its hardest problems, means only filling his pockets with gold—"Mastering the world from a practical point of view," simply means

making his fortune and retiring to the inglorious obscurity of Stratford-on-Avon. He "somehow" encounters the dark and terrible forces of the world, and the result is seen in the bulging of his breeches pocket, and remunerative transactions in malt and money-lending. It is indeed difficult to understand how a thoughtful writer can endure such intellectual contortions, how he can willingly undergo the throes and agonies of parturient and mountainous thought, and then give birth to this feeble, and funny, and most ridiculous mouse.

In advocating the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare, we are often confronted with the fact that for nearly three hundred years the reputed authorship was accepted without suspicion. In reference to this I may quote a remark made by Mr. Spedding respecting the paper called "Christian Paradoxes," which was attributed to Bacon by many learned Editors and Writers, and that without any dispute, for many years. When, however, capable critics seriously inspected it, they refused to accept the current opinion, and in 1864 Rev. Alexander Grosart discovered the true author—Herbert Palmer. Spedding's discussion of the case may be taken *mutatis mutandis*, as a very apt vindication of the Baconian argument, as one lawfully and reasonably raised. "I know" he says, "that in refusing it a place among his works I am opposing myself to the many eminent writers who have accepted it without suspicion as his. *But it is the absence of suspicion that diminishes the value of their opinion. They have not explained away the difficulty; they have overlooked it.*" This is exactly our case. The so-called testimony involved in contemporary allusion, simply means absence of suspicion,—unconsciousness of difficulty. As soon as suspicion is aroused, it is absolutely impossible that it should ever again subside. (See Spedding's "Life of Bacon," vi. 129.)

I have no intention of giving any exhaustive exposition of the Baconian case. Indeed that is practically im-

possible for any one. The student who seeks to define the relation that exists between Bacon's prose and Shakespeare's poetry enters on a quest which has no terminus. Every fresh reading in either group of writings brings out new points of comparison, new features of resemblance. My primary object is to show what a vast and neglected quarry of Shakespearean comment is to be found in Bacon's prose works, and to present some striking illustrations of these "Bakespeare" studies. If this is part of the Baconian polemic it is still more a contribution to Shakespeare study. I wish also to show that this educational field is much larger than has been hitherto supposed; that Shakespearean poetry and Baconian philosophy are to be found in unsuspected localities—that our controversy is not a barren wrangle about names and persons, but a rich and fruitful excursion into the choicest plains of literature, a country worthy of investigation on its own account, and involving other issues than those of authorship, or patent rights in special literary property.

Before, however, entering on these scattered studies, it may be well to exhibit some features of that *prima facie* case which is so strangely invisible to eminent Shakespeare scholars. Those who hold a brief for William Shakespeare, seem to me to hold in needless contempt such common-sense judgments as are easily apprehended by unlearned and non-critical readers. Indeed it seems to me that Carlyle's cynical estimate of the intellectual qualities of the human race is, in this case, far more applicable to learned critics than to the unlettered public.

## CHAPTER II.

*PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE.*

THE presumptive evidence belongs almost exclusively to the negative or Shakespearean side of the case. To prove a negative is proverbially difficult, consequently this it is which we are, as a rule, challenged to do. This also I think we can do; but it must be by indirect, not direct, proof—it must come as an inference from the positive proofs of the other, the affirmative side of the case. These negative presumptive evidences, however, are very strong, and may be not unreasonably thought to comply with the cornering and unreasonable demand that the negative should be proved.

## I.—SHAKESPEARE'S PERSONAL HISTORY.

The mere enumeration of all that we know about William Shakspeare, his family, his neighbours, his environments, his actual pursuits, supplies a large instalment of this evidence, especially when what we do not know, but ought to know, if he was the man he is represented to be, is added to what we do know.

William Shakspeare when a boy certainly had no very considerable educational advantages. I do not mean in the matter of School Education; there is no positive proof that he had any. But he was not surrounded by cultivated people. John Shakspeare, his father, signed his name by a mark. So did most of the aldermen and burgesses of the town. So did Shakspeare's daughter, Judith, when she married, in 1616. It is not antecedently

probable that Shakspeare was better educated than his father and the leading men of his town. He married—with needful and discreditable haste—when he was 18. Before he was 21 he had a family—three children and a wife,—and his father's broken-down household to look after, and more or less to support : and about this time he was apparently compelled to leave Stratford, his youthful frolics having brought him into trouble. This must have been the time when the true Shakespeare was studying diligently, and filling his mind with those vast stores of learning,—classic, historic, legal, scientific,—which bore such splendid fruit in his after life.

The needy, struggling youth came to London about 1585, and no distinct traces of him are to be found till 1592. By that time he had become a fairly prosperous theatre manager. This was very creditable to him : he must have been a hardworking man of business ; but it is not easy to imagine that he could have been also an unremitting student. There is something incompatible between the gifts which are required for commercial success, especially in young manhood, and those which achieve eminence in poetry and literature. The blank in Shakspeare's life, which no research can fill up, occurs exactly where we might expect it to be. When a man is burrowing painfully from the depths of poverty and obscurity, trying perhaps to redeem his youthful faults and recover from the misfortunes they have brought, striving to reach the sunshine of opulence and worldly success, he is of necessity hidden from public view. He becomes visible when the process is completed. And by the nature of the result one may pretty safely infer the character of the toil he has undergone. If a needy, and probably deserving vagabond dives into the abyss of London life, lies *perdu* for a few years, and then emerges as a tolerably wealthy theatrical manager, you know that he must have gained some mastery of theatre business,—he must have made himself a useful man in the green room, a skilful

organiser of players and stage effects,—he must have found out how to govern a troop of actors, reconciling their rival egotisms and utilising their special gifts; how to cater for a capricious public, and provide attractive entertainments. He would have little time for other pursuits—if a student at all his studies would be very practical, relating to matters of present and pressing interest. During this dark period he has been carving his own fortune, filling his pockets, not his mind; working for the present, not for the future. But it was exactly then that the plays began to appear. Some critics have even supposed that the twin plays, 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, saw the light about the same time as Shakspeare's twins were born. Most confidently I submit that this personal history is not what might be expected of Shakspeare. I need not recapitulate here all the known facts about William Shakspeare. I will only say that not the remotest trace of any connexion between him and learning can be found. His known occupations, apart from theatre business, were money lending, malt dealing, transactions in house and land property. He retired from the stage, and settled again in Stratford, about the year 1603—not seeking the society of cultivated persons, not choosing for his home any locality where books could be obtained to help him in the composition of the yet unwritten plays. His Will makes no reference to literary property, and no provision for the publication of the plays which first appeared seven years after his death. All that can be ascertained about William Shakspeare leaves the biography of the poet of Shakespeare still unwritten, and does not supply one shred of explanation of the genesis of the plays.

The whole matter may be summed up in the eloquent words of Mr. Allanson Picton:—“A biography of Shakspeare, in any proper sense of the word is not only difficult; it is impossible. For the development of his character, the dawn of his powers, the pre-determining causes involved in genealogy, the influence of schools and



schoolmasters, of relatives, friends and social surroundings, are in this case almost entirely irrecoverable. He flashes suddenly upon us like the sun in the tropics, blazing with a light which drowns every feeling but one of dazzled admiration. And he sinks as suddenly into the blank night of death, with scarcely a trace of those private interests, personal conflicts, struggles with temptation, or domestic trials, which, like flying clouds, temper the glow, and lend a tenderness to the departure of the day in its more familiar course. This ignorance of all detail in the origin and shaping of our transcendent poet, makes us often contemplate him with the sort of unsatisfied longing that affects us in view of a *portent of which neither science nor philosophy can give any account.*"

Both what is known about William Shakspeare, and what is not known, supply the *primâ facie* evidence against the claim made for him which eminent Shakespeare students profess themselves unable to discover.

## 2.—GREENE'S "GROATSWORTH OF WIT."

It will be found that the contemporary allusions to Shakespeare—not excepting Ben Jonson's poem prefixed to the folio of 1623, have no bearing on the question of authorship. If any of them shew that the writer of the allusion supposed the Stratford townsman to be the author of Shakespeare, I do not care to dispute the fact. The question still remains—what ground, beyond rumour and title pages, had they for this opinion? and did they take any interest in the personal question at all? I do not intend to retrace the oft-trodden ground which Chettle and his contemporaries occupy. These matters have been sufficiently discussed by Mr. Appleton Morgan ("Shakespeare Myth"), Nathaniel Holmes ("The Authorship of Shakespeare"), and above all by Mr. Donnelly in the admirable exposition of the entire subject which forms the first volume of his, in other respects most unsatisfactory, book, "The Great Cryptogram." But there is one refer-

ence on which a few words may be given, because I cannot help thinking it has been completely misunderstood. All readers of Shakespeare's biography are familiar with the allusion to Shakespeare supposed to be contained in Robert Greene's pamphlet,—“A Groatsworth of Wit purchased with a Million of Repentance.” The writer seems to be very angry with some one who has by false pretences secured a prize which legitimate dramatic authors and playwrights, belonging officially to the author's craft, have been unable to secure. The successful man is “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 blanke verse as the best of you, and being an absolute *Johannes Factotum* is, in his owne conceit, the only *Shake-Scene* in a countrie.” This was published in 1596,—but entered at Stationer's Hall in September 1592, and probably published for the first time in that year. Now whatever interpretation we may give to these cryptic words, I do not think we can gather from them that the “upstart crow” was an author, but only an actor, who pretended to be an author also. For being only a handy man at the theatre he is not one of the writers' class, and has no right to profess himself an author. He is wearing feathers which do not rightfully belong to him, and pretending to be what he really was not. He is not a dramatist, but only a spouter. All this is consistent with the idea that Shakspeare, if he is intended, was not the writer of the plays which were attributed to him, and thus the question not only remains open, it is actually started, and a clear place is left for the Baconian or any other hypothesis. But *is* the allusion to Shakspeare at all? I very much doubt it. In 1592 “Shakespeare” did not exist in literature at all, and only two or three of the plays which subsequently appeared under this name could have been written. It is difficult to understand how any soreness could have been occasioned in Greene's mind by William Shakspeare's success at that time, such as it was, either as an author or an actor.

And I do not find in the word *Shake-scene* any necessary reference to Shakspeare. The word probably only points sarcastically to some pompous and ostentatious player who treads heavily on the boards, shaking the stage with his footsteps and the house with his thunder. This same self-asserting personage is admirably described by the poet :—

And with ridiculous and awkward action,  
Which,—slanderer !—he imitation calls,  
He pageants us. Sometime, great Agamemnon,  
Thy topless deputation he puts on,  
And, like a strutting player whose conceit  
Lies in his hamstring, and doth think it rich  
To hear the wooden dialogue and sound  
'Twi't his stretched footing and the scaffoldage,—  
Such to-be-pitied and o'er wrested seeming  
He acts thy greatness in : and when he speaks  
'Tis like a chime a-mending ; with terms unsquared,  
Which from the tongue of roaring Typhon dropped,  
Would seem hyperboles :—At this fusty stuff Achilles  
Laughs out a loud applause.

(*Tro. Cr.* 1. iii. 149).

Unfortunately very few persons read Greene's tract *in extenso* ; the allusion extracts are all they know. If, however, any reader will trouble himself to read the whole, with fresh and unpreoccupied mind, I am inclined to think he will very seriously doubt whether it is an outcome of Greene's personal history in any sense. It reads like a sort of poetical romance, fanciful and absolutely unhistoric. Any one might pass over this allusion passage, as it occurs in the book, without detecting anything autobiographic. It might even have been written by the Shakespearian poet himself to draw attention to his then unknown and unnoticed plays. The use ordinarily made of it is, to say the least, one of very doubtful validity, and if any allusion is secreted in it, the interpretation is quite natural which supposes that the real author is concealed, and that some unscrupulous player profits by the oppor-

tunity of anonymous authorship, and takes the credit to himself.

### 3.—PROBABILITIES.

If William Shakspeare was the monarch of Parnassus, the greatest philosophic poet and dramatist the world has ever seen, some traces of this pre-eminence might be expected to survive in history. He did not live in pre-historic times, nor in the midst of social anarchy and revolution in which the marks of individual greatness might be extinguished. His contemporaries are fairly well known, and he could not have been less noticed than Ben Jonson, or Raleigh. Such a mighty man might be expected to leave behind him some such traces as the following:—

1. Some *direct* documentary evidence of authorship—some manuscript, or letters, something which an autograph hunter would eagerly take possession of and carefully preserve.

2. Some genuine personal allusions, not relating to or arising out of his poetry, but proper to himself,—some tradition of weighty conversation, or wise letters,—some literary scraps dropped in conversation or correspondence.

3. Some traces of other literary work, or serious occupation, besides the poems.

4. Some traces of a great and imposing personality, who would honour any society by his presence,—some record of his ability to leave a personal impression on his contemporaries answering to and commensurate with the literary impression which he has left upon the world.

5. Some evidence that he was attracted by those things which interest cultivated men, — books, libraries, intellectual society, correspondence with men of kindred tastes and accomplishments,—something to connect him with the science, or studies of the time.

6. Some relics of his library,—books which he valued or

presented to his friends, which they would preserve as heir-looms and memorials of the greatest man they ever knew. The only book that has ever been supposed to belong to him is a copy of Florio's "Montaigne," now in the British Museum. But unfortunately the signature in this book is supposed by capable judges to have been forged.

7. Some traditions pointing to his connexion with public life, with which his writings shew him to have been remarkably familiar,—some account of his studies in ancient and modern history and classic literature,—some proofs of foreign travel, especially in Italy and France, — something to account for his exceptional acquaintance with courts, kings and upper-class society —something to explain his distaste for the lower and middle classes and his patrician scorn for the common people.

8. Some indications that he valued learning for its own sake and was ready to diffuse it, by giving his own children a good education, and by promoting intellectual pursuits in Stratford when he retired from business and took up his residence there, a wealthy and unoccupied man.

I say some such lights as these might be expected to pierce through the gloom that surrounds the man. I do not claim that all these characteristic marks of greatness should be visible, but some of them should,—and we are entitled to ask why it is that none of these questions are ever raised in the critical accounts of Shakspeare. We have plenty of details of what he *must* have been, and consequently purely fanciful pictures of what he was, for which not a shred of historic basis can be found.

In further pursuit of this line of enquiry we may notice two or three characteristics which the true Shakspeare certainly possessed, and which William Shakspeare almost as certainly did *not* possess.

## 4.—THE LAWYER.

Several books have been written in illustration of Shakespeare's legal accomplishments, the most celebrated though not the best, being that by Lord Campbell. This knowledge,—all the lawyers admit,—was not the babble of an amateur, coached up for special occasions. He does not sport his little legal lore like a smatterer, loading particular plays or scenes with it, and then dropping it till the next law business is required—it is always ready—it is not reserved for dramatic situations involving legal points, but it turns up unexpectedly, for allusion, or decoration or simple expression of a vivid and pointed character. When it is the ruling idea it is presented with a daring affluence and freedom which no amateur could venture to attempt. I do not think any one but a trained lawyer could have written Sonnet 87. Only a lawyer can expound its technicalities or say what branch of legal science is employed, or what statutory principles are intended. And yet it is intelligible to the most unprofessional reader. The law learning is so profound and yet so well digested, that it blends with all other learning and can be used in illustration of anything. Here it is:—

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 held thee, as a dream doth flatter,  
 In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

Sonnet 46, is almost as legal, and could (or would) scarcely have been written by an amateur.

All the law critics admit that such language as this is not the writing of an amateur but of an expert, and this is Lord Campbell's conclusion. "There is nothing so dangerous," says Lord Campbell, "as for one not of the craft to tamper with our freemasonry," and he gives illustrations of the blunders made by educated men trying to talk law-shop when they have not the necessary training or experience. The outsider is sure, sooner or later to be found out. He will *traverse* what he approves,—or *empanel* a witness instead of a jury,—or in some way his legal chatter will degenerate into jargon. But Shakespeare never stumbles—he is never caught tripping,—the most erudite lawyer can find nothing in his language that he can take exception to. Consequently, Lord Campbell comes to the positive conclusion that he must have spent some time in the study or practice of law. "If the only possible way for William Shakspeare to have gained his legal knowledge was his employment as an attorney's clerk at Stratford-on-Avon, well then, Attorney's clerk he certainly was,—it must be taken as proved." Lord Campbell however, adds that there is not a particle of proof that he ever was so employed, and that such proof would almost certainly exist in the form of signatures, attestations or documents in his handwriting. Perhaps if Lord Campbell had written after instead of before the Baconian controversy arose, he would have hesitated before making such very compromising statements, which do, indeed, contain or imply all the premises of a syllogistic argument to prove that the man, William Shakspeare, was not the author of this law-talk at all.

Lawyers say that one of the most difficult things to acquire in their profession is the phraseology. Law students are repelled by its uncouth and strange peculiarities,—its cumbrous and pedantic formality, its stiff grotesque forms, its apparent redundancy and circumlocution. They not only cannot accustom themselves to it, they cannot endure it, they often hate it,—its

language refuses to settle on their tongue. It takes years of study and practice to overcome this repugnance. For a man to make this uncouth diction his own,—to use it playfully, allusively, metaphorically, poetically,—to wear it as a well-fitting garment to which his own limbs and movements have become adjusted, is the rarest possible achievement, and even for a good lawyer may be impossible. Yet this is what we find in Shakespeare. He “talks shop” so well that we forget that it is shop; it gathers grace, dignity, flexibility and beauty as he incorporates it with the magic and the mystery and the opulence of his own incomparable style.

If William Shakspeare was a lawyer surely he would have drafted his own will, and put into it some traces of his own personality. But there is no indication of this. The individuality of the testator never peeps through the impersonal and featureless style of the local scrivener,—who, apparently, expected the testator to sign his name by a mark,—by his *scal*, not his *hand*,—as if the draftsman knew, what many experts in caligraphy suppose, that he could not write.

It must be observed, that the proof that the writer was a lawyer has a different rank from the proofs that he was a doctor, a divine, a navigator, &c. The masonic sign is recognised by the initiated. Mr. Furnivall, a barrister himself, says, “That he was [an attorney’s clerk] at one time of his life I, as a lawyer, have no doubt. Shakspeare’s knowledge of insanity was *not* got in a doctor’s shop; though his law was, I believe, in a lawyer’s office.” It is only non-professional critics who suppose that this legal experience might have been picked up by hanging about the courts, or by his own experience in litigation. And this explanation is as difficult as Lord Campbell’s unsolved enigma.

##### 5.—THE ARISTOCRAT.

The writer of Shakspeare had the culture and tastes of a statesman and an aristocrat. Hartley Coleridge said he



was "A Tory and a gentleman." The plays with one exception, viz., the *Merry Wives*, do not deal with middle class life at all. Men and women of all classes of life are introduced, but the leading characters, the scenes, situation, events, interests and actions, belong to the life of princes, nobles, statesmen, men of the upper classes. If the life is rural, it is not that of peasants—the court moves into the country, and the point of view is that of an aristocrat looking on at peasant life (as in *As You Like It*), not of a provincial townsman or peasant reporting his own experiences. The virtuous peasant is represented by two servants, Adam in *As You Like It*, and Flavius, the steward of *Timon*—and these are humble retainers of aristocratic masters, rustic parasites sucking virtue out of an aristocratic organism. Thus the exceptions not only prove the rule, they emphasize and accentuate it.

Not only so, we can see peeping from beneath the dramatic mask, a fine patrician contempt for the common people. Without any too adventurous interlinear readings, one can see that the writer's sympathies are not with Jack Cade, nor even with Joan of Arc, nor with the popular tribunes, or the mob or crowd of common people in the historic and classic plays, but rather with—Lord Say, Julius Cæsar and Coriolanus. The phrase from Horace, *Bellua multorum es capitum*, is very frequently reflected in the plays.

The blunt monster with uncounted heads

The still-discordant, wavering multitude.

(2 *Hen. IV.* Induc., 18)

and the wavering instability of the people is never forgotten.

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude?

(2 *Hen. VI.* IV., viii. 57.)

Bacon says of the people that "they ever love to run from one extreme to another." ("Life," I., 100.) This mobility is excellently pictured in the scene from 2 *Hen. VI.* When Cade addresses them, all exclaim, "We'll

follow Cade, we'll follow Cade." Clifford addresses them immediately afterwards, and they exclaim, "A Clifford! A Clifford! we'll follow the King and Clifford."

Shakespeare speaks of "the fool multitude" (*Mer. Ven.* II. ix. 26), anticipating Carlyle's famous jibe, "mostly fools."

Bacon's language is much the same:—"Your Lordships see what monstrous opinions these are, and how both these beasts, the beast with seven heads, and the beast with many heads,—pope and people,—are at once let in." (*Talbot, Charge.* "Life," V. 10.)

"A thing acceptable to the people, who ever love to run from one extreme to another." ("Life," I. 100.)

"Multitudes, which can never keep within the compass of any moderation." (*Pacif. of Ch.* III. 107.)

Bacon also speaks of the people as fools: and no fiercer invective against the "vulgar heart" of the multitude,—the "beastly feeder" that disgorges to-day what it swallowed greedily yesterday,—was ever penned, than that which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of the Archbishop of York. (See 2 *Hen. IV.* I., iii., 87—108.)

"The master of superstition is the people; and in all superstitions wise men follow fools." (Essay of "Superstition.")

"There is a superstition in avoiding superstition, when men think to do best if they go farthest from the superstition formerly received. Therefore care would be had that,—as it fareth in ill purgings,—the good be not taken away with the bad, which commonly is done when the people is the reformer." (*Ib.*)

"Praise . . . if it be from the common people, is commonly false and naught, and rather followeth vain persons than virtuous: for the common people understand not many excellent virtues." (Essay of "Praise.")

"Common people have praise for the lowest virtues, admiration for the middle, but for the highest, no sense at all." (Antitheta on "Praise.")

Professor Dowden admits that Shakespeare "had within him some of the elements of English Conservatism." And it has been a matter of reproach that he has so little sympathy with those of his own class, whose good repute ought to have been precious to him. Mrs. Pott, in her pamphlet, "Did Francis Bacon write Shakespeare?" remarks on the very notable absence of events, scenes and interests belonging to rural life. There is no village green with rustic dances, no may-pole, no country inn, no fair, no market, no harvest home, no haymaking, no Christmas games, none of the small pleasures and allurements of county or country-town life. There is no brewing, cider making, fruit gathering, hop picking, reaping, gleaning, threshing, no farm house, no scene in a country gentleman's house. If Falstaff visits Justice Shallow and interviews the rustics, it is for political purposes, for conscription; and the excuses of the unhappy peasants to obtain exemption from military service are matters for ridicule and laughter. If rustic service or occupations are introduced it is by allusion—as in *Troilus and Cressida*, the processes of baking are referred to,—they are never matters of primary interest. The plays are exactly what might be expected from a courtier and a scholar, with a liberal education and familiarity with the upper ten thousand. If a rustic wrote them, his emancipation from rustic ideas is one miracle, and his knowledge of upper class life another.

It need scarcely be remarked that such absolute want of sympathy with the common people could not possibly have been expressed by a man of low, if not peasant rank, who all his life belonged to a class which was treated as composed of vagabonds and outcasts. For William Shakespeare to have thus written would stamp him as an ill bird, fouling his own nest,—a true son of Ham exposing his own father's nakedness.

## 3.—THE CLASSICAL SCHOLAR.

The writer was a classical scholar. Critics say that the classic learning was derived from translations or general reading. It is difficult to understand how this can be with reference to classic authors who were then untranslated. And it is still more difficult to understand how such a profound knowledge of classic history and mythology as is shewn, not only in the classic plays, but in those which did not require such embellishment, can have been acquired without going to the original sources. Drake or Captain Cook did not learn navigation by towing a ferry or such small "translation" as this: Captain Webb did not learn to swim the Channel by paddling in a brook: and it is equally improbable that Shakespeare could sail so easily in these large oceans of classic lore without scholarly preparation.

As this, however, will be separately discussed I need not enlarge upon it here.

## 4.—VARIOUS ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

The writer was apparently well versed in *French*; he writes very good conversational French. He very often uses French words either as such, or Anglicised. The following are specimens of his French: some of the words which are now fully naturalized were in his time more or less strangers:—Accoutrement, advertise (avertir), aidant, aigre (or *cager* for the same French word), allegiant, amort, appellants, bawcock (beaucoq), benison, bruit, blazon, buttons (for boutons), cap-à-pé, coigne, debonnair, deracinate, égal, esperance, foison, guerdon (or re-guerdon), legerity, matin, mot, moiety, montant, œlliards, orguellous, orisons, parle, point-device, puissance, puissant, rendezvous, rigol, rivage, sans, semblable. Also such phrases as, to utterance (à outrance) in happy time (à la bonne heure).

Shakespeare puts a good deal of French into *Henry V.*,

and with reference to one quotation which he makes from the New Testament—viz., “Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement et la truie lavée au boubier” (*Henry V.* III. vii. 68)—Mr. Hudson thus comments:—“It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with his Bible; we have here a strong presumptive proof that he read it, at least occasionally, in French. This passage will be found, almost literally, in the Geneva Bible of 1588. (2 Pet. ii. 22).”

Indications of familiarity with Spanish and Italian are not wanting, but are less decisive.

The writer had most probably travelled in France and Italy, as we know Bacon did in his early youth. Professor Elze goes far to prove that Shakespeare had visited Mantua, and seen the tomb of Julio Romano. There is a reference to this artist in the *Winter's Tale*, as a sculptor, not agreeing with what was then currently known about him, for he is generally spoken of as a painter. But the description given of him exactly and minutely corresponds to that given in his epitaph at Mantua; and Professor Hales thinks that by this observation Professor Elze has “certainly increased the probability of Italian travels,” which other critics have supposed, especially from the topographical and other knowledge, accurate and detailed, shown in the *Merchant of Venice*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Othello*.

The supposition that all these accomplishments can have been possessed by William Shakspeare seems to me audacious or desperate in the extremest degree. Critics, however, can venture on extravagant speculations to fill up the lacunæ in their biographies of the author of “Shakespeare,” which in any other setting would be at once scouted as impossible. One of the boldest and most amusing of these speculations is contained in Mr. Neild's Edition of *Romeo and Juliet*. In this play, and in *Hamlet*, the editor finds unmistakable traces of the influence of Giordano Bruno; and as there is some evidence that the

Italian Philosopher was a guest of Sir Fulke Greville at Warwick Castle some time in the years 1583—1585, Mr. Neild finds in that visit the explanation of the Bruno traces in these plays. "What if the philosophic poet [*i.e.*, Greville] felt an early sympathy with the young singer of Avon, and brought the most wonderful Italian thinker of the age into living connection with the most pregnant of the wits of England, by an invitation to Warwick Castle given to William Shakespere while Bruno was there as a guest, for Greville was the possessor of Warwick Castle, and Member of Parliament for Warwickshire along with Sir Thomas Lucy, and was a very frequent visitor at Stratford-on-Avon." This seems to me one of the boldest anachronisms in literature. Who could possibly know anything about William Shakspeare's "pregnant wit" in 1583 or 1585? If Greville had ever heard of him from Sir T. Lucy, he probably knew of him as a wild youth who had stolen his deer, and was deservedly punished for his riotous gambols. The fact that such cobweb theories as this must be constructed if any intelligible account of William Shakespere as the supreme poet can be given, supplies the strongest *prima facie* evidence against his supposed authorship.

I need not refer to other accomplishments in science and Biblical learning which were possessed by Shakespere. I will only remark that even if part of this learning might be somehow picked up by an unlettered peasant, yet the entire sum of it, the full-orbed completeness with which he had mastered all the learning of his time, and "taken all knowledge into his province," cannot easily be connected with what we know of William Shakspeare. This cannot be assumed, it must be proved, and it is quite certain that the materials for such proof do not exist.

##### 5.—SHAKSPERE BIOGRAPHY.

Let it be noted that nearly all the current biographies of Shakspeare are filled with surmises, speculations, guesses

and more or less baseless assertions. The one work of this class in which these features are absent is Halliwell Phillipps's "Outlines," and as this most excellent work contains only well-established facts, resting on historic and documentary evidence, it is quite impossible to find in it the author of *Lear* or *Hamlet*. We find only William Shaxpur of Stratford-on-Avon, and accordingly Baconians may claim this book as one of the strongest outside buttresses of the Baconian theory. The speculations to which I refer are, of course, such as are required by the unchallenged assumption that William Shakspeare really wrote the poems attributed to Shakespeare. As soon as this is disputed, the biographies are starved of their best material, and become, as Bacon says, "poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves" (Essay of "Truth"). It is quite a pleasant little comedy to watch the variety and multitude of these guessing phrases, the costume and property of the dramatic fictions called "Life of Shakspeare." I may be allowed here to reproduce some remarks bearing on this subject from the "Bacon Journal," II. 90, in a review of Mrs. Stopes' book on "The Bacon-Shakespeare Question:"—"Mrs. Stopes' eloquent and original account of William Shakspeare's life does great credit to her powers of imagination and invention. It is a pleasant little fable, the construction of which must have been attended with much poetic rapture. The whole of this charming piece of fiction is freely sprinkled over with the guessing formulæ which are so amply used by these romancists, such as: 'would doubtless'—'must have learned'—'no doubt he often'—'perhaps he would'—'my own opinion is'—'he certainly felt'—'it is more than likely'—'they would see'—'just think how'—'I think'—'probably he became.' These phrases, some of them repeated more than once, crowd the pages. This is all very amusing, but as for the history or logic of the case they are conspicuously absent. The muse of History returns to the nursery, where she dresses up a doll and puts on grandmamma's spectacles."

Exactly the same account may be given of the learned but in some respects unsatisfactory book which Mr. Sidney Lee facetiously calls "The Life of Shakespere."

Mr. George Stronach in a review of Mr. Sidney Lee's book ("Baconiana," April, 1899) produces between eighty and ninety such phrases as Mrs. Stopes uses so freely, picked out at haphazard from this remarkable biography. It really is not a life of Shakspeare at all, but a very learned and valuable *catalogue raisonnee* of certain literary creations passing under Shakespeare's name, with incidental and quite unnecessary references to one Mr. Shakspeare. All that is said about William Shakspeare might be left out, and the value of the work rather increased than diminished. Here also little Clio re-enters the nursery and tries to talk like her mother, Mnemosyne, whose spectacles she has stolen; but instead of Memory of Facts, we have Invention of Fancies. Mr. Lee's usual formula for uncertain statements is "*doubtless*," which may, of course, mean as much doubt and as little certainty as anyone chooses to admit. Sometimes sheer inventions are stated without the use of any conjecturing phrase, with as much and as positive an assurance as if they were capable of historic verification. For instance, Mr. S. Lee published in the *Cornhill Magazine* for April, 1899, a paper on the Shakespeare Folio of 1623, which may be taken as a rider to his book. In this paper he says: "The copy for the press, the manuscripts of the plays, the publishers obtained from the managers of the acting company with whom Shakspeare was long connected as both author and actor." What historic or even moral justification Mr. S. Lee can find for this manner of writing history I must leave to his own personal responsibility, for I am at a loss to conjecture. The only possible authority for this statement is contained in the Cryptic Address to the reader, and the Dedication to Pembroke and Montgomery, prefixed to the 1623 Folio. The Dedication simply says, "We have but collected them." The Address says they "have collected and



published them . . . absolute in their numbers, as he conceived them." These words certainly do not contain any of the detail which Mr. S. Lee thinks proper to state as if it were well-ascertained fact. There is nothing to enable us to determine whether the "collecting" was made by hunting in the theatres, or turning over the poet's own papers and searching his pigeon-holes. Now, inasmuch as the whole of the introductory matter prefixed to the 1623 Folio is matter for keen debate, since the Cambridge editors and others find so much *suggestio falsi* as to deprive all its unproved assertions of any authority, as no one knows whether the professed editors (who were, of course, genuine persons) were men of straw, or responsible editors; and as the whole prefatory matter, including Ben Jonson's poem, may be as much a dramatic performance or "Induction" as that prefixed to the *Taming of the Shrew*; Mr. S. Lee's detailed statement, explaining the sources of the Folio, may be considered as somewhat hazardous. And Shakspeare biography, if it is to be complete, if its distressing lacunæ are to be filled up or bridged over, so as to bring it into relation with the Renaissance Drama, must be buttressed and supplemented by such guesses and fictions as Mr. S. Lee and the rest of them substitute for facts. Under these circumstances it might be supposed that the poet's biography must be reconstructed, perhaps even transferred to another personality. Assuredly this hypothesis is not unreasonable.

I have said that the most trustworthy life of William Shakspeare is that by Halliwell Phillipps. And what sort of personality does he produce? We see a rustic peasant, a country townsman, born and bred in a "bookless neighbourhood," among utterly uneducated people. The youth is not destitute of some qualities that make for advancement in life. If no good, yet not much harm is known of him, if the circumstances connected with his over hasty and early marriage are neglected. After a somewhat stormy youth he forsakes his native town, when a very

young man, in order to push his fortunes in London. He succeeds beyond his expectations, becomes rich on the gains of theatrical management, and after some years returns to the town where his family had continued to reside, and spends the rest of his days in commercial and money-lending transactions, which, if fairly respectable, were not very noble, never sparing any defaulting creditor, but pursuing him with the utmost rigour of the law. His speculations seem to have been generally fortunate, he becomes a land-owner and lives in a fine house which he has purchased. And this is all! Not a trace of such occupations as those in which the author of Shakespeare might be supposed to be most interested, no mention of books or studies, or any literary property, not even in his will; not a scrap of his writing preserved except five or six shockingly written signatures, variously spelt, nothing to show literary education, or acquired learning, or literary performance. As to the works which we now call Shakespeare they are leagues away from the subject of Mr. Halliwell Phillipps' biography, and not a single significant or really valuable commentary on any one passage in them is to be derived from anything we positively know concerning the man to whom they are traditionally attributed.

The paradox and anomaly of all this is so infinite that even highly orthodox Shakespeareans are obliged sometimes to admit as much, and, as to the detachment of the Shakespeare drama from all that relates to the man, no one has exposed it with more cynical frankness than Richard Grant White, who bore the proud title of "Shakespeare's Scholar." The chapter on Stratford-on-Avon, in his book "England Within and Without," concludes with these remarkable words: "Thus ended my visit to Stratford-on-Avon, where I advise no one to go who would preserve any elevated idea connected with Shakespeare's personality. There is little there to interest and much to dishearten a 'passionate pilgrim' to the scenes of the

earlier and later life of him who is the great glory of our literature. . . . As I drove out of the town, on my way to Kenilworth . . . . the last object which caught my eye was a large sign over a little shop, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, SHOEMAKER. A fitting close, I thought, of my pilgrimage. It would have annoyed the 'gentleman born' much more than it annoyed me, and for quite another reason. The only place in England which he who is sometimes honoured with the name of 'Shakespeare's Scholar' regrets having visited, is that where Shakespeare was born and buried." And these words were written by the man who cannot find terms of insult too gross to hurl at those who, when they wish to visit the ancient haunts of the Shakespeare poet, do not go to Stratford-on-Avon, but to Gorhambury and St. Albans.

In conclusion, let me add that the two books, which supply the most powerful arguments for the negative side of our case—the anti-Shakspere side—are, Halliwell Phillipps' "Outlines," and Ingleby's "Century of Praise." Of Dr. Ingleby's "Collection of Allusions," extending over a hundred years, I may confidently assert that it does not contain one single testimony to authorship which need give the least tremor to Baconians. Not one of these allusions complies with the conditions defined in the second number of our list of Probabilities, see p. 16. This is, of course, of no importance to Baconians; it is exactly what they are prepared for. The real perplexity is for Shakespeareans. Where, they may ask, is Mr. William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, in this crowded catalogue of allusions? Where is he? And echo answers—*Where?*

## CHAPTER III.

## FRANCIS BACON.

## I.—THE SCHOLAR AND MAN OF THE WORLD.

THAT Francis Bacon wrote Shakespeare, I have no more doubt than that he wrote the *Novum Organum*. William Shaxpur is impossible, and as he retreats, enter the noble and majestic form of Francis Bacon ! No one else can be seriously suggested as the author : if the Stratford townsmen is dethroned, Bacon immediately steps into the vacant place. He alone is known to have had all the knowledge shewn in the poetry. Nearly all that was knowable in his time, he knew. His mind was well stored with classic lore. It may sound paradoxical, yet it is true, that one very significant indication of this is his constant habit of inaccurate quotation. He does not seem to have made a practice of looking up passages in the original : he quotes from memory, and although he always gives either the true sense or an improvement upon it, yet he very often does not give the *ipsissima verba* ; and this habit of inaccurate quotation is, I think, the mark of a scholar retaining ideas but not always reproducing precise words. One or two specimens will suffice ; scores may be found in Reynolds' edition of the "Essays." In the Essay of "Adversity," Bacon quotes Seneca in this form : "*Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.*" The exact words, as Mr. Reynolds points out, are, "*Ecce res magna, habere imbecillitatem hominis securitatem Dei.*" In the Essay of "Seditions and Troubles," Tacitus is thus quoted : "*Conflata magna invidia, seu bene, seu male gesta*

*premont.*" The words are, "*Inviso semel principe, seu bene seu male facta premont.*"

This verbal inaccuracy must be remembered when the small errors in fact or allusion of Shakespeare are referred to as proof of deficient scholarship and as impossible for Bacon. Such mistakes are not only no argument against the Baconian theory, they are consistent with it, and even help to sustain it.

There is not, I believe, a single hint of knowledge contained in the plays which may not be illustrated by reference to Bacon's acknowledged works. And the gifts of fancy, imagination, wit, genius are his in rich abundance. Every page of his writings sparkles with gems of fancy. He could not write a letter on the driest subject without some gleam of poetic embellishment. His was a royal mastery of language never surpassed, never perhaps equalled, such a mastery as we see in Shakespeare and no where else. He was the most accomplished lawyer of his age, not excepting even Lord Coke; not willingly,—for he would have preferred to devote himself to other pursuits,—but, as he was obliged to live by his profession, so, by slow, gradual advancement, by sheer force of merit, he won his way to its very summit, and acquired that command of legal science and phraseology which is so marked a feature of the plays. He was a courtier, and a statesman, the son of a Lord Chancellor, nearly related to or closely intimate with the most eminent men in the kingdom; a constant associate with royal and aristocratic persons. His native region was the Court of princes and the halls of nobles. He was skilled in foreign languages, French, Spanish and Italian; had lived in France and travelled in the South of Europe in his early youth, and knew by his own eyesight, and by his own marvellous gifts of perception, the Italian scenes and skies which are so well described in the early plays. Several letters, written by Bacon in French, are published in Spedding's life.

## 2.—THE POET.

He was a poet. Nearly all the critics agree in this, however much they may otherwise differ. The quick perception of analogies, the habit of reading spiritual laws in (and *into*) historic facts and natural phenomena, the irresistible poetic bias which induced him to enshrine the fanciful conceits of his *Philosophia Prima* into the very highest place, the very citadel of his Philosophy, all these were supremely characteristic of his mind. He was, like Shakespeare, primarily a philosopher, a moralist, and he uses his powers of invention, his imagination and fancy and eloquence, in order that he may discourse more effectively on matters pertaining to the conduct of life and to knowledge and experience of the world. And whenever he discusses these topics, he is lavish in the use of poetic imagery and vivid imaginative discourse. In his "Advancement of Learning," he is irresistibly tempted to wander over far larger fields than the immediate topic requires, in order to introduce most exquisite discussions of the symbolic meanings which he finds in the fables of ancient mythology. He lingers over all sorts of social and ethical questions,—Nobility, Beauty, Riches, Praise, Fortune and such like. We may well ask why he should decorate his philosophy with plumage of this kind. In truth, the only reason is that the philosopher is really a poet. He must sing, for his native region is Parnassus, and the stores of wisdom and of beauty which he finds in the sacred mount, flow forth spontaneously whenever he speaks. Even in the *Novum Organum* his scientific expositions sparkle with the jewels of fancy; the nomenclature of his inductive processes is one of the most astonishing exhibitions of witty invention ever produced. The wine of Poetry distilled from his "Vintages" almost intoxicates the senses, and often half spoils his science. Harvey was puzzled, perhaps with some mixture of scorn, at these scientific discourses of the "Chancellor." He

had not been accustomed to such science—it had never come forth from his shop, none of his masters discoursed thus. The surprising feature of the case is, that notwithstanding the poetry, the science is so good. Such a blending of scientific insight and poetic fancy is without parallel in all literature. Goethe is the nearest approach.

Bacon spoke of himself as a “concealed poet,” and I have seen no approach to a satisfactory explanation of this most remarkable utterance, except that which connects him with Shakespeare. And all the best critics and biographers of Bacon refer to his poetical attributes. If testimony relating to poetic faculty apart from poetic art is to have any weight, that of Shelley may suffice. More than once he dwells enthusiastically on the poetic character of Bacon’s mind. “Like Plato”—Shelley writes in his “Symposium,”—“he exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onward as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit rather than a man.” These words, though applied primarily to Plato, are expressly handed on to Bacon. And in his “Defence of Poetry,” Shelley writes :—

“Lord Bacon was a poet. His language has a sweet and majestic rhythm which satisfies the sense, no less than the almost superhuman wisdom of his philosophy satisfies the intellect. It is a strain which distends, and then bursts the circumference of the reader’s mind, and pours itself forth together with it, into the universal element sympathy” (Defence of Poetry”).

### 3.—BACON’S CONCEALMENTS.

Bacon writes of himself as “a concealed poet.” One argument against his supposed Shakespearian authorship is derived from the concealment involved. It is contended that if Bacon had written “Shakespeare” some indications

of this would certainly appear in his correspondence, or in that of his personal friends, some of whom must have shared the secret with him. If Bacon himself wished to conceal this fact he would doubtless do so very effectually, and would pledge his friends (especially Ben Jonson, John Heminge, and Henry Condell), to respect his incognito. The reasons for this secrecy are not difficult to conjecture, and have been so fully discussed by Baconian writers that I need not here dilate upon them. (See Reed's "Bacon v. Shakespeare," p. 124. Donnelly's "Great Crypt.," i. 246.)

Suffice it to say that for reasons of his own, doubtless good and sufficient, he elected to be known by his contemporaries and by immediate posterity as a philosopher and reformer of science, rather than as a poet, especially a dramatic poet. But there is another side to this concealment which is less noticed. Bacon's private life has never been written, and the materials for writing it do not exist, or certainly have not been found. His public life, as a statesman and lawyer is very fully known, but we never catch a glimpse of him in his parlour, or study, or bedroom. His private letters have nearly all disappeared, and such personal recollections as his contemporaries penned do not supply any important particulars of home life and its domestic details. Spedding publishes a letter written to his niece referring to her approaching marriage, and prefixes the following remarks:—

"The letter which follows is again a solitary specimen. . . . A letter of advice from Bacon to his niece upon an offer of marriage to which she was not inclinable, is a task which, exhibiting him in a new relation, throws some new light upon his character,—a light which is more valuable because, while he has left the records of the *business* of his life for our inspection in such abundance and with so little reserve,—while he makes us welcome to attend him to the Court, the palace, the Parliament, and the council-board, to his gardens, his chambers, and his study, he seldom or never admits us to his fireside. We



have a few letters of affection to kinsmen or familiar friends, which are amongst the most agreeable of his writings; but if it had not been for the miscellaneous bundles of papers of all sorts left by his brother Anthony, and probably never examined, we should have known nothing at all of his more intimate domestic relations. Here we get a glimpse of him as an uncle only; but in the absence of all records of that most intimate relation of all, an account of which seems to have been expected of me, but must still be expected in vain, it is something to know how he acquitted himself in a correspondence with the daughter of his half-brother" ("Life," vi. 173).

Here is one specimen of the way in which Bacon "sequestered himself from popularity," and locked the door whenever he entered into his closet. And in other respects we can plainly see Bacon's fondness for self-concealment. There are several letters, published in Spedding's "Life," which, though written by Bacon, were appropriated, with his concurrence, by others. In Vol. I., page 97, is a long and important letter signed by Sir Francis Walsingham, which is undoubtedly Bacon's. The very characteristic letters to the Earl of Rutland on his travels, were sent to the Earl by Lord Essex as his own compositions, and are included in Devereux's Memoirs of the Earl of Essex. The editor was hardly prepared to find such compositions among the Essex MSS., and finds in them proofs of a greater literary gift than he supposed Essex to possess. No one familiar with Bacon's writings can have the least hesitation in assenting to Mr. Spedding's conclusion that they are his. There are also letters written for the Earl to Anthony Bacon, and another for Anthony's reply, intended to be used in order to restore Essex to the favour of the Queen. Of these letters Dr. Abbott says:—"The wonderful exactness with which he has caught the somewhat quaint, humorous, cumbersome style of Anthony, and the abrupt, incisive antithetical and passionately rhetorical style of Essex, makes the perusal

of these letters a literary treat, independent of their other merits." Here also we find the dramatic faculty revealing itself. This hide-and-seek propensity is not without significance when the question of Bacon's relation to Shakespeare is under consideration.

#### 4.—BACON'S LITERARY OUTPUT.

Among the many shallow objections brought against the Baconian theory, one is founded on the assumption that Bacon was a voluminous writer, and that if we add to his avowed literary productions the Shakespearean Drama, he is loaded with such a stupendous literary progeny as no author could possibly generate. Moreover, he was so busy in state business as a lawyer, judge, counsellor, member of Parliament, confidential adviser to the King and the responsible rulers in State and Church, that he had very little spare time for authorship.

As to Bacon's occupations in law and politics, they were very scanty up to the year 1607, when he was 46 years of age and was made Solicitor-General. His complaint was that he lacked employment. When he was 35 years old, he writes to his uncle, Lord Burghley, "My life hath been so private as I have had no means to do your Lordship's service." And as to his employment by the Queen he says, "Her service was a kind of freehold." And he expressly said that his own private studies occupied him more than his public engagements. That these solitary pursuits were very absorbing we know from many indications of the seclusion which he practised, which distressed his mother, and sometimes vexed those who sought access to him. Now it was during this time,—up to his 45th year,—when he had scarcely any public work and was labouring unremittingly in his study, that nearly all the Shakespeare plays appeared. His most important philosophical works began to appear in 1605, when the "Advancement" was published. The *Novum Organon* was not published till 1620. There were various small

and fragmentary anticipations of the *Novum Organon* which appeared in 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1612 and 1616; and the "Essays" and "*De Sapientia Veterum*" and some smaller works appeared before 1609.

But there is absolutely nothing that accounts for his private studies and literary pursuits during the first forty years of his life. When we proceed to make an estimate of the entire literary output of Bacon, as a scientific and philosophical writer, the amount is really somewhat small. His *Life and Works*, edited by Spedding and Ellis, occupy 14 8vo. volumes. But the prefaces, notes, editorial comments, translations from the Latin, and biographical narrative occupy more than half of the seven volumes of *Biography*. And a large space in all the fourteen volumes is devoted to business letters, speeches, State papers, evidences of witnesses or culprits in State trials, and such like documents, besides memoranda relating to private matters of no literary significance whatever, so that out of the 1,480 pages which are put down to Bacon's credit in the seven volumes devoted to the *Life*, only about 375 pages can be ranked as literature, and these seven volumes themselves contain 3,000 pages. If we calculate the whole amount contained in the fourteen volumes we shall find it may be reckoned at about six such volumes, each containing 520 pages. And this includes the legal writings and speeches. Bacon was 66 years old when he died. Such genius as his ripens early. When he was 20 he was a ripe scholar, and capable of literary production. And all we can find for his whole life amounts to about 70 pages per annum, less than 6 pages a month. Also, if the Shakespeare poetry was the only work of William Shakspeare, certainly he was not a voluminous writer. Thirty-one years may be taken as a moderate estimate of the duration of his literary life, *i.e.*, from 1585 till his death in 1616. And the result is, 37 plays and the minor poems,—not two plays for each year. It is clear—as a matter of numerical calculation,—that if the whole of Shakespeare and the

whole of Bacon's acknowledged works belong to the same author, the writer was not a voluminous author — not by any means so voluminous as Miss Braddon or Sir Walter Scott.

Therefore, let this objection stand aside; it vanishes into invisibility as soon as it is accurately tested.

#### 5.—BACON'S ASSURANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

Bacon's confident assurance of holding a lasting place in literature is one of the most striking features of his character, and it marks him as specially endowed with the poetic consciousness and temperament. In this respect Bacon and Shakespeare are absolutely alike, and the bold unhesitating assertion of this claim to immortality, which is common to the two, is almost unparalleled in literature. For, of all poets that ever lived, not one ever made more confident appeals to posterity, never did any poet more triumphantly discount the immortality of which he was absolutely assured. If we only take the couplets of the Sonnets, this assurance of lasting renown is more or less clearly expressed in nearly a score of them—in Sonnets 15, 17, 18, 19, 54, 55, 60, 63, 65, 74, 81, 100, 101, 104, 107, 123. And in many of the Sonnets the vision of future fame is the leading idea of the entire poem, as in 55, 63, 65, 74, 81, 100, and 101.

This very marked characteristic of the Sonnets is one of the reasons for attributing to many of them a dramatic character. The poet who was so proudly conscious of future fame could not, *in his own person*, have written 71 and 72; the bold claimant to lasting renown could not have said on his own account:—

For I am shamed by that which I bring forth,  
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.

(Sonnets 72).

This mood, does not last long, for when we pass on to the next Sonnet the dramatic *entourage* has changed.

Bacon is speaking for himself, and the very premature consciousness of old age which led him, when comparatively a young man, to write, "I wax now somewhat ancient; one-and-thirty years is a great deal of sand in the hour-glass," expresses its sense of antiquity in the dejected minor strain,—

That time of year thou mayst 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.  
 (Sonnet 73).

But the strong grasp on futurity remains—we soon hear the note of triumph mingling with the sense of physical decay; his "Line" will live after his body has passed away: Let that which is to be "the prey of worms" or the "coward conquest of a wretch's knife" — be forgotten:—

The worth of that is that which it contains  
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.  
 (Sonnet 74).

This anticipation of immortality is one of the most characteristic marks of the poetic temperament, and the same bold appropriation of future fame is remarkably characteristic of Bacon. That proud appeal to posterity which pervades the Sonnets (it could not have found equally clear expression in the dramas or the other poems) finds equally articulate voice in Bacon's will, and in the frequent professions which he makes that his writings are intended to secure "merit and memory" in succeeding ages, even if he and they are neglected or misunderstood by his contemporaries. There is a magnificent audacity in some of these declarations which is only paralleled by the equally daring prophesies of these poems. Perhaps the most remarkable of them all is one that has not hitherto been specially noticed. In Bacon's Dedication of his "Advancement of Learning" to the King, he

refers to the fortune and accomplishments of that variously gifted monarch as uniting "the power and fortune of a King, the knowledge and illumination of a Priest and the learning and universality of a Philosopher;" and then he refers to his own work in these most astonishing terms: "This propriety (*i.e.*, property or characteristic), inherent, and individual attribute in your Majesty, deserveth to be expressed, not only in the fame and admiration of the present time, nor in the history and tradition of the ages succeeding, but also in SOME SOLID WORK, FIXED MEMORIAL, AND IMMORTAL MONUMENT, BEARING A CHARACTER OR SIGNATURE BOTH OF THE POWER OF A KING, AND THE DIFFERENCE AND PERFECTION OF SUCH A KING. THEREFORE I DID CONCLUDE WITH MYSELF THAT I COULD NOT MAKE UNTO YOUR MAJESTY A BETTER OBLATION THAN OF SOME TREATISE TENDING TO THAT END."

A more majestic and poetic anticipation of immortality never issued from human pen. The magnificent egotism is here sublime; in almost every other case it would be ridiculous. It could only have come from the same pen which, a few years before, had written :

You still shall live (such virtue hath my pen)  
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.  
(Sonnet 81.)

Or,—

Thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.  
(*Ib.* 107.)

Not often in straightforward prose do we meet with the Horatian vaunt :

Exegi monumentum ære perennius  
Regalique situ pyramidum altius ;  
Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens  
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis  
Annorum series et fuga temporum.

But Bacon is equal to this immense self-consciousness, which, in an inferior writer, would be insufferable audacity. There is nothing inconsistent with what we know of his own self-estimation in supposing that he, and he alone in that age, was capable of this proud utterance :

Not marble, nor the gilded ornaments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme ;  
But you shall shine more bright in these contents  
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.  
When wasteful wars shall statues overturn,  
And broils root out the work of masonry,  
Not Mars his sword nor war's quick fire shall burn  
The living record of your memory.  
'Gainst death and all oblivious enmity  
Shall you pace forth ; your praise shall still find room  
Even in the eyes of all posterity,  
That wear the world out to the ending doom.'—(55.)

The immortality which Bacon anticipated for himself has certainly been achieved, and when his real relation to the Shakespeare drama is accepted by the world, as it assuredly will be, all that he claimed and prophesied will be admitted. The tremendous tragedy of his fall still blocks his way to the supremest throne of Parnassus. Detraction and calumny still blacken his reputation. The worst construction is put upon his faults, and his many virtues and excellencies are forgotten or explained away. It will not be always so.

#### 6.—PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

I will venture to point out some passages in Shakespeare which appear to me to reflect some of the personal characteristics of Bacon. The accuracy and significance of the resemblance will not at once commend itself to every one, and I do not attach any great importance to them. Let them be taken for what they are worth.

(1) One very curious habit of Bacon's seems to have been *to strike himself on the breast* when he wished to put

emphasis or solemnity into his utterance. In a speech in Parliament in 1601, referring to the Queen's prerogative "to set at liberty things restrained by statute-law, or otherwise," he is reported to have said, "For the first she may grant *non-obstantes* contrary to the penal laws, which truly in my conscience (*and so struck himself on the breast*) are as hateful to the subject as monopolies. ("Life," III. 27.)

Brutus is represented as using a similar gesture when he roused the Romans to revenge the death of Lucretia.

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,  
And kiss'd the fatal knife, to end his vow.  
(*Lucrece*, 1842.)

Ophelia in her madness,  
Hems and beats her heart.  
(*Ham.* IV. v. 5.)

Clarence's little boy asks the Duchess of York,  
Why do you wring your hands, and beat your breast  
And cry, "O, Clarence, my unhappy son?"  
(*Rich.* III. II. ii. 3.)

And Claudio represents Beatrice behaving in the same way,

Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps, sobs, beats her heart,  
tears her hair, prays, curses.

(*Much Ado*, II. iii. 152.)

In the Return from Parnassus, which is I believe one of the Shakespearean group, *Studioso*, describing the conditions of his hired service, says that one of his obligations was: "That I shoulde work all harvest time. And upon this pointe the old churle gave a signe with a 'hem!' to the old householde of silence, and began a solem, senclless oration against Idlenes, noddinge his head, knockinge his hande on his fatt breste" (2 *Parn.*, 655). And in another passage *Amoretto* laments that he "cannot walke the streete for these needy fellowes, and that after there is



a statute come out against begging." And then follows the stage direction, "*He strikes his breast*" (3 *Parn.*, 1684).

(2) There are many passages in Shakespeare which carry the sombre colouring which darkened his life after his fall. This may be traced in the portrait of Cardinal Wolsey in *Henry VIII*. It is the pervading quality of the play of *Timon*, one of those plays never heard of till its publication in 1623. The sudden reverse of fortune from the greatest magnificence and opulence to the most sordid destitution, is exactly what Bacon experienced; for after his fall his condition of penury was like that of a suppliant for alms; "*dote obolum Belisario*," he writes, "I that have borne a bag can bear a wallet." The lavish generosity of *Timon*, and his almost inexcusable carelessness about money in the time of his prosperity, reflects a weakness, almost amounting to a fault, strikingly characteristic of Bacon.

Bacon's lament over his fall, and the sense of danger which always accompanies greatness (a sentiment frequently expressed at different periods of his life) is abundantly reflected in Shakespeare. In 1612, when the *Essay of "Great Place"* was published, Bacon wrote: "The rising unto place is laborious, and by pains men come to greater pains; and it is sometimes base, and by indignities men come to dignities. The standing is slippery, and the regress is either a downfall or at least an eclipse, which is a melancholy thing." In 1603 Bacon described the appointment of Essex to the command of the army in Ireland as *locus lubricus* (see the "*Essex Apology*"); the word is used by Tacitus, Cicero, and other Latin authors in this sense, and this insecure or "slippery" standing, with the subsequent "downfall or eclipse" is often noticed in Shakespeare.

A sceptre snatch'd with an unruly hand  
Must be as boisterously maintain'd as gain'd;  
And he that stands upon a slippery place  
Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up.

(*John III. iv. 135*).

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,  
And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

(*Rich. III. I. iii. 259*).

O world, thy slippery turns !”

(*Cor. IV. iv. 12*).

What ! am I poor of late ?

’Tis certain, greatness, once fall’n out with fortune,  
Must fall out with men too : what the declined is  
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others  
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butterflies,  
Show not their mealy wings but to the summer;  
And not a man, for being simply man,  
Hath any honour, but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,  
Prizes of accident as oft as merit :  
Which, when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean’d on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another, and together.  
Die in the fall.

(*Tro. Cres. III. iii. 74*).

Farewell, my lord; I as your lover speak.  
The fool slides o’er the ice that you should break.

(*Ib. 214*).

The art o’ the court

As hard to leave as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery that  
The fear’s as bad as falling . . . which dies i’ the search  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what’s worse,  
Must court’sy at the censure : O boys, *this story*  
*The world may read in me. . . My report was once*  
*First with the best of note, &c.*

(*Cymb. III. iii. 46—70*).

When Fortune, in her shift and change of mood,  
Spurns down her late beloved, all his dependants,  
Which labour’d after him to the mountain’s top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

(*Timon I. i. 84*).

And the figure of an eclipse is one of Shakespeare’s most

usual metaphors for loss of reputation or position. Here is a small collection of such metaphors.

No more be grieved at that which thou hast done;  
 Roses have thorns and silver fountains mud;  
 Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,  
 And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.

(Sonnet 35).

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.

(Sonnet 60).

Alack! our terrene moon is now eclipsed.

*Ant. Cl.* III. xiii. 153.

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured.

(Sonnet 107).

(Referring evidently to Queen Elizabeth).

(3) Bacon's self-vindication is apparently secreted in many passages in Shakespeare. In a letter to Buckingham, written in the Tower, May 31st, 1621, Bacon writes: "When I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it), nor unfortunate counsel, and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trusty, and honest, and thrice-loving friend to your lordship." This is not unlike Ariel's self-commendation to Prospero.

Remember, I have done thee worthy service,  
 Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings.  
 Without or grudge or grumbling.

(*Tempest* I. ii. 247).

One of the most striking of these vindicatory passages is that spoken by Lord Say in *2 Henry VI*. And it should be noted that these lines did not exist in the early draft of this play—the *Contention*. They were not given to the world till 1623. Even up to 1619 the play was republished

without these most significant additions. Lord Say is pleading for his life to Jack Cade and his murderous crew.

Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.  
 . . . . .  
 Justice with favour have I always done;  
 Prayers and tears have moved me, gifts could never.

(Observe, he does not say that he never received gifts,—he admits that he had,—but only that his administration of justice was never perverted or changed by them, that they had not influenced him.)

When have I aught exacted at your hands,  
 But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?  
 Large gifts have I bestowed on learned clerks,  
 Because my book preferr'd me to the king,  
 And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,  
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.  
 . . . . .  
 These checks are pale for watching for your good.  
 Long sitting to determine poor men's causes  
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.  
 . . . . .  
 Tell me wherein have I offended most?  
 Have I affected wealth, or honour? Speak!  
 Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?  
 Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?  
 Whom have I injured that ye seek my death?

(2 *Henry VI.* IV. vii. 63—110).

(4). One of the most significant characteristics recorded of Bacon is his dramatic faculty. Mallet says of him, "In his conversation he would assume the most differing characters and speak the language proper to each with a facility that was perfectly natural, for the dexterity of the habit concealed every appearance of art." Osborn speaks in still more striking terms: "I have heard him entertain a country lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and dogs, and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon." Now, is it not a little remarkable that a

precisely similar gift is attributed to Prince Hal: "I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life." (I *Henry IV.* II. iv. 19). In another respect the Prince corresponds to the character of Bacon given by his friends. His eloquence is described as so facile and charming that "the ears of his hearers received more gratification than trouble, and (they were) no less sorry when he did conclude than displeased with any that did interrupt him." (Osborn). Ben Jonson, in slightly different words, says the same thing:—"The fear of every man who heard him was lest he should make an end." So the Prince is described:

"When he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences."

(*Henry V.* I. i. 47.)

The poet, whoever he was, in his portraiture of the Prince must have drawn either upon his own observations, or on his own experience of the dramatic and rhetoric faculty, and its manifestations in private and public discourse; and even if he was not conscious of self-portraiture, yet if he was naturally an actor or an orator the instance most opportune for his use was himself; and doubtless fragments of self-portraiture must exist in many of the characters which he has so graphically drawn. The passages, however, just quoted are so minutely individual that they were undoubtedly more applicable to Bacon than to any other man then living.

(5). There is another very curious reflection of Bacon's character and temperament in the poem of *Lucrece*. Lucretia condemns herself to death for an offence which has been forced upon her, for which she is not morally guilty, yet which, through the stress of circumstances, she has committed. She does not, however, seek to justify, though she does to palliate, her crime. Like

Bacon, she renounces all defence, and submits to the judgment of the court which condemns her, which in her case is no other than herself. She knew, however, that she was personally innocent, though involved in the "unrecalling crime" of another person. Like Bacon, while pleading guilty, she can interrogate her unstained conscience—

What is the quality of mine offence,  
 Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?  
 May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,  
 My low-declined honour to advance ?  
 May any terms acquit me from this chance ?  
 The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;  
 And why not I from this compelled stain ?—1702.

Even so Bacon, for some time after his condemnation, expected to resume his ordinary functions as counsellor to Parliament and adviser to the King after he had been cleared from his "compelled stain."

In Bacon's fall one of the most remarkable features of his case is the way in which he renounced all self-defence and accepted the judgment pronounced against him. "Your lordship," he writes to Buckingham, "spake of purgatory. I am now in it, but my mind is in a calm, for my fortune is not my felicity. I know I have clean hands and a clean heart, and, I hope, a clean house for friends and servants." And yet he will not ask for acquittal on these grounds. He asks the Lords for a fair trial, and for some convenient time "to advise with my counsel, and to make my answer ; wherein nevertheless, my counsel's part will be the least ; for I shall not, by the grace of God, trick up an innocency with cavillations, but plainly and ingenuously (as your lordships know my manner is) declare what I know and remember . . . . desiring no privilege of greatness for subterfuge of guiltiness." And to the King he writes: "I shall deal ingenuously with your Majesty, without seeking fig-leaves or subterfuges." Afterwards, to the Lords: "I do under-

stand there hath been heretofore expected from me some justification ; and therefore I have chosen one only justification, instead of all other, one of the justifications of Job ; for, after the clear submission and confession which I shall now make unto your lordships, I hope I may say and justify with Job in these words : ‘ I have not hid my sin as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom.’ This is the only justification which I will use. It resteth, therefore, that, without fig-leaves, I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge that, having understood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the House, but enough to inform my conscience and memory, I find matter sufficient and full both to move me to desert the defence, and to move your lordships to condemn and censure me.” This was surely a most extraordinary course for a man to take who knew that his hands and conscience were clean, and superficial critics have been often too ready to take him at his own word, without any careful enquiry into what his words really imply, or how they are connected with and interpreted by his personal character and habits. One reason indeed for his submission may be that he knew his case was not being tried in a court of justice ; the verdict and sentence would be put to the vote and determined by a show of hands, and by the decision of a majority, most of whom were absolutely ignorant of judicial procedure, and incapable of judicial deliberation, but were swayed by the most vivid or recent impressions that party, or passion, or plausible rhetoric might suggest. It might then be politic to abandon anything like a scientific judicial plea, and trust to the leniency which absolute surrender might inspire. However this may be, such was the attitude he assumed. Conscious (as he expressly said) of moral innocence, he yet called for condemnation and censure upon himself. Lucretia acted in precisely the same way. She is speaking, in thought, to her husband :—

“ For me, I am the mistress of my fate ;

And with my trespass never will dispense,  
Till life to death acquit my forced offence.

I will not poison thee with my attain,  
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses ;  
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,  
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses ;  
My tongue shall utter all ; mine eyes, like sluices,  
As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,  
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure tale."

—1069-78.

Subsequently, when her husband and his companions are present,

"*'Few words,'* quoth she, 'shall fit the trespass best,  
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :  
In me moe woes than words are now depending.'"

—1613.

Lucretia's self-justification is, however, the same as Bacon's:—

"O teach me how to make mine own excuse !  
Or at least this refuge let me find ;  
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this abuse,  
Immaculate and spotless is my mind.  
That was not forced ; that never was inclined  
To accessory yieldings, but still pure  
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

—1653.

Her friends try to console her and to turn the edge of her self-condemnation.

"*'No, no,'* quoth she, 'no dame, hereafter living,  
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving.'"

—1714.

Bacon finds similar reasons for gladness in the depth of his grief: "The first is (he writes) that hereafter the greatness of a judge or magistrate shall be no sanctuary or protection of guiltiness which, in a few words [a very frequent phrase with Bacon, and in Shakespeare it is



equally frequent] is the beginning of a golden world." Both Lucrece and Bacon contract their self-defence into "few words." These lines from *Lucrece* are very interesting as showing how true to himself Bacon was from the beginning to the end of his life, and that the heroic self-immolation, which he pictured with such graphic and poetic touches in *Lucrece*, more than thirty years before his fall, was the temper of his own mind, which he was quite ready to carry into action whenever the time for its application might come.

Here is a remarkable anticipation of Bacon's own case. His censors often say—a distinguished Barrister, now a Judge, used such language in writing to me,—“You see, he confesses himself to be guilty; what more can you want?” The reply is,—*Lucrece* also made a like confession; she also found matter sufficient and full to move her to desert her defence, and require the Court to condemn her. And yet her fault was entirely constructive,—it left her with clean hands and clean heart. Her friends entreated her to pardon herself.

“With this they all at once began to say  
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears.”

—1709.

She rejects the plea, and without cavillations or fig-leaves surrenders herself to the doom she has pronounced on herself.

Other very curious personal traits will be illustrated in the next two chapters.

## CHAPTER IV.

## I CANNOT TELL.

THERE is a phrase occurring in the opening of Bacon's Essay of "Truth"—the first in the immortal Volume—which may sound strange and only half intelligible when first read. This is the passage:—The Essayist is remarking on "the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth," and the bondage which when found it "imposeth upon men's thoughts," which leads men to prefer their own false ideas to the substitutes which knowledge supplies. Not only does this bring lies into favour, but there is "a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself." And then he proceeds: "One of the latter school of the Grecians examineth this matter and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But *I cannot tell.*" The Latin has *Sed nescio quo modo.*

This phrase, *I cannot tell*, at first staggers the reader. It is not that the puzzle baffles the writer, for he immediately proceeds to give a very beautiful and poetical solution of it, adding, "This same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masques, and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights." Bacon's meaning is easily misunderstood:—the reader may say, what I have heard from the lips of a noble and accomplished lady, "I don't agree with Bacon: No one loves a lie for its own sake." The lies, or fictions to which Bacon refers are not vulgar fibs, but philosophical conceits, speculative inventions taking the

place of Nature's facts and laws. And the expression, "I cannot tell," may be taken as an articulate sigh, a sort of Heigh-ho! Well-a-day! Oh dear, dear! in which the languid expression of defeat is more apparent than real. He does not quite mean what he says, there is in the exclamation a sort of poetic insincerity, as if he were himself *in propriâ personâ* supplying an instance to illustrate his thesis. For he *can* tell, and *does* tell as we have seen in the next sentence. Let this be well noted: the collapse of judgment apparently expressed by the phrase, *I cannot tell*, is not real, it is assumed, a poetic fiction, a dramatic disguise, a closed door to be opened for surprise, a momentary affectation of helpless embarrassment, which makes the subsequent return to intellectual vigour and sufficiency all the more striking. That this is the conscious, almost technical meaning of the phrase may be clearly shown by some Shakespearean instances, one shewing its use, others its abandonment. The mode of using the phrase is clearly explained by Scarus, Anthony's faithful friend, when his fortunes were lowest; evil portents threaten him, and those whose business is to interpret them, shrink from disclosing their import.

Swallows have built  
In Cleopatra's sails their nest; the augurers  
Say they know not, *they cannot tell*; look grimly  
And *dare not* speak their knowledge.

(*Ant. and Cleo.*, IV. xii. 4.)

Evidently, *I cannot tell* is the formula of evasion, or insincerity: the augurers *cannot*, only because they *dare not*.

The case of abandonment is to be found in the 2nd part of the old play the *Contention*, *i.e.*, The True Tragedy: in which the following passage occurs:

We at Saint Albons met,  
Our battles ioinde, and both sides fiercelie fought.  
But, whether twas the coldness of the King,  
He lookt full gentlie on his warlike Queen,  
That robde my souldiers of their heated spleene,

Or whether twas report of his successe,  
 Or more than common feare of Cliffords rigor,  
 Who thunders to his captaines blood and death,  
*I cannot tell.* (True Tragedy, II. i. 87.)

The same passage, with a few verbal alterations, (such as *her* success for *his*; *captives* for *captains*) occurs in 3 *Henry VI.* II. i. 120. But instead of *I cannot tell*, we find *I cannot judge*. The reason is plain. For here the perplexity is not simulated, it is real; the alternatives presented are all possible, all reasonable, and all cannot be true. The speaker has no means of selecting the true alternative, the suspense is genuine, accordingly the phrase which is only to be used for a mock perplexity is changed for one that expresses a real doubt.

The incorrect version was printed in the three quartos, 1595, 1600 and 1619. The amended version appeared first in 1623, seven years after the death of William Shakspeare. A similar change was made in the 1623 Edition of the *Merry Wives*, as compared with the two quartos of 1602 and 1619.

*Slender.*—Have you bears in your town, Mistress Anne,  
 that your dogs bark so?

*Annc.*—I cannot tell, Mr. Slender: I think there be. (I. i. 83.)

This is plainly not an occasion for “I cannot tell:” it had slipped in accidentally. Accordingly the Folio has,

*Annc.*—I think there are, Sir, I heard them talked of. (I. i. 298.)

If an authentic version of these plays existed in 1619, why was the incorrect passage then re-published, why wait till 1623 for the right version? Doubtless the change was made by the author after 1619.

In nearly all other cases the mental attitude of the Essay of “Truth” is reflected. Thus Richard, as Duke of Gloster, is reproached by the Queen of Edward IV., for his bitter aversion to herself and her family. *Why* does he hate them so; and with a shrug of mock perplexity he replies,

*I cannot tell*; and the fantastic explanation follows, as in the Essay,

I cannot tell. The world is grown so bad  
That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch :  
Since every Jack became a Gentleman  
There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

(*Richard III.*, I. iii. 70.)

This passage may be compared with two entries in Bacon's "Promus:" "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French" (No. 640); and, "There is no good accord where every Jack would be a lord" (No. 968).

In Falstaff's exquisitely amusing cut and thrust encounter with the Lord Chief Justice, a similar use of *I cannot tell* helps his persiflage. His Lordship says, "You follow the young prince up and down, like his evil angel." The wicked old jester purposely mistaking the word angel for the coin of the same name, retorts, "Not so, my lord, your ill angel is light; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing. And yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go," (*i.e.*, I cannot pass current for the good coin I really am). "*I cannot tell*. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times that true valour is turned bear-herd," (*i.e.*, I am the keeper of this young cub.) "Pregnancy [intellectual capacity] is made a tapster and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings." (2 *Hen. IV.*, I. ii. 185.) The technical Baconian sense of, *I cannot tell*, requires here to be kept in mind; for a very capable commentator paraphrases it as equivalent to, "I cannot pass—in counting." But this is already expressed by, "I cannot go." *I cannot tell* is the proper prelude to a farcical and hypocritical explanation which the speaker flings at his interlocutor.

Another case is found in Nym's speech referring to Pistol's marriage with Dame Quickly. Nym is very mortified,—he is jilted, and vows in melodramatic inuendo all sorts of sanguinary vengeance, too dreadful to be described. He, too, is at a stand (like the Essayist), to know what

special atrocity is impending ; he will not trust himself to say, it is a little past his control, and the formula of mock perplexity is required at both ends of his speech. "*I cannot tell* : things must be as they may. Men may sleep ; and they may have their throats about them at that time : and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may : though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. *Well, I cannot tell.*" (*Hen. V. II. i. 22.*)

Again, Benedict, who mocks at lovers, speculates whether he shall ever himself fall in love, and be as ridiculous as Claudio. He is evidently quite sure that such an absurdity can never happen ; yet he is willing to trifle with the idea : and accordingly he exclaims, "May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? *I cannot tell* : I think not : I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster ; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool." (*M. Ado. II. iii. 23.*) The mockery is perfect, and its typical formula accurately used. So Shylock answers Antonio : They had been speaking of Jacob's manœuvre to enrich himself at Laban's expense, and Antonio asks,

Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

Shylock shrugs his shoulders with affected embarrassment and replies,

*I cannot tell* ; I make it breed as fast.  
(*Mer. V., I. iii. 95.*)

Sometimes the expression occurs in serious discourse, but the feigning characteristic is always present ; there is some extravagance or fancy with which the speaker is intellectually toying. Thus the wounded soldier who describes the heroism of Macbeth and Banquo in battle, says,

Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha,  
*I cannot tell.* (*Macb. I. ii. 39.*)

This is his way of picturing a bravery almost incredible, apparently impossible.

Desdemona also, maddened by Othello's reproaches, yet tries to find some excuse for his unnatural cruelty; accordingly she invents an excuse which she does not believe, but which is as good as any other; she affects to think his treatment of her a sort of mistaken nursery discipline:—

*I cannot tell*: those that do teach young babes,  
Do it with gentle means and easy tasks,  
He might have chid me so. (Oth. IV., ii. 111.)

The poet seems to think the phrase a little compromising, too likely to betray his incognito, and accordingly varies it in some passages. The substituted phrases are less forcible. *I wot not what* is to be found in *Rich. II.*, II. i. 250, and still more rugged is the substitute, *I stagger in* (*Measure for Measure*, I. ii. 169.)

In Bacon's prose the same trick of speech occurs repeatedly. In one case there is a plain indication that there is more of the *will not* than the *can not* in the import of it. Thus in the Essex Apology, he speaks of rumours which arose when Essex was committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper. Bacon at that time had frequent occasions for conference with the Queen, "about the causes of her revenue and law business," and these interviews were misconstrued. "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 from the Queen herself." In this sentence, *I cannot tell*—as equivalent to *I will not think*,—is precisely similar to the passage quoted from *Antony and Cleopatra*, in which, *I cannot tell, I know not, is represented as equivalent to, I dare not speak*. Invariably the note of insincerity or reserve, or non-committal, is to be found. He evidently thinks "these speeches" did come from the Queen, but refuses to say so distinctly, and affects a perplexity which

he does not entirely feel. As to other rumours, he uses similar language : he had heard, "that while my Lord was in Ireland, I revealed some matter against him, or *I cannot tell what.*" In these cases a certain contempt is expressed. So it is in some other cases, for in narrating his altercation with Lord Coke, he relates how, "With this he spake neither I nor himself could tell what, as if he had been born Attorney General;" and at a later period, when Bacon was Lord Chancellor, and Coke as Lord Chief Justice was trying to make his own Court supreme and penalize all appeals against its decisions, Bacon with quiet scorn says, "Wherein your Lordship may have heard a great rattle, and a noise of *præmunire* and *I cannot tell what.*"

In Bacon's speeches the phrase often occurs. In that referring to the naturalization of Scotch subjects, he discourses on the strength to be gained by union, and on the greater security to be found in the bravery of men, than in such stores of wealth as Spain had hoarded :—

"If I should speak to you mine own heart, methinks we should a little disdain that the nation of Spain . . . should dream of a Monarchy in the West . . . only because they have ravished from some wild and unarmed people, mines and store of gold : and on the other hand, that this Isle of Britanny, seated and manned as it is, and that hath, I make no question, the best iron in the world, that is, the best soldiers in the world, should think of nothing but reckonings, and audits, and *meum* and *tuum*, and *I cannot tell what.*" He brushes aside all these unworthy notions of security by scornfully ignoring them, and affecting ignorance of them.

Bacon's charge touching Duels reflects the same noble scorn of the ceremonies and technicalities attending these deadly quarrels, as we find in *Romco and Juliet*, in *As You Like It*, and other plays ; and here also Bacon's formula of scornful incredulity is found.

"But I say the compounding of quarrels which is other-



wise used by private noblemen and gentlemen it is so punctual," (*i.e.*, so full of punctilios), "and hath such reference and respect unto received conceits—what's beforehand, and what's behind, and *I cannot tell what*, as without all question doth in a fashion countenance and authorize the practice of duels, as if it had in it something of right."

Justice Shallow talks about duels in much the same way,—“In these times you stand on distance, your passes, stoccadoes, and *I know not what*.” (*Merry Wives* II. i. 233).

The same use of the phrase, *I cannot tell*, is to be found in Bacon's letter to the king about cloth monopolies. (“Life,” V. 258). In his “Observations on a Libel,” I. 198; his “Charge against Talbot ” V. 6, in that against Oliver St. John V. 145, &c.

This phrase is specially adapted to the ceremonious and polite style of fictitious self-depreciation characteristic of the time. Such is the language proper to dedications, where it is to be found more than once. Thus the dedication of the *Novum Organum* to the king begins as follows :

“Your Majesty may perhaps accuse me of larceny, having stolen from your affairs so much time as is required for this work. *I cannot tell*,” “non habeo quod dicam :” but, as usual, the self vindication is ample and triumphant.

The dedication of “The Wisdom of the Ancients ” to the University of Cambridge supplies another instance. Bacon professes to give back what he has already received, “that with a natural motion it may return to the place whence it came. And yet—I cannot tell,—there are few footprints pointing back towards you, among the infinite number that have gone forth from you.” The Latin here is, “Et tamen, nescio quo modo,” the same phrase which is employed in the Latin version of the Essay of “Truth.” He proceeds to explain how the results of University study do really return to their source, and add to the credit and power of the teacher from whom they were derived. And, singularly enough, the same trick of speech or fashion of

complimentary self-abasement is seen in the dedication of *Venus and Adonis* to the Earl of Southampton. The same hand that dedicated the *Novum Organum* to the king that he might "make this age famous to posterity," may surely be seen in the words addressed to the patron of the youthful poet: "Right Honourable, *I know not how* [Latinized, it might be 'nescio quo modo?'] I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, *nor how* the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden;" but he seems to have a notion that his work will "always answer your own wish and the world's hopeful expectation." The feigned unworthiness of the "unpolished lines," only covers a proud consciousness that his poem is destined to be immortal.

Here, then, is a very remarkable trick of speech, quite as remarkable as any other personal feature, such as the tone of voice which identifies a speaker on the doorstep before he has entered the house, or the limping gait which helps recognition across the street. And I am strongly disposed to look upon it as a family feature inherited by Bacon from his mother. Readers of Bacon's biography will remember how his mother was troubled by his habits of studious seclusion, late hours, secret musings "*Nescio quod*," as she puts it—studying *I cannot tell what*.

The substituted phrase which we find in *Richard III.*, *I wot not wot*, is employed in one of her scornful moods, ("Life," I. 115) and *I cannot tell*, is found several times in her letters. ("Life," I. 114. Dixon's "Personal History," pp. 311, 317, 331).

A Promus Note (1060) has "*Nescio quid meditans nugarum, totus in illis*; musing on trifles, I know not what, and quite absorbed in them. ("Horace Sat." I. ix. 2). This points to a classic origin for Lady Bacon's style of making her complaint. It shows where the expression circulating in the family came from.

I may refer to another side light on this curious little phrase. The word *tell*, associated with the auxiliary *can*,

*can tell*, seems to be the selected phraseology for a mocking usage; and in the slang of rustic jargon it becomes, "Ah, when! can'st tell?" a taunting challenge equivalent to some such phrase as *don't you wish you may get it?* This is the reply of the carter when requested for a loan of his lantern (1 *Hen. IV.*, II. i. 43), and of the servant Luce, who refuses to open the door in reply to the knockings outside. (*Comedy of Errors* III. i. 53). Precisely the same phrase is found in Marlowe's *Edward II.*, II. v. 57, and in the revised edition of "Faustus," published 1616, twenty-three years after the reputed author's death (Sc. ix.). There can be no reasonable doubt that Bacon was the writer of all these passages. The commentators speak of the phrase as a current colloquial vulgarism, but I know of no proof that it was used by any speaker outside these dramas.

Looking at the phrase as connected with the special characteristics of Bacon's mind, it seems to reflect his fondness for putting his ideas into a sort of masquerade, marshalling them in contending or contrasting ranks. The same mental tendency is seen in his habit of drawing up a series of "Antitheta," showing the *pros* and *contras* of a subject, allowing his mind to play with both sides, balancing the affirmative and negative arguments, and pleasing his poetical fancies with varying cross-lights. It is interesting to watch the same mental attributes grandly philosophizing in the stately meditations of the "De Augmentis," and toying with Falstaffian fancies in Eastcheap. The same nimbleness of intellect, the same exuberance of fancy and brilliancy of wit is shewn in both cases. It recalls his own axiom of sunshine everywhere—lighting up cloacæ, cottages and castles with identical beams.

## CHAPTER V.

## COMPANIONSHIP IN CALAMITY.

BACON'S fall from the loftiest heights of place and dignity to the lowest depths of calamity and disgrace is one of the most tragic events in personal history ever recorded. The pity and the pathos of it is infinite. He was unprepared for it. No qualms of conscience, no inward self-reproach, no consciousness of hidden crime and vulnerable circumstance, no shrinking from scrutiny, no sense of approaching calamity disturbed his righteous security. Even when the bolt had fallen, he professed that he had "clean hands and a clean heart," he had nothing to fear from the fullest exposure of all he had done. The absence of all premonitory signs must on the subsequent retrospect have surprised him, and contradicted some maxims of his philosophy. He was accustomed to think that,

Before the times of change, still is it so :  
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust  
Ensuing dangers ; as, by proof, we see  
The waters swell before a boisterous storm.

(*Rich. III.* II. iii. 41).

But it was not so in his case :

No cloudy show of stormy, blustering weather  
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear.

(*Lucrèce*, 115).

It is well to remark how closely the storm signals of Shakespeare and Bacon correspond. In the Essay of "Seditions and Troubles" we read, "As there are certain hollow blasts of wind and secret swellings of seas before a

tempest, so there are in States;" and then he enumerates such foreshadows of change as are most graphically described in *John IV. ii.* 143—152, 185—202. This is the kind of "swelling in the State, which is signified by the infancy of Typhon." ("Wisdom of the Ancients," II.). The swelling of the sea before a storm is frequently referred to. "It is likewise everywhere observed that waters somewhat rise and swell before storms." "The sea swelling silently and rising higher than usual in the harbour, or the tide coming in quicker than ordinary, prognosticates wind." "Hist. of Winds" (*Works V.* 161; 193). "It has likewise been remarked that sometimes the sea swells, not at the time of the flood, and with no external wind. And this generally precedes some great storm." ("Hist. Dense and Rare," *V.* 360).

The expositor of the *Philosophia Prima* certainly would not say that the kind of premonition of catastrophe which precedes tempests in States does not attend personal disaster. Such portents really existed in his case, but Bacon was too blameless and too unsuspecting to see them. nothing to indicate that such portents appeared to him. Even when the nature and reality of his peril became manifest, he had no moral guilt to confess, only a venial carelessness. Absolutely just himself, he yet discovered to his astonishment that he had become constructively corrupt, and he fell, never to rise again in the State. It was a blow which would have crushed anyone less endowed with heroic endurance, and with feebler resources in discovering motives of consolation.

My object in recalling these well-known facts is to point out a very remarkable kind of consolation which Bacon found in his grief. He sought solace in many ways; he found it in his religion, in strenuous literary work, in sympathy and friendship, and in philosophy or contemplation. This last method of obtaining comfort—by contemplation—deserves careful study: it is both singular and characteristic. Bacon found relief by a sense of fellowship with

great men of former times, who had suffered in the same way. By a strong effort of imagination he summoned into his presence the mighty dead, whose griefs had been like his own, and found a noble comfort in their society.

There is something very interesting and very unusual in this mental attitude; it sounds more like a dream of poetry than a fact of experience. It could only be possible for a mind in whom the dramatic, realising faculty was naturally and exceptionally strong, and highly cultivated. That Bacon could and did thus take refuge in an ideal world, his own letters testify, and in one of them he gives a philosophical statement of the principle. In 1622, a year after his fall, he wrote a Discourse touching a Holy War, a war against the Turk, and prefaced it by a dedication to his dear and trusted friend, Dr. Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Winchester. This dedication opens as follows:—

“MY LORD,—Amongst consolations it is not the least to represent to a man’s self like examples of calamity in others. For examples give a quicker impression than argument; and besides, they certify us that which the Scriptures also tendereth for satisfaction, *that no new thing is happened unto us*. This they do the better by how much the examples are liker in circumstances to our own case; and more especially if they fall upon persons that are greater and worthier than ourselves. For as it savoureth of vanity, to match ourselves highly in our own conceit; so on the other side it is a good, sound conclusion, that if our betters have sustained the like events, we have the less cause to be grieved.

“In this kind of consolation I have not been wanting to myself; though as a Christian I have tasted (through God’s great goodness) of higher remedies. Having, therefore, through the variety of my reading, set before me many examples, both of ancient and later times, my thoughts (I confess) have chiefly strayed upon three particulars, as the most eminent and most resembling. All three, persons that had held chief place of authority in their countries; all

three ruined, not by war, or by any other disaster, but by justice and sentence, as delinquents and criminals: all three famous writers, insomuch as the remembrance of their calamity is now to posterity, but as a little picture of night-work, remaining amongst the fair and excellent tables of their acts and works; and all three (if that were anything to the matter) fit examples to quench any man's ambition of rising again; for that they were every one of them restored with great glory, but to their further ruin and destruction, ending in a violent death. These men were Demosthenes, Cicero, and Seneca—persons that I durst not claim affinity with, except the similitude of our fortunes had contracted it." ("Life," VII. 371; Works, VII. 11).

Bacon pursues the comparison by giving details of the separate cases, and comparing them with his own.

The same spirit is shewn in a letter to the King referring to his fall:—

"*Utar*, saith Seneca to his master, *magnis exemplis, nec meæ fortunæ sed tuæ*. Demosthenes was banished for bribery of the highest nature, yet was recalled with honour. Marcus Livius was condemned for exactions, yet afterwards made Consul and Censor. Seneca, banished for divers corruptions, yet was afterwards restored, and an instrument of that memorable *Quinquennium Neronis*. Many more." ("Life," VII. 297).

Thus we see that, when Bacon was in trouble, his shaping imagination gave actuality to the historic pictures which his former studies had stored up in his mind, and in musing on sorrows like his own, his own became less. Surely here we have the most perfect, practical, and ideal development of the poetic temperament—one of "imagination all compact." Never did it rise higher; it gave him a new heaven and a new earth, and lifted him out of his sordid surroundings into a supernal sphere, among princes and consecrated presences. Like religion, it was the sub-

stance and evidence of unseen things, a revelation of celestial beauty. Here is his portrait:—

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,  
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;  
And as imagination bodies forth  
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen  
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
A local habitation and a name.  
Such tricks hath strong imagination,  
That if it would but apprehend some joy,  
It comprehends some bringer of that joy.

(*M. N. D.* V. i. 12.)

This is a kind of sentiment which we might expect to see condensed into an epigram, or shaped into a lyric, or paraded as a piece of ostentatious defiance, or cheap bravery, or used as a flourish by an unsmitten moralist, in order to give literary interest and brightness to his homilies on patience and resignation. But in these cases it is a flower, not a fruit; a picture, not a breathing, living creature. Bacon makes it the very food of his suffering soul, and in this respect he stands alone among all the sufferers memorized in history or biography. He has, however, one absolutely similar copy,—and that is Shakespeare.

The poet "Shakespeare" was evidently a man of the same type; this secret source of solace continually presented itself to his mind, and he discourses of it in a reflective philosophic style closely resembling Bacon's letter to Bishop Andrews. The resemblance is striking, both in thought and expression.

When we *our betters* see bearing our woes  
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.  
Who alone suffers, suffers most i' the mind,  
Leaving free things and happy shows behind.  
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip  
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.  
How light and portable my pain seems now,  
When that which makes me bend, makes the King bow,  
He childed as I fathered. (*Lear* III. vi. 109).



It is very interesting to note that this passage from *Lear* is to be found only in the early quarto editions, published many years before Bacon's fall. They were left out in the 1623 folio, probably because they are too didactic for the passion of the play. The Clarendon Editor, Dr. W. Aldis Wright, remarking on this omission, says, "Very properly so; there is nothing in the lines either of Shakespeare's language or manner"—in which criticism I venture to differ from the learned Editor. So far as sentiment is concerned, which is the deepest matter, it is very characteristically Shakespearean, as the passages hereafter cited will abundantly prove; and so far as language is concerned "Our betters"—with variation of pronoun—occurs quite a dozen times (See *ex. gr.*, *Twelfth Night* I. iii. 125; *As You Like It* II. iv. 68). Bending or bowing under suffering is Shakespearean: (*Henry V.* III. vi. 132—138). "Childed and Fathered" is of course very Shakespearean. Portia is proud that she is "so fathered and so husbanded." See Abbott's "Shakespeare Grammar," 294. Bacon's "Promus" contains a note which was utilized in this passage, "Better to bow than break," No. 944; and Bacon's "Hist. Hen. VII." has "The enterprise would either bow to a peace or break in itself," (Works VI. 69). And surely the prosaic "manner" is very characteristic:—the romance and passion of *Romeo and Juliet* is interrupted in much the same way by Friar Laurence, in his soliloquy on plants and their uses. R. G. White has an interesting discussion on this very matter,—the prosaic, didactic passages which intrude themselves into some of the most poetic scenes,—and he very pertinently asks, Where shall we stop, if we begin to mutilate Shakespeare for this reason? These dry, almost pedagogic utterances supply instances of what Vernon Lee calls "Baconian thoughts in Baconian language," and doubtless the critics would make a present of them to Bacon, if they could do so "*without prejudice.*" These ponderous discourses belong to the prosaic side of Bacon's nature, which is all that many critics

can see ; for them he is a plodding, note-taking pedant and nothing more. For Baconians it is satisfactory to find that he does not always cast away his scholastic robe, even when writing poetry ; and even when his style is most ponderous, in his prose works, he is not to be mistaken for anything but the Chancellor of Parnassus. But these critical cavils are of minor interest, and our study suffers arrest by their intrusion.

Let us now see how Shakespeare uses the same sentiment. In *Pericles*, Cleon, the Governor of Tharsus, when the city is being desolated by famine, says to his queen,

My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And by relating tales of others' griefs  
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own.

(*Per.* I. iv. 1).

*Richard II.* in the agony of his despair makes a similar suggestion,

Of comfort no man speak . . .  
For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of Kings.

(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 144 ; 155).

In the *Tempest* the same kind of comfort from remembrance that others suffer in the same way is expressed, but in a manner that is more easily paralleled with other poets. Gonzalo says to Alonso, in order to comfort him, after the shipwreck, in which not only the ship, but, as he supposes, his son, are destroyed :—

Beseech you, sir, be merry ; you have cause,  
So have we all, of joy ; for our escape  
Is much beyond our loss. Our hint of woe  
Is common ; every day some sailor's wife,  
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,  
Have just our theme of woe ; but for the miracle,  
I mean our preservation, few in millions  
Can speak like us: then wisely, good sir, weigh  
Our sorrow with our comfort.

(*Temp.* II. i. 1—9).

Tennyson refers to this same source of consolation, but, unlike Bacon, he refuses to accept it:—

That loss is common does not make  
 My own less bitter, rather more:  
 Too common; never morning wore  
 To evening but some heart did break.  
 (*In Mem. vi.*).

The contrast between Shakespeare and Tennyson shews how the individuality of Shakespeare expresses itself, and makes his musing something apart and characteristic. Shakespeare makes Gonzalo appropriate the consolation: Tennyson rejects it. The reason is that Shakespeare has a philosophical mortgage on the sentiment, which puts it to a special and a different use from that which Tennyson finds in it. Bacon has, so to speak, ear-marked the sentiment, and set it aside for a distinct purpose.

A still more striking instance will be found in *Henry V.*—more striking, I say, because the dramatic situation does not suggest any need of making use of the imagination in order to conjure up companions in misfortune. The King, the night before the battle of Agincourt, visits his army, that he may hearten them by his presence and courage. He finds old Sir Thomas Erpingham, who by reason of age and infirmity might have been justified in avoiding field duty, and this dialogue ensues:—

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham!  
 A good soft pillow for that good white head  
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.*—Not so, my liege; this lodging likes me better,  
 Since I may say, “Now lie I like a King.”

*K. Hen.*—’Tis good for men to love their present pains  
 Upon example; so the spirit is eased;  
 And when the mind is quickened, out of doubt,  
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,  
 Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move,  
 With casted slough and fresh legerity.

(*Hen. V. IV. i. 13.*)

This is quite as prosaic as the rejected passage in *Lear*, and quite as Shakespearean. The reflection is very subtle and philosophic; the comfort suggested is strange, and could only have occurred to one who had mused in a similar way before, and could amplify and vary the application of an idea which he had often used in a more direct and immediate way. This unexpected introduction of an apparently inapplicable sentiment is curiously illustrated by its singularly fanciful and almost distorted application to a case in which the fellowship in woe suggested is of a grotesque and impossible character. Juliet, when she hears that Romeo is banished for the slaughter of Tybalt, exclaims :—

“Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished!”  
 That—“banished”—that one word “banished”  
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt’s death  
 Was woe enough, if it had ended there :  
 Or, if *sour woe delights in fellowship,*  
*And needly will be rank’d with other griefs,*  
 Why follow’d not, when she said, “Tybalt’s dead,”  
 Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,  
 Which modern lamentation might have moved ?

(*Rom. Jul.* III. ii. 112).

This is indeed a singular flight of fancy for a weeping bride. It is not a natural reflection suggested by her own case; it is evidently, and expressly, an imported sentiment, derived from experience of an entirely different character, and only related to the actual case by deep metaphysical analogy. As a part of the dramatic presentment it is justified—if such a lovely outburst of passionate wailing needs justification—by the principle that the dramatic poet is allowed to be the interpreter of the dim, half-realised, quite inarticulate throbs of feeling that lie hidden in the depths of the soul, incapable of shaping themselves, for the sufferer himself, in any form of distinct utterance. The poet can see, the distracted girl can vaguely feel, that her extravagant lamentations over the banishment of her lover

would have been toned down into more restrained expression, if it could have been brought into comparison with other types of sorrow.

This feature of Juliet's violent, unregulated grief brings it into relation with the psychologic truth which she expresses in words coloured by her own resentful sorrow: "Sour woe delights in fellowship, and needly will be ranked with other griefs." But evidently the perception of this psychologic law has arisen out of a larger induction than this situation can supply; for its reasoned exposition it requires some such language as Bacon employed in his letter to Bishop Andrews. It is strange that this induction should have been made so early in his life—as if to prepare him for the sad tragedy of his later years.

The same sentiment finds its place in comedy as well as tragedy. Armado, the fantastical Spaniard, in love with the peasant girl, in his agitation asks Moth, the lively page, to give him this singular comfort:—

*Arm.*—Comfort me, boy! What great men have been in love?

*Moth.*—Hercules, master.

*Arm.*—Most sweet Hercules! More authority, dear boy; name more, and let them be men of good repute and carriage.

After other authorities have been quoted, Armado adds:—

I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent.

(*Love's Labour's Lost* I. ii. 67; 120).

Another amusing application is given in the play by Dumain, who, rather ashamed of himself for falling in love, wishes that his companions might keep him in countenance by following his example:—

O would the King, Biron and Longaville,  
Were lovers too! Ill to example ill  
Would from my forehead wipe a perjured note,  
For none offend where all alike do dote.

*Longaville* [advancing].—Dumain, thy love is far from charity,  
That in love's grief desir'st society.

(*Ib.* IV. iii. 123).

The banished Duke, in *As You Like It*, finds similar consolation :—

Thou see'st we are not all alone unhappy ;  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

(*As You Like It* II. vii. 136).

But the natural place for the sentiment is tragedy. One of the most curious illustrations of its use is to be found in Richard II's soliloquy when confined in Pomfret Castle. In his solitude and desolation he seeks to "people this little world" with creatures of his own imagination : and when he has thus dramatized many of his thoughts, the inevitable moral of solitary grief finds its expression :—

Thoughts tending to content flatter themselves  
 That they are not the first of fortune's slaves,  
 Nor shall not be the last ; like silly beggars,  
 Who, sitting in the stocks, refuge their shame,  
 That many have and others must sit there ;  
 And in this thought they find a kind of ease,  
 Bearing their own misfortunes on the back  
 Of such as have before endured the like.

(See *Rich. II.* V. v. 1—30).

Leontes, maddened by jealousy, comforts himself, in his shameful agitation, by the thought that other husbands have been as unfortunate as he. The passage is somewhat unsavoury : see *Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 190—207.

The Baconian method of summoning up a crowd of instances in order to sustain the mind in patient endurance, is most characteristically exemplified in the case of the Duke of Suffolk, who has been captured by ruffians, who take his life. He sees the fate that is impending and comforts himself by the following curious use of historic imagination.

Come soldiers, shew what cruelty you can,  
 That this my death may never be forgot !  
 Great men oft die by vile Bezonians ;

A Roman sworder and banditto slave  
 Murder'd sweet Tully ; Brutus' bastard hand  
 Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders  
 Pompey the Great ; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

(2 *Hcu.* VI. IV. i. 132).

The poem of *Lucrece* supplies illustrations of the same sentiment. Lucretia in her agony calls up various pictures of imaginary woe to sustain her. The philosophy of this comfort is present to her mind ;—

So should I have co-partners of my pain ;  
 And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,  
 As palmers' chat makes short their pilgrimage.

(*Lucrece* 789).

This line is a reflection of a *Promus* entry. Bacon in his notes for composition makes the following entry. *Varioque viam sermone levabat*, No. 1015 : a Virgilian reminiscence. Two other *Promus* notes refer to the same philosophy of comfort : 454 and 945.

Lucrece dwells with sympathetic fellowship on the images of woe painted by a "conceited painter," whose subject is the Trojan War. The time thus spent with "painted images" is a time of comparative relief.

Being from the feeling of her own grief brought  
 By deep surmise of others' detriment.  
 Losing her woes in shows of discontent.  
 It easeth some, though none it ever cured,  
 To think their doulour others have endured.

(*Lucrece* 1578).

She finds no comfort but only added pain in the natural symbols of joy :

The little birds that tune their morning's joy  
 Make her moans mad with their sweet melody ;  
 For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy ;  
 Sad souls are slain in merry company ;  
 Grief best is pleased with grief's society :  
 True sorrow then is feelingly sufficed  
 When with like semblance it is sympathized.

(*Lucrece* 1107).

The two lines quoted above (1580-81). *It easeth some*, etc., are evidently a translation of a Latin proverb which is found in Marlowe's *Faustus*, published in 1604, ten years after the appearance of *Lucrece*. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris*. No one has, I believe, traced this motto to any classic author: it was probably invented by the author of *Faustus*. How it came to appear in *Lucrece* is an enigma which awaits its solution. It is, however, worthy of note, that Marlowe is the only other poet, so far as I know, who is accustomed to this kind of exercise of the historic imagination. The typical expression of it cannot be better exhibited than in a passage in *Edward II*. The king finds himself embroiled with his great nobles in consequence of his passionate attachment to his favourite, Gaveston. He at once excuses his attachment, and comforts himself in the troubles which it brings, by reflections of this character:—

The mightiest Kings have had their minions :  
 Great Alexander loved Hephæstion ;  
 The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept :  
 And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd :  
 And not kings only, but the wisest men :  
 The Roman Tully lov'd Octavius ;  
 Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.

(*Edward II*. I. iv. 390).

These lines come surely from the same pen as that which wrote Suffolk's soliloquy before his assassination. It is one of those passages in Marlowe which forced Mr. J. Russell Lowell to exclaim,—“Surely one might fancy that to be from the prentice hand of Shakespeare. It is no small distinction that this can be said of Marlowe, for it can be said of no other.” It seems to me that an analogous contact with Bacon may be traced. The same mental attitude is seen as in the letter to Bishop Andrews. And it is somewhat significant that Alexander's strong affection for Hephæstion is referred to by Bacon in his “Advance-ment,” (Works III. 310); and that the *Promus* has a note (No. 785) referring to the passion of Hercules for Hylas.



We may compare the above passage from *Edward II.* with the following from Bacon's Essay of "Friendship"—"It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak: so great as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. . . . And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned." Bacon does not name the instances that were doubtless present to his mind: he knew that he had done so in his play of *Edward II.*

Bacon's use and extended application of this sentiment is quite as remarkable as Shakespeare's. When the King was overwhelmed with debt, and found a difficulty in obtaining from Parliament the necessary supplies, Bacon suggests for his comfort; "Sure I am, *nil novi accidit vobis*. It is no new thing for the greatest kings to be in debt; and if a man shall *parvis componere magna*, I have seen an Earl of Leicester, a Chancellor Hatton, an Earl of Essex, and an Earl of Salisbury, all in debt; and yet it was no manner of diminution to their power or greatness." ("Life," IV. 313).

In the speech against enclosures, he probably pursued the same line of thought, for in the "Meagre and obviously inaccurate report," which is all that Mr. Spedding can produce, Bacon says, referring to the overflow of population in one place causing shrinking in another, "These two mischiefs, though they be exceeding great, yet they seem the less, because *Quæ mala cum multis patimur leviora videntur*." ("Life," II. 82).

Again he uses the same philosophic comfort to extenuate the misfortune of the Queen being unwedded and childless:—"Let them leave children that leave no other memory in their times. *Brutorum æternitas soboles*. Revolve in histories the memories of happy men, and you shall not find any of rare felicity, but either he died childless, or his line spent soon after his death, or else he was

unfortunate in his children. Should a man have them to be slain by his vassals, as the *posthumus* of Alexander the Great was? or to call them his imposthumes as Augustus Cæsar called his? *Peruse the catalogue!* Cornelius Sylla; Julius Cæsar; Flavius Vespasianus; Severus; Constantine the Great; and many more." ("Life," I. 140).

So much was it the habit of Bacon's mind to dwell on this sentiment, that it turns up in most unexpected places. Thus, in discoursing on the revival of classic learning which was coincident with the Reformation, he thus connects the two events:—"Martin Luther, conducted no doubt by a higher Providence . . . finding his own solitude being no ways aided by the opinions of his own time, was enforced to awake all antiquity, and to call former times to his succours, to make a party against the present time. So that the ancient authors, both in divinity and humanity, which had long slept in libraries, began generally to be read and revolved" ("Adv." Works, III. 282).

It may be said that the sentiment thus copiously illustrated is a commonplace for all time. In its crudest statement this may be the case. The current and more usual form is beautifully expressed in Bacon's Essay of "Friendship:" "There is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more: and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less." It is, however, one note of genius that when it lights on a current sentiment, the idea is ennobled, amplified, framed in new settings, it receives the stamp and shrine of majesty and gains new lustre and significance. Bacon took this sentiment out of its isolation and by linking it to his historic and dramatic imagination, re-created it. It is a most singular and unprecedented comfort which Bacon finds in his griefs. He is, as it were, in banishment, but instead of surrendering himself to his sorrow and idly bewailing his misfortune, his mental activity is directed into a new channel; he sets to work to explore the country in which he is doomed to sojourn; he sets it in

his "Study of Imagination," he surveys its extent, observes its inhabitants, and marks all their circumstances, conditions and occupations. This sort of solace seems too fanciful to be of much practical use. These fantastic dreams, we think, will surely melt away before genuine misfortune, we never expect to see any one, except in melodrama, "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories of the death of kings." And yet we find the fallen statesman, on whom Fortune has dealt her heaviest blows, sitting in his study and telling sad stories of the fall of statesmen, "bearing his own misfortunes on the back of such as have before endured the like." It is a striking and most unexpected commentary on the dramatic situation. The moral of it is, not to be too hasty in assuming that these dramatic scenes are only "high fantastical." Bacon's life puts new meaning into Shakespeare's art, and brings his most peculiar fancies into the hard highway of human experience.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE PHILOSOPHY OF WONDER.

BACON'S "Philosophy of Wonder" is expounded in several of his works, and it is in its full expression something quite original and peculiar to himself, although its origin may be partly found in Plato. Dr. Martineau, in his "Types of Ethical Theory" (Vol. II. p. 140), affirms that the assumption of Plato that Wonder is the primitive intellectual impulse, has perhaps its most emphatic expression in his *Theætetus*, 155 D: where he says, "Wonder is the special affection of a philosopher; for philosophy has no other starting point than this; and it is a happy genealogy which makes Iris the daughter of Thaumás," *i.e.* adds Martineau, "which treats the messenger of the gods, the winged thought that passes to and fro between heaven and earth, and brings them into communion, as the child of Wonder. Aristotle, in his more prosaic way, makes the same assumption in his 'Metaphysics,' I. 2."

Bacon has nowhere given us a psychological system: there are numerous discussions on isolated psychologic questions scattered through his philosophical works, but no general scheme. Like Plato, he considers that philosophy starts from wonder. He has a *Promus* note (No. 227), *super mirari cæperunt philosophari*: after wondering, men began to philosophize: when wonder ceases, knowledge begins: a motto which is quoted, with humourous application, in a letter to Mr. Cawfielde: "Life," II. 373. So far as the knowledge of God is concerned, wonder never ceases, this knowledge cannot be attained by the contemplation of created things. "It is true that the contempla-

tion of the creatures of God hath for End (as to the natures of the creatures themselves) knowledge but as to the nature of God, no knowledge, but wonder, which is nothing else but contemplation broken off, or losing itself" *Val. Ter.* (Works, III. 218). In the "Advancement," he speaks in the same way, that "wonder is the seed of knowledge," "wonder is broken knowledge" (Works, III. 266, 267). So that wonder recedes, as knowledge advances, wonder is antecedent—the essential starting point, which is left behind when the start has been made. Bacon generally refers to admiration, or wonder—for the two words are identical, *admiratio* being the Latin for wonder,—as implying a suspension of intellectual activity under the spell of emotion. Thus he speaks of Queen Elizabeth's skill in languages, by which, "She is able to negotiate with divers ambassadors in their own languages: and that with no small disadvantage unto them, who, I think, cannot but have a great part of their wits distracted from their matters in hand, to the contemplation and *admiration* of such perfections" ("Life," I. 139).

Knowledge, Bacon says, comes by comparison of similar things, "there is no proceeding in invention of knowledge but by similitude." Consequently wonder arises when the object contemplated cannot be brought into this relation with anything else; *ex. gr.*, "God is only self-like, having nothing in common with any creature" (Works, III. 218). And from this follows an extension of the theory of wonder which is Bacon's most characteristic thought. The mere fact that anything is unique, not related by similitude to anything else, although this is the special occasion for wonder, yet it does not occasion wonder, unless it is also rare: if it is familiar, wonder does not arise. As there are miracles of nature, so there are miracles of art of which "a collection or particular history" should be made. But not only of "such masterpieces and mysteries of any art which excite wonder." "For wonder is the child of rarity; and if a thing be rare, though in kind it be no way

extraordinary, yet it is wondered at. While, on the other hand, things which really call for wonder on account of the difference in species which they exhibit as compared with other species, yet 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, things in fact most familiar, but in nature almost unique" (*Nov. Org.* II. 31).

It is essential to observe that in Bacon's Latin, *admiratio* is the word for wonder: *Admiratio est proles raritatis*; and we see that as what is *rare* is the occasion for wonder, so what is *common*, or *familiar*, dispels it. Wonder is the sentiment appropriate to miracles, which are a species of *monodica*, singularities either of nature or art. And by the contemplation of "rare and extraordinary works of nature," or "excellent and wonderful works of art," "the mind is excited and raised to the investigation and discovery of Forms capable of including them," one of the principal aims of science being the investigation of Forms: when the Form of a thing is known, its cause is known. And, says Bacon, "*Causarum explicatio tollit miraculum*" (*Nov. Org.* I. 70): Explanation of causes takes off, or removes, the marvel. Miracles and wonders are, in Bacon's view, phenomena whose cause is not known. Thus, the Second Counsellor in the *Gesta Grayorum* concludes his speech as follows:—"When your Excellency shall have added depth of knowledge to the fineness of your spirits and greatness of your power, then indeed shall you be a Trismegistus; and then, when all other miracles and wonders shall cease, by reason that you shall have discovered their natural causes, yourself shall be left, the only miracle and wonder of the world." ("Life" I. 335). Bacon concludes one of his letters to King James with this courtly compliment:—"Miracles are ceased, though admiration will not cease while you live." ("Life" VI. 140).

The whole of this philosophy of wonder is most curiously, most exactly reproduced in Shakespeare. The identity

between the two is at once suggested by the observation that Shakespeare habitually uses the Latin word *admiratio*, in its English form, as the synonym for wonder, as will be evident in many of the passages to be quoted. At present I may refer to such passages as the following:—In Cranmer's prophecy relating to Elizabeth and James, in *Henry VIII.*, he uses the following singular language :

Nor shall this peace sleep with her : but as when  
The *bird of wonder* dies,—the maiden Phœnix,—  
Her ashes new create another heir,  
As great in *admiration* as herself.

(*Hen. VIII.* V. v. 40).

Note here that the bird of wonder is the unique bird, the rarity, the singularity of nature, the Phœnix. A similar reference to the Phœnix occurs in *Cymbeline* :

If she be furnished with a mind so *rare*,  
She is alone the Arabian bird.

(*Cymb.* I. vi. 16).

The discovery of Perdita is described with the same variation of language : "The changes I perceived in the King and Camillo were very *notes of admiration* . . . a *notable passion of wonder* appeared in them." (*Winter's Tale*, V. ii. 11).

In *Cymbeline* "a mark of wonder" is used for purposes of identification ; and the phrase can be so used, because the mark is something rare or unique :

Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star :  
It was a mark of wonder.

(*Cymb.* V. v. 365).

Why a mole should be called a mark of wonder can only be explained by Bacon's philosophy.

That wonder is the vestibule of knowledge—the sentiment that is left when we pass beyond the porch and enter the dwelling—is clearly, though not copiously,

expressed in the dramas. In the interior masque of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* (V. i. 128) we find,

Gentles, perchance you *wonder* at this show :  
But *wonder on*, till truth makes all things plain.

The same philosophical idea is expressed, rather cumbrously, in Hymen's Hymn :

While's a wedlock hymn we sing,  
Feed yourselves with *questioning*,  
That reason *wonder* may diminish.  
(*As You Like It*, V. iv. 143).

The dissipation of wonder by the advent of knowledge is curiously referred to in the following, where also wonder and admiration are synonymous terms :—

Bring in the *admiration* ; that we, with thee,  
May spend our *wonder* too ; or take off thine  
By *wondering* how thou look'st it.  
(*All's Well*, II. i. 91).

The whole idea, and especially the remarkable expression, *take off thy wonder*, seems to me a reflection of the Latin *explicatio causarum tollit miraculum* : evidently some reasonable explanation is the leverage which *takes off* (*tollit*) the wonder to which the speaker refers.

So again in *Hamlet*, when the rare, almost miraculous, visit of the Ghost is referred to, Horatio says,—

Season your *admiration* for a while,  
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
*This marvel* to you.  
(*Hamlet*, I. ii. 192).

It is worth noting that the quarto (1604) edition has the word *wonder*, instead of *marvel*, in this passage.

That wonder is the seed of knowledge, is implied in all these passages. That it is broken knowledge is expressed in many ways : especially by connecting silence, or hesitating, uncertain speech, with wonder. Thus, Paulina,



before the supposed statue of Hermione, says to the dumb, wonder-stricken onlookers, "I like your silence: it the more shows off your wonder." (*Winter's Tale*. V. iii. 21). So, Bacon begins his discourse in praise of knowledge with, "Silence were the best celebration of that which I mean to commend:" an axiom which has some affinity with Paulina's sentiment, in which silence is connected with broken knowledge. The same idea is expressed by Claudio: "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy, if I could say how much." (*Much Ado about Nothing*, II. i. 317).

Benedict uses the same philosophical aphorism:—

For my part I am so attired in wonder,  
I know not what to say.

(*M. Ado*, IV. i. 146.)

The same connection between silence and wonder is implied in Hamlet's reference to Laertes:—

What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow  
Conjures the wandering stars, and makes them stand  
Like wonder-wounded hearers?

(*Ham*. V. i. 277.)

And in the Sonnets we find silence and wonder thus connected:—

For we, which now behold these present days,  
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

(Sonnets 106).

The same arrest of speech and reflection by wonder is referred to by Prospero, the ruler of the enchanted island, the worker of miracles and prodigies:

I perceive these lords  
At this encounter do so much admire  
That they devour their reason, and scarce think  
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words  
Are natural breath.

(*Temp*. V. i. 153).

The silence which may be paradoxically called the expression of wonder,—mute wonder,—is excellently pictured in the account of Henry V's eloquence :—

When he speaks,  
The air, a chartered libertine, is still,  
And the *mute wonder* lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.

(*Hen. V. I. i. 47*).

This passage becomes much more intelligible when collated with the passage we have quoted from Bacon, referring to the eloquent discourse of Queen Elizabeth, and the mute wonder which held her ambassadors spell-bound in her presence. Bacon's philosophy is the key to all these passages. Henry and Elizabeth are eloquent in the same way.

In the passages already quoted the object of wonder is always something rare and unique, although this quality is not always pointed out. It is, however, often indicated. An extraordinary, almost miraculous cure is, in *All's Well*, (II., iii. 7), called "the *rarest* argument of *wonder*." Bacon says, we have seen, that what is *rare* is wondered at ; and what is in *common use*, or familiar, is not wondered at, even if it be unique, and that when philosophy or knowledge enters, wonder retreats. This philosophical *placitum* cannot be better expressed than in the words in *All's Well* immediately preceding :—

"They say miracles are past : and we have our philosophical persons to make modern [modern always in Shakespeare means common or ordinary] and familiar, things supernatural and causeless. Hence it is we make trifles of terrors, ensconcing ourselves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit ourselves to an unknown fear. Why 'tis the *rarest argument of wonder* that hath shot out in our latter times." This passage teems with Baconian thought ; it is a particular application of the maxim *causarum explicatio tollit miraculum*.

The philosophical teaching implied in this very Baconian

speech in the play is exactly reproduced in the *Novum Organum*, II. 28. And the curious use of the word *causeless* is anticipated and completely vindicated. Bacon is discussing what he calls Singular Instances, *i.e.*, instances "which are like themselves alone." And on these he makes the following deeply wise and philosophical comments. I give Professor Fowler's translation :—

"The use of Singular Instances is the same as that of the Clandestine Instances, namely, to unite and extend the limits of nature, for the purpose of discovering general or common natures, to be afterwards limited by true differences. For we are not to desist from enquiry till the properties and qualities which are found in such things as may be taken for marvels of nature [*pro miraculis naturæ*] be reduced and comprehended under some Form or Law ; so that all irregularity or singularity shall be found to depend on some common Form, and the Marvel [*miraculum*] shall turn out to be only in the precise differences and the degree and the rare concurrence [*concurso raro*] and not in the species itself. Whereas now the thoughts of men go no further than to regard such things as the secrets and mighty works [*magnalia*] of nature, and as it were *uncaused* [*secretis incausabilibus*] and as exceptions to general rules."

We can, by help of Bacon's philosophy, see why causeless, and supernatural, are connected with what is miraculous or not familiar. We have seen in the speech of the Second Counsellor at the *Gesta Grayorum* how the two are connected : "Miracles and wonders shall cease, by reason that you have discovered their natural causes." It is not often that philosophical technicalities are so copiously presented in Shakespeare : in these writings indeed there is plenty of philosophy, but it is usually fluid or molten, not shaped : incorporated with the dramatic situation, not formulated as a detached commentary. The same principles are latently present in other passages.

When Hero returns to life as if by resurrection, the friar, who has planned the entire incident, entreats the company to suspend their amazement till the marriage is solemnized, and that they may not be too much influenced by the apparent miracle, he suggests that it should be regarded with the seeming knowledge which emancipates from an unknown fear.

Meanwhile, *let wonder seem familiar,*  
And to the chapel let us presently.

(*M. Ado* V. iv. 70.)

The words—*let wonder seem familiar*—are almost unintelligible till interpretation is supplied by Baconian philosophy.

That wonder and what is rare or unique are associated, is constantly implied. In the *Tempest* the unique specimen of womankind found in the enchanted island is named Miranda, which Ferdinand translates—

*Admired* Miranda.

Indeed the *top of admiration!* worth  
What's *dearest* in the world.

(*Temp.* III. i. 37).

“What’s dearest,” is doubtless a variation of what’s *rarest*; *dear* being one of those words which is occasionally used in almost a technical way, when the philosophy of wonder colours its application. The same use of the word is found in the 102nd Sonnet—

Sweets, *grown common*, lose their *dear* delight.

The whole Sonnet, one of the loveliest ever penned, is full of the philosophical subtlety connected with rarity. “Rarity” might be its title. “The top of admiration” recalls Bacon’s demands that the tops, or ultimates, or *summitates* of human nature should be studied. (*De Aug.* IV. i.). Ferdinand finds other arguments of wonder in the strange island, and rarity is curiously dragged in by a poetic strain on language which would be insufferably

awkward in prose, but in poetry it brings to the philosophical sentiment an atmosphere of quaintness and subtlety,—

Let me live here ever :  
So rare a wonder'd Father and a Wife  
Makes this place *Paradise*.

(*Temp.* IV. i. 122).

Even the mention of Paradise keeps up the impression of what is rare, or unique.

The passage just quoted is an instance in which language which is impossible for prose, becomes highly picturesque and expressive in verse, and at the same time brings into poetry the flavour of philosophy. In other passages this strained language is used to bring philosophical vigour into dramatic utterance. For instance, Iachimo, speaking of the good qualities of Posthumus, as but the riper developments of what he knew long before, says, "But I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration," (*Cymb.* I. iv. 4), which Bacon's philosophy enables us to explain, *i.e.*, there was then nothing unusual, or unique, or rare, or exceptional in his character, nothing to make me incapable of judging him calmly, rationally, by comparison with similar natures : he was no argument of wonder then, he ranked with common and familiar facts.

Wonder is in Shakespeare, as in Bacon, constantly associated with the *monodica naturæ*, comets, or the sun when covered by clouds, and so withdrawn from ordinary observation. Petruchio, when he appears at the bridal party dressed in beggarly costume, rebukes the company who are scandalized by his appearance,—

Wherefore gaze this goodly company,  
As if they saw some wondrous monument,  
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

(*Tam. Shrew* III. ii. 95).

*i.e.*, something to be regarded with speechless amazement.

Still more remarkable is the comment of Henry V. on the strange monstrous crime of Lord Scroop, as something

rare, unique—causeless, or inexplicable as if causeless—a sort of *monodicum sceleris*, a singularity in crime, a matter for wonder, not for *explicatio causarum*—

'Tis so strange,  
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
Treason and murder ever kept together  
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose.  
Working so grossly, *in a natural cause*,  
*That admiration did not whoop at them :*  
But thou, 'gainst all *proportion*, did'st bring in  
*Wonder* to wait on treason and on murder.

(*Hen. V. II. ii. 102*).

Here again Baconian philosophy is strangely evident. Wonder—or admiration,—(for again the words are interchanged) does not arise till no *natural cause* can be discovered; the crime is inexplicable, not to be explained by similitude or comparison, ('gainst all proportion), so entirely inexplicable that reason is silent, and admiration can only vent itself in an inarticulate cry, whooping not speaking.

That *whooping*, the inarticulate cry which is all that wonder is capable of, is a word technically used in this sense, is illustrated by the following very curious passage :—Celia is the speaker; she is tantalizing Rosalind in reference to the verses which Orlando has been scattering about the forest :—“O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful, wonderful ! and yet again wonderful; and after that, *out of all whooping!*” (*As You Like It III. ii. 201*.) This is a whooping speech—a reduplicated exclamation, its best substitute for coherent utterance,—and the occasion for it is wonder, or admiration.

In accordance with the same philosophy, the wild young Prince Hal, justifies his loose behaviour : he is preparing a surprise, a wonder for the world : The justification is somewhat sophistical :—

Yet herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds

To smother up his beauty from the world,  
 That when he please again to be himself,  
*Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,*  
 By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
 Of vapours that did seem to strangle him.  
 If all the year were playing holidays,  
 To sport would be as tedious as to work,  
 But when they seldom come, they wish'd for come,  
 And nothing pleaseth but *rare accidents*.

(1 *Hen. IV.* I. ii. 221).

In this passage the occasion for wonder is entirely fantastic and unreal, and it is therefore all the more worthy of remark that the poet is careful to define the condition on which wonder rests: no cause but rarity can be assigned for it. The sun is not wondered at till he has been hidden, and becomes rare and wanted: his return awakens wonder. Wonder is more natural to the ignorant and unreflective common folk, whom, I am sorry to say, Shakespeare, with his aristocratic sympathies, thoroughly despised. He remarks of them that nothing pleases which does not fit into their natural humour of wonder—*rare accidents*. Bacon also observes *Nihil enim multis placet nisi imaginationem feriat.* (*Nov. Org.* I. 77). Nothing pleases the multitude unless it strikes their imagination.

With this passage we may compare one in the 52nd Sonnet, in which Bacon's wonder-philosophy is clearly reflected:—

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.

If, however, we would see Bacon's philosophy of wonder, in its larger applications, most luminously expressed, we shall find it in Henry IV's remonstrances addressed to this same wild young Prince, for making himself so common and so cheap—casting aside the veil of majesty which should always surround, and half conceal

royalty, and so forfeiting the wonder and admiration which Princes only keep when they are secluded from their subjects, rarely seen, and when seen, admired. Opinion, or reputation, for Princes, can only rest securely on this basis of wonder.

Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So *common-hackney'd* in the eyes of men,  
 So *stale* and *cheap* to vulgar company,  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession,  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.  
 By *being* seldom seen, I could not stir  
 But *like a comet* I was wonder'd at, . . .  
 Thus did I keep my person fresh and new ;  
 My presence, *like a robe pontifical*,  
 Ne'er seen but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
 Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,  
 And won by *rareness* such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down . . .  
 Grew a companion to the *common* streets,  
 Enfeoff'd himself to *popularity* :  
 That, being *daily swallow'd* by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but *as the cuckoo is in June*,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and *blunted with community*,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sun-like majesty.  
 When it shines *seldom*, in *admiring eyes*.

(1 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 39).

It is clear that in such a paternal lecture as this the philosophy of wonder need not have been introduced. Its unexpected appearance, with the care taken to fit it to its unusual application, shews what a strong hold it had on the poet's mind, and how thoroughly it possessed his imagination.



There are one or two verbal curiosities in this speech which it is worth while observing. The poet speaks of eyes as sick and blunted with *community*. *Common* is one of the technical words in Bacon's philosophy of wonder: *community* is evidently a correlative and equivalent to *familiarity*. The place of this word in the philosophy of wonder must be remembered when it appears elsewhere, as in the 69th Sonnet.

But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,  
The solve is this, that thou dost *common* grow.

Also, when we find Shakespeare using the striking expression,

My presence, *like a robe pontifical*,—

it is interesting to find that Bacon, in his charge against St. John, uses much the same expression—"You take upon you *a pontifical habit*, and you couple your slander with a curse." ("Life," V. 141).

It is to be noted that Bacon's "Philosophy of Wonder and Rarity," with his reference to the sun, comets, &c., as illustrations, was not published till 1620, four years after William Shakspeare's death. How came "Shakespeare" to give such brilliant and ample expression to these ideas more than twenty years before? How came all this very characteristic Baconian thought to find a place in these poems? Evidently some explanation is urgently required.

I might refer to other passages in Shakespeare which require to be interpreted by the light of Bacon's Philosophy of Wonder: but those which I have produced are, I submit, sufficient to prove that some of Bacon's most characteristic ideas find their best, their amplest expression, not in Bacon's prose, but in Shakespeare's poetry. The crude, technical, scientific exposition of the theory is to be found in the prose: while the larger and more varied applications of the theory,—the theory set in many lights and colours, as it is seen reflected in the multiplying and transforming mirror of a poet's mind,—is seen in Shake-

speare. But amidst all this kaleidescopic changes the individuality of the patient thinker, and that of the tuneful singer and inspired seer remains the same. In the prose the speaker keeps on the solid ground of science and philosophy, his wings are folded, and his harp is silent ; but in the poetry he carries the same thoughts into higher regions—he ascends the Empyrean, and the higher he ascends the more rapturous and musical is his strain, although he has brought his theme from the lower levels of philosophy. As the lark, so also is he,

Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,  
True to the kindred points of heaven and home.

## CHAPTER VII.

*BACON'S PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE.*

I DO not think that this chapter will be less valuable or less acceptable, because it will contain very little of my own. My object will be obtained if by the grouping and comparison of various passages from Bacon and Shakespeare I can show in another striking instance how remarkably their ideas correspond. If I can do this both the prose and the poetry will be illustrated. The philosophy becomes more poetical and the poetry more philosophical, as the two are brought together.

Those who have raised the objection against the Baconian theory, that the Author of the Essay of "Love" could not have written, or even understood, the love scenes of Shakespeare, might with even greater plausibility have urged that the genial dramatic poet, who saw the world of men and nature always arrayed in the rich colouring and the radiant glow of poetry and imagination, cannot be the hard-headed, matter-of-fact, somewhat cynical statesman and philosopher, who dilated with such pitiless logic on the uselessness of Hope, and even contended that it is for men both delusive, mischievous, and injurious. In truth, Bacon's language about Hope is one of the most curious features of his philosophy, and startles even such a devoted admirer and sympathetic commentator as Mr. Spedding. In the preface to the *Meditationes Sacræ* Mr. Spedding refers especially to the meditation *De Spe Terrestri*, as a singular and characteristic sample of Bacon's outlook on life at the age of 37, and thus comments upon it:—

“The aphorism attributed to Heraclitus that *Dry light is the best soul*\* was indeed at all times a favourite with him.”

The use of the word watery may account for and explain its use in Shakespeare :—

The imaginary relish is so sweet  
That it enchants my sense : what will it be  
When that the *watery* palate tastes indeed  
Love's thrice repured nectar ?

(*Tro. Cr.* III. ii. 20).

Bacon being accustomed to associate purity and dryness, thinks of that type of taste which is not accustomed to pure nectar as soft and watery. Spedding continues :—

“But I do not think he has anywhere else made so resolute an attempt to translate it into a practical precept for the regulation of the mind, and fairly to follow to its legitimate consequences the doctrine that absolute veracity and freedom from all delusion is the only sound condition of the soul. Upon this principle a reasonable expectation of good to come founded upon a just estimate of probabilities; is the only kind of hope which in the things of this life a man is permitted to indulge; all hope that goes beyond this being reserved for the life to come. The spirit of hope must have been strong in Bacon himself, if at the age of 37 he could still believe it possible for man to walk by the light of reason alone. I suppose it did not hold out much longer. His own experience must have taught him, that had he never hoped to do more than he succeeded in doing, he would never have had the spirit to proceed; and that to reduce hope within the limits of reasonable expectation would be to abjure the *possunt quia posse videntur*, and to clip the wings of enterprise; and he learned before he died to recommend the ‘Entertaining of

\* Bacon often refers to *dry light*: i.e., knowledge which is a pure and accurate reflection of fact, not “infused or drenched” by the personal qualities of the mind that receives it. “This same lumen sicum,” he says, “doth parch and offend most men’s watery and soft natures.” (“Advancement” II., xii. 2.)

hopes,' as one of the best medicines for the preservation of health."

Mr. Spedding refers to the Essay of "The Regimen of Health," originally published in 1597 (the same time as the *Meditationes Sacræ*); and again in 1612. But not till 1625 was the precept "Entertain hopes" included among those for the regulation of health.

The whole subject is most interesting, and the Meditation, in which it is most amply expounded is worth reproducing, especially as we shall find that Bacon's very characteristic idea, in its scope and also in its limitations, is best represented by combining the didactic expositions of the Philosophy of Hope in the prose with Shakespeare's dramatic presentation of the same subject. Moreover, this special feature of Bacon's philosophy is very little known, and its remarkable coincidence with Shakespearean thought has not, so far as I know, been noticed.

The text for Bacon's Meditation, *De Spe Terrestri* is, *Melior est oculorum visio quam animi progressio*: "Better is the sight of the eyes than the wandering of the desire." And the sermon which follows begins as follows:—

"The sense, which takes everything simply as it is, makes a better mental condition and estate than those imaginations and wanderings of the mind. For it is the nature of the human mind, even in the gravest wits, the moment it receives an impression of anything, to sally forth and spring forward, and expect to find everything else in harmony with it; if it be an impression of good, then it is prone to indefinite hope; if of evil, to fear; whence it is said,—

"By her own tales is Hope full oft deceived.

"And, on the other hand,—

"In doubtful times Fear still forbodes the worst.

"In fear however there is some advantage: it prepares endurance, and sharpens industry.

“The task can show no face that’s strange to me:  
Each chance I have pondered, and in thought rehearsed.”

So far there is nothing very startling, and it is not surprising that we are on ground common also to Shakespeare. The resemblance is very exact. For Bacon’s discourse at this point might be embellished with part of the dialogue between Troilus and Cressida (III. ii. 74).

*Tro.*—Fear makes devils of cherubims, they never see truly.

[and yet]

*Cres.*—Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear. To fear the worst oft cures the worse.

And, in the lowest levels of misfortune the victim may say :—

Yet better thus, and known to be contemn’d,  
Than still contemn’d and flatter’d. To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Still stands in esperance, lives not in fear.  
The lamentable change is from the best :  
The worst returns to laughter.

(*Lear* IV. i. 1).

Bacon continues his sermon; and now he surprises us:—  
“But in hope there seems to be no use. For what avails that anticipation of good? If the good turns out less than you hoped for, good though it be, yet because it is not *so* good, it seems to you more like a loss than a gain, by reason of the over-hope. If neither more or less but *so*,” —[an expression, it may be parenthetically noticed, which has a singular resemblance to Kent’s language addressed to Cordelia (*Lear* IV. vii. 5):—

All my reports go with the modest truth:  
Nor more, nor clipp’d, *but so*.

—“the event being equal and answerable to the hope, yet the flower of it having been by that hope already gathered, you find it a stale thing and almost distasteful. If the

good be beyond the hope, then no doubt there is a sense of gain. True; yet, had it not been better to gain the whole by hoping not at all, than the difference by hoping too little? And such is the effect of hope in prosperity. But in adversity it enervates the true strength of the mind. For matter of hope cannot always be forthcoming; and if it fail, though but for a moment, the whole strength and support of the mind goes with it. Moreover, 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 poet's to make Hope the antidote of human diseases, because it mitigates the pain of them; whereas it is in fact an inflammation and exasperation of them, rather multiplying and making them break out afresh. So it is nevertheless that most men give themselves up entirely to imaginations of hope, and these wanderings of the mind; and, thankless for the past, scarce attending to the present, ever young, hang merely upon the future. *I beheld all that walk under the sun, with the next youth that shall rise after him, which is a sore disease and a great madness of the mind.* You will ask, perhaps, if it be not better, when a man knows not what to expect, that he should divine well of the future, and rather hope than distrust, seeing that hope makes the mind more tranquil. Certainly in all delay and expectation, to keep the mind tranquil and steadfast, by the good government and composure of the same, I hold to be the chief firmament of human life; but such tranquillity as depends upon hope I reject, as *light and unsure*. Not but it is fit to foresee and pre-suppose upon sound and sober conjecture good things as well as evil, that we may the better fit our actions to the probable event; only this must be the work of the understanding and judgment, with a just inclination of the feeling. But who is there, whose hopes are so ordered, that when once he has concluded with himself out of a vigilant and steady consideration of probabilities that better things are coming,

he has not dwelt upon the very anticipation of good, and indulged in that kind of thought as a pleasant dream? And this it is which makes the mind light, frothy, unequal, wandering. Therefore, all hope is to be employed upon the life to come in heaven; but here on earth by how much purer is the sense of things present, without infection or tincture of imagination, by so much wiser and better is the soul.

Long hope to cherish in so short a span  
Befits not man."

The idle fiction of the poets here referred to is still further expounded in the discourse on Prometheus. Pandora is a fair and lovely woman, made by Vulcan, by order of Jupiter, in order to chastise the insolence of Prometheus. She carried an elegant vase in which were enclosed all mischief and calamities, only at the bottom was Hope. This was rejected by Prometheus—the type of foresight—but accepted by his incautious brother, Epimetheus, the type of improvidence. His followers “amuse their minds with many empty hopes, in which they take delight, as in pleasant dreams, and so sweeten the miseries of life.”

All this is strange teaching, very logical, but very unpalatable. Hope must be restrained like *imagination*: its anticipations are “*light and unsure*;” it is allied to madness; it raises pleasant dreams which sweeten life, but do not add to its strength and dignity. It keeps the mind steadfast, by the help of delusion. How does all this teaching look when it is applied to practice? This may be seen in the debate held between certain lords who are plotting insurrection against the fourth Henry. The Archbishop of York begins:—

Thus have you heard our cause and known our means;  
And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
Speak plainly your opinion of our hopes.

And then follows a comparison between their own forces and those of the King—giving grounds for hope derived



from the "understanding and judgment." Lord Bardolph discourages action that is prompted only by hope, and his counsel is that their movements must be exactly proportioned to their ability, not to their expectations:—

For in a theme so bloody-faced as this  
*Conjecture, expectation, and surmise*  
*Of aids uncertain*, should not be admitted.

*Arch.*—'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed  
 It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.*—It was, my lord: who *lined himself with hope*,  
*Eating the air* on promise of supply,  
*Flattering himself* in project of a power,  
 Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts.  
 And so, *with great imagination*,  
*Proper to madmen*, led his powers to death,  
 And *winking* [*i.e.*, with eyes shut—dreaming] leap'd into  
 destruction.

Here we find hope coupled with conjecture, surmise of aids uncertain (or unsure), with eating the air, flattery, imagination, and madness, and with eyes shut as in slumber—all Baconian points of view. The discussion, however, continues. Lord Hastings asks the same question that Bacon puts into the mouth of an objector, who wishes to know if it is not just as well to "divine well of the future:"—

But by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
 To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope.

"Yes," replies Bardolph, vindicating the Baconian view—

Yes; if this present quality of war, . . .  
 Lives so in hope as in an early spring  
 We see the appearing buds; which to prove fruit,  
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model.

(2 *Hen. IV.* I. iii.)

And then follows a moralizing similar to the "counting

cost" of the Gospels—a "sound and sober conjecture" of probabilities.

The same attitude is more briefly described by the soldiers, who are plotting revolution against Macbeth.

Thoughts speculative their *unsure hopes* relate :  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate.

(*Macbeth* V. iv. 19.)

Evidently in Shakespeare's opinion, the proper attitude of a warrior is to keep hope altogether subordinate, and outside his calculations, following the guidance of reason and fact ; he takes counsel of judgment and understanding, not of hope. Hope is as unsuitable for him as for the condemned prisoner, who is exhorted by his priestly counsellor—

Prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy your resolution with  
hopes that are fallible

(*Meas. M.* III. i. 167.)

The same teaching is shadowed in Agamemnon's speech to the Grecian warriors. He also declares that—

The ample proposition that hope makes  
In all designs begun on earth below  
Fails in the promised largeness. Checks and disasters  
Grow in the veins of actions highest reared.

(*Tro. Cres.* I. iii. 3.)

And then follows a discourse of matchless wisdom, beauty, and eloquence on the lessons to be drawn from failure and difficulty. . . . Equally frail are the hopes built on royal or human favour.

O momentary grace of mortal men,  
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !  
Who builds his hopes in air of your good looks,  
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,  
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down  
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

(*Richard III.* III. iv. 98.)

The treachery of hope is also implied in the following—

Oft expectation fails ; and most oft there

Where most it promises : and oft it hits  
Where hope is coldest, and despair most fits.

(*All's W.* II. i. 145.)

One of the baleful effects of witchcraft is the raising of hopes which are unreasonable. Macbeth was to be thus bewitched :—

Magic sleights,  
Shall raise such artificial sprites,  
As by the strength of their illusion  
Shall draw him on to his confusion.  
He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear,  
*His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace and fear :*  
And you all know, security  
Is mortal's chiefest enemy. (*Macbeth* III. v 26.)

Shakespeare as well as Bacon tells us that all hope that goes beyond reasonable calculation should refer to the life to come, not to the present stage of being.

Comfort's in heaven, and we are on the earth,  
Where nothing lives but crosses, cares and griefs.  
(*Richard III.* II. ii. 78.)

And accordingly the fallen statesman—

Gave his honours to the world again,  
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.  
(*Henry VIII.* IV. ii. 29.)

This conception of Hope is fundamental in Bacon's writings ; but there are other sides worthy of contemplation.

Hope, although based on illusion, as long as it is cherished, gives support and tranquility to the mind ; this is one prime condition of physical health. Hence "Entertain Hopes," is one of the prescriptions of the Regiment of Health. Hope prolongs life, by keeping off the corrosion of despair. In this point of view, that of physical advantage, Bacon's language changes. No longer does he say, "In Hope there is no use ;" but, "Hope is of all affections the most useful, and contributes most to prolong life, if it be not too often disappointed, but *feed the*

*imagination* with the prospect of good. They, therefore, who get up and propose some definite end as their mark in life, and continually and gradually advance thereto, are mostly long-lived; in so much that when they arrive at the summit of their hopes, and have nothing more to look forward to, they commonly droop, and do not long survive. So that hope appears to be a kind of *leaf-joy*, which may be spread out over a vast surface like gold "Hist. Life and Death" (Works V. 279). Also discoursing on the "affections and passions of the mind, which are prejudicial to longevity, and which are profitable," he says, "Ruminations of joy in the memory, or apprehensions of them in hope or imagination are good" (*Ib.*). A French proverb in the *Promus*, 1472, reflects this sentiment, "Commence à mourir qui abandonne son désir" (He who forsakes the object of living—his desire—begins to die); a sentiment most poetically expressed in the Essay of "Death:"—the sweetest Canticle is *Nunc dimittis*, when a man hath attained worthy ends and expectations.

Bacon's language, "feed the imagination with the prospect of good," is not unlike Shakespeare's, already quoted, in Hotspur, who

Lined himself with hope,  
Eating the air in promise of supply,  
With great imagination, proper to madmen.

Curiously enough precisely the same conception of hope is found in the first play of the Parnassus trilogy, "I fed so long upon hope till I had almost 'starved,'" i. 621.

The *leaf-joy* view may be reflected in the lines,

Their's [*i.e.* their travel] is sweetened with the hope to have  
The present benefit which I possess;  
And hope to joy is little less in joy  
Than Hope enjoy'd.

(*Rich. II.* II. iii. 15).

in which the word-play, hope to joy, less in joy, hope enjoyed—is peculiarly Baconian.

But perhaps the most remarkable of these correspon-

dences in this part of the subject is that in which Bacon's idea of hope as prolonging life is repeated by Shakespeare. Richard II., in his despair, is ready to welcome death, but cannot find it as long as hope remains,

I will despair, and be at enmity  
With cozening hope : he is a *flatterer*,  
A parasite, a *keeper back of death*,  
Who gently would dissolve the bands of life,  
Which *false hope lingers in extremity*.

(*Richard II.* II. ii. 68).

So also when Lord Rivers brings to Elizabeth, Queen of Edward IV., "News full of grief," he suggests the conjectural hope that,

Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

a solace which the Queen accepts, because she desires to live that Edward's unborn son may also live,

Till then *fair hope must hinder life's decay*.

(3 *Henry VI.* IV. iv. 13).

Claudio accepts the same prescription,

The miserable have no other medicine  
But only hope.

(*Meas. for Meas.* III. i. 2).

The *flattery* of hope has been referred to in some of the passages already quoted, as well as the *food* it supplies to maintain health and prolong life. "Doth any man doubt," says Bacon, in the first of his Essays,—of "Truth," "That if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, *flattering hopes*, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men *poor, shrunken things*, full of melancholy and indisposition, and displeasing to themselves." This kind of artificial feeding on hope is much to the taste of such dreaming speculators as the Alchemists. "For the Alchemist nurses eternal hope, . . . and when among the chances of experiment he lights upon some conclusions either in aspect new,

or for utility not contemptible, *he takes these for earnest of what is to come, and feeds his mind upon them, and magnifies them to the most, and supplies the rest in hope.*" (*Novum Organum*, I. 85).

This sort of diet, Bacon notes, is useful for exiles, *Spes alit exsules.* (*Promus* 561), and Gaunt prescribes it, with much detail of the dishes that furnish this diet, for his banished son, Bolingbroke. Quite a group of "flattering hopes, false valuations and imagination of things as one would" is collected in this homily for an exile. The passage is too long for quotation. (*Rich. II.* I. iii. 258—303).

When Valentine is banished, the same nourishment is offered to him by the treacherous Proteus :—

Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts.

(*Two Gent. Ver.* III. i. 246.)

Bacon in one of his apophthegms tells a story, the moral of which is, "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper."

The visionary, imaginative quality of Hope brings it into relation with opiates, sleep and dreams. In the preface to the unwritten discourse on the Sympathy and Antipathy of things the following curious passage is found :—

"This part of Philosophy is very corrupt ; and (as is almost always the case), there being but little diligence there has been too much hope. The effect of hope on the mind of man is very like the working of some soporific drugs, which not only induce sleep, but fill it with joyous and pleasing dreams. For first it throws the human mind into a sleep, . . . and then it insinuates and infuses into it innumerable fancies like so many dreams." (*Works*, V. 203).

The hopes which centre about princes, heirs apparent, expectants of sovereignty, illustrate this. Bacon takes up this parable in one of his discourses: he unfolds the hidden wisdom of Solomon's saying, "*I considered all the living which walk under the sun, with the second child who shall arise in his stead.*" This proverb remarks upon the

vanity of men, who are wont to crowd about the appointed heirs of princes. The root hereof is in that *madness*, deeply implanted by nature in human minds, of being too fond of their own hopes. For there is scarcely anyone but takes more delight in what he hopes for than in what he has. Novelty also is very pleasing to man, and is eagerly sought for. Now in a prince's heir hope and novelty are combined. And this proverb implies the same as that which was said of old, first by Pompey to Sylla, and afterwards by Tiberius respecting Macro: 'That there be more who worship the rising than the setting sun.' And yet princes are not much disturbed at this, nor do they care much for it, as neither Sylla nor Tiberius did; but they rather scorn the fickleness of mankind, and do not care to strive with dreams: and hope, as was said, is but the dream of a waking man." (*De Augmentis* VIII. ii.; Works, V. 48). Curiously enough the same sentiment, illustrated by the same allusion is uttered by the cynical misanthrope in *Timon*, Apemantus, who gives voice to sentiments such as must have haunted Bacon's mind after his fall:—

We spend our flatteries to drink those men,  
 Upon whose age we void it up again. . . .  
 I should fear those that dance before me now  
 Would one day stamp upon me: 't has been done:  
*Men shut their doors against a setting sun.*

(*Timon* I., ii. 142.)

The same tendency to listen to flatteries of hope is characteristic of love—is one of its many follies. It is equally irrational whether it believes and hopes too much or too little:—

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems  
 Not to believe, and yet too credulous!  
 Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes,  
 Despair and hope makes thee ridiculous:  
 The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely;  
 In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

(*I. A.* 985.)

Alonso, thinking his son has been drowned, abandons the hopes which have deceived him :—

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it  
No longer for my flatterer. (Temp. III., iii. 7.)

Bacon, however, not only admits, but sedulously cultivates that kind of reasonable hope that is not conjectural or imaginative, but rests on well ascertained facts. In the *Novum Organum* I. 92—114, he dilates largely on the “grounds of hope” for the progress of science. He is, however, careful to put aside the “lighter breezes of hope,” and “bring men to particulars.” And these are discussed in the twenty-three Axioms referred to. The “lighter breezes of hope” (92) are evidently the same as “the tender leaves of hope,” whose blighting by “a frost,” a “killing frost” is so pathetically described in *Henry VIII.* III. ii. 353. Such failure of hope is described also in *All's Well*, the King having tried all known remedies for his apparently incurable disease. “He hath abandoned his physicians, under whose practices he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time.” (*All's Well*, I. i. 15).

It must be admitted that the echoes of Bacon's most singular and original sentiments, which I have pointed out in Shakespeare, are most remarkable. Vernon Lee's “Baconian thoughts in Baconian language” are not to be mistaken, and the significance of this exact and curious correspondence cannot fail to impress all fair minded and careful students.

This philosophy of “Hope,” which is equally characteristic of Bacon and Shakespeare, is not a set of commonplace notions, floating in the air, any man's property who chooses to pick them up. They are so strange and individual, so peculiar and startling, that even Spedding was half scandalized by them. Bacon's mind, and surely also Bacon's hand is equally to be recognized in both the prose and poetry.



## CHAPTER VIII.

*BACON'S SARTOR RESARTUS.*

ONE of Bacon's most characteristic maxims is that behaviour is rather external to the mind than a part of its essence. It may be assumed (*i.e.* taken up), imitated, worn as a garment, put on or put off, altered, or varied according as mood or circumstances, or convenience, or policy, or fashion may suggest. It is dress, not flesh; a garment, not a cuticle.

The earliest expression of this idea is to be found in a long and thoughtful letter written to the Earl of Rutland in 1595-6. The Earl was about to travel, and Bacon wrote three letters of advice to help him to make the best use of his foreign experiences. It is worth noting, as bearing on Bacon's very usual habit of writing under other names than his own, that these letters were written over the name of the Earl of Essex, and sent to Rutland by the Earl as his own composition. They are published in Devereux's *Memoirs of the Earls of Essex* (1852). I have already (see p. 37) referred to the fact that Spedding was the first to assign these very remarkable letters to Bacon as their true author. He proves his case, partly by the incommunicable evidence of flavour,—tasting the style,—partly by comparing both the ideas and the terms in which they are expressed, with analogous sentiments and identical phrases in Bacon's acknowledged writings.

In the first of these letters we find the following:—  
 “Behaviour is but a garment, and it is easy to make a comely garment for a body that is itself well-proportioned. Whereas a deformed body can never be so

helped by tailor's art, but the counterfeit will appear. And in the form of our mind it is a true rule, that a man may mend his faults with as little labour as cover them." ("Life," II., 8). The idea is more elaborated in the "Advancement" (II. xxiii. 3); and in the *De Augmentis* (VIII. i.). "Behaviour is as the garment of the mind, and ought to have the conditions of a garment. For first, it ought to be made in fashion; secondly, it ought not to be too curious or costly; thirdly, it ought to be so framed as to best set forth any virtue of the mind, and supply and hide any deformity; lastly, and above all, it ought not to be too strait, so as to confine the mind and interfere with its freedom in business and action."

The last sentence of the Essay of "Ceremonies and Respects," introduces another allusion to dress or costume:—"Men's behaviour should be like their apparel, not too strait or *point device*, but free for exercise or motion."

Bacon has a Promus note (1439) which seems to refer to this idea, but it is cryptically expressed, and probably meant for no other eye than his own. It runs, "The ayre of his behavior: fashions." Mrs. Pott probably puts a right construction on this entry by comparing it with the following passages in Shakespeare:—"I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the Court in these enfoldings? Hath not my gait in it the measure of the Court?" (*Winter's Tale* IV. iv. 755). "Promising is the very air of the time." (*Timon* V. i. 24). These passages refer to both behaviour and fashion as part of any one's costume, or outward enfoldings, or investment.

The general principle, that behaviour is a garment, so compactly expressed in Bacon's prose, is a seed that blossoms and bears abundant fruit in Shakespeare's poetry. It is emphatically the aphorism of dramatic art, the very key-note of histrionic performance, whether on the stage or elsewhere, and the allusions to it are very numerous in Shakespeare.

First of all, it is to be noted, that the language of the wardrobe is applied to behaviour or deportment in precisely the same way. The quality indicated by *point device* is referred to by Rosalind in such a way as to apply equally to dress and to conduct: she comments on the absence in Orlando of any of the indications of "careless desolation" which a lover ought to show—indications belonging both to behaviour, and appearance, and costume; and she sums up with:—"You are rather *point device* in your accoutrements, as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other." (See *As You Like It* III. ii. 387-403). This expression, *point device*, is to be found in *Love's Labour Lost* V. i. 21, applied to conduct, not to dress. It evidently means spruce, dandified, exquisite, and though referring to dress, includes behaviour.

Bacon's idea is, however, expressed in the most direct and unmistakable way by Portia, who makes a sort of inventory of the garments of one of her suitors, and one article of his attire is "behaviour":—"How oddly he's *suitied*" (*i.e.* clothed). "I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and *his behaviour everywhere*." (*Merchant of Venice* I. ii. 79).

The general idea connecting behaviour as such with dress is implied in the following passage, where Bacon's suggestion that fashion may be concerned in the selection of these garments is also implied:—

Let not the world see fear and sad distrust  
 Govern the motion of a kingly eye:  
 Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;  
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow  
 Of bragging horror; so shall inferior eyes,  
 That *borrow their behaviours from the great*,  
 Grow great by your example, and *put on*  
 The dauntless spirit of resolution.

(*King John* V. i. 46).

Queen Katherine, speaking to the two Cardinals, has the same philosophy in her mind :—

If you have any justice, any pity,  
If ye be anything but *Churchmen's habits*,—  
(*Hen. VIII.* III. i. 116).

Malvolio is encouraged to present himself before Olivia, his lady, with "A sad (*i.e.* grave) face, a reverent carriage, a slow tongue, in the *habit* of some Sir of note." (*Twelfth Night* III. iv. 80). These are garments which he is to put on, and thus cast away an inferior garment, viz.—"his humble slough." The twin brother and sister, in the same play, have "one face, one voice, *one habit*, and two persons." (*Ib.* V. i. 223). Here the ambiguous word *habit* may refer either to dress or behaviour, and is doubtless intended to include both.

Without special comment, the following specimens may be added :—

Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
*The outward habil* by the inward man.  
(*Pericl.* II. ii. 56).

This man, so complete, . . .  
Hath *into monstrous habits* put the graces,  
That once were his, and is become as black  
As if besmear'd in hell.  
(*Hen. VIII.* I. ii. 122).

O place, O form,  
How often dost thou *with thy case, thy habil*,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming.  
(*Meas for Meas.* II. iv. 12).

And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come *apparell'd in more precious habil*,  
More moving-delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed.  
(*M. Ado* IV. i. 226).

Looking a little more carefully we may find several

varieties of this costume, which may be put off and on at the pleasure of the wearer.

1. *Madness or Folly*:—Hamlet tells his friends that he may find it necessary to counterfeit madness, and warns them not to betray him,—

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself  
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antic disposition on.

(*Ham.* I. v. 170).

The dress of assumed madness was also worn by Brutus, the friend of Lucretius.

He with the Romans was esteemed so  
As silly, jeering idiots are with kings,  
For sportive words and uttering foolish things.  
But now *he throws that shallow habit by*  
*Wherein deep policy did him disguise.*

(*Lucrece*, 1811).

Touchstone wears a somewhat similar garment; the banished Duke says of him, “He uses his folly like a stalking horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.” (*As You Like It*, V. iv. 111). The stalking horse was of course a mask or disguise, a garment worn by the fowler, under cover of which he could approach his game and shoot at an advantage; and Jacques is willing to wear a suit of motley in order that he may comment with unrestrained freedom on the follies and foibles of society. (See *As You Like It*, II. vi. 41-61).

2. *State and Pride* is the garment which Brutus, throwing aside the shallow habit of folly, wears as a substitute:—

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece side,  
Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
Began to *clothe his wil in state and pride*,  
Burying in Lucrece' wound *his folly's show*.

(*Lucrece*, 1807).

The garment of state and pride was one of many costumes that Henry IV. wore. His presence was

*Like a robe pontifical.* (1 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 56).

Pride is also worn and the wearer takes delight in the reflected contemplation of it,

*Pride hath no other glass  
To show itself but pride.*  
(*Troil. Cress.* III. iii. 47).

The wardrobe conceit is rarely, or perhaps never, lost sight of either in Bacon's philosophy of behaviour, or in Shakespeare's pictures thereof.

3. *Sobriety* or *sadness*, *i.e.*, *gravity*, is the garment which Gratiano promises to wear when he visits Portia,

If I do not *put on a sober habit*, . . .  
Like one, well studied, in a *sad ostent*,  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.  
(*Mer. Ven.* II. ii. 199).

*Sad ostent* is a curiously ambiguous phrase, the *double entendre* includes a great variety of outward forms of sober expression, both in dress, and in conduct.

Gravity in the form of apathetic or phlegmatic indifference is represented as *put on*: Brutus and Cassius are talking about Casca,

*Brutus.*—What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!  
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

*Cassius.*—So is he now, in execution  
Of any bold or noble enterprise,  
However he *puts on* this tardy form.  
(*Jul. Cas.* I. ii. 299.)

Orlando "*put on* the countenance of stern commandment."  
(*As You Like It* II. vii. 108.)

4. *Mirth* is the garment which Bassiano wishes Gratiano to wear, instead of gloom; it is thus he is "suited":—

No, that were pity;  
I would entreat you rather to *put on*  
Your boldest *suit* of mirth.  
(*Mer. Ven.* II. ii. 209.)

5. *Humility* is a garment which Coriolanus tried to put on, but could not make it fit, and he very soon cast it aside. Brutus, one of the tribunes, thus describes the attempt :—

I heard him swear,  
Were he to stand for consul, never would he  
Appear i' the market-place, *nor on him put*  
*The napless vesture of humility.*

(*Cor.* II. i. 247.)

But he makes the attempt, and

With a proud heart *he wore his humble weeds.*

(*Ib.* II. i. 161.)

The visible garment of humility was simply put on ; his proper costume was arrogance and pride. Henry IV. was more politic :—

I stole all courtesy from heaven,  
*And dress'd myself in such humility,*  
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts.

(1 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 50.)

He selected the garment of humility as one best adapted for him to wear, as a king of doubtful title, for whom it was necessary that he should “pluck allegiance from men's hearts.”

The special garment which represents humility is named by the clown in *All's Well*. “Though honesty be no Puritan yet it will do no hurt ; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart.” (*All's Well*, I. iii. 97).

6. *Virtue* may be worn as a garment and is often put on as a mask for villany, or as a hypocritical semblance of what does not exist. The counsel, which Luciana gives to Antipholus of Syracuse, thinking she is addressing Antipholus of Ephesus, is full of imagery derived from the clothes philosophy :—

*Muffle your false love with some show of blindness . . .*

Look sweet ; speak fair ; *become* disloyalty ;  
*Apparel vice*, like virtue's harbinger ;  
 Bear a *fair presence*, though your heart be tainted ;  
 Teach *sin the carriage* of a holy saint, . . .  
 Though others have the arm, *shew us the sleeve*.

(See *Com. Er.* III. ii. 1—28.)

Hamlet preaches the same philosophy to his mother :—

*Assume a virtue, if you have it not.*  
 That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
 Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
 That *to the use of actions* fair and good  
 He likewise gives a *frock or livery*,  
 That *aptly is put on* . . .  
 For use almost can change the stamp of nature.

(*Ham.* III. iv. 160.)

So Imogen, smarting under her husband's false accusation, thinks that all virtue is but an appearance, and that suspicion may taint the holiest :—

All good seeming,  
 By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
*Put on* for villany, *not born where't grows*,  
*Bul worn*, a bait for ladies.

(*Cymb.* III. iv. 56.)

Abhorson's mystery expresses itself in the Delphic utterance :—

"Every true man's apparel fits your thief : if it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough ; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough ; so every true man's apparel fits your thief." (*Meas. for Meas.* IV. ii. 46.)

"Which thing is an allegory," and its solution can be found only in Bacon's philosophy of behaviour.

7. *Content* can also be worn as a garment by the discontented. Cassio, if he knows that he cannot regain Othello's favour,—

But to know so must be my benefit,  
 So shall I *clothe me* in a forced content.

(*Oth.* III. iv. 119.)



8. *Sanctity* is a robe which the vilest may put on :

Oh, 'tis the *cunning tivery* of hell,  
The damned'st body to *invest and cover*  
In *frenzie guards*.

(*Meas. for Meas.* III. i. 95.)

Strike me the counterfeit matron,  
It is *her habit only that is honest*,  
Herself's a bawd.

(*Timon* IV. iii. 112.)

9. *Love* has a large wardrobe of different garments :  
it is

Full of strange *shapes, of habits, and of forms*  
*Varying in subjects* as the eye doth roll  
To every varied object in his glance :  
Which *parti-coaled* presence of *loose love*,  
*Put on by us*, if in your heavenly eyes,  
Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities, etc.

(*Love's Labour's Lost* V. ii. 773.)

10. *Strangeness*, or behaving like a stranger instead of a friend, is the garment which Achilles wore, and of which Agamemnon makes bitter complaint.

Worthier than himself  
Here tend the savage strangeness *he puts on*.

(*Tro. Cr.* II. iii. 134.)

When anyone modestly keeps his own gifts in the background he puts on strangeness :—

It is the witness still of excellency  
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

(*M. Ado* II. iii. 48.)

Many of these passages illustrate a sort of offshoot of this philosophy of behaviour, which is certainly a reflection of Platonic Philosophy. As a garment may be imitated, so it may be reflected in a glass or mirror, and so the wearer may see the garment which he wears. The glass which the Platonic poet generally refers to is the same garment worn by others ; and anyone who wears a

fantastic garment may be taught how fantastic it is by seeing it, as in a glass, worn by another. The philosophical axiom,

Pride hath no other glass  
To shew itself, but pride.

(*Tro. Cr.* III. iii. 47.)

has been already quoted. Here it illustrates a collateral branch of the Baconian philosophy.

The strangeness which Achilles wore is similarly reflected in the glass of imitation. By this artifice his own pride is shewn to him. (See *Tro. Cres.*, III. iii. 38—53.)

The figure of a glass and that of a garment are thus closely connected. Conduct, our philosophic poet says, is regulated by imitation. We unconsciously imitate those with whom we associate. Those, who are inferior, dress in behaviour as well as in costume, like their betters. They

Borrow their behaviours from the great.

(*John V.* i. 51.)

And those who set the fashion are described as the glass before which others dress. Thus, Hamlet is spoken of by Ophelia as—

The *glass of fashion*, and the *mould of form*,  
The *observed of all observers*.

(*Ham.* III. i. 161.)

Leonatus is—

A sample to the youngest, to the more mature  
A glass that *feated* them.

(*Cymb.* I. i. 48.)

*Feated* being equivalent to “formed, fashioned, moulded” (Dyce). Lady Percy speaks in the same way of her deceased lord, the brave Hotspur, and she also, like Portia, gives a sort of inventory of the garments which he wore in his behaviour, and which others put on by imitation, dressing themselves at his glass.

He was indeed *the glass*  
 Wherein the noble youth *did dress themselves*;  
 He had no legs that practised not his gait;  
 And speaking thick, which nature made his blemish,  
 Became the accents of the valiant, . . . .

So that in speech, in gait,  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood,  
 He was the *mark and glass*, copy and book,  
*That fashioned others.*

(2 *Hen. IV.* II. iii. 21).

The philosophic principle, on which all this poetry is consciously founded, is given in dry, scientific statement, without dramatic illustration, in Bacon's prose. Commenting on Proverbs xxvii. 19, "As the face is reflected in the water, so is the heart of man manifest to the wise," he writes:—"Here is distinguished between the mind of a wise man and that of others; the former being compared to water, or a glass, which represents the forms and images of things; the other to the earth, or an unpolished stone, which give no reflection. And this comparison of the mind of a wise man to a glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image, together with the images of others, which the eye itself without a glass cannot do. But if the mind of a wise man is sufficiently large to observe and distinguish an infinite variety of dispositions and characters, it only remains to take care that the application be as various as the representation. 'A wise man will know how to adapt himself to all sorts of characters.'" (*De Aug.* VIII. ii. Prov. xxxiv.)

"It is best wisdom in any man in his own matters to rest in the wisdom of a friend; for who can, by often looking in the glass, discern and judge so well of his own favor, as another with whom he converseth." Letter to Essex ("Life" I. 235).

"The second way (to attain experience of forms or behaviour) is by imitation. And to that end good choice is to be made of those with whom you converse; there-

fore your Lordship should affect their company whom you find to be the worthiest, and not partially\* think them most worthy whom you affect. . . . When you see infinite variety of behaviour and manners of men, you may choose and imitate the best. (Letter to Rutland. "Life" II. 8-10).

The striking resemblance between these sentiments and those expressed many times in Shakespeare must be obvious to any careful student.

Since you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
(*Jul. Cas.* II. i. 67).

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
To others' eyes ; nor doth the eye itself,  
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
Not going from itself ; but eye to eye opposed  
Salutes each other with each other's form :  
For speculation turns not to itself,  
Till it hath travelled, and is mirror'd there,  
Where it may see itself.  
(*Tro. Cr.* III. iii. 103).

Well, Brutus, thou art noble : yet I see  
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought  
From that it is disposed. Therefore 'tis meet  
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;  
For who so wise that cannot be seduced ?  
(*Jul. Cas.* I. ii. 312).

And Bacon himself might have put the following into his "Essays"—as, indeed, he has done in other words. Falstaff in delivering a genuine Baconian Essay, says,

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught,

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions *partially* they smother.  
(*Lucrece* 633).

as men take diseases, one of another. Therefore, let men take heed of their company.—2 *Hen.* IV. I. (last long speech).

Bacon's conception of behaviour as a garment, a loose-fitting, changeable vestment, must be kept in mind if we would understand Shakespeare's picture of Prince Hal, the young prince, who is outwardly wild, but really serious, ready as soon as the time comes to wear the royal robes, as Henry V., with wisdom and majesty. The psychological enigma involved in this sudden change has been a stumbling-block to many readers, and to most critics. The solution is evidently to be found in Bacon's clothes philosophy, which the prince uses in the account he gives of himself:—

Herein will I imitate the sun,  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds  
To smother up his beauty from the world ; . . .  
But when this *loose behaviour I throw off*, . . .  
By how much better than my word I am,  
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes.

(1 *Hen.* IV. I. ii. 221).

Note here, the ambiguous, or rather double meaning of the word loose—one meaning from the clothes philosophy, the other from ethics—changeable or disorderly. The same ambiguity is found in the use of the same word in a passage already quoted from *Love's Labour's Lost* V. ii. 776.

Which *parti-coated* presence of *loose love*.

This Apologia of the Prince shews that in his wild days he was wearing a disguise,—a strange dress, which he could put off as soon as it had served (or “suited”) his purpose. Even the “base contagious clouds” carry out the same idea—they are worn by the sun for a time like a mask, as long as he wishes to hide himself,

There is another very curious extension of this clothes philosophy. If behaviour is a garment, it may be,—and probably is,—not constructed by the wearer, but by some one

who represents his tailor, And there are many passages in which a man is represented as made by his tailor. This is anticipated, as an undeveloped fancy, in the letter to Rutland, already quoted: "A deformed body can never be so helped by tailor's art but the counterfeit will appear." In Shakespeare this reference to the tailor's art as fashioning the man himself is always employed with some degree of contempt: the scorn for "counterfeit" is apparent. This idea is more or less clearly reflected in the following passages:—

"Now, the melancholy God protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta; for thy mind is a very opal" (*Twelfth Night* II. iv. 77).

Taffeta is a kind of shot silk, changeable in its colour; and opal is "a gem which varies in appearance as it is viewed in different lights." (Dyce, quoting Steevens). Cloten, the vulgar ruffian prince, claims the homage due to rank as indicated by his clothes; and the true prince in rustic garb, Guiderius, detects the counterfeit, and sees only a tailor-made prince:—

*Cloten*.—Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Guid*.—No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

(*Cymb.* IV. ii. 80).

So in *Lear*, Kent, in his scorn for Goneril's steward, Oswald, says,

You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.

*Cornwall*.—Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

(*Lear* II. ii. 59).

As behaviour is a changeable fashion, so facial expression, as Bacon teaches us, being the most significant element in behaviour, can be changed at pleasure. It can be put on or put off like a garment. Bacon discourses on the

“government of the face and countenance” as a branch of that part of civil knowledge, in which conversation is concerned. “For, look what an effect is produced by the countenance and the carriage of it. Well says the poet, ‘Nec vultu destrue verba tua.’ (Do not falsify your words by your looks). For a man may destroy and betray the force of his words by his countenance. . . . So we see Atticus, before the first interview between Cæsar and Cicero, the war still depending, carefully and seriously advised Cicero touching the composing and ordering of his countenance and gesture.” And the philosophy of behaviour as the garment of the mind follows almost immediately. See “De Augustis” VIII. i. The Latin motto here quoted is twice entered in the “Promus” (985 and 1026). And a similar proverb is also noted, “Vultu læditur sæpe pietas.” (51). (A man’s piety is often damaged by the expression of his features):—showing how strong a hold this sentiment had on Bacon’s mind. All this is clearly reflected in Shakespeare. Brutus wishes his fellow conspirators to employ this stratagem of the actor’s art :—

Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily !  
 Let not our looks *put on our purposes*  
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,  
 With untired spirits and formal constancy.  
(Julius Cæsar II. i. 224).

Lady Macbeth gives the same counsel to her husband ; every line is redolent of the clothes philosophy :—

Gentle my lord, sleek o’er your rugged looks ;  
 Be bright and jovial among your guests to-night.

*Macb.*—So shall I, love : and so, I pray, be you :  
 Let your remembrance apply to Banquo ;  
 Present him eminence, both with eye and tongue :  
 Unsafe the while, that we  
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams,  
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
 Disguising what they are.

(*Macb.* III. ii. 27).

Away, and mock the time with fairest show :  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
 (Ib. I. vii. 81).

The Clarendon Editor very aptly illustrates the above use of the word *apply* by the following quotation from Bacon's Essay of "Ceremonies," where the sentiment expressed in the text is most exactly presented :—

"To *apply one's self* to others is good, so it be done with demonstration that a man doeth it with regard, and not upon facility," which is the same as "Present him eminence both with eye and tongue."

Very much the same counsel is given by the King to Laertes when the two are plotting together for Hamlet's assassination :—

Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
 May fit us to our shape : if this should fail,  
 And that our drift look through our bad performance,  
 'Twere better not assay'd : therefore this project  
 Should have a back or second, that might hold  
 If this should blast in proof.

(Ham. IV. vii. 150).

This is strangely Baconian, as Colonel Moore has pointed out (see "Bacon Journal" I. 192). The same astute calculation is thus described by Bacon :—"For in every particular action a man ought so to direct and prepare his mind, and should have one intention so underlying and subordinate to another, that if he cannot obtain his wishes in the best degree, he may yet be satisfied if he succeeds in a second or even a third." (*De Augmentis* VIII. ii.).

In all these cases, and in countless others we find a philosophic, scientific, prosaic statement of the principles, which live and act in the Shakespearian drama. Comparing Shakespeare's art with Bacon's philosophy, we find that

The art and practic part of life  
 Must be the mistress to this theoretic.  
 (Hen. V. I. i. 51)



In the language of mystic philosophy Shakespeare's art is the continent and ultimate of Bacon's philosophy : there is a perfect correspondence and continuity between them. As the natural world is created by influx from the spiritual world, and is its counterpart and representative, so is the poetry of Shakespeare poured forth as influx from the creative thought of Bacon's science, giving to it a concrete presentation, a living, organised counterpart.

## CHAPTER IX.

## LOVE AND BUSINESS.

BACON'S ESSAY OF "LOVE" COMPARED WITH THE  
TREATMENT OF LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE.

IN Tennyson's "Life" (II. 424) the following occurs in a letter to a friend:—"I have just had a letter from a man who wants my opinion as to whether Shakespeare's Plays were written by Bacon. I feel inclined to write back, 'Don't be a fool, sir!' The way in which Bacon speaks of love would be enough to prove that he was not Shakespeare. 'I know not how, but martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly asked to be paid in pleasures.' How could a man with such an idea of love write *Romco and Julict*?"

And yet even Tennyson might have paused before shutting off the claims for Bacon with such resolute incredulity, not to say unexpressed incivility. For he himself had found in Bacon qualities which are at first sight quite as incompatible with an unromantic view of love, as he supposed Shakespeare to be. Tennyson had been on one occasion speaking of Lord Bacon, and said, "That certain passages of his writings, their frequent eloquence and vivid completeness lifted him more than those of almost any other writer." And of the Essays he said, "There is more wisdom compressed into that small volume than in any other book of the same size that I know." ("Life" II. 76, 415). Clearly, then, any unfavourable impression derived from one or two passages in a small Essay may be corrected and perhaps even vindicated

when a larger view is taken. What more could he say of Shakespeare's wisdom than this?

The objection which Tennyson expressed so energetically is one that is often raised when the Baconian theory is under discussion.

#### THE PROBLEM.

1. It has often been objected to the Baconian theory, that the author of the Essay of "Love" and of "Marriage and Single Life" could not also have written the exquisite love scenes of the Shakespeare plays. Bacon's view of love, it is said, is so cold, so passionless, so unromantic, that he was evidently incapable of understanding or sympathising with the sweeter aspects of the tender passion. This objection is presented in a very triumphant way, as at once settling the whole question, and indeed many Baconians at first find it staggering and embarrassing in the highest degree,—an argument which it is extremely difficult to meet. It is worth while then to examine it somewhat carefully; and in doing so the polemics of the case need not blind us to the exceedingly interesting and suggestive comparisons, which it necessitates between the poet and the essayist.

Those who urge this objection, do so, it seems to me, in a very loose way, not attempting to estimate the real purpose or import of the Essays: not taking any very comprehensive view of the attitude of the Shakespearean poet to the sentiment of love. If the two are to be compared, it is only fair to make a quantitative and qualitative analysis of both.

#### MISTAKEN VIEW OF THE ESSAY.

2. Bacon speaks in his Preface of a double purpose in his Essays: "They come home to men's business and bosoms." One might suppose that if he wrote on love and marriage, the "bosom" side of his readers would be

especially addressed. But it is not so: the *bosom* side is neglected—the topic of the Essay is the *business* side of this question. The Essays are very brief, very aphoristic, very concentrated, never discursive or rhetorical, but severely reflective and practical. It is true that poetic touches of the most exquisite character constantly present themselves. The Essay of “Adversity,” for instance, is a most perfect poem. But on the whole, in the Essays emotion is suppressed, business is supreme. Anyone who goes to the Essay of “Love” for a complete account of Love in all its points of contact with life and experience, is on a wrong quest. Love from the Statesman’s and Philosopher’s point of view,—love as related to what we might now call politics or economics,—love in its bearing on public life and “business,” is the real topic and no other. The mere title “Of Love,”—“Of Marriage and Single Life,”—does not justify anyone in assuming that the text shall contain exactly what he expects—exactly what he would have written on these topics. These Essays are not accommodated to the preconceptions of a Ninteenth Century reader, whose mind is saturated with the fiction, romance or poetry of its literature. And Bacon does not trouble himself to define his limits; any capable reader, who is entitled to criticise, can do that for himself. Such a reader will not be slow to perceive that here is nothing like a rhapsody,—not even an exhaustive psychologic or physiologic account of the passion or sentiment of love, but something entirely different. Many critics, strange to say, have started with the most unreasonable claim that Bacon’s discourse on love shall contain not only what they think he ought to say, but all that he himself had to say—the whole continent of his thoughts and feelings about love. And if he does not satisfy these most unreasonable preconceptions, they, measuring the great man by their own small foot-rule, think themselves justified in writing about him in this style:—“Bacon knows nothing of the valuable influence of unselfish and holy love for a fair

mind in a fair body. His prudential treatment of the whole subject is scarcely better than the sneers of La Rochefoucauld." "His cold philosophic nature was incapable of feeling or even imagining the loves of a Cornelia and Paulus, a Posthumus and Imogen." (Storr and Gibson's Edition of Essays.) Anything more narrow and impertinent than this it is difficult to conceive. These pedagogic censors of a great man make Bacon a sort of universal provider, and think themselves at liberty to enter his study (or shop) and order three courses and a dessert according to their own fancy ; and to whip and scold him, and sprinkle their bad marks over his exercises, whenever their order is not duly executed. Of such irreverent and self-sufficient critics Coleridge was thinking when he describes a self-confident critic who "puts on the seven league boots of self-opinion, and strides at once from an illustrator into a supreme judge ; and, blind and deaf, fills his three ounce vial at the Waters of Niagara, and determines at once the greatness of the Cataract to be neither more nor less than his three ounce vial has been able to receive."

#### THE ESSAY OF LOVE—ITS REAL IMPORT.

3. Bacon does not entirely ignore the romantic side of love, but he refers it to different treatment. "The stage," he says, "is more beholding to love than the life of man." In his Essay he is speaking of a somewhat neglected view of love. If it is predominant it is a "weak passion;" it may not govern all the actions of life. Walter Savage Landor expresses much the same idea: "Love is a secondary passion in those who love most ; a primary in those who love least." (*Imag. Conv.* Ascham and Lady Jane Grey.) Love, in Bacon's view, is for the privacy of home ; if it follows its votary into the street it becomes an enfeebling influence: "it checks with business; it troubleth men's fortunes, and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their own ends." "Great spirits and great business

do keep out this weak passion." "It is a strange thing to note the excess of this passion, and how it braves the nature and value of things by this, that the speaking in a perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love." "He that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas; for whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection quitteth both riches and wisdom." "Amare et sapere vix Deo conceditur." "Love is the child of folly. They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter, and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life." This is not a popular view of love, but it may be true nevertheless, and it may be held by one who is no cynic, not a cold-blooded, self-centred, worldly-minded egotist, but a keen observer, who will not suffer his view of the realities of life to be distorted by romance. It is a permissible theory that love is for private, household use; that, like religion, it must enter into its closet and shut the door; that if it intrudes into the market place it is both weak and ridiculous, and hinders the lawful business of the place. This is Bacon's position, stated with his usual epigrammatic terseness, not fenced by such explanations as purblind readers need in order to keep them from stumbling. And this neglected view is exactly what might be expected from a writer who has no relish for conventional platitudes, no room for common-places, and who knows quite well that fair and competent critics will judge him, not from one utterance, but from an impartial and comprehensive study of his whole life, and of all his writings.

#### BACON'S PRAISE OF THE WORTHIEST AFFECTION.

4. Bacon points to the Drama as the most suitable stage for the portraiture of love; and his scanty reference to it in his prose writings is naturally explained by those who know how magnificently he poured out all the treasures of his heart, his fancy, and his intellect in his dramatic poetry. There is, however, one prose composition, which, occurring in a masque, belongs properly to dramatic

literature, in which love is the theme of most eloquent and poetic eulogy. This is to be found, in a mutilated form, in the "Conference of Pleasure," which contains a discourse "in praise of the worthiest affection." The speech is too long for quotation, but as this delightful piece is not easily obtainable, I give a sample: "As for other affections they be but sufferings of nature; they seek ransoms and rescues from that which is evil, not enjoying a union with that which is good. They seek to expel that which is contrary, not to attract that which is agreeable. Fear and grief,—the traitors of nature. Bashfulness,—a thralldom to every man's concept and countenance. Pity,—a confederacy with the miserable. Desire of revenge,—the supplying of a wound. All these endeavour to keep the main stock of nature, to preserve her from loss and diminution. But love is a pure gain and advancement in nature; it is not a good by comparison, but a true good; it is not an ease of pain, but a true purchase of pleasures; and therefore, when our minds are soundest, when they are not, as it were, in sickness and therefore out of taste, but when we be in prosperity, when we want nothing, then is the season, and the opportunity, and the spring of love. And as it springeth not out of ill, so it is not intermixed with ill; it is not like the virtues, which by a steep and ragged way conduct us to a plain, and are hard task-masters at first, and after give an honourable hire; but the first aspect of love, and all that followeth, is gracious and pleasant."

Let us now see if the Shakesperean treatment of love differs in any essential respect from Bacon's. My contention is, that they are curiously identical,—so much so as to supply, on a very extended scale, one of those striking correspondences between the two groups of writings, which in their accumulation point irresistibly to identity of authorship.

#### RESTRICTED USE OF LOVE IN SHAKESPEARE.

5. One of the most striking features of the Shakesperean

drama is the extremely restricted use it makes of love, which is supposed to be the foundation and pivot of dramatic art. The exceeding beauty and attractiveness of the love pictures actually given, blinds us to their rarity : they attract so much interest as almost to absorb the consideration of the reader or spectator, and put other scenes into the shade. Also the charm of these love pictures is so great that we are apt to forget that they are often set in a framework of weakness, confusion, or disorder,—that there is a canker of decay in even the loveliest of these flowers. Apart from this it is to be remarked that in a large proportion of the plays love is either entirely absent or completely subordinate,—not the main centre of interest or action. And again, even where some slight love element is introduced, it may be not only very unimportant, but entirely destitute of romance or fascination. Mr. T. W. White, among other critics, notes this fact as very remarkable. He says, “Shakespeare is almost alone among his contemporaries and successors in frequently rejecting love as the motive of his drama ;” and the conclusion at which Mr. White arrives is, that the poet had a weak animal development ! “Shakespeare, in the selected passages (from Hamlet) to which we have referred, manifests a total insensibility to the gross passion of love. In descriptions of Platonic affection and conventional gallantry he is unsurpassed ; but when he essays to be personally tender, his muse becomes tediously perfunctory, as we see in Hamlet.” (“Our English Homer,” pp. 31, 122).

I quote these passages, not as agreeing with them entirely. Mr. White is often inaccurate, still more frequently eccentric and paradoxical, and sometimes, as it seems to me, strangely purblind. But his judgment may be taken as a tolerably accurate representation of the conclusion likely to be formed by any one who fairly fronts the question, and is not misled by early and crude impressions.

If, however, we may briefly run through the plays,



taking a swift glance at each, the resemblance between the Shakesperean and the Baconian view of love will become distinct and even startling.

LOVE IN THE HISTORICAL PLAYS.

6. First of all, let us look at the *Historical Plays*. In these love is throughout subordinate, and in some it is entirely absent.

It is absent from *John*, and *Richard II*.

In *1 Henry IV*, it is incidentally introduced in the persons of Hotspur and Lady Percy, and it shows Hotspur so intent on business as almost to neglect his wife, and provoke her reproaches.

O, my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
For what offence have I this fortnight been  
A banished woman from my Harry's bed?

And then she tells him how she has watched him, awake and asleep, and finds that his mind is occupied with concerns in which she is not permitted to share:—

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not . . .  
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
And if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

But the “mad-headed ape,” the “weasel toss'd with such a deal of spleen,” “the paraquito,” as she with playful irritation calls him, brusquely puts her off with,—

Away, you Trifler! Love! I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate.

And then, in reply to her pained remonstrance, he replies:

Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate,  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabouts:

Whither I must, I must.

(See 1 *Hen. IV.* II. iii. 40—120).

It is a charming picture of true love on both sides ; but the husband has his love in check, and when the wife tries to spy into his business, he gaily thwarts her, being evidently resolved to keep his active life as a warrior and politician entirely unembarrassed by domestic ties.

If any one looks for love scenes in 2 *Hen. IV.*, he must find them in company with Doll Tear-sheet, or be content to miss them altogether.

In *Henry V.* there is a pretty wooing scene between the King and the French Princess. In this wooing, however, there is more policy than passion. The whole transaction turns on considerations of State advantage and Royal convenience. Here is a specimen ; it is all in prose :—

Before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor have I no cunning in protestation ; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. . . . I speak to thee plain soldier : if thou canst love me for this, take me ; if not, to say to thee I shall die, is true ; but for thy love, by the Lord, No ! yet I love thee too.—(See the whole scene in *Hen. V.* V. ii.)

There is a good deal of this kind of self-possessed,—one may even say, self-centred love-making. It is the ideal portrait of a man who “if he cannot but admit love, yet makes it keep quarter.” It shews in what way and how far “martial men are given to love. I think it is but as they are given to wine, for perils commonly ask to be paid in pleasures :” a compensation to be duly paid when the business is transacted.

The play of 1 *Henry VI.* contains one wooing incident, but no love. The wooing is by proxy, and the alliance is entirely dictated by State policy. See Act V. sc. v.

There is nothing of the kind in 2 or 3 *Henry VI.*

In *Richard III.* love is very sparingly introduced, almost ignored, and when introduced, most curiously blended with

hatred and repugnance. At the beginning of the play we come upon a fantastic mockery of courtship. The cynical wooer, for reasons connected solely with self-advancement, manages to change the lady's curses into caresses, and then jestingly exclaims,—

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ?

(*Rich. III.* I. ii. 228).

The drama of *Henry VIII.* shews a royal lover, whose many courtships and espousals, so far from interfering with business, are entirely subservient to State considerations. The love of Queen Katherine is found to be inconsistent with the interests of royalty. The Queen, however, refuses to submit her married rights to such control, and urges them upon a spouse, who is determined that they shall not "check with his business," or "trouble his fortunes." Her claims are gently, but effectually put aside.

We see then, that throughout the Historical plays love is *managed*, it never sways. It may be said that the Histories, from the very nature of the case, must show the public side of life, that their one aim is to present past events in a vivid, pictorial way. Consequently, love could not be introduced where the incidents did not supply it. This is only partially true. At any rate it is highly significant that the Shakespearean poet should, to so large an extent, make selection of subjects which accept this limitation. And it is also to be noted, that every constructor of an historical romance feels himself at liberty to embellish and enhance the attraction of historic truth by additional touches derived from his own fancy, and as a rule these invented embellishments consist of love scenes. It is, then, not a little remarkable that Shakespeare takes no pains so to select or record his historic facts, that they may bear the freightage of love episodes, created by himself: he does not find it necessary to

shape the structure of his dramas, as he assuredly might, so as to heighten their interest by the glow and radiance of passion. In most other hands doubtless love passages would have been added, even if the history had to be strained in order to find place for them.

We find, then, that every one of the love incidents in the historic plays might be taken as cases in point, expressly intended to illustrate the philosophy of love, marriage, and business, as expounded in the Baconian "Essays:" a conclusion, I imagine, which few readers would anticipate.

#### LOVE IN THE TRAGEDIES.

7. The Tragedies, as might be expected, give us some excellent pictures of the Romantic side of love. Here, then, we shall perhaps, find the want of harmony between the "Essays" and the "Plays," on which the critics so vauntingly descant. Let us see if this is really the case.

*Troilus and Cressida* is certainly not a love play. The puzzle of it,—if it was written by a theatrical manager for business purposes,—is how such a profound study of moral, social, and political philosophy could have ever been put upon the boards. A love scene is, indeed, the central incident of the plot; but there is a wanton element in it. There is a startling contrast between the exquisite beauty and rapture of the vows, which the lovers utter when they are wooing, and the subsequent infidelity of the lady, who had protested so ardently her eternal constancy. It is an episode in the great drama, and one of weakness and shame. None of the noblest persons in the play have any share in this part of it, nor any love passages of their own. In reading it we are reminded of Bacon's remark, "You may observe that amongst all the great and worthy persons, whereof the memory remaineth, either ancient or modern, there is not one that hath been transported to the mad degree of love: which shews that great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion." This maxim

certainly applies to this play and to all the Shakespearean drama. Another of the maxims which has been already quoted, as to love braving the nature of things by its perpetual hyperbole, is exactly reproduced with added cynicism in the following:—

*Tro.*—O, let my lady apprehend no fear, in all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.*—Nor nothing monstrous either?

*Tro.*—Nothing, but our undertakings: when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tigers: thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstrosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.*—They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able, and yet reserve an ability that they never perform; vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monsters? (*Tro. Cres.* III.ii. 71).

In *Coriolanus* the love element is absent. It is however worthy of remark, that the personal appeal of the women and children of Rome, by which the vengeance of the hero is averted, is spoken by the mother, who has outlived the romance of her young days, not by the wife. Doubtless history required this; but it did not dictate such a striking contrast as that we find between the strength of the widowed mother, and the feebleness, tameness, almost insipidity of the wedded wife. The widow is self-reliant and masterful; the tender, plastic period of her life has passed; while the wife is timid, shrinking, helpless, incapable of action or of cheerfulness without the stimulus of her husband's presence. During his absence she can only sit at home, musing and mooning, and pining and watching for his return.

*Titus Andronicus* is a play of the dramatic's earlier time, written in what Count Vitzthum calls the "Marlowe period" of Bacon's life. And in a play of this period, if

anywhere, one might expect to see love pictured in its romance and fascination. But it is entirely absent. Or, if present at all, its demonic aspect alone is presented: it is associated with those revolting scenes of blood, and horror, and cruelty, and outrage, which make this play as much a puzzle as Bacon himself, or the Baconian theory. The critics would gladly hand it over to Marlowe, and many of them do so.

But in *Romeo and Juliet*: surely romantic and passionate love is here! Yes, truly it is; but it is a consuming passion which blasts and ruins its victims, and spoils them for the practical "business" of life. The perfect and matchless beauty of the picture may well make us oblivious of the latent moral—"This passion hath his floods in the very time of weakness." The play is a commentary on Bacon's aphorism—"In life it doth much mischief, sometimes like a siren, sometimes like a Fury:" both the siren and the Fury appear in the play. The moral is, the fatal consequence of being "transported to the mad degree of love." Friar Lawrence draws the moral:—

These violent delights have violent ends,  
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,  
Which as they kiss consume: the sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite.  
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so;  
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

(*Rom. Jul.* II. vi. 9).

Love is shewn as "one of those bodies which they call *imperfecte mista*, which last not, but are speedily dissolved." ("Life," III. 94). It is full of paradox:—

O heavy lightness! serious vanity!  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms!  
Feather of lead! bright smoke! cold fire! sick health!  
Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is!

(*Ib.* I. i. 184.)

When Romeo's wooing is interrupted by his banishment, he is ready to destroy himself, and well does he deserve

the long lecture on fortitude which Friar Lawrence addresses to him, shewing that the passion which possesses him is essentially a "weak passion." These are the scathing terms, which the judicious priest considers appropriate:—

Art thou a man? thy form cries that thou art :  
 Thy tears are womanish ; thy wild acts denote  
 The unreasonable fury of a beast :  
 Unseemly woman in a seeming man !  
 Or ill beseeming beast in seeming both !  
 Thou hast amazed me : by my holy order  
 I thought thy disposition better temper'd.

(*Rom. Jul.* III. iii. 109).

Fie ! Fie ! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit . . .  
 Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,  
 Digressing from the valour of a man.  
 Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,  
 Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to cherish.  
 Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,  
 Misshapen in the conduct of them both,  
 Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,  
 Is set afire by thine own ignorance,  
 And thou dismember'd with thine own defence.

(*Ib.* III. iii. 122.)

Bacon's indictment against love is accurately reproduced, much augmented and intensified.

In *Timon of Athens*, the only two female characters introduced are the two mistresses of Alcibiades. In the whole play love is absolutely ignored.

In *Julius Cæsar* Portia is an ideal portrait of a "noble wife," a sweet and stately Roman matron, full of devotion to her lord. But Portia complains, in much the same terms as Hotspur's wife, that Brutus carefully shuts her out from all share in his public life. She is kept severely for home use, and may not follow her lord into the halls and marts of civic business. She too tells her husband how she had observed signs of distraction in him:—

And when I asked you what the matter was,

You stared upon me with ungentle looks.

(*Jul. Cæs.* II. i. 241).

The strife between love and business could not be better pictured than in this striking scene between Brutus and Portia.

Brutus is deeply touched by Portia's death, but he hides his emotion, and will not permit even this to weaken him in his public duties.

Julius Cæsar is half persuaded by Calpurnia to absent himself from the Senate House, but the sarcasms of Decius Brutus have more power over him than the terrors and entreaties of his wife.

Portia and Calpurnia are the only two female characters in this noble drama, and their power and place exactly correspond with the limitations which Bacon defines as the proper enclosure for love.

*Antony and Cleopatra* presents us with Bacon's own chosen exception to the rule that—"Great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion. You must except nevertheless Marcus Antonius, the half-partner of the Empire of Rome." The Essay of "Love" is the key which unlocks the meaning of the play. The opening lines bring before us a great spirit mastered and ruined by passion:—

Nay! but this dotage of our General's  
O'erflows the measure: those his goodly eyes  
That o'er the files and musters of the war  
Have glowed like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,  
The office and devotion of their view  
Upon a tawny front.

(*Ant. Cleo.* I. i. 1).

We might quote half the play to illustrate the sentiments and cautions of the Essay. In the whole play Bacon's philosophy is speaking articulately, in concrete stage effects. Bacon writes, "They do best who, if they cannot but admit love, yet make it keep quarter and sever it wholly from their serious affairs and actions of life."



This Antony failed to do, and this accounts for the disaster and ruin, which overtakes the lovers and all who are swayed by them. This is the whole motive and idea of the play. The Essay and the play fit one another as text and pictorial illustrations.

*Macbeth* and *Lear* may be passed over without any other comment than that love is entirely absent : no love instance can be extracted from them. In *Lear* there is some lawless love, no true love.

In *Hamlet* love plays a very subordinate but a very significant part. Hamlet and Ophelia are in love with one another ; she deeply, he sincerely but moderately. He is a "great spirit," and consequently the mad degree of love does not reach him : he can master his passion and make it "keep quarter." The great business to which he has devoted himself is checked by many influences,—by "bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple of thinking too precisely on the event," by his habit of deliberation and procrastination ; but love interposes no obstacle. The very opposite is the case with Ophelia ; love, and its issue in disappointment, overpowers her reason and her will, and leads to the self-slaughter, to which Hamlet also was tempted, but was strong enough to resist. Ophelia's ruin is the result of this "weak passion." The Queen is the text for many of Hamlet's reproaches of womankind : "Frailty, thy name is woman ;" "Brief as woman's tears." And Hamlet's opinions about love are the same as Bacon's, but expressed with even greater frankness and cynicism : "If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool ; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them ;" and we know from the discourse in *Troilus and Cressida* what the poet was thinking of when he spoke of monsters, and how exactly this is reflected in Bacon's Essay.

In *Othello* Bacon's text is almost quoted, and is very vividly illustrated. Both the Siren and the Fury appear, and with the Fury its consequent mischief. Othello's love

is moderate and self-poised : there is no madness in it ; but it is the basis of the jealousy and rage excited by the wily suggestions of Iago. Here is the one "weak" point in his nature, through which he becomes plastic to the "tempering" of his Ancient. In everything else he is unassailable : as a lover he is feeble and flexible, and this it is which brings ruin and death, first to Desdemona, and then to himself. Here again Bacon's philosophy is most accurately reflected. Othello is appointed to high military command just at the time of his marriage, and he will not for a moment permit his duty to the State to be interrupted or damaged by the newly-contracted ties. His resolve is almost textually a reproduction of Bacon's Essay :—

And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
 I will your serious and great business scant  
 For she is with me ; no, when light-winged toys  
 Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
 My speculative and officed instruments,  
 That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
 Let house-wives make a skillet of my helm,  
 And all indign and base adversities,  
 Make head against my estimation !

(*Oth.* I. iii. 266).

And to Desdemona he says :—

Come, Desdemona, I have but an hour  
 Of love, of worldly affairs and direction,  
 To spend with thee : we must obey the time. (*Ib.* 299).

In *Cymbeline* love is not ignored, and it is the only one of the tragedies, in which the sentiments of the Essay of "Love" are not expressly reflected. But even here there is nothing inconsistent with the Essay. The love of Imogen is a perfect picture of womanly affection and constancy : the woman's side is excellently given. But the husband's side is lightly and imperfectly sketched. His heroism, his fortitude, his intellectual power and culture, his trust in his wife's goodness, his agony on finding as he supposes that she is unfaithful, all these are evident : he

appears rarely and fitfully on the scene, and has no very important relation to the action of the drama. The love element in the play is quite subordinate ; the real dramatic business is independent of it.

In *Pericles* love is associated either with romantic adventure or hideous pollution. There is nothing attractive or sacred in it ; it is rather a disturbing than an essential element. It is not omitted, but one could almost wish that it had been.

So far, then, in the ten histories and twelve tragedies, Bacon's view of love is not only never contradicted, but it is uniformly (*Cymbeline* excepted) reflected, and that with singular, and sometimes almost textual accuracy.

Perhaps the comedies will supply us with the contrast, which we are so confidently assured exists, between Bacon's conception of love and Shakespeare's pictures of it. Let us open them and see.

#### LOVE IN THE COMEDIES.

8. The *Tempest* gives us an enchanting picture of the love between Ferdinand and Miranda, and on this incident much of the action of the drama turns. But here love and the work of life are absolutely detached ; and what may be the poet's idea of the relation between them cannot possibly be surmised from the pure fantasy of this exquisite vision.

The *Two Gentlemen of Verona* supplies us with a most genuinely Baconian view of love ; it is represented as a source of weakness and folly, and spoils the votary for the true pursuits of life.

To be in love, where scorn is bought with groans ;  
 Coy looks with heart-sore sighs ; one fading moment's mirth  
 With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights ;  
 If haply won, perhaps a hapless gain ;  
 If lost, why then a grievous labour won ;  
 However but a folly bought with wit,  
 Or else a wit by folly vanquished.  
 . . . . As the most forward bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,  
 Even so by love the young and tender wit  
 Is turned to folly.

And Proteus, as he takes farewell of Valentine, who goes,

To see the wonders of the world abroad,

while he remains "living dully sluggardized at home," thus moralizes,—

He after honour hunts, I after love ;  
 He leaves his friends to dignify them more ;  
 I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.  
 Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,  
 Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,  
 War with good counsel, set the world at nought,  
 Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.\*

(*Two Gent.* I. sc. i. l. 1—69).

Julia's own impressions are not very different :

Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,  
 That like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,  
 Then presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

(*Ib.* I. ii. 57).

The special marks of a lover, enumerated by Speed, are every one of them tokens of weakness, or of unnatural transformation.

"You have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent ; to relish a love-song, like a robin-red-breast ; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ; to sigh, like a schoolboy that hath lost his A.B.C. ; to weep, like a young wench that hath buried her grandam ; to fast, like one that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock ; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions ; when you fasted, it was presently after

\* *En passant*, observe the interesting anticipation of the leading *motif* of Hamlet in the last two lines. The same infirmities, as incident to studious pursuits, are alluded to in Bacon's "Advancement of Learning," I. ii. 1 and 4.

dinner ; when you looked sadly it was for want of money ; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you I can hardly think you my master." (*Ib.* II. i. 18).

The metamorphosis, thus referred to, is the same condition that Bacon describes as "transported to the mad degree of love." The play does not omit to speak of the "blindness," and "folly" of love. And the "perpetual hyperbole" of the lover provokes the exclamation,

Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

(*Ib.* II. iv. 164).

Nothing could possibly match the Essay better than the poetry of this play.

There is little genuine love in the *Merry Wives*. The love-making of Falstaff, although exquisitely comic, is worthy of the verdict he himself pronounces upon it,— "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass." The one genuine love scene is between two of the weakest and most shadowy personages in the drama—Fenton and Ann Page ; and this is evidently intended as a foil to the principal action of the play, in which love is simply a matter of mockery and intrigue. In this play love is a jest,—it is knavery caught in its own snare. Under its influence, Shakespeare's wittiest character becomes contemptible, and "the argument of his own scorn."

*Measure for Measure* has no love scene, properly so-called. The love element is essentially present, but it is also entirely subordinate. For, mark its function,—to create the situations out of which trouble, danger, cowardice, humiliation or disgrace arise to its principal subjects, and dishonour, crime and misgovernment to the ruler, Angelo. Love is throughout a disturbing and enfeebling influence, and the chief business of the play is to extricate its best characters from the embarrassments into which love has plunged them. Here, however, we find, very distinctly expressed, the fact that "great spirits and great business do keep out this weak passion." For the Duke is the most

strong in judgment and sound in heart of any of the characters; he it is who may be taken as the earthly Providence of the piece; he, if any one, is the mouth-piece of the poet himself. The Duke retires from public life, and in his seclusion Friar Thomas suspects that some love sentiment may be the motive for his withdrawal, and for the disguise which he assumes. This idea is very promptly, and even peremptorily, repudiated, and in truly Baconian terms:—

No, holy father, throw away that thought;  
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a complete bosom.

(*Meas. for Meas.* I. iii. 1.)

The Duke is glancing at the law so clearly expounded by Bacon:—"It seems, though rarely, that love can find entrance, not only in an open heart, but in a heart well fortified, if watch be not well kept."

The *Comedy of Errors* is one of the plays from which love is almost entirely excluded. There is a wooing scene, but it is one of the "errors" of the comedy, and the issue of it is wisely expressed by the rejected suitor. The attractions of a fair face may make its victim untrue to his own ends. The fair lady

Hath almost made me traitor to myself;  
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,  
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

(*Com. of Err.* III. ii. 167).

In *Much Ado* love is present, supplying matter for tragedy in Hero's case, and for comedy in Beatrice's. Claudio's is a sentiment, which lightly comes and lightly goes; he only admits it when, on his return from military service, "war thoughts have left their places vacant;" and then he allows his wooing to be done by proxy. The lovers, in all cases, are either the victims or the sport of illusion. The love of Benedict and Beatrice is the outcome of a practical joke, and the success is matter for

mirth. With Hero and Claudio, their love is for a time blasted by a trick, and their resulting misfortune gives occasion for sympathy with that ; but their love is kept in the background ; there are no love passages to show its quality. Benedict expresses the Baconian view of love with amusing frankness :—

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviour to love, will, after that he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love : and such a man is Claudio. . . .

and then he describes the alteration which he sees in Claudio in consequence.

May I be so converted, and see with these eyes ? I cannot tell : I think not. I will not be sworn that love may transform me to an oyster : but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. (*Ib.* II. iii. 7).

*Love's Labour Lost* gives a truly Baconian view of love, as the disturbing element in public life, the foe at once to study and to business. The King and his lords wish to make their Court a little Academe, and devote themselves to study ; they resolve to exclude from their Court all women, so as to run no risk of being ensnared by passion and sentiment. But in spite of their precautions, love finds an entrance, and then of necessity folly comes ; they all try to conceal their passion, and are much abashed when discovered. One after another they are betrayed, and then Biron, the most Baconian of all the speakers, thus comments on the situation :—

O what a scene of foolery have I seen,  
Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow and of teen !  
O me, with what strict patience have I sat,  
To see a king transformed into a gnat !  
To see great Hercules whipping a gig,  
And profound Solomon to tune a jig ;  
And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,  
And critic Timon laugh at idle toys.

(*Ib.* IV. iii. 163).

There is plenty more of this kind of pleasantry, and the same note of folly and confusion is still found, even when the news of the death of the King of France banishes all idle mirth. Still Biron moralises in truly Baconian language :—

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,  
Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,  
Hath much deformed us ; fashioning our humours  
Even to the opposed ends of our intents.

(*Ib.* V. ii. 765.)

Of course, the poet who writes thus might have written—  
“ Love, if it check with business, troubleth men's fortunes,  
and maketh men that they can no ways be true to their  
own ends.”

Therefore, ladies,  
Our love being yours, the error that love makes  
Is likewise yours ; we to ourselves prove false,  
By being once false, for ever to be true  
To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you.

(*Ib.* V. ii. 780.)

Here then is Bacon's most distressing presentation of love, reproduced with cynical frankness in Shakespeare.

In *Midsummer Night's Dream*, again, love is a toy—the sport of imps, summoned or dismissed by charms and magic arts. All the lovers are more or less bewitched—the stateliest of them bestows her blandishments on the head of an ass,—they all surrender their individuality and become puppets, whose strings are pulled by fairies. Here also we see love and madness coupled together, because the subjects of both have “ seething brains,” and “ shaping fantasies,” that apprehend

More than cool reason ever comprehends.

The madman “ sees more devils than vast hell can hold,” while the lovers' delusions, though less infernal are “ all as frantic,” for he “ sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.” The passion of Titania for the clown Bottom is



a parable, and carries its moral. Those who censure Bacon should have something to say about the cynicism of the poet who allows Titania to give her heart to Bottom.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is full of Baconian sentiments about love. Can anything be more typical than the following. Bottom speaks to Titania:—

Reason and love keep little company now-a-days : the more the pity that some honest neighbours will not make them friends.

(*M. N. D.* III. i. 146.)

On this play Professor Brandes makes the following significant comment—"It is a lightly flowing, sportive, lyrical fantasy, dealing with love as a dream, a fever, an allusion, an infatuation, and making merry especially with the irrational nature of the instinct. . . . Shakespeare is far from regarding love as an expression of human reason. Throughout his works, indeed, it is only by way of exception that he makes reason the determining factor in human conduct. The germs of a whole philosophy of life are latent in the wayward love scenes of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*." And it is not a little obvious to add that this philosophy of life is the philosophy of Bacon's Essay.

The *Merchant of Venice* contains some of the most exquisite love scenes ever invented. But even here, love is not the main, nor the most attractive business of the play, and the entrance into love is either blind or wilful, and in all cases quite unheroic. Portia's choice in love is determined by lottery. Nerissa's is a shadow of Portia's; Jessica's is a runaway match, in which there is a good deal of calculated self-seeking; her love makes her a rebellious and undutiful child, an apostate to her faith, and a pilferer. Here also

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit.

(*Mer. of Ven.* II. vi. 36.)

And the lady, Portia, whose love is the most pure and

exalted, does not forget how nearly allied are love and weakness, especially if love is ardent, and does not "keep quarter :"—

O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,  
In measure rein thy joy ; scant this excess ;  
I feel too much thy blessing ; make it less  
For fear I surfeit.

(*Ib.* III. ii. III.)

The love scenes in *As You Like It* are exquisite pictures of either rustic simplicity or Arcadian sport. The rustic lovers, "natives of the place," do not show love in any ennobling light. The maiden is cruel and scornful ; the swain is abject and pitiful,—but the love is on the abject and pitiful side. The courtly lovers, who woe in the forest, present love as a comedy ; the lady masquerading as a boy, and playing with the weakness of her lover, who was quite willing to be manipulated as a marionette, if he may thus indulge his fancy. Touchstone's love is absolutely unreal and fantastic. All the love incidents illustrate the sentiment which is the keynote of all this part of the drama.

How many actions most ridiculous  
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy :

which Touchstone repeats in other phrasing :—

We that are true lovers run into strange capers : but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

And Rosalind, hearing such a slander on her own condition, is yet forced to admit that there is some truth in the impeachment,—

Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of. (See II. iv. 26—60.)

This play is exceptionally affluent in descriptions of the manner, and behaviour, and appearance of lovers. The characteristic signs are thus described :—

A lean cheek, a blue eye and sunken ; an unquestionable spirit

[*i.e.*, unsociable, not inclined to talk], a beard neglected ; ungartered hose ; the shoe untied ; and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation.  
(*As You Like It*, III. ii. 392)

“Love is merely a madness,” and deserves its ordinary treatment, *viz.*, a dark house and a whip. Rosalind describes the sort of behaviour she put on when she was acting the part of a lover :—

At which time would I, being a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything, . . . would now like him, now loathe him, then entertain him, then forswear him, now weep for him, then spit at him, that I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love to a living humour of madness. (*Ib.* III. ii. 420).

Nothing can be more exquisitely pictured ; every scene is enchanting, but it is folly, weakness, self-immolation that is depicted in the love passages of this delicious framework of Arcadian romance and simplicity. As in the “Dream,” the natural comment of the sportive outsider is, “Lord, what fools these mortals be.”

In the *Taming of the Shrew* there is no real love making. All the wooing is based on self-interest, none on genuine attraction. There is much wooing and some marrying, but no love. The only serious moral is that spoken by Katherine, after she is tamed :—

Now I see our lances are but straws,  
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare.  
(*Tam. of Shrew* V. ii. 173).

In *All's Well*, no male character submits to the assault of the tender passion, except in gross forms. Bertram resists its approach, and treats it with scorn. Helena's love is strong and faithful, but folly and weakness attend it. Her love is given to an inaccessible and unresponsive idol,

I know I love in vain, strive against hope :  
Yet in this captious and intenable sieve

I still pour in the waters of my love.

(*All's Well* I. iii. 207).

She is content to bring her husband to her arms by a loathsome trick, pandering to his vices, and winning him in spite of himself. . The play is full of love ; but, with the doubtful exception of Helena, the ennobling, invigorating side of love is entirely absent.

*Twelfth Night* shows us a royal suitor making futile love by proxy, and at last content to wed, not the lady of his choice, but the maiden who had fallen into presumably hopeless love with him, whom he had employed as a page, and known only in this disguise. A similar game of cross-purposes unites Olivia and Sebastian, neither of whom loved the other, but made their love contract under an illusion of mistaken identity. Love in Viola is most attractive, full of poetry and charm, and she is the only one whose passion is naturally requited. In all the other cases the love passages are fantastic and irrational, and are patched and mended by the evolution of fortunate blunders. Even here the Baconian estimate of love is not omitted. The Duke says to Viola, his supposed page-boy:—

Come hither, boy : if ever thou shalt love,  
 In the sweet pangs of it, remember me.  
 For such as I am, all true lovers are,—  
 Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,  
 Save in the constant image of the creature  
 That is below'd.

(*Twelfth Night* II. iv. 14).

But of all the plays (except *Othello* and *Antony and Cleopatra*), it is in the *Winter's Tale* that we find Bacon's philosophy of love and business embodied in the most striking dramatic effects. Prince Florizel is a typical instance of the "mad degree of love": his passion "checks with business," and makes him "untrue to his own ends." That he may possess Perdita, whom he only knows as a low-born peasant girl, he is ready to give up his princely birthright, surrender his succession to the crown, brave

the anger of his father, and bring danger not only on himself, but on the maiden of his choice and all her supposed relations. Nothing can be more reckless and irrational than his love vows:—

Or I'll be thine, my fair,  
Or not my father's. For I cannot be  
Mine own, nor anything to any, if  
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,  
Though destiny say, No !

(*Ib.* IV. iv. 42).

In reply to his father's threats he exclaims:—

From my succession wipe me, father, I  
Am heir to my affection.

*Camillo.*—Be advised !

*Flor.*—I am, and by my fancy : if my reason  
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason ;  
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,  
Do bid it welcome

(*Ib.* 491).

Here is clearly an example illustrating Bacon's keen remark : "He that preferred Helena, quitted the gifts of Juno and Pallas : for whoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and honour." The fantastic apology for the wooing of a peasant by a prince, presents us with a very Baconian picture of love and its precedents of folly:—

Apprehend  
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,  
Humbling their deities to love, have taken  
The shapes of beasts upon them. Jupiter  
Became a bull, and bellow'd ; the green Neptune  
A ram, and bleated : and the fire-robed god,  
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,  
As I seem now.

(*Ib.* IV. iv. 24).

So then we find Shakespeare comparing his lovers to such curious cattle as divinities transformed to bellowing bulls,

or bleating rams, or humble swains. Bacon could not belittle them more effectually.

#### LOVE ALWAYS SUBORDINATE IN SHAKESPEARE.

9. This hasty glance over the entire Shakespearean drama fully confirms the opinion of many critics, that in Shakespeare, more than in any other dramatist, love and passion are subordinate ; they are rarely, if ever, the leading motive of the play. And they bring before us the unexpected conclusion that what is condemned as cynical or hard in Bacon is reflected with singular exactness in nearly all the Shakespearean plays,—in many cases with almost verbal accuracy. Evidently the poet was not primarily occupied with rhapsodies of sentiment or passion : his chief aim is to embody in life-like forms the deepest results of his moral, social and political studies. In this respect the Poet and the Essayist are absolutely alike. Shakespeare, like Bacon, is an ethical teacher, a moralist, a philosopher, a statesman, devoted to the largest issues of public life,—full of world-embracing, statesmanlike wisdom, familiar with all sides of Court life and politics,—and to these aims all his music, his rhetoric, his fancy are subordinated. So much is this the case, that about half of his plays are never put on the boards, and probably were never intended for the theatre, being quite unsuitable for scenic effect. It is surely a most significant fact, that the greatest of all dramatists has written so large a proportion of plays which must be valued, not for their scenic merits, but for quite other reasons. *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Timon*, for instance, could not have been written by a stage manager, making copy for his boards, looking chiefly, or in any way, at the market value of his poetical inventions. Even *Hamlet*, attractive as it is, if it were produced without abridgment, would be intolerable. Shakespeare was evidently more a philosophical teacher than a caterer for popular amusement. If he had been, he would have used love and passion, with its romance, much more freely, and

made them much more prominent. We should not find that in about thirteen of the thirty-seven plays love is almost or entirely absent, and that in all the rest Bacon's view of love is clearly reflected. If we run over the list, and pick out those plays which are more or less suitable for the stage, and are actually produced, we shall find that only about twenty out of the thirty-seven still hold the boards, and of these, seven or eight are rarely given, even by Shakespeare societies, which often select for representation those plays which are never produced under professional auspices. The plays which one has a chance of seeing on the boards are *Henry IV.* (rarely), *Henry V.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Coriolanus*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Macbeth*, *Tempest*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Othello*. *Merry Wives*, *Much Ado*, *Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Twelfth Night*, *Winter's Tale*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. Of these, only in the last five is love very prominent. In the rest we go to the theatre to laugh at or with Falstaff, to see Hotspur's high-bred impetuosity, the moral contrasts of Prince Hal, the audacity of Richard's villainy, the sorrows and visions of Queen Catherine, the grandeur and abasement of Wolsey, the patrician pride and insolence of Coriolanus, the eloquence of Mark Antony, the headlong career of Macbeth, the enchantments of Prospero, the musings of Hamlet, the agony of Lear, the devilry of Iago, the torture of Othello and Desdemona, the merry raillery of Benedict and Beatrice, the bucolic dignity of Dogberry, the ferocity of Shylock, the fascination of Portia and her pretty impersonation of bad law and poetic justice, the cynical moralizing of Jacques, the jests of Touchstone, the wit and tenderness of Rosalind, and so forth. Almost invariably love keeps quarter, it retires into the background, and the main business of the play is independent of it. This is exactly what might be expected from the poet-philosopher, who declares that love limits the range of mortal vision, and is "a very narrow contemplation" (*Antitheta* 36), and yet can, *per contra*, say

also, "There is nothing that better regulates the mind than the authority of some powerful passion."

#### LOVE IN THE MINOR POEMS.

10. The Minor Poems tell the same story. *Lucrece* is a commentary on Bacon's aphorism, "Martial men are given to love," taking its pleasures as payment for perils; for Lucrece, in her eloquent pleadings with Tarquin, flings at him the reproach,—

A martial man to be soft fancy's slave !

(*Lucrece* I. 200).

and the whole poem, in its various phases and sections, illustrates Bacon's wise summary of the whole of his essay:—"Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth it." Collatine, Brutus, and Tarquin represent these three types, and Lucrece herself touches all these aspects of love.

*Venus and Adonis* is full of exquisite pictures of passion and love conflict; but they are assuredly not charged with any lofty ideal or exalted morality,—the sentiment of love is presented romantically, but not with any high and ennobling features. The real moral of the poem is to be found in the closing stanzas, in which the Baconian view of love is again reproduced with almost audacious frankness. The goddess, in her grief at the death of Adonis, breaks out into melancholy moralizing and poetic prophecy: it is worth while quoting the lines as a specimen of what Vernon Lee calls "Baconian thoughts in Baconian language:—

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 unsavoury 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'erstrawed  
 With sweet, 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 where 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.

#### LOVE LYRICS.

If we turn to the remaining poems, we find the same pictures of love blended with folly or disaster. This is the theme of the *Lover's Complaint* and of the little poem, "Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good." But to find out all the lyrical utterances of the Shakespearean poet we must search the Elizabethan Song Books. There is a large collection of these in "England's Helicon." I have not the least doubt that this collection was made by Bacon ; his royal and antithetic style is unmistakable in the prose dedications and prefaces ; and his Shakespeare mantle is spread over quite a large number of the poems. All the twenty-five lyrics signed "Ignoto ;" the seven

signed "Shepherd Tony;" probably those signed S.E.D., A.W., and H.S. are Shakespearean. It would be foreign to my present topic to pursue this subject further; I venture, however, to commend them to all who delight in the lyric music and matchless English of Shakespeare. The collection is indeed priceless. I will quote one to shew how Bacon's and Shakespeare's picture of love—its association with folly and disaster—is reproduced in these poems. It is called *An Invective against Love*. The exquisitely articulated structure of the poem, the perpetual antithesis, the metaphors and sentiments most characteristic of Shakespeare, the rich and abundant thought, the crystalline clearness and felicity of every phrase, point unmistakably to the true author: as Mr. Gerald Massey found in another typical instance (See 2nd Edition of his book on the Sonnets, p. 459; but see fuller comments in the 1st Edition, p. 465). The poem now to be quoted is attributed to "Ignoto" in the Prefatory Table: but in Davidson's "Rhapsody" it is attributed to A.W. (Bullen). Evidently the authorship is a very open question. The metre is the same as that of *Venus and Adonis*, and the versification resembles that poem in quite a remarkable way.

All is not gold that shineth bright in show;  
 Nor 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 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 judgment reaves,  
 And makes thee trust a false and feignèd look :  
     But as the hook the foolish fish doth kill,  
     So flattering looks the lover's life doth spill.

#### CONCLUSIONS.

12. To sum up: after producing the evidence, I conclude that the objection to the Baconian theory derived from Bacon's treatment of love, is not only not sustained by detailed examination, but the logical bearing of the comparison is exactly the reverse of that which is claimed for it. The Shakespearean view of love, so far from conflicting with the Baconian, is curiously, and most significantly identical with it. So remarkably is this the case, that the parallel between them adds new force to our contention that Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare. It is admitted that Bacon's treatment of love is something startling and unexpected, something which, in some respects, even his admirers would wish a little softened or modified, or at least qualified by contrasting lights or supplementary considerations. Perhaps no one can accept it without some distaste and resistance. Love is so enthroned in our hearts' belief—and is, in fact, so essentially Divine in its nature and origin—that we are unprepared for the relentless judgment which forbids its

intrusion into public life, and requires of it to keep rigorous quarter in the seclusion of privacy. Yet this view is textually reproduced in Shakespeare. The poetry, when it is translated into didactic forms, teaches precisely the same lessons as the prose.

#### THE ÆTHIOPE.

13. As an additional confirmation of the identity of the two we may point to a passage in the "New Atlantis," where the Spirit of Fornication "appeared as a little foul ugly Æthiope." In no other sense is this word ever used in Shakespeare. Proteus, when he is tired of Julia, and has transferred his passion to Sylvia, says,

And Sylvia, witness heaven that made her fair,  
Shows Julia but a swarthy *Ethiope*.  
(*Two Gent.* II. vi. 25.)

Rosalind in her gay mockery of a rustic love letter speaks of—

Æthiope words, blacker in their effect  
Than in their countenance.  
(*As You Like It* IV. iii. 35.)

In "Much Ado," Claudio expresses his willingness to marry Antonio's daughter, to replace Hero, supposed to be dead: and he thus expresses his resolve—

I'll hold my mind were she an *Æthiope*.  
(*Ib.* V. iv. 38.)

and Lysander spurns Hermia with the words,

Away! you *Æthiope*.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream* III. ii. 257.

Scorn and disgust for some hated woman is the invariable application of this word in Shakespeare—as in the "New Atlantis."

## LOVE ENGENDERED IN THE EYE.

14. It is not a little curious that Shakespeare very often speaks of fancy, or love, as "engendered in the eyes, with gazing fed." (*Mer. Ven.* III. ii. 67). This is not a mere poetic fancy, it is stated by Bacon as a scientific fact. "The affections no doubt do make the spirits more powerful and active; and especially those affections which draw the spirits into the eyes; which are two, love and envy, which is called *oculus malus* . . . and this is observed likewise, that the aspects that procure love, are not gazings, but sudden glances and dartings of the eye." (*Syl. Syl.*, 94). This shows us that the phrase quoted from the *Merchant of Venice* means that love is not only engendered by gazing, but fed by it after it has been engendered by a flash from the eye. This theory is expounded, with much amplification and abundant citation of classic authorities, in Burton's "Anatomy" (III. ii. 2, 2). The same psychologic theory is implied in Olivia's self-analysis of the sudden impulse by which her love to Viola has arisen:—

Even so quickly may we catch the plague !  
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections  
With an invisible and subtle stealth  
To creep in at mine eyes.

(*Twelfth Night* I. v, 314.)

So Cymbeline, conceiving a sudden attachment to the disguised Imogen, says,—

Boy,  
Thou hast looked thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.

(*Cymb.* V. v. 93).

The two notes of sudden creation, and the origin in the eye are to be observed in all these passages, as in the *Syl. Syl.* The same idea is implied when Antipholus of Syracuse, professing himself in love, "not made, but mated," is told by Luciana,

It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

(*Com. Er.* III. ii. 55).

The "affections which draw the spirits into the eyes" are described in detail, in *Love's L. Lost* II. i. 234—247:—

All his behaviours did make their retire  
 To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire ;  
 His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,  
 Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd ;  
 His tongue, all impatient to speak, and not see,  
 Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be :  
 All senses to that sense did make their repair  
 To feel only looking on fairest of fair.  
 Methinks all his senses were lock'd in his eye,  
 As jewels in crystal, for some prince to buy.

The same idea is expressed by Juliet:—

I'll look to love, if looking liking move ;  
 But no more deep will I endart mine eye  
 Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

(*Rom. Jul.* I. iii. 97).

Mr. Neil's note on this passage is as follows: "In the Nichomachean Ethics, Book IX., chapter x., Aristotle says that, 'Good will is conceived instantaneously,' that 'Good will is the prelude to friendship exactly as the pleasure of the eye is the prelude to love,' and Shakespeare has put this opinion into verse when he says of Fancy, as love,

It is engendered in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed. (*Mer. Ven.* III. ii. 67).

This agrees with Plato's suggestion in the *Cratylus*, that "ἔρως love, is derived from εἰσρέειν, streaming into, or influx." Here is another instance in which the poet, with his "small Latin and less Greek," shews intimate acquaintance with some of the most subtle and recondite teachings of Plato and Aristotle.

All these passages, with many others, clearly echo Bacon's *Promius* Note (1137), equally applicable to poetry and philosophy. "The eye is the gate of the affection,

but the ear of the understanding," *i.e.*, when any affection takes possession of the spirit, it enters into possession by the avenue of the eye. It is a very subtle notion. Both in the scientific statement and in the poetry love is said to spring from the eye, not merely of the object, but of the subject. Burton says that "Balthazar Castilio calls the eyes . . . the lamps of love," so that in the words of Troilus we may detect the Baconian theory of love, and put a more definite interpretation upon them:—

To feed for aye her lamps and flames of love.

(*Tro. Cres.* III. ii. 167).

These lamps and flames are the eyes, which are to be fed by gazing on the appropriate object.

Marlowe's Hero and Leander gives expression to the same philosophy. Hero is at the altar of Venus:—

There Hero, sacrificing turtles' blood,  
Vailed to the ground, veiling her eyelids close;  
And modestly they opened as she rose:  
Thence flew love's arrow, with the golden head,  
And thus Leander was enamoured.

(*Hero and Leander* I. 158).

The eye thus both gives and receives the dart.

#### FOLLY AND LOVE CONNECTED GENERALLY.

15. As a corollary to this discussion of Bacon's Essay of "Love" it is important to observe that his view of love as essentially blended with folly is but part of a larger philosophy, in which the same conjunction of folly with all strong emotion or enthusiasm is assumed as a metaphysical axiom, a law of psychology. That love in all its departments is blind is a maxim constantly applied, both in the poetry and the prose. The detailed interpretation of the classical attributes of Cupid in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and elsewhere, might add another chapter to Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients." And it is evident,

that what is said of love, may be said of rapture generally. Helena speaks :—

He will not know what all but he do know :  
 And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,  
 So I, admiring of his qualities.  
 Things base and vile, holding no quantity,  
 Love can transpose to form and dignity.  
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,  
 And therefore is wing'd Cupid painted blind.  
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste,  
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste.  
 And therefore is Love said to be a child,  
 Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.  
 As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,  
 So the boy love is perjured everywhere.

(*Midsummer Night's Dream* I. i. 229).

Now Bacon links love and folly in a very extensive way, and very curiously. In the *Promus* we find this singular bit of antique French, "*Un amoureux fait toujours quelque folage*" (1532)—meaning, I presume, one who is in love is always doing something ridiculous. And Bacon, with his wonted habit of giving a large amplification and application to particulars, symbolic or didactic, applies this principle to the love which is expressed by any kind of enthusiasm. Thus he finds in this maxim a fantastic apology for his eagerness in giving advice when it was not asked: He sends his counsels and suggestions, he hopes, "without committing any absurdity :"—"But if it seem any error for me thus to intromit myself, I pray your Lordship believe that I ever loved her Majesty and State, and now love yourself: *and there is never any vehement love without some absurdity*; as the Spaniard well saith, *Desuario con la calentura*" ("Life," III. 46).

Later in life he makes the same apology to the Prince when he sent to him his "Considerations touching a War with Spain":—"Hoping that at least you will discern the strength of my affection through the weakness of my abilities. For the Spaniard hath a good proverb, *Desuario*.



*siempre con la calentura* : there is no heat of affection but is joined with some idleness of brain " (*Ib.* VII. 470).

And in his discourse, addressed to the King, on plantation in Ireland (January 1st, 1608-9), he hopes that his Majesty " will through the weakness of my ability discern the strength of my affection " (*Ib.* IV. 117).

The same sentiment is connected with the proverb *Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur*. Bacon in his prose nowhere quotes this proverb completely, only partially. But when it is translated into Shakespearean verse, it is given entire :—

But you are wise ;  
Or else you love not ; for to be wise and love  
Exceeds man's might ; that dwells with gods above.  
(*Tro. Cres.* III. ii. 162).

In the Essay of " Love," it is thus quoted : " And therefore it was well said that *it is impossible to love and be wise.*" In " Burton's Anatomy " it is quoted in full, "*Amare et sapere ipsi Jovi non conceditur*, as Seneca holds " (Part III. ii. 3). In the last sentence of the Statesman's speech in Bacon's " Device " it is thus imperfectly produced :—" So that I conclude I have traced him the way to that which hath been granted to some few, *amare et sapere*, to love and be wise " (" Life," I. 383).

Thus not only love but all high emotion is more or less detached from wisdom. Rapture and reason belong to different types of nature and different departments of conduct or action.

From all these passages we may infer that what, in Bacon's view, is foolish in some respects, may yet be very interesting, and associated even with wisdom in counsel and action; and that however much he may dwell upon the folly and un wisdom of lovers, he can at the same time admire the beauty, sincerity, depth, and fervour of the passion, and even find in the expression of it something both " comely " and useful.

It is true that the folly of lovers has been a shaft for the

wits of all ages; but there is this difference between Bacon's wit and that which is current in the jests of other men. Other jesters note the folly, and only laugh at it, they do not reason upon it. With Bacon it is generalized, and finds its proper place in the philosophy of human nature: he takes its measure, and traces its ramifications in other departments of action, besides wooing. So also in Shakespeare, the folly of lovers is not merely an occasion for fun and quizzing; it is an ascertained settled fact, to be reckoned with in any large portraiture of human nature and its activities. Under all the toying and laughter, it is easy to see that the poet had a grounded and reasoned opinion that love is always associated with some sort of weakness and folly, and yet that with all this it is excellently fair and attractive. Thus the folly and the beauty are blended; he does not jest in one mood and admire in another; one occasion evokes both sentiments, and in his laughter there is no scorn. As he finds wisdom and folly united in actual life, he has no hesitation in presenting the same blend in his art, which he has found in his philosophy.

## CHAPTER X.

## PHILOSOPHICAL MAXIMS.

## I. — MINES AND FORGES.

THE business of the philosopher, according to Bacon's view, may be divided into two departments—the one devoted to research, the other to refining, or working up material into fabric—in his picturesque language, digging in the mine, or working at the forge. The digger in the mine is called the Pioner, or, as we write it, pioneer. In the military language of his time, the soldier who digs under ground, the sapper or miner, is the pioner. This pioner stands in his mind as the symbol of the enquirer into truth. Early in life he was impressed with a saying of Democritus, that *Truth did lie in deep pits*; and in his failure to obtain occupation in the service of the State, he told his uncle, Lord Burghley, that he had almost resolved to “give over all care of service, and become some sorry book-maker, or a true pioner in that mine of truth which Democritus said lay so deep” (“Life,” I. 109). The pioner is therefore, in Bacon's eyes, one who is working underground, digging for treasure, or—extending the significance of the word by analogy—it may be digging for treason or warfare; for the process of mining may be applied to undermining. To these several uses the word is applied by Bacon at different periods of his life. Thus in the year 1592, in his “Observations on a Libel,” he writes:—“Nay, even at this instant, in the kingdom of Spain, notwithstanding the pioners do still work in the Spanish mines, the Jesuits must play the pioner and mine

into the Spaniards' purses, and, under colour of a ghostly exhortation, contrive the greatest exaction that ever was in any realm." In his speech, or charge, against Owen, he speaks of "Priests here, . . . which be so many pioners to undermine the State." In March, 1622, after his fall, he offers service to the King, saying, "I shall be glad to be a labourer, a pioner in your service."

In the "History of Henry VII.," Bacon, speaking of the imperfect information available in reference to the Sinnell plot, adds:—"We shall make our judgment upon the things themselves, as they give light to one another, and, as we can, dig truth out of the mine." And, describing the King's treatment of Perkin Warbeck's conspiracy, and the spies and enquirers he employed, he tells us:—"Others he employed in a more special nature and trust, to be his pioners in the main countermine." And, in a passage which we shall immediately shew to have a curious affinity with Shakespearean usage, he says that Henry employed secret spials, because "he had such *moles* perpetually working and casting to undermine him." Also, Bacon says of Richard III. :—"Even in the time of King Edward, his brother, he was not without secret trains and mines to turn envy and hatred upon his brother's government." And, after describing some of the precautions taken by Henry against Perkin Warbeck's conspiracy, he adds: "But for the rest, he chose to work by countermine."

We find that Bacon made an entry in his *Promus* (1395), "Pioner in the mine of truth," as a hint worth remembering and storing as a help for invention; and we shall find that in this case, as in so many others, the purpose of the entry is partly explained by its reflection in Shakespeare.

The word pioner, in its original, military use, is found in *Henry V.* The scene is at Harfleur and the siege is being prosecuted by help of mining operations. Gower asks, "How now, Captain Macmorris, have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?" (III. ii. 91). And the same

sense is found in *Othello* III. iii. 345. "The general camp pionsers and all" the miners and pionsers being the soldiers of least estimation, to whom the hardest manual toil was assigned.

The saying of Democritus must have been in the poet's mind, when he makes Polonius, eagerly volunteering service to the King, say, "I will find where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed within the centre." (*Ham.* II. ii. 157). And as Bacon calls these pionsers and spies, *moles*, so the same figure is used by Shakespeare. The ghost has been seconding Hamlet's wish that the events of that night should be kept secret. "Swear!" he says from below the ground: and again "Swear!" after they had shifted their places; on which Hamlet, his excitement making him almost hysterical, half laughing, half weeping, exclaims,

Well said *old Mole*, can'st work i' the earth so fast?  
A worthy pionser!

(*Ham.* I. v. 162).

These words occur in the early Quarto of 1604.

Bacon's division of philosophers into those who dig and those who refine, is very clearly reflected in one remarkable instance. First, let us see how Bacon himself expresses this distinction. In the 2nd Book of the "Advancement," we find the following:—

"If then it be true that Democritus said, *That the truth of nature lieth hid in certain deep mines and caves*; and if it be true likewise that the Alchemists do so much inculcate, that Vulcan is a second nature, and imitateth that dexterously and compendiously which nature worketh by ambages and length of time; it were good to divide natural philosophy into the mine and the furnace, and to make two professions of natural philosophers, some to be pionsers, and some smiths; some to dig, and some to refine and hammer." (*Works* III. 351).

Now when Dramatic art, ignoring the unities, brings on the stage a kingdom, a battle between countless combatants,

or events that take years for their accomplishment—"Jumping o'er times, turning the accomplishment of many years into and hour-glass" (*Hen. V. I. Prol.*)—the poet does that which Vulcan is represented as doing,—he "imitates dexterously and compendiously that which nature worketh by ambages and length of time," his mind is the forge in which this fabric is wrought. And this conception of dramatic art is clearly expressed in the Prologue to the 5th Act of *Henry V.*

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them : and, of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse  
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented.

These lines express clearly the idea of Dramatic Art as overcoming the ambages of time and experience. And that this was actually in the poet's mind becomes perfectly clear in the subsequent repetition of the same sentiment:—

But now behold  
In the quick forge and working house of thought,  
How London doth pour out her citizens, &c.

This exactly corresponds to another statement of the same philosophical axiom:—"It is the duty and virtue of all knowledge to abridge the circuits and long ways of experience (as much as truth will permit) and to remedy the ancient complaint that *life is short and art is long.*" (*De Aug. III. iv.*)

Here then, we find Bacon's forge in Shakespeare long before it was published in the "Advancement." The forge re-appears frequently in both groups of writings. Bacon speaks of the "Wits of men, which are the shops wherein all actions are forged," and of the sanctuaries, where criminals found shelter as "the forges of all his troubles." In the poems we find "Come! to the forge with it then; shape it; I would not have things cool."

(*Mer. W.* IV. ii.) (last speech). "I should forge quarrels unjust against the good and loyal; destroying them for wealth." (*Macb.* IV. iii. 81); and in other places.

## 2.—MIRACLES AND MISERY.

Bacon's Essay of "Adversity" was not published till the last complete edition of the Essays appeared in 1625. It is one most often quoted as a specimen of his richest and most poetic style. Macaulay uses it to justify his criticism that Bacon's poetic fancies became more ample and exuberant as he grew older. The following passage occurs in it:—"Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity:"—a short sentence, but one full of condensed wisdom. Notice in it two things:—

1. Bacon's definition of a miracle: the command over nature.

2. Bacon's philosophy of adversity:—it gives opportunity for such self-denial and self-control as are equivalent to miracle, by the command over nature thus displayed.

Here we find the philosophical or abstract sentiment. For a concrete illustration of the same we may turn to *King Lear*. In the second scene of the second act, Kent appears before Gloster's Castle. It is night. He has beaten the steward who had been insolent to the King. Regan and Cornwall appear. They overpower him, and put him in the stocks, and leave him there for the night. He is, now, in the deepest pit of adversity; far from his friends; in the power of his enemies, who are likely to torture or kill him as soon as morning comes, and he is taken out of the stocks. The situation would seem to justify the most utter despondency. But Kent rises above the situation. He had before said to the steward: "Though it be night, yet the moon shines;" and now by its light, which he calmly salutes as "*comfortable beams*," he reads a letter. He is astonished at his own almost

miraculous composure, and soon after falls asleep. It is a miracle of command over nature. And so he regards it, for he meditatively exclaims,—

“Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery.” (Lear II. ii. 172).

Showing that (1) Bacon’s definition of a miracle and (2) Bacon’s philosophy of adversity, were both in his mind, although he does not expressly formulate them. The sentence as it stands is sybilline, and somewhat obscure. We cannot find a complete clue to Kent’s meaning till we bring Bacon’s Essay to help out the significance of it. And the reflection is so subtle and original that it must have come from the same mind that wrote the Essay; which, observe, was published 17 years after the Quarto edition of the play, and nine years after Shakspeare’s death.

But this does not complete the curious significance of this passage. *King Lear* was published in Quarto in 1608. In the early editions the same passage occurs, but in such a mutilated form that no conjecture, however sagacious, could ever have extracted the right reading from words which, even when amended, are rather enigmatical. The Quartos have,—

“ Nothing almost sees *my wracke*  
But misery.”

This is almost nonsense. If “my wracke” is taken as the nominative to the verb *sees* in an inverted sentence—*my wrecked state sees only misery before it*—this is exactly what Kent does *not* wish to express. For his whole behaviour, his sense of the “comfortable” quality of the moonlight, his reading the letter by its imperfect light, and then going to sleep, shows that his mind is *not* occupied by his misery, but by the strange faculty of ignoring it which possesses him. *My wracke* is evidently a corruption of *miracle*. Who but the author could have supplied the emendation? At no time could a transcen-



dentalism of this character—a piece of mystic philosophy—have been “floating in the air.”

It must be noted that different copies of the Quartos vary, and in one the words *my wracke* are printed as *my rackles*. This approximation to the true reading is, I believe, only found in one copy, which is in the Bodleian Library. All the rest have *my wracke*.

The ready explanation of this will be that the Quarto was a surreptitious copy obtained from a shorthand writer's notes, and that the 1623 folio was printed from the author's own MS. Those who can be satisfied with this account of the genesis of the Quarto are welcome to their theory. To me it appears in the highest degree artificial and improbable. We know, however, from the peculiarities of the Northumberland House MS. that Bacon was in the habit of dictating to an amanuensis. It is certainly possible that *Lear* was so dictated for the 4to. edition. The mechanical clerk heard the word *miracle*, and did not rightly catch the word. The error was not detected, and remained uncorrected till the 1623 edition was published.

The interpretation of this passage, which is suggested by the passage from Bacon's Essay, will, I think, commend itself to every thoughtful reader. It is obviously right. But it is not the interpretation which commentators have suggested. One of them paraphrases the passage thus:—“It is only when things are at their worst that Providence interposes with a miracle;” a far more commonplace sentiment, and one also which does not exactly fit the words. For there is in them a profound reference to the *vision* which adversity sees, and which remains as a secret for itself. The rescue by miracle would be seen by others: the miracle here referred to is seen only by the subject of it.

It is worth remark that the same definition of a miracle is found in the Essay on the “Vicissitude of Things,” published in 1625, “For Martyrdoms I reckon them among miracles, because they seem to exceed the strength of human nature.”

## 3.—SUNSHINE EVERYWHERE.

One of Bacon's frequently recurring aphorisms is that sunshine penetrates even dunghills and *cloacæ*, and yet is not thereby defiled. So must it be with science and philosophy: its beams must visit the foulest as well as the most fragrant places, yet it still retains its purity, and the knowledge so gained ranks in value with other knowledge. For the sentiment has two aspects or facets: that relating to the study of evil or polluted things; and that relating to the knowledge so derived.

Thus, in the *Novum Organum* I. 120, Bacon vindicates for science the right, even the duty, to investigate even filthy things:—

“And for things that are mean, or even filthy, things which (as Pliny says) must be introduced with an apology, such things, no less than the most splendid and costly, must be admitted into natural history. Nor is natural history polluted thereby, for the sun enters the sewer no less than the palace, yet takes no pollution. . . . Whatever deserves to exist deserves also to be known, for knowledge is the image of existence; and things mean and splendid exist alike. Moreover, as from certain putrid substances—musk for instance and civet—the sweetest odours are sometimes generated, so too from mean and sordid instances there sometimes emanates excellent light and information. But enough, and more than enough of this: such fastidiousness being merely childish and effeminate.”

The other side of this sentiment refers to the necessity for those who enter into human affairs to know the evil arts of bad men, as well as the pure arts of good men. In the third of the *Meditationes Sacræ* this rule is well expounded, as follows:—

“For men of corrupt understanding, that have lost all sound discerning of good and evil, come possessed with this prejudicate opinion, that they think all honesty and

goodness proceedeth out of a simplicity of manners, and a kind of want of experience and unacquaintance with the affairs of the world." Therefore he infers that those who aspire to "a fructifying and begetting goodness, which should draw on others," should know the "deeps of Satan,"—should be wise as serpents and harmless as doves. "There are neither teeth nor stings, nor venom, nor wreaths and folds of serpents, which ought not to be all known, and, as far as examination doth lead, tried. Neither let any man here fear infection or pollution: for the sun entereth into sinks and is not defiled."

Bacon very frequently enforces the same axiom, and it is usually illustrated by the universality of sunshine, which is equally pure, whether it lights on sweetness or on carrion.

Bacon's illustration of the sweet scent called civet being derived from the mephitic civet cat, is echoed in Shakespeare. Lear in his madness exclaims, "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." (*Lear* IV. vi. 131). And the King in his earlier and more sane mood had said: "Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume." (*Ib.* III. iv. 108). And with a similar reference Touchstone says: "Civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat." (*As You Like It* III. ii. 60).

The philosophical attitude towards things evil is very accurately expressed by Falconbridge, the Bastard, in *King John*, who proposes to himself to study the arts by which men rise, bad and good; not that he may imitate them, but be prepared either to use or to thwart them.

For he is but a bastard to the time  
That doth not smack of observation;  
(And so am I, whether I smack or no);  
And not alone in habit and device,  
Exterior form, outward accoutrement,  
But from the inward motion to deliver  
Sweet, sweet, sweet poison for the age's tooth;  
Which, though I will not practise to deceive,

Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn :  
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising.  
 (*John I. i. 207*).

In other words, Falconbridge resolves to know as Bacon even more poetically expresses it, all the deeps of Satan, the stings, the venom, the serpentine wreaths which must be known by any one who aspires to govern others. Sir Walter Scott quotes part of this passage to illustrate the maxim, "There is much in life which we must see, were it only to shun it." (See "Fortunes of Nigel," Chap. XII).

The axiom that everything must be known, evil as well as good, is used in justification of the wild young Prince Hal, who associates with low company for this very laudable purpose :—

The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,  
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon and learn'd : which once attain'd,  
 Your Highness knows, comes to no further use,  
 But to be known and hated . . . their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

(*2 Hen. IV. IV. iv. 70*).

The universality of sunshine is also referred to. Thus Henry V., when in camp at Agincourt, visits and talks to the rank and file of his army, as well as to his friends or the nobles and officers :—

A largess universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to everyone.  
 (*Hen. V. IV., Prolog. 43*).

The lost and unrecognized Princess, Perdita, finds excellent use for the same law at once of nature and of thought, when the king discovers that his son is her accepted lover, and threatens fierce vengeance on her and the family which has adopted her :—

I was not much afear'd ; for once or twice  
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly  
 The self same sun that shines upon his court  
 Hides not his visage from our cottage, but  
 Looks on alike. (*Winter's Tale* IV. iv. 453).

Here we have a near approach to Bacon's mode of referring to the universality of sunshine, its equal radiance in cottages and palaces, in sewers and in temples. This point of view is also clearly reflected in Shakespeare. The sun shining on a dunghill is humourously alluded to in *Merry Wives*. Falstaff, flattering himself that Mistress Page looks favourably on him, says, "Sometimes the beam of her view gilded my foot, sometimes my portly belly ;" and on this, Pistol makes the saucy comment—

Then did the sun on dunghill shine.  
 (*Merry Wives* I. iii. 70).

There is also a very subtle allusion to this maxim in *Twelfth Night* III. i. 43. The clown replies to Viola, who had told him that she had seen him lately at Count Orsino's : "Foolery, sir, doth walk about the orb like the sun : which shines everywhere," implying that it is the privilege of a clown to make his comments on everything, he may visit palaces as well as cottages, and moralise on trifles which serious persons would disdain to notice. This is one of the functions of Shakespeare's fools, to bring philosophy from the heights of heaven to the lowliest levels of earth. Lear's fool illustrates this, and his gibes and jests contain a large amount of Baconian philosophy. The same charter of freedom for folly, in its comments and moralising is claimed by Jacques. He has been listening to Touchstone's talk, and envies him his freedom of discourse :—

O that I were a fool,  
 I am ambitious for a motley coat . . . it is my only suit.  
 I must have liberty.  
 Withal, as large a charter as the wind,  
 To blow on whom I please, for so fools have.

(*As You Like It* II. vii. 42

Here we see the identification of philosophy and homeliest common sense—the reflection of Bacon’s life-long mission, to rescue philosophy from the subtleties of the schools, and bring it into relation with all that concerns the “business and the bosoms” of men.

#### 4. THE GENESIS OF POETRY.

One of Bacon’s remarks about poetry is very striking and original. In his “Advancement of Learning,” he is very busy cataloguing the deficiencies in science and study, that have yet to be supplied. Poetry, however, is not a deficient, it grows spontaneously everywhere:—“In this part of learning [he says], I can report no deficiency. For being a plant that cometh of the lust of the earth without a formal seed, it hath sprung up and spread abroad more than any other kind.” (Works III. 346).

This very peculiar description of the Natural History of Poetry is exactly re-produced in *Timon of Athens*. But the “plant without a formal seed” is not referred to in general terms; it is named. It is a gum, growing without seed, which breaks out unbidden on the surface where it is found. In *Timon* it is the poet himself who thus describes the growth of his art:

A thing slipp’d idly from me :  
 Our poesy is as a gum which oozes  
 From whence ’tis nourished. The fire i’ the flint  
 Shows not till it be struck : our gentle flame  
 Provokes itself, and like the current flies  
 Each bound it chafes. (*Timon* I. i. 20).

The words “a thing slipp’d idly from me,” bring up by natural association that theory of the birth of poetry which the poet-philosopher had already formed in his mind. It is a plant growing spontaneously in a luxuriant soil, coming “of the lust of the earth,” not sown, a birth of the soil itself, a gum which oozes from the surface which nourishes it, a self-ignited flame kindled by a stroke, a stream that bounds along by an irresistible current. It

does not matter which metaphor we use ; all express the same idea. If, however, the analogy of a seedless plant is the original form of the conception, it could not be more felicitously transfigured than by its metamorphosis into a gum which oozes from the exuberant sap of the tree on which it grows, springing really from the lust of the special plot of earth which nourishes it. Bacon's account of the genesis of poetry is itself poetry of the richest quality ; and although expressed in prose, it is, as the play shews, easily transformed into poetry full of music and metaphor. There is no impassable chasm between the two, and there is no antecedent improbability in the idea that both forms of expression, the prose and the poetic, were used by the same mind.

#### 5.—MONEY AND MUCK.

Bacon often alludes to the principle that money ought not to be monopolized by a few, but spread, like garden compost or manure, over the state, for the enriching of the many. In his "Paper of Advice" as to the application of Sutton's estate, he says:—

"Thus have I briefly delivered unto your Majesty my opinion touching the employment of this charity, whereby the mass of wealth that was in the owner little better than a stack or heap of muck, may be spread over your kingdom to many fruitful purposes." ("Life," IV. 254).

In the Essay of "Seditions" we find the same policy advocated:—"Above all things good policy is to be used that the treasures and monies of a State be not gathered into few hands. For otherwise a State may have a great stock and yet starve ; and money is like muck, not good except it be spread."

And in the Apophthegms he tells us : "Mr. Bettenham used to say, That riches were like muck : when it lay upon an heap, it gave but a stench and ill odour ; but when it was spread upon the ground then it was cause of much fruit." (Ap. 252, Works VII. 160).

Now it is not a little significant that the word *muck* occurs only once in Shakespeare, and in this passage Bacon's maxim has not been recognised by the commentators, although it is certainly present—and when applied, gives new interest and meaning to the passage. The virtues and merits of Coriolanus are being described, in order that he may be worthily honoured. Cominius puts a climax on his catalogue by telling of his indifference to wealth, and the spoils of war:—

Our spoils he kick'd at,  
And look'd upon things precious, as they were  
The common muck of the world.

(Cor. II. ii. 128).

The only comment on this which I have been able to find is a suggestion that *muck* is equivalent to *vilia rerum*. The poet certainly intended to suggest a good deal more than this, but the rich suggestiveness of the passage cannot be easily brought out if Bacon's use of the word is not remembered. The words themselves may express only a conventional contempt for riches, which may be either noble and disinterested, or insincere and fantastical, or unreflective and morbid, or far-seeing and patriotic. Now Coriolanus was a Statesman, as it is evident Shakespeare was; and he is accustomed to regard not only the value, or the accumulation, but also the distribution of money. The poet represents his hero as refusing to heap up riches for himself, because he looked on a nation's wealth as good only when it is spread over the kingdom for many fruitful purposes; and likely to diffuse an ill odour if it is too much concentrated in a heap. This is the true inwardness of the "*vilia rerum*"—wealth is not rubbish, but manure.

#### 6.—PAST AND FUTURE.

Bacon often dwells on the rival claims of antiquity and the present time—the ceaseless strife between old and new. His invariable policy is to shew reverence to what is.



established, while not hesitating to go beyond and if necessary to abandon it. So Tennyson tells us that "Men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things." The following passage gives a fair representation of his teaching. It is from the "Pacification of the Church:"—  
 "It is excellently said by the prophet, *State super vias antiquas, et videte quænam sint recta et vera, et ambulate in eis*; so as he doth not say *State super vias antiquas et ambulate in eis*; for it is true that with all wise and moderate persons custom and usage obtaineth that reverence, as it is sufficient matter to move them to make a stand, and discover, and take a view; but it is no warrant to guide or conduct them: a just ground, I say, it is of deliberation but not of direction." ("Life," III. 105).

The same sentiment in almost the same words is found in the Essay of "Innovations," in the "Advancement." (Works III. 291), and elsewhere.

I am persuaded that the same idea is secreted in the rather cryptic words of Salisbury, when he is anticipating the changes in the State that are impending after Melun's rebellion is ended:—

Away, my friends! New flight!  
 And happy newness that intends old right.

(John V. iv. 60).

*Intend* is a very strong word, peculiarly used, in Shakespeare. The vernacular sense which contemplates the future is included with the classic sense which looks with fixed and thoughtful gaze on the present. (See the section on *intend* in Chapter xiv. The classic language of Shakespeare.) It exactly combines this significance of the two Latin words, *State* and *videte*: make a stand, and take a direction; it connotes a mental pause and a preparation for new action. Nothing could possibly be more felicitous than the introduction of this Latin word to express the meaning which Bacon is accustomed to express by the combination of two words. Doubtless this is a subtle interpretation; but when Bacon's idea is brought into

relation with the passage, the interpretation is not far fetched—it is easy and natural; and by this conjunction of Bacon with Shakespeare, the words of the poet gather fuller meaning and greatly augmented interest.

#### 7.—IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Bacon constantly asserts that no effective advance in science can be made, unless new methods of investigation are used. "For no man can be so dull as to believe that what has never yet been done can be done, except by means hitherto unattempted." ("Hist. Life and Death," Works V. 267). He preaches a noble discontent:—"Men do not rightly understand either their store or their strength, but over-rate the one and under-rate the other." "Whatever any art fails to attain, they set down as impossible of attainment" (Preface to *Novum Organum*). This canon of impossibility he is never tired of resisting. Two classical passages, one from Virgil, the other from Livy, are repeatedly produced in this argument. *Possunt quia posse videntur*—what seems possible becomes possible. And *Nihil aliud quam bene ausus Vana contemnere*: referring to Alexander the Great—all he did was to venture greatly and despise idle apprehensions.

One reason for the stationary condition of the sciences is that "the logicians receive as conclusive the immediate information of the sense." But "the testimony and information of the sense has reference always to man, not to the universe; and it is a great error to assert that sense is the measure of things."

These maxims are often repeated and much amplified in Bacon's writings; but for my immediate purpose these expressions of them are sufficient.

It seems to me that the writer of *All's Well that Ends Well* had these principles in view when he represents the cure, in the case of the King, of a disease which all his physicians had pronounced incurable.

He hath abandoned his physicians, under whose practices he hath

persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the process, but only the losing of hope by time. (*All's Well* I. i. 12).

The central thought of *All's Well* is—*Possunt quia posse videntur*.

Helena has a remedy which she knows is likely to be effectual, and she scouts the assumption of impossibility which the physicians had pronounced; who made their own senses and attainments the measure of things and the limits of possibility:—

The fated sky  
Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull  
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull . . .  
Impossible be strange attempts to those  
That weigh their pains in sense, and do suppose  
What hath been cannot be. (*Ib.* I. i. 239).

It is not so with Him that all things knows  
As 'tis with us that square our guess by shows.  
(*Ib.* II. i. 152).

And what impossibility would slay  
In common sense, sense saves another way.  
(*Ib.* 180).

In these passages we may recognize the idea expressed in the 6th Axiom of *Novum Organum* I. :—“*Insanum quiddam esset, et in se contrarium, existimare ea, quæ adhuc nunquam facta sunt fieri posse, nisi per modos adhuc nunquam tentatos.*” “It is a wild and self-contradictory fancy to suppose that those things which have never been accomplished can be done at all except by the use of methods hitherto untried.” What is impossible by ordinary procedure becomes possible when we can find out “another way” of acting. The rather obscure passage in Shakespeare is thus interpreted by Bacon, and is not easily explained except by reference to his “*modos adhuc nunquam tentatos.*” Moreover, what the poet means by *common sense* must be ascertained by reference to Bacon’s philosophical expression of the same idea. It is the immediate apprehension of the senses.

The *bene ausus contemere* finds expression in another play. Lucio remonstrates with Isabella for underrating her own power.

Assay the power you have.

*Isab.*—My power? Alas I doubt—

*Lucio.*—Our doubts are traitors,

And make us lose the good we oft might win

By fearing to attempt.

(*Meas. for Meas.* I. iv. 76).

And in *Venus and Adonis*, the poet himself, moralizing on the situation, says (567):—

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing.

The identity of the philosophical sentiments of the poet with those of the philosopher cannot be mistaken.

#### 8.—PHYSIOGNOMY.

In Bacon's survey of the sciences, he is careful to note any branch of science which ought to be or might be pursued, but which has been neglected. Among these "deficients," he names Physiognomy, which, he says, "discovers the dispositions of the mind by the lineaments of the body." These "lineaments of the body disclose the dispositions and inclinations of the mind in general; but the motions and gestures of the countenance . . . disclose also the present humour of the mind and will." The fact that this deficiency exists is noticed also, in apparently a very casual way, in *Macbeth*, when Duncan says of the Thane of Cawdor—

There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face.

(*Macb.* I. iv. 11).

I do not think this philosophical fact is blurted out by accident; the poet knew exactly what his words implied. He was even more a philosopher than a poet, and had evidently taken exceptional interest in Physiognomy. In other places he refers to this art:—

O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side.

(*Meas. for Meas.* III. ii. 285).

Queen Catherine had some notions of physiognomy in her mind when she told the cardinals :

Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.

(*Hen. VIII.* III. i. 145).

Shakespeare, like Bacon, believed that the motions and gestures of the face disclose the present humour and state of the mind and will, whether we can interpret these motions or not. For he says,

All men's faces are true, whatsoe'er their hands are.

(*Ant. Cleo.* II. vi. 102).

And Macbeth knows that crime writes itself on the features, and that the countenance of guilt must put on falsity.

False face must hide what this false heart doth know.

(*Macb.* I. vii. 82).

Still more clearly in *Lucrece* is the art alluded to. Lucrece is looking at a picture, a piece of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy and some of the "thousand lamentable objects there," to which,

In scorn of Nature Art gave lifeless life,

are vividly described : among the rest,—

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art

Of physiognomy might one behold !

The face of either ciphered either's heart ;

Their face their manners most expressly told ;

In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;

But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent,

Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

(See *Lucrece* 1366-1400).

### 9.—SLEEP.

Bacon's ideas about sleep are very characteristic. He often gives expression to two of them : 1st, Sleep is a

nourisher, it feeds the body; 2nd, Afternoon sleep is very salutary, especially for elderly and infirm persons.

As to the nourishing property of sleep, he says: "As exercise demands more nourishment, so likewise sleep to a certain extent supplies it." ("Hist. Life and Death"). Again, "Sleep nourisheth, or at least preserveth bodies a long time without other nourishment. Beasts that sleep in winter, as is noted in wild bears, during their sleep wax very fat, though they eat nothing." (*Syl. Syl.* 746). In another of his natural history notes (57) he says that "sleep doth nourish much."

This property of sleep is used metaphorically in one of the *Antitheta* concerning loquacity. "Silence, like a sleep, nourishes wisdom (or prudence)." "Silentium, veluti somnus quidam, alit prudentiam." (*De Aug.* VI. iii., *Ant.* 31).

As to the second property of sleep,—its benefit in the afternoon to weak or elderly persons,—he writes:—"In aged men and weak bodies, and such as abound not in choler, a short sleep after dinner doth *help to nourish*." The two points, it may be observed, are here combined. And again, in his *Com. Sol.*, as to sleep, "Immediately after dinner, or at four of the clock, I could never yet find resolution and strength enough in myself to inhibit it." ("Life" IV. 79).

These maxims both interpret and augment the meaning of several passages in Shakespeare. For instance, when he calls sleep "Nature's soft nurse" (2 *Hen. IV.* III. i. 6), he means not only a watcher or a servant, but a nursing mother, with well-stored breasts: and we can by this light (and by this only) understand why Macbeth calls sleep,

Great Nature's second course, chief nourisher in life's feast.  
(*Macb.* II. ii. 38).

These words are intended to express, not merely poetic fancies, but scientific facts.

As to the second point, we remember how the Ghost in

*Hamlet* narrates to young Hamlet the manner of his death: he had been poisoned when,—

Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon.

(*Ham.* I. v. 59).

And in the *Tempest*, Caliban, plotting to murder Prospero, knows that his best opportunity will be in the afternoon, when he is taking his usual nap :—

'Tis a custom with him i' the afternoon to sleep.

(*Temp.* III. ii. 94)

#### 10.—NATURE AND ART.

We in this nineteenth century are accustomed to think of the works or effects of Art as being merely the result of bringing human faculties to work in the moulding or application of the matter and force supplied by Nature. But Bacon tells us that up to his time, Art and Nature had been contrasted as different from one another : and when he set down the “History of the Arts” as a species of Natural History, he considered that he was running counter to prevalent opinion. “I am the rather induced to set down the history of arts as a species of natural history, because it is the fashion to talk as if art were something different from nature, so that things artificial should be separated from things natural, as differing totally in kind. . . . Whereas men ought on the contrary to have a settled conviction, that things artificial differ from things natural, not in form or essence, but only in the efficient ; that man has in truth no power over nature except that of motion . . . the rest is done by nature working within.” (“Intell. Globe.” Works V. 506). This theory, which Bacon claims as original, is most exactly expressed by Shakespeare :—

Nature is made better by no mean  
But Nature makes that mean ; so over that art  
Which you say adds to Nature, is an art  
That nature makes ; . . . this is an art

Which does mend nature, change it rather, but  
The art itself is nature. (W. *Tale*. IV. iv. 89).

This is the only passage in Shakespeare where this axiom is formally expressed, and it is all the more significant because it is placed in immediate relation with the remarkable list of flowers which is so curiously identical with the same list, similarly grouped, and similarly classified in Bacon's Essay of "Gardens," published in 1625. Mr. Spedding was the first to draw attention to this striking coincidence. It has been repeatedly referred to since the publication of his Edition of Bacon's works. His language is worth quoting: "The scene in the *Winter's Tale* where Perdita presents the guests with flowers suited to their ages, has some expressions, which, if this Essay had been contained in the earlier edition, would have made me suspect that Shakespeare had been reading it. As I am not aware that the resemblance has been observed, I will quote the passages to which I allude in connection with those which remind me of them." Spedding has no explanation to offer; certainly some is required. This Baconian garland is so well known that I need not reproduce it.

## II.—NATURE AND FORTUNE.

Bacon frequently draws a contrast between the gifts of nature and those of fortune: especially when he is contemplating the characters and careers of royal personages. The whole of the dedication of the "Advancement of Learning" to King James is taken up with a ceremonial and laudatory description of the "parts of virtue and fortune" belonging to the royal personage. He follows this into most exquisite detail. "And as in your Civil Estate there appeareth to be an emulation and contention of your Majesty's virtue with your fortune, a virtuous disposition with a fortunate regiment; a virtuous expectation (when time was) of your greater fortune, with a



prosperous possession thereof in due time; a virtuous observation of the laws of marriage, with most blessed and happy fruit of marriage; a virtuous and most Christian desire of peace, with a fortunate inclination in your neighbour princes thereunto; so likewise in these intellectual matters, there seemeth to be no less contention between the excellency of your Majesty's gifts of Nature and the universality and perfection of your learning."—(Works, III. 262).

The same contrast is the leading motive of the Eulogy on Queen Elizabeth. The opening sentence gives the key-note of the whole piece. "Elizabeth both in her nature and fortune, was a wonderful person among women [Nature], a memorable person among princes" [Fortune]. (Works, VI. 305). And at the close he sums up with the characteristic words, "So little was she disposed to borrow anything of her fortune to the credit of her virtue." (p. 318). The same contrast is implied in the three Essays, 38, 39, and 40, of "Nature in Man," of "Custom and Education," and of "Fortune."

Shakespeare is equally partial to the same contrast, especially when he too is contemplating the qualities and careers of high persons. Constance, describing the qualities and fortunes of her son Prince Arthur, says:—

But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy  
Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.  
Of Nature's gifts thou may'st with lilies boast,  
And with the half-blown rose. But Fortune, O  
She is corrupted, changed and won from thee.

(*John* III. i. 51).

Brutus, has for Cæsar, whom he has just slain,—

Tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.—*Jul. Cæs.* III. ii. 29.

Enobarbus philosophises with much depth of wisdom on the rash course of Antony which led to his destruction:

I see men's judgments are  
A parcel of their fortunes; and things outward

Do draw the inward quality after them.

(*Ant. Cleo.* III. xiii. 31).

Dogberry has a glimmering, topsy-turvy perception of the same contrast :

To be a well favoured man is the gift of fortune, but to read and write comes by nature.

(*Much Ado* III. iii. 15).

Rosalind is of the same opinion, without the confusion :

Fortune reigns in the gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of nature.

(*As You Like* I. ii. 44) :

and there is much more to the same effect in the context.

Now, it is not a little significant that the mental attitude here indicated is much more characteristic of Roman and Latin philosophy than of Christian philosophy. It is adopted by the Elizabethan philosopher and poet because his mind was saturated with such philosophy as Cicero and other Latin writers habitually enforce. The following is a specimen of this kind of sentiment :—

Sed tamen alterius partis periculum, Sertorianæ atque Hispaniæ, quæ multo plus firmamenti ac roboris habebat, Cn Pompeii *divino consilio ac singulari virtute* depulsum est ; in altera parte ita res a L. Lucullo summo viro est administrata, ut initia illa rerum gestarum magna atque præ clara *non felicitati ejus, sed virtuti*, hæc autem extrema, quæ nuper acciderunt *non culpæ, sed fortunæ tribuenda* esse videantur.— ‘Cic De Imperio Cn Pompeii Oratio, 4.’

Which may be translated :

But yet the danger in one quarter from Sertorius and the Spaniards, which affair was possessed of more endurance and vitality, was warded off by the more than human wisdom and singular valour of Cneius Pompey ; while in the other quarter, affairs were so handled by that most capable man L. Lucullus, that the first events in the campaign, great and brilliant though they were, were due not to his good fortune but to his valour, whilst those events

which have lately befallen, appear to be due not to any fault on his part but to the caprice of fortune.

## 12.—PRIMUM MOBILE.

In the *Promus*, No. 1452, Bacon makes a note of the *Primum mobile* as suitable for literary use: "*Primum mobile* turns about all the rest of the orbs." The *Primum mobile* is that movement which every celestial body derives from the central body about which its orbit is fixed. Every such body has also its own independent motion referable only to causes affecting itself. The King is the source of *Primum mobile* to all his subjects: "Those that he useth as his substitutes move wholly in his motion." ("Life" IV. 285). When this centre no longer attracts, disloyalty results. "Though my Lady should have put on a mind to continue her loyalty, as Nature and duty did bind her, yet when she was in another sphere, she must have moved in the motion of that orb, and not of the planet itself," referring, I believe, to Lady Arabella Stuart. ("Life" IV. 298).

This is the advice which Bacon gives to the Judges:—

"You that are Judges of circuits, are as it were the planets of the kingdom. . . . Do therefore as they (the planets) do; move always and be carried with the motion of your first mover, which is your sovereign. A popular Judge is a deformed thing; and *plaudites* are fitter for players than magistrates." ("Life" VI. 211). On this principle, Bacon was ready, if needs be, to acquiesce in that which he disapproved. He advises Buckingham to act on this principle. "My Lord, you owe in this matter two debts to the King. The one" [if you disapprove of the Spanish match, to say so, and shew your reason]; "the other, that if the King in his high judgment, or the Prince in his settled affection, be resolved to have it go on, that you move in their orb so far as they shall lay it upon you." (*Ib.* VII. 449). This principle is naturally used in the Essay of "Seditious," which may arise when reverence of

government is lost and great persons "move violently in their own particular motion." It is used to explain the pernicious influence of superstition: "Atheism leaves a man to sense, to philosophy, to natural piety, to laws, to reputation . . . but superstition dismounts all these, and erecteth an absolute monarchy in the minds of men . . . a new *primum mobile* that ravisheth all the spheres of government." This accounts for the injury done to the State by "Wisdom for a man's self." "It is a poor centre of a man's actions, *himself*. It is right Earth [terrestrial, not celestial]. For that only stands fast upon its own centre: whereas all things that have affinity with the heavens move upon the centre of another, which they benefit." A similar application is made in the Essay of "Faction."

This idea is expressed with the same emphasis in Shakespeare. Luciana, remonstrating with the Syracusan fac simile of her sister's husband says:—

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.  
(*Com. Er.* III. ii. 24).

Antony, justifying his contempt for Lepidus, the "slight unmeritable man," whom Octavius claims to be "a tried and valiant soldier":—

So is my horse, Octavius. . . .  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,  
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,  
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.  
(*Jul. Cæs.* IV. i. 29).

Prince Henry will not brook rivalry or comparison with Hotspur,—

I am the Prince of Wales, and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more.  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere,  
Nor can one England brook a double reign  
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.  
(1 *Hen. IV.* V. iv. 63).

The same idea is put into the mouth of Marlowe's Edward II., when abdicating :—

Here, take my crown ; the life of Edward too.  
Two Kings in England cannot reign at once.

(*Edward II.* V. i. 57).

The usurping king in *Hamlet*, describes his queen, Hamlet's mother :—

The queen, his mother,  
Lives almost by his looks ; and for myself—  
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—  
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her.

(*Ham.* IV. vii. 11).

This was the kind of attraction by which Helena is drawn to Bertram :—

I am undone : there is no living, none,  
If Bertram be away. 'Twere all one  
That I should love a bright particular star  
And think to wed it, he is so above me :  
In his bright radiance and collateral light  
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.

(*All's Well* I. i. 96).

Shakespeare's opinion about sedition is much the same as Bacon's. King Henry IV. asks the rebels,—

Will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war ?  
And move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light ?

(*1 Hen. II.* V. i. 15.)

Falconbridge, addressing certain nobles who had revolted, but returned to allegiance, says,—

Now, now, ye stars that move in your right spheres,  
Where be your powers ?

(*John* V. vii. 74).

## 13.—PHILOSOPHIA PRIMA.

The laws of Nature, which are also the laws of life and thought, which are exemplified in the *Primum Mobile* belong properly to Bacon's *Philosophia prima*, some specimens of which may be now given.

Bacon was greatly interested in the Maxims of *Philosophia prima*—universal laws, applicable to all forms and spheres of being—true for mathematics, for physics, for ethics, for policy. In this respect Bacon's mind evidently had an element of mysticism in its composition. For he will not allow these "correspondences between the architectures and fabrics of things natural and things civil" to be only similitudes, or fancies, "but plainly the same footsteps of nature treading or printing upon different subjects," which is a close approximation to Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences. One of these maxims is, "In nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place. So virtue in ambition is violent, in authority, settled and calm." (See Essay of "Great Place." Antitheta on "Office.") This law of the highest Philosophy is certainly referred to in the words,—

All things that are  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.

(*Mer. Ven.* II. vi. 12).

The whole passage is so strikingly in accordance with the spirit and idea of Bacon's *Philosophia prima*, that it may be added to the specimens which he gives in the "Advance-ment" and *De Aug.* III. ii.; Works I. 540, III. 346, IV. 337. It should also be noted that Bacon gives several of these specimens because the scientific discussion of this philosophy is entirely neglected—there is a "mere and deep silence" upon it—it is as a branch of science, non-existent. This gives a deeper significance to the illustrations of the same Philosophy in Shakespeare—specimens evidently given with a perfect consciousness of their philosophical import, being such "profitable observations and

axioms as fall not within the compass of any of the special parts of philosophy or science, but are more common, and of a higher stage." The entire passage is as follows :—

*Gratiano.*—It is marvel he outdwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

*Salarino.*—O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds, new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

*Gratiano.*—That ever holds. Who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoyed.  
How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind.  
How like the prodigal doth she return  
With over-weather'd ribbs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind.

If anyone hesitates as to the possibility of admitting such fancies as these into grave philosophical discussion, let him compare them with the dozen illustrations of "Persian Magic" given in *De Aug.* III. ii. Every one of these illustrations is quite as remote from our conceptions as to the sort of wares a philosopher should deal in as the specimens given by Salarino and Gratiano. I cannot myself doubt that the same intention of discussing grave moral and political questions by the methods of the *Philosophia prima* is to be recognised in the marvellous discourses of Agamemnon, Nestor and Ulysses in *Tro. Cres.* I. iii. Various types of "checks and disasters" shew the "correspondences between the architectures and fabrics of things natural and things civil,"—the reproof of chance which shews the true proof of men is seen in ships and trees and cattle as much as in men,—the universal principle that neglect of "degree, priority, place, insistence, course, proportion, season, form, office and custom, in all

line of order" brings disaster and ruin, is to be seen in planets, storms, seas, rivers, the fixity and calm of Nature, as well as in armies, states, families, factions, schools, brotherhoods, commerce: and all of these are so many pages and sections of the *Philosophia prima*, so many contributions to the supply of its deficiencies. The majestic speeches in this marvellous play are full of this philosophy.

Sometimes the analogy which is raised to the dignity of Natural law, is not entirely in agreement with facts. A most remarkable illustration is the following:—

On the accession of Henry V. to the throne, there is a scene in which the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely are speaking of the "blessed change" from wild prince Hal, to the wise, sagacious, and truly noble monarch. The prince who had been addicted to riotous company is now a pattern to the wisest. How has the change come about? The Bishop replies:—

The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
 And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best  
*Neighbour'd* by fruit of baser quality.  
 And so the prince obscured his contemplation  
 Under the veil of wildness; which no doubt  
 Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
 Unseen yet crecive in his faculty.

(*Hen. V. I. i. 60*).

The horticulture of this passage is very doubtful; yet it is exactly expounded in the *Sylva Sylvarum*, where we find a chapter on experiments in "Consort" touching the sympathy and antipathy of things, and this is one of the illustrations. "Wheresoever one plant draweth such a particular juice out of the earth as it qualifieth the earth, so as that juice which remaineth is fit for the other plant, there the *neighbourhood* [mark the word] doeth good, because the nourishments are contrary or several: but where two plants draw much the same juice then the *neighbourhood* hurteth." The idea is that the sweet fruit



monopolizes the sweet producing qualities of the soil, and flourishes better if the nearest plants do not produce sweetness, but something else,—the contrasted quality of the plants is advantageous to each. See *Syl. Syl.* 480—491. The same idea is thus expressed in the *Novum Organon*: “If it be said that there is consent [consensus] and friendship between corn and the corn-cockle or wild poppy, because these herbs hardly come up except in ploughed fields, it should rather be said that there is enmity between them, because the poppy and corn-cockle are emitted and generated from a juice of the earth which the corn has left and rejected, so that sowing the ground with corn prepares it for their growth.” (*Nov. Org.* II. 50).

Another physiological doctrine was that life may be prolonged by medicine: some drugs being capable of warding off dissolution, even though they do not cure disease, or give any other benefit. “The third part of medicine which I have set down is that which relates to the Prolongation of life, which is new and deficient, and the most noble of all,” and he proceeds to supply “admonitions, directions and precepts.” (*De Aug.* IV. ii). This gives a much needed key to the extent of meaning in the following lines,—

By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet Death  
Will seize the doctor too.

(*Cymb.* V. v. 29).

The significance of this is all the greater, when we observe that Bacon refers to this department of medical art as one that is neglected, deficient, and almost forgotten.

#### CONCLUSION.—PHILOSOPHICAL MAXIMS.

The correspondences both in thought and expression given in this chapter are of a very significant character. They are not mere chance repetitions of current ideas, the common property of all literary persons, winged creatures flying in the air for any one to catch and cage. It is easy to

toss them aside with these explanations; but those who use them are bound to enter into detail and point out some at least of the common sources whence they are derived. It is not for us to prove the negative contention that they were *not* current commonplaces at the time they were produced. If they were it cannot be difficult for those who take the affirmative position to prove that. It should, however, be noticed that even if some casual approximation to the same ideas and expressions may be found in other writers, yet in their Shakespearean setting they are so characteristically Baconian that no well-informed person hesitates to attribute them to him, as specially characteristic of his mind and thought. We may claim for Bacon certain patent rights in his mines and forges,—in the sunshine which visits the vilest places,—in his special mode of affirming the fertilizing uses of money,—in his use of *possunt quia posse videntur*,—in the nourishment which he finds in his afternoon sleep,—in his resolute identification of Art and Nature,—and in the strange poetic fancies of his *Philosophia Prima*: and so on through a countless number of such instances as are supplied by the *Promus*, and in the echoes and correspondencies which are pointed out in the next two chapters. Some of these characteristically Baconian utterances have become current since his day. No one now refers the title of Charles Dickens' "Household Words" to Shakespeare. When we use Shakespeare's immortal words about bringing taper-light to garnish sunlight, we do not trace it to Bacon's memorandum *To help the Sun with lanterns*. We are the careless inheritors of a great literary estate, and we forget our illustrious ancestor who won it for us: the trees he planted seem to our unreflective eyes to be self-sown. As soon as all the items of this vast literary property are labelled with the names of their original inventors the names of Bacon and Shakespeare are so intrinsically and organically united that it is impossible to separate them, and the identity of the two is almost demonstrated.

## CHAPTER XI.

*THE PROMUS.*

IN this and the following chapter, I wish to bring together a number of striking correspondences between the language or the thought of Bacon and that of Shakespeare. And first of all we must open the *Promus* and form a general conception of its purpose, and its significance as an argument for the Baconian authorship of Shakespeare.

The *Promus* is a collection of Notes and Hints for literary use: seeds of thought; studies in composition; it is the common place book of a scholar who is also an author. In it we find a large collection of proverbs in English, French, Spanish and Italian: texts from the Bible; quotations from Erasmus, Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Seneca. Also a number of what are termed "turns of expression," little phrases for use at the beginning of a sentence; or for sustaining a dialogue; typical specimens of repartee, or of rhyming conversation; odds and ends of all sorts.

Bacon undoubtedly used many of these hints for thought and composition in his acknowledged works. It is quite impossible to say how many. The connection between the crude hint and the finished result may be invisible; the "seeds and weak beginnings" may have been so altered as they passed through the growing ground of Bacon's mind that the developed organism may be unrecognizable. Looking with some detail into this question, I have concluded that the following *Promus* notes may be more or less clearly connected with Bacon's prose writings:—

Nos. 3—6; 8—10; 13; 22, 9; 32; 41, 3, 4; 51, 2, 4;

60—63; 70, 2, 4; 81; 83—86, 9; 92, 3, 5, 7; (*i.e.* 35 in what Bacon would call the first Century.

Nos. 104—6; 112, 6, 7; 122, 8; 132; 145, 8; 151, 9; 162, 6; 178; 184, 7; 191; (=20).

Nos. 222, 5, 6, 7; 230, 5, 7; 241; 250, 9; 266, 7, 9; 292 (=18).

Nos. 302, 3, 8; 323, 9; 332, 3, 9; 341, 4, 7; 350, 2, 3, 5, 7; 362, 4, 9; 370, 5; 380, 1, 6; 392; (=32).

Nos. 400, 2, 5; 412, 5, 9; 433; 448; 451, 4; 461, 5, 8; 475, 9; 487; (=16).

Nos. 506; 512, 6; 520, 8; 530, 2; 541, 5, 6, 9; 553; 561, 3; 570, 1, 6, 7; (=18).

Nos. 601; 610, 4, 9; 637; 641; 658; 664, 9; 676; 688; 690, 8; (=13).

Nos. 705, 6, 8; 710, 9; 724, 7; 730, 2, 9; 741, 2, 7a; 751; 760, 2, 6; 780; 794, 5, 6, 7a; (=22).

Nos. 802, 6; 817, 9; 832, 6, 8; 850, 1, 6; 872, 6, 7; 880; 891, 3, 9; (=17).

Nos. 908; 910; 925; 944, 5; 965; 979; 989; 992; (=9).

Nos. 1001, 2; 1026; 1041; 1055; 1060, 2, 6; 1080, 1, 2; (=11).

Nos. 1106, 7; 1113, 5, 7; 1121; 1133, 7; 1142, 9; 1150, 1, 2, 4, 5; 1167a; 1169; 1171, 2, 5; 1180; (=21).

Nos. 1234—1362; 1365, 7, 9; 1395, 6, 7; (=134).

Nos. 1400, 3; 1432; 1440—1460; 1472, 4; (=26).

Nos. 1506; 1532; 1629; (=23).

Total 395.

In this enumeration I have included the whole of the entries numbered 1234—1362, *i.e.* 128 successive notes, because they are all of about the same quality, and are evidently notes for a larger collection of “Colours of Good and Evil,” or for Essays, or discussions in some of the Sections of the *Novum Organon* or other scientific writings. Although it is not possible to connect many of these notes with anything actually published, yet their intention is clear; and they have the additional interest of showing

that Bacon contemplated a much larger collection of "Colours" and Essays than he has actually completed. In this department of his literary work, as in most others, his plans and designs far outstripped his actual accomplishments. His philosophy is a magnificent torso, and here are some of the fragments of the unfinished parts.

Doubtless many more of the notes than those included in the foregoing list were intended for and probably used in his prose writings: such as the terms of expression 272—236; and 1370—1383, and a few others. This would add 70 or 80 more to the 395 already pointed out. So that one may make a rough estimate—the only kind of calculation possible—of 500 as the number of notes that might have been used in such compositions as are usually associated with Bacon's name, *i.e.*, rather less than one third of the entire collection.

But it is quite certain that many of these notes not only were never used in Bacon's literary and philosophical writings, but they were not intended to be so used, they never could have been so used, they must have been collected for a different purpose, and what that purpose was it would be interesting to find out. It is also clear that a large number of these notes correspond to passages in Shakespeare, and a still larger number *may* so correspond—as germ to plant—and are exactly such notes as the poet of Shakespeare might have made. Now, if there are any reasons for raising the question of the authorship of Shakespeare, such reasons must certainly become far more pressing when we find that the character of so large a number of *Promus* notes forces us to the conclusion that Bacon made a collection such as the author of Shakespeare might have used. It does not of course immediately follow as an irresistible conclusion that the Shakespeare notes are connected with the poems in exactly the same way as other notes are related to the prose. These notes *need* not be thus explained. But if they are not so explained they are absolutely unaccountable—they are

enigmas, puzzles, anomalies which we must be content to accept as inscrutable mysteries. If Bacon wrote Shakespeare the *Promus* is intelligible—if he did not, it is an insoluble riddle.

The *Promus*, therefore, if it does not prove, makes it antecedently probable, that Bacon was during some part of his life occupied with other literary work than that which is usually attributed to him. He had some use, for instance, for such *disjecta membra* of uncreated dramatic compositions as the following scraps of dialogue and repartee :—

195. What do you conclude upon that ?

197. Repeat your reason.

198. Hear me out. You never were in.

199. You judge before you understand. I judge *as* I understand.

200. You go from the matter. But it was to follow you.

201. Come to the point. Why, I shall not find you there.

204. You take more than is granted. You grant less than is proved.

208. Answer directly. You mean as you would direct me.

209. Answer me shortly. Yes : that you may comment upon it.

Now I grant that it is not easy to connect these fragments of talk with passages from Shakespeare. And yet one may safely affirm that these little dramatic hints are typically Shakespearean. Plenty of specimens of the same kind can be easily produced from the plays. There is much of this kind of repartee in *As You Like It* and in *Much Ado* : *ex. gr.* :—

*Corin.*—Besides, our hands are hard.

*Touchstone.*—Your lips will feel them then the sooner.

(*As You Like It* III. ii. 60).

*Celia.*—I pray you bear with me.

*Rosalind*.—I had rather bear with you than bear you.  
(II. iv. 9).

*Orlando*.—For ever and a day.

*Rosalind*.—Say a day without the ever.

(IV. i. 145).

*Ben*.—Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains.

*Beat*.—I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me

(*Much Ado* II. iii. 258).

Some of these notes sound like echoes from the law courts. But all the same they lend colour to the notion that Bacon was a writer of Dramas. And when we find other passages in which the Shakespearean affinity is quite unmistakable, we cannot dismiss the question of Shakespearean authorship as an impertinence, or a crank which no sober critic will entertain. For here the question is started, and placed on a distinctly historic and documentary basis. In this respect it takes its place side by side with the Northumberland MS., which shews us that the MSS. of two of Shakespeare's Plays, *Richard II.* and *Richard III.*, were at one time in Bacon's portfolio, and are catalogued among his own compositions:—the only place in the world which can be thus described. It proves also that Shakespeare's *Lucrece* as it might have existed in an early and unfinished draft, was known to Bacon's amanuensis. For the line that is scribbled on this tell-tale title page is

Revealing day through every cranny *peeps*.

But *peeps* is not the word—it is *spies*. *Peeps* would have been a better word for this line, but the exigency of rhyme excluded it, and peeping comes in subsequently in the same stanza (see *Lucrece* 1086—1090).

It seems to me that if any considerable number—say 50—of the *Promus* notes can be clearly connected with passages in Shakespeare, we have some reason for thinking that others may be the unrecognizable germs of other

passages; and that small resemblances may have a large significance. We need not clutch at these as arguments too eagerly; but on the other hand we will not refuse them as non-significant because the resemblance between them and Shakespeare is faint. As an illustration I may take the following:—There are several notes referring to *lodging* and the *neighbours* it introduces. Such as: 158. I do not only dwell far from neighbours, but near ill neighbours. 1203. Qui a bon voisin a bon matin. Lodged next. 1223. You could not sleep for your ill lodging. 1233. I wish you may so well sleep as you may not find your ill lodging. And 1479 is a repetition of 1203.

Surely that is not a very extravagant comparison which brings these notes into relation with such passages as the following:—

Our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers.  
(*Henry V.* IV. i. 6).

The Scot hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.  
(*Ib.* I. ii. 145, 154).

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head  
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed.  
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,  
And where care lodges sleep will never lie.  
(*Romco and Juliet* II. iii. 33).

If these passages are related as seed to fruit it is very interesting to see how the poet worked; and when we come across a group of nearly 50 consecutive notes, nearly every one of which calls up some passage in one play—as in the notes from 1189 to 1233, the interest is not lost, it is really increased if the resemblance is faint and indistinct. So that a critic who fixes on one detached note and ridicules its application to some passage because the resemblance is not very exact or striking, misses the significance of the collection, and is not merely hypercritical, but dense. He might as reasonably deny the relation of a callow nestling to the parent bird, because it has few and flocculent feathers and feeble wings.



The following may be taken as specimens in which the resemblance between seedling and plant is quite clear :—

*Nos. 53 & 998. Conscientia mille testes.*

My conscience hath a thousand several tongues.

(*Richard III.* V. iii. 193).

Every man's conscience is a thousand swords : to fight &c.

(*Ib.* V. ii. 17).

*No. 106. A fool's bolt is soon shot.*

You are better at proverbs, by how much, A fool's bolt is soon shot.

(*Henry V.* III. vii. 131).

*Duke.*—By my faith he is very *swift and sententious* :—

*Touchstone.*—According to the fool's bolt, sir.

(*As You Like It* V. iv. 65).

'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,

Which the brain makes of fumes,

(*Cymbeline* IV. ii. 300).

In these passages we see how the suggestion of the proverb expands itself into moral and philosophical sentiments.

*No. 493.—God sendeth fortune to fools.*

“Good morrow, fool,” quoth I : “No, sir,” quoth he ;

“Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune.”

(*As You Like It* II. vii. 18)

*No. 639.—The cat would cat fish, but she will not wet her foot.*

Letting I dare not wait upon I would,

Like the poor cat i' the adage.

(*Mac.* I. vii. 44).

*No. 648.—For the moonshine in the water.*

O, vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

(*Love's L. L.* V. ii. 207).

Never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he'll stand and read

As 'twere my daughter's eyes.

(*H'in. Tale* IV. iv. 172).

(Her eyes) which through the crystal tears give light,

Shone like the moon in water seen by night.

(*Ven. A.* 491).

No. 806.—*Adonis Gardens* : (*Things of great pleasure, but soon fading*).

Thy promises are like Adonis gardens,  
That one day bloom'd and fruitful were the next.  
(1 *Hen. VI. I. vi. 6*).

He took [all the learnings of his time]  
As we do air, fast as 'twas ministered,  
An' in's spring became a harvest. (*Cymb. I. i. 44*).

Spring come to you at the farthest  
In the very end of harvest. (*Tem. IV. i. 114*).

Bacon uses the same fancy in the Hermit's Speech in the Conference of Pleasure :—"The gardens of love, wherein he now playeth himself, are fresh to-day and fading to-morrow." ("Life" I. 379).

No. 889.—*Clavum Clavo pellerere*.

Even as one heat another heat expels,  
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,  
So the remembrance of my former love  
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.  
(*Two Gen. of Ver. II. iv. 192*).

One fire drives out one fire : one nail, one nail ;  
Rights by rights falter ; strengths by strengths do fail,  
(*Cor. IV. vii. 54*).

As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity.  
(*Jul. Cas. II. i. 171*).

This last quotation, when compared with the others, shows how the hint of the *Promus* note may be used, while its language is altered.

No. 972.—*Always let losers have their words*.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave  
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.  
(*Tit. A. III. i. 233*).

I can give the loser leave to chide.  
(2 *Hen. VI. III. i. 182*).

No. 1115.—*An nescis longas regibus esse manus?* (*Ovid*).

This figure of speech is to be found two or three times

in Bacon's prose, and several times in Shakespeare. In the Sanquhar trial Bacon said :—"Then did his Majesty stretch forth his long arms (for kings have long arms when they will extend them), one of them to the sea, where he took hold of Grey, shipped for Sweden ; the other arm to Scotland, and took hold of Carlisle." ("Life" IV. 293). And again in the trial of Somerset for Overbury's murder. "Alas, Overbury had no such long hand as to reach from the other side of the sea to England, to forbid your banns or cross your love." ("Life" V. 332).

Bishop Wordsworth quotes a similar Greek proverb :—*μακραὶ τυράννων χεῖρες*. The Shakespeare passages in which this figure is used are the following :—

Is not my arm of length  
That reacheth from the restful English Court  
As far as Calais, to mine Uncle's head ?

(*Rich. II.* IV. i. 11).

Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious gold [*i.e.* the crown].  
What, is't too short ? I'll lengthen it with mine, etc.

(*2 Hen. VI.* I. ii. 11).

Dogged York, that reaches at the moon,  
Whose overweening arm I have plucked back.

(*Ib.* III. i. 158).

Great men have reaching hands : oft have I struck  
Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

(*Ib.* IV. vii. 87).

His sword  
Hath a sharp edge ; it's long, and 't may be said  
It reaches far.

(*Hen. VIII.* I. i. 109).

They have seemed to be together though absent ; shook hands,  
as over a vast,  
And embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.

(*W. Tale* I. i. 31).

Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell grey beards the truth ?

(*Jul. Cæs.* II. ii. 66).

His legs bestrid the ocean ; his reared arm  
Crested the world.

(*Ant. and Cleo.* V. ii. 82).

And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,  
Whose arm is far too short to hit me here.

(*Peric.* I. ii. 7).

I will now give some illustrations of the mode in which the *Promus* notes may illustrate the growth and development of ideas, both in the prose and the poetry.

### I.—THE PROCUS.

The 70th *Promus* note is as follows :—*Turpe est proco ancillam sollicitare ; est autem virtutis ancilla laus.* It is base—[or *detestable*] for a suitor to woo, [or solicit,—or give his heart to] his lady's handmaiden : but praise is virtue's handmaiden.

This moral aphorism is used two or three times by Bacon. In his letter of advice to Rutland he thus introduces it,—“ We should both seek and love virtue for itself, and not for praise : for as one said, *Turpe est*” &c. (“ Life ” II. 15).

The best illustration of this aphorism is to be found in the opening sentences of Bacon's Apology. He begins by a justification of the apology itself. Addressing the Earl of Devonshire he writes :—“ 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 if I had been false or unthankful to that noble, but unfortunate Earl, the Earl of Essex. And for satisfying the vulgar sort, I do no 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 love or court common fame otherwise than it followeth upon honest courses, I, for my part, do not find myself fit or disposed.” (“ Life ” III. 141). The parable is plain: his first

allegiance is due to virtue ; to honest courses. Praise, or fame, or good name and fair repute, is sweet,—he would fain have her smiles also ; but praise is a handmaid waiting upon virtue, whose favours and smiles must be given for her mistress's sake, for no other reason. I will not woo praise as a lover,—for its own sake : but I will be thankful for the friendly glances she bestows on her mistress's suitor. The latter motto has not, so far as I know, been traced to any classic source, and it is only known in Bacon's writings. Perhaps he was himself the pleasant writer whom he quotes, just as Macaulay used to make an unknown "judicious poet" the sponsor of his own fancies. It may, perhaps, be traced to some of the immediate followers of Socrates. For Bacon has an Apophthegm (189) which seems to bring the aphorism into close relationship with Aristippus: "Aristippus said, That those that studied particular sciences and neglected philosophy were like Pentelope's wooers, that made love to the waiting women." (Works VII. 151).

Now there can be no doubt that Bacon's *Procus* and Bacon's *Ancilla* are both secreted in a passage of *Love's Labour's Lost*. The Princess of France is invited by the King of Navarre to a deer-hunt in his park, and is posted with bow and arrows on the edge of a coppice where she may most conveniently aim at the deer as they pass. The gentle lady shrinks from the cruelty of the sport, and yet wishes to win credit by shooting skilfully. She is perplexed by these conflicting motives. Mercy tells her *not* to aim straight, for the deed accomplished by a good shot is an ill deed, So she plays in a sort of logical fence with the situation, and tries to find out how she may save her credit whether she kills or not. If she misses she will get credit for pity ; if she hits she will be praised for skill. She takes the bow from the Forester saying,—

But come—the bow :—now mercy goes to kill  
And shooting well is then accounted ill.

*Thus* \* will I save my credit in the shoot :  
 Not wounding,—pity, would not let me do it :  
 If wounding,—then it was to show my skill,  
 That more for praise than purpose mean't to kill.

And now follows Bacon's aphorism, the outcome of all this sophistication :—

And out of question, so it is sometimes,  
 Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,  
 When for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,  
 We bend to that the working of the heart :—  
 As I, for praise alone, now seek to spill  
 The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.  
 (See the whole passage—*L. L. L. IV. i. 9—35*).

I can almost fancy that the next *Promus* note, No. 71, may have some relation to this passage, for it claims pardon for humanity whatever mistakes it may make—if it shoots badly, yet it has its own independent merit. The note is—*Si suum cinque tribuendum est, certe et venia humanitati*. If every one is entitled to its own, certainly humanity may claim indulgence (The motto *Suum cinque* is quoted in *Titus An. I. i. 280*).

That the Latin aphorism, which seems to have been Bacon's private property, is really lying *perdu* in these lines can scarcely be disputed. *Glory* : is the Procus, who is hunting after Vain-glory : his name is Gloriosus ; the object of his lawless love is ostentation or vulgar fame. And in Bacon's Antitheta on Vain Glory he appears side by side with the Procus. For the first of the three aphorisms on the *Contra* side is,—*Gloriosi semper factiosi, mendaces, mobiles, nimii*—The gloriosi are always factious, liars, inconstant, extreme. Then follows as a second aphorism *Thraso Gnathonis præda* ; the thrasonical person is a prey to Gnatho—the boaster is cozened by the parasite ;

\* This formula of Casuistry,—*Thus will I reason*,—is found in the Sonnets :—

Thus can my love excuse, &c.—Son. 51.

Thus I will excuse ye.—Son. 42.

(alluding to characters in the *Eunuchus* of Terence). [It is as well to note that the word *thrasonical* occurs twice in Shakespeare—in *Love's Labour's Lost* and *As You Like It*. It is also used by Bacon in his description of Overbury, poisoned by Lady Somerset: "Overbury was, of an insolent, Thrasonical disposition." "Life" V. 312]. And the last of the three aphorisms is our new acquaintance the Procus; the same, therefore, as Gloriosus. The other terms of the Latin aphorism are freely translated in the poetry. *Turpe est* is represented by "guilty of detested crimes." The *Ancilla* is praise, the handmaiden being "an outward part." The crime, *ancillam sollicitare*, is "bending the working of the heart" to the outward part,—fame, or praise—*Laus* is the attendant in both cases. The lines themselves are rather scholastic and dry in their tone, and the reason is plain—they represent a fanciful but somewhat subtle philosophical axiom; when the connection is apprehended the verse at once becomes luminous, and starts into poetical beauty. The lines are Baconian throughout, in expression and thought. *Out of question* is a variation of Bacon's constantly recurring, *Certainly*, or *It is certain*, which is familiar to all readers of the Essays. This special variation *Out of question*, or *There is no question*, or *Out of all question*, is found in Essays 19, 29, 58: in Apophthegm 39, and in *Syl. Syl.* 915. This same *Promus* note may be traced also in the couplet to the 84th Sonnet:—

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

The whole Sonnet refers to the "rich praise" which his subject can inspire in any poet who makes his qualities the theme of his verse. The curious expression *fond on praise*, cannot be well understood without Bacon's help, and thus interpreted the couplet gains new interest and its interior meaning is ascertained. *Fond on praise* is the lawless love of the Procus who pays too much attention to the *Ancilla*.

This is a specimen of the sort of comment on Shakespeare which might be indefinitely increased if the critics were wise enough to bring Bacon's prose to throw light on Shakespeare's poetry.

2.—HAIL OF PEARL.

*Promus* Note 872 is *Haile of perle*.

When we find in Shakespeare this singular fancy, we must admit that there is some vital nexus between Shakespeare and the *Promus*. Cleopatra is wildly eager to know what news Anthony's messenger has brought, and yet will only listen to favourable reports :—

If thou dost say Anthony lives, is well,  
Or friends with Caesar, or not captive to him,  
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and *hail*  
*Rich pearls* upon thee.

(*Ant. Cl.* II. v. 43).

The resemblance between pearls and hailstones is used in Bacon's "Device." In the reply of the Squire to the corrupt statesman we find the following :—"But give ear now to the comparison of my master's condition, and acknowledge such a difference as is betwixt the melting hailstone and the solid pearl." ("Life" I. 384.)

See the growth of the fancy in three stages :—

1. In Bacon's "Device" the hailstone and the pearl are contrasted ; their outward resemblance gives point to the contrast between the melting, evanescent condition of the one, and the fixed, enduring state of the other.

2. The *Promus* note seizes on the resemblance and puts aside the contrast, and imagines a shower in which the hailstones are not melting but lasting,—a shower of pearls.

3. The lines from *Antony and Cleopatra* adopt the idea first expressed in the "Device," and subsequently developed in the *Promus*, and apply the fancy to the rich gifts showered by a princess upon a messenger who



earns her thanks by bringing good news of her lover. The two earlier points of view are united.

The development of this fancy is surely highly interesting.

### 3.—ULYSSES.

The *Promus* note 463 is *Nec fandi fictor Ulysses*—Ulysses sly in speech. The words are taken from Virgil's *Æneid*, IX. 602, and this is an echo of Homer's *ἐπίκλοπος μύθων*, (*Iliad* xxii. 281), thievish or wily and cunning in speech. Bacon thus notes that slyness is the mark and characteristic of Ulysses, and registers the fact for literary use. In Bacon's prose works this quality is not referred to, Ulysses is two or three times mentioned as the man "*qui vetulam prætulit immortalitati*, being a figure of those which prefer custom and habit before all excellency." (See "*Adv. of L.*" Works 319, and Essay 8, on "*Marriage.*") But of his slyness no mention is made. He is also referred to in the "*Wisdom of the Ancients;*" defeating the Sirens by stuffing the ears of his crew with wax, while he himself, with unstopped ears, was tied to the mast. (Works VI. 684, 762.) Perhaps this may be taken as an instance of crafty behaviour, though not of cunning speech. But if the note of slyness is absent in the prose it is present in the poetry. In Shakespeare, Ulysses is never casually mentioned without reference to his slyness, and when he appears himself on the stage his counsel is marked by that subtlety or astuteness which the *Promus* indicates. In *Lucrece* his portrait is studied :

But the mild glance which sly Ulysses lent  
Shewed deep regard and smiling government

*Luc.* 1399.

Smiling often seems to be in Shakespeare a note or expedient of slyness. Hamlet makes an entry in his note book, about the smiling damned villain—"that one may smile, and smile and be a villain." Richard III. can "Smile and murder when he smiles;" he can "speak fair

and smile in men's faces," while he is plotting mischief against them. Donaldbain in *Macbeth* says, "There's daggers in men's smiles;" and Richard II. speaks of his rival and supplanter Bolingbroke as "Wooing poor craftsmen with the craft of smiles." In these and other passages which might be referred to we can see how in Shakespeare's mind smiling and slyness are associated. Some such idea may have been working in Bacon's mind when he entered into his *Promus* the note (501), "Better is the last smile than the first laughter." At any rate it suggests that he had to some extent studied the significance of smiles.

Of all Shakespeare's characters *Richard III.* is the most crafty and designing and perfidious. Slyness may well be attributed to him. So it is, but Ulysses is the type to which slyness is referred.

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,  
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could.

3 *Hen. VI.* III. ii. 188.

Some of the speeches of Ulysses in *Troilus and Cressida* are of surpassing wisdom and depth;—slyness is too vulgar and grovelling an attribute to be connected with them. Yet even here a subtlety of contrivance is shown, which on a lower level of action might pass for slyness. In order to chastise the pride of Achilles, he wishes that Hector's challenge, which is really levelled at Achilles, should be accepted by some inferior champion, so that the reputation of Achilles may dwindle by the invidious comparison. This, surely, is slyness *in excelsis*—the very apotheosis of the quality: indeed, Ulysses himself compares his counsel to a tradesman's trick, and calls his slyness a "device."

'Tis meet Achilles meet not Hector.  
Let us, like merchants, show our foulest wares,  
And think perchance they'll sell; if not,  
The lustre of the better, yet to show,  
Shall show the better. . . . No, make a lottery,



not in evidence, the poet had nothing to keep him on the alert to maintain by accurate spelling the correlation of the word with slyness. This motive secured the proper spelling in 3 *Hen. VI.*

Philologists say that *sleigh* is the old form of sly. Bacon uses the word sleight in the Squire's speech in the *Device* :—  
 "Jugglers are no longer in request when their tricks and sleights are once perceived." ("Life" I. 384).

It is plain then that Shakespeare's references to Ulysses show that he had probably made a private note in his collection of hints for invention to this effect: "*N.B.*—Ulysses must always be sly." The *Promus* gives us the note in question.

Marlowe evidently shared the opinion of Bacon and Shakespeare about Ulysses. Thus in *Dido* :—

See how the night, Ulysses-like, comes forth,  
 And intercepts the day as Dolon Erst.  
(*Dido* I. i. 70).

Dolon was a spy of the Trojans, slain by Diomedes. And again in the same play, Sinon is the tool of Ulysses.

Ulysses on the sand,  
 Assayed with honeyed words to turn them back . . .  
 And therewithall he called false Sinon forth—  
 A man, compact of craft and perjury,  
 Whose 'ticing tongue was made of Hermes' pipe . . . and him  
 Ulysses sent to our unhappy town. (*Ib.* II. i. 136-147).

#### 4.—VOLUNTARY FORGETTING.

Forgetting, not spontaneously or unavoidably,—but artificially and voluntarily,—is referred to in some *Promus* notes. It is twice repeated.

NOTE 403. 1168.—*Art of forgetting.*

1114 and 1232.—*It'll to forget.*

Artificial forgetfulness is not, I believe, referred to in the prose works: nor is it likely to appear except in

“Works of Invention,” but it is frequent in “Shakespeare.”  
For example :—

Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

(*As You Like It* I. ii. 5).

*Benolio*.—Be ruled by me, forget to think of her.

*Romeo*.—O teach me how I should forget to think . . .

He that is stricken blind cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost . . .

Farewell, thou can'st not teach me to forget.

(*Rom. Jul.* I. i. 232).

Note 1,232 is among the set evidently collected for use in the composition of *Romeo and Juliet*, and a lively picture of the art of forgetting is given in one passage.

*Juliet*.—I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Romeo*.—Let me stand here till thou remember it.

*Juliet*.—I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

*Romeo*.—And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

(*Ib.* II. ii. 171).

The same conceit is found elsewhere.

I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembering that my love to her is dead.

(*Two Gent. Ver.* II. vi. 27).

Shall I forget myself to be myself?

Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

(*Rich. III.* IV. iv. 420).

And in Marlowe we find, in a very Shakespearean passage:

Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,

Or if I live, let me forget myself.

(*Edward II.* V. i. 110).

The same sentiment, but more disguised, is in the following:—

I am not mad: I would to heaven I were,

For then 'tis like I should forget myself.  
 O if I could, what grief should I forget !  
 Preach some philosophy to make me mad,  
 And thou shalt be canonized, Cardinal.

(*John III.* iv. 48).

It is clear that voluntary oblivion is equally familiar to the note-maker who compiled the *Promus*, and to Shakespeare.

### 5.—LIKE ONE'S SELF.

The maxim that every one should study consistency in his acts and words is one that might be as commonplace with any writer. But when this maxim is invariably expressed as the duty of being *like one's self*, the sentiment ceases to be commonplace—it is a mark of individuality. The *Promus* gives us (I, 142) the motto on which this canon of behaviour is based: *Nil malo quam illos similes esse sui et me mei*. I wish for nothing more than that they should be like themselves, while I am like myself.

This was Bacon's motto from his earliest life. In the well-known letter to Lady Burghley, dated Sept. 16, 1580, he excuses himself for deficient familiarity with the "ceremonies of Court," and adds, "My thankful and serviceable mind shall be always like itself, however it vary from the common disguising" ("Life," I. 12). In the year 1589 the same is repeated. In church controversies it is to be remembered that "a fool was to be answered, but not by becoming like him,"—"these things will not excuse the imitation of evil in another. It should be contrariwise with us, as Cæsar said, *Nil Malo*," &c. (*Ib.* 77).

In dealing with the Parliament, Bacon repeatedly urges the King not to "descend to any means, or degree of means, which "carrieth not a symmetry with your majesty and greatness." "I am still of opinion that above all things your Majesty should not descend below yourself." ("Life," IV. 313, 369).

In the charge against Owen, Bacon enumerates various offences which might have provoked the King—"he hath

been irritated. . . . And yet I see his Majesty keepeth Cæsar's rule—*Nil Malo*, &c.; he leaveth them to be like themselves, and he remaineth like himself, and striveth to overcome evil with goodness." (Life," 155, 162).

To show how the same sentiment, similarly expressed, is familiar to Shakespeare, the following passages will suffice, without further comment:—

O now you look like Hubert! all this while  
You were disguised.  
(*John* IV. i. 126).

The King is not himself, but basely led  
By flatterers.  
(*Rich. II.* II. i. 241).

See, see, King Richard doth himself appear . . .  
Yet looks he like a King.  
(*Ib.* III. iii. 62, 68).

I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,  
Be more myself.  
(1 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 92).

Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars.  
(*Hen. V.* I., Prol. 5).

Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself.  
(3 *Hen. VI.* III. iii. 15).

Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like himself.  
(*Ib.* IV. vii. 67).

But he fell to himself again, and sweetly  
In all the rest show'd a most noble patience.  
(*Hen. VIII.* II. i. 35).

I do profess  
You speak not like yourself.  
(*Ib.* II. iv. 84).

While I remain above the ground, you shall  
Hear from me still, and never of me aught  
But what is like me formerly.  
(*Coriol.* IV. i. 51).

Always I am Cæsar.  
(*Jul. Cæsar* I. ii. 212).

I'll seem the fool I am not: Antony  
Will be himself.

(*Ant. Cl. I. i. 42*).

Sir, sometimes when he is not Antony  
He comes too short of that great property  
Which still should go with Antony.

(*Ib. I. i. 56*).

I shall entreat him  
To answer like himself.

(*Ib. II. ii. 3*).

Had our general  
Been what he knew himself, it had gone well.

(*Ib. III. x. 26*).

To thine own self be true.

(*Ham. I. iii. 78*).

Make me but like my thoughts.

(*All's Well III. iii. 10*).

These specimens of the hints for Shakespearean comment to be derived from the *Promus* may suffice. The full significance of this singular note-book has not been yet brought to light; it contains ample material for students of Shakespeare and Bacon yet to work upon. There are many turns of expression which seem so commonplace that it is difficult to understand why they were inserted. And yet even in these we may sometimes hit upon phrases extremely characteristic of the philosopher and the poet. For instance, the Note 292—*Few words needed*—seems a very useless memorandum. But it represents a mode of speech singularly frequent in Bacon and Shakespeare. Bacon, in one of his speeches addressed to the King, begins his closing paragraph with, "It remaineth only that I use a few words, the rather to move your Majesty in this cause: a few words I say—a very few." ("Life," III. 186). In another speech, promising brevity, he says: "I will apply some admonitions, not vulgar or discursive, but apt for the times, and in few words, for they are best remembered." ("Life," VI. 203). In Shakespeare we have,



“ Few words suffice ” (*Tam. Shrew* I. ii. 66). “ In a few ” occurs more than once (extract from *Tam. Sh.* I. ii. 52). “ In a few words, but spacious in effect ” (*Timon* III. v. 97. *Pauca verba*—*Mer. Wives* I. i. and *Love’s Labour’s Lost* IV. ii.).

*Pauca*, simply,—*Merry Wives, Henry V., Paucas pallabrias, Tam. Sh.* and *Henry V.* Fewness and truth. *Measure for Measure* I. v. 39. See also 3 *Parnassus* 1567.

I find that strange (302) is frequent in both groups of writings. It is not current speech.

Of these turns of expression none is more curious than *What Else?* Nos. 307 and 1,400. For on looking into the use of this little phrase in Shakespeare we always find it means what a lively up-to-date youth would express by *Why certainly!* or, *Of course.* An example or two will make this clear.

*Tranio.*—Sir, this is the house, please it you that I call ?

*Pedant.*—Ay, what else ?

(*Tam. Sh.* IV. iv. 1).

*Men.*—Shall’s to the Capitol ?

*Com.*—O, ay, what else ?

(*Cor.* IV. vi. 147).

*Bolingbroke.*—Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

*Hume.*—Ay ; what else ?

(2 *Hen. VI.* I. iv. 5).

*Warwick.*—And, Clarence, now then it is more than needful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounced a traitor, &c.

*Clar.*—What else ?

(3 *Hen. VI.* IV. vi. 56).

In one case it is expanded into *What shall we do else?* *Twelfth Night* I. iii. 146. And there are other illustrations. *What else?* occurs in Marlowe’s *Edward II.* the most Shakespearean of the Marlowe plays, IV. vi. 117 ; V. iv. 23 ; v. 25, 32, and always with the same meaning.

The *Promus* may not prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare, but it assuredly proves that he had literary designs to which none of his acknowledged writings correspond ;

and it proves that there is no good reason why we should not search in Elizabethan dramatic literature for an explanation of these designs; it proves that the Shakespearean drama has as good a claim as any other to be included in this quest; and if no other work of invention can put in a superior or equal claim, it distinctly opens the question—Does not the *Promus* supply some positive indications that Shakespeare is the key that unlocks this enigma? Henceforth our quest is justified by documentary evidence, and to dismiss it with contempt or by transparently inconclusive or evasive arguments is both impertinent and irrational, in either the classical or vernacular sense of the word, impertinent.

## CHAPTER XII.

*ECHOES AND CORRESPONDENCIES.*

BACONIAN echoes in Shakespeare are so abundant, that the absence of any reference to them in the notes of annotated plays is very remarkable. Shakespeare editors are, of course, strongly opposed to the Baconian theory; but that is no reason for ignoring Bacon, and even from the Shakespearean point of view these comparisons are very interesting and instructive; in many cases they supply valuable interpretation. The introduction of these notes would doubtless lend some support to our argument,—but surely that is no good reason for neglecting them. The abundance of them may be indicated by the crudest statistics of one collection. The first volume of Mr. Donnelly's "Great Cryptogram,"—in which the cryptogram is *not* discussed, that being left to the second,—is the most masterly and convincing statement of the Baconian case ever published. It is a large royal octavo book of 502 pages; and, of these, 208 pages are devoted to Parallelisms. There are nine chapters dealing with—1. Identical Expressions. 2. Identical Metaphors. 3. Identical Opinions. 4. Identical Quotations. 5. Identical Studies. 6. Identical Errors. 7. Identical use of unusual words. 8. Identities of Character, and 9. Identities of Style. To my mind the probative force of this enormous collection is irresistible. The only way of evading it is to deny the argument derived from parallels altogether. But this would be to inflict fatal damage on a large amount of Shakespearean and other criticism which rests on the same basis. For instance, Mr. Charles Knight uses exactly this

kind of reasoning to prove that the play of 1 *Henry VI.* was written by Shakespeare, and not by Marlowe or any other writer. Nothing can be more convincing than this elaborate argument. Those who are satisfied by it may be challenged to define the difference between his argument and ours. The usual plan is to break up the argument into fragments, select one or two weak or doubtful cases,—and smuggle in the assumption that the whole case rests upon these, and is defeated by their overthrow. Nothing can be more grossly unfair. The evidence derived from parallels is cumulative, and in such an argument even the strongest instance may be spared, and yet the weakest may possess some value as one of the gossamer threads which contribute to the construction of a cable strong enough to resist the most violent efforts to break it. The argument is not like a chain which is only as strong as the weakest link : it is like a faggot, the mass of which cannot be broken, though every single stick may be brittle ; or like a rope, made by the accumulation of a great number of slender fibres, which by themselves may be easily torn, but in their combination can resist the greatest force. I do not think the Calculus has yet been invented that will enable us to cast the sum of an indefinite series of small arguments. But it must be included in that branch of Inductive Logic which deals with circumstantial evidence,—and it is well known how the detective import of such evidence may be constituted by a collection of facts each of which singly would prove nothing,—yet each of which lends some atom of force to the entire mass—and the resultant conclusion may be as well sustained as if it rested on direct documentary evidence : and perhaps even better. For documents may be forged or fictitious, and can generally be disputed,—this kind of circumstantial evidence consists of incontrovertible and indestructible facts. In the collection of parallels which I have to offer I wish to present only such as appear to me strong—such as in other cases are usually accepted as marks of

individuality in style or thought. It is however to be remembered that any estimate of strength in such a case is a matter of individual impression, and I must therefore claim that those who criticize separate extracts should not neglect the value belonging to the entire collection,—including not only those now presented, but those already published by other advocates of the Baconian theory. Moreover, I have endeavoured to bring forward a considerable number of parallels which rest on a deeper basis than verbal coincidence, and relate to the fixed and characteristic ideas of the two groups of writings. Most of those here given have not been previously published; or only in an incomplete way. Some however have appeared, and I wish to make special acknowledgment to Mr. Donnelly for the collection already alluded to; and to Mrs. Pott for the cases included in her annotations to the *Promus*. I have also reproduced some parallels which have been before published in the *Bacon Journal* and *Baconiana*. Others may have also appeared elsewhere, for in such a quest as this the same discovery may be made over and over again.

I. In one of Bacon's letters to Essex, written in 1599, he makes a very striking remark on the danger attending too much success in public service:—

“Your lordship is designed to a service of great merit and great peril; and as the greatness of the peril must needs include a like proportion of merit, so the greatness of merit may include no small consequence of peril, if it be not temperately governed. For all immoderate success extinguisheth merit, and stirreth up distaste and envy,—the assured forerunners of whole charges of peril.” (“Life” II. 129).

The same idea is most eloquently expressed more than once in Shakespeare. Ventidius, a lieutenant of Antony's, coming back in triumph after a victory, speaks:—

O Silius, Silius,  
I have done enough: a lower place, note well,  
May make too great an act; for learn this, Silius,

Better to leave undone, than by our deed  
 Acquire too high a fame, when him we serve's away.  
 Cæsar and Antony have ever won  
 More in their officer than person : Sossius,  
 One of my place in Syria, his lieutenant,  
 For quick accumulation of renown,  
 Which he achieved by the minute, lost his favour.  
 Who does i' the wars more than his captain can,  
 Becomes his captain's captain : and ambition,  
 The soldier's virtue, rather makes choice of loss  
 Than gain which darkens him.  
 I could do more to do Antonius good,  
 But 'twould offend him, and in his offence,  
 Should my performance perish.

(*Ant. Cl.* III. i. 11).

The same rule of action is recognised by Coriolanus, whose "insolence can brook to be commanded under Cominius." The explanation is,—

Fame, at which he aims,  
 In whom already he's well graced, cannot  
 Better be held, nor more attain'd, than by  
 A place below the first ; for what miscarries  
 Shall be the general's fault, though he perform  
 To the utmost of a man, and giddy censure  
 Will then cry out of Marcius, "O, if he  
 Had borne the business !"

(*Cor.* I. i. 267).

Lewis Theobald very aptly quotes the following from Quintus Curtius, as a possible derivation of this idea. It refers to the relations between Antipater and Alexander the Great. "Et quanquam Fortuna rerum placebat, invidiam tamen, quia majores res erunt, quam quas Præfecti modus caperet, metuebat. Quippe Alexander hostes vinci voluerat : Antipatrum vicisse ne tacitus quidem indignabatur, suæ demptum gloriæ existimans, quicquid cessisset alienæ. Itaque Antipater, qui prope nosset spiritus ejus, non est ausus ipse agere arbitria victoriæ." ("Quintis Curtis" I. i.). It is not unlikely

that the poet had this passage in his mind when he was writing the drama of *Antony and Cleopatra*.

2. The equivalent to the motto *noblesse oblige* appears in Bacon's *De Augmentis* as a commentary on the text in Proverbs:—"As dead flies do cause the best ointment to stink, so does a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honour." This is the homily derived from the proverb:—

"It is a very hard and unhappy condition (as the proverb well remarks) of men pre-eminent for virtue, that their errors, be they never so trifling, are never excused. But, as in the clearest diamond, every little cloud or speck catches and displeases the eye, which in a less perfect stone would hardly be discerned, so in men of remarkable virtue the slightest faults are seen, talked of, and severely censured, which in ordinary men would either be entirely unobserved, or readily excused. Hence a little folly in a very wise man, a very small offence in a very good man, a slight impropriety in a man of polite and elegant manners, detracts greatly from their character and reputation; and therefore, it would be no bad policy for eminent men to mingle some harmless absurdities with their actions, so that they may retain some liberty for themselves, and make small defects less distinguishable." (Works V. 42).

Obviously, Bacon's own reputation has suffered from this cause. The same subtle observation with metaphorical embellishments is repeated in reference to government. It occurs in a speech addressed to the Judges, 1617:—

"The best governments be always like the fairest crystals, wherein every little icicle or grain is seen, which in a fouler stone is never perceived." ("Life" VI. 213).

And again, "The best governments, yea, and the best men, are like the most precious stones, wherein every flaw, or icicle or grain are seen and noted more than in those that are generally foul and corrupted." (Reply to Speaker, 1620. "Life" VII. 178).

The sentiment of these passages is somewhat allied to that hinted at in the *Promus* Note (89): A stone without foyle. Mrs. Pott's comments on this and cognate notes, and the Shakespearean passages cited in illustration, are among the most valuable of her illustrations of the *Promus*.

It is important to remark how these singularly subtle and, as thus expounded, original sentiments, are reproduced in Shakespeare. The impetuosity of the brave and generous hearted Hotspur draws the following rebuke from Mortimer:—

You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,—  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,—  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion and disdain.  
 The least of which haunting a nobleman  
 Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

(1 *Hen. IV.* III. i. 180).

Still more accurately is Bacon's homily reflected in *Hamlet*:—

So oft it chanceth in particular men,  
 That for some vicious mole of nature in them,  
 As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,  
 Since Nature cannot choose his origin,—  
 By the o'ergrowth of some complexion  
 Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason ;  
 Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens  
 The form of plausive manners ; that these men,  
 Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,  
 Seeing Nature's livery, or fortune's star,  
 Their virtues else,—be they as pure as grace,  
 As infinite as man may undergo,—  
 Shall in the general censure take corruption  
 From that particular fault ; this dram (? grain) of evil  
 Doth all the noble substance often dout,  
 To his own scandal.

(*Ham.* I. iv. 17).



This passage is connected in a very interesting style, with another passage in the "Advancement," by Colonel Moore. See "Bacon Journal" I. 177.

3. In one of the *Meditationes Sacræ*,—on Charity,—Bacon refers to the different degrees of charity: "The first is to forgive our enemies when they repent: and of this there is found even among the more generous kind of wild beasts some shadow or image: for lions are said to be no longer savage towards those who yield and prostrate themselves." (Works VII. 245).

In Bacon's speech at the trial of Lord Sanquahar for a very revengeful murder, the relenting lion is brought forward. "Generous and magnanimous spirits are readiest to forgive, and it is a weakness and impotency of mind to be unable to forgive. Corpora magnanimo satis est prostrasse leonem." ("Life" IV. 291). The Latin line is from Ovid's "Tristia" III. v. 33.

Shakespeare's pictures of this type of charity are absolutely the same:—

Thus dost thou hear the Nemæan lion roar  
'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.  
Submissive fall his princely feet before,  
And he from forage will incline to play.  
But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?  
Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

(*L. L. L.* IV. i. 90).

*Troilus*.—Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you  
Which better fits a lion than a man.

*Hector*.—What vice is that, good Troilus? Chide me for it.

*Troilus*.—When many times the captive Grecian falls  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword,  
You bid them rise and live. (*Tro. Cr.* V. iii. 37).

Henry VI. thinks his gentle treatment of his foes—his pity, mildness, mercy, forgiveness,—will make them relent:—

These graces challenge grace,  
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.  
 (3 *Hcn.* *VI.* *IV.* viii. 48—50).

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity?  
 (*Rich.* *III.* *I.* ii. 71).

Her life was beast-like and devoid of pity.  
 (*Tit. A.* *V.* iii. 199).

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey.  
 (*Lucrece*, 421).

4. One of Bacon's charges against Aristotle is that "after the Ottoman fashion, he thought he could not reign in safety unless he put all his brethren to death." (*De Aug.* *III.* iv). "The philosophy of Aristotle, after having by hostile confutations destroyed all the rest (as the Ottomans serve their brothers) has laid down the law on all points." (*Nov. Org.* *I.* 67). He speaks of the "battles and contests" (*pugnæ et dimicationes*) of Aristotle, who, after the Ottoman fashion felt insecure in his own Kingdom of Philosophy till he had slain his brethren." (*Works V.* 463).

Bacon nowhere, I believe, names the Ottoman ruler Amurath, who thus inaugurated his reign by fratricide. But Shakespeare, when he makes the same allusion gives the name. When Henry V. ascended the throne, seeing alarm pictured on the face of his nobles and brothers, he says,—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear ;  
 This is the English, not the Turkish Court ;  
 Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,  
 But Harry, Harry.                   (2 *Hcn.* *II.* *V.* ii. 46).

Bacon's reference to the *pugnæ et dimicationes* of Aristotle is probably reflected in the words :—

Let's be no stoics nor no stocks, I pray ;  
 Or so devout to Aristotle's cheeks  
 As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured.  
 (*Tam. S.* *I.* i. 31).

5. There is a class of men whom Bacon calls "troublers

of the world." "That gigantic state of mind which possesseth the troublers of the world, . . . who would have all men happy or unhappy as they were their friends or enemies and would give form to the world according to their own humours." (*De Aug.* VII. 2; *Works* V. 12). "The French King troubles the Christian world." (*Hen.* VII. *Works* VI. 118). Also *Syl. Syl.* 1000.

The same phrase, with much the same technical meaning is found in Shakespeare. Queen Margaret in her invective against Richard III. calls him, "The troubler of the poor world's peace." (*Rich. III.* I. iii. 221). Mariana, finding her self-revealing is so affecting Pericles as to make his comfort but the reflection of her story—making him happy or not, according to her humours, says:—

But not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

(*Pericles* V. i. 153).

6. In a very early State paper of Bacon's, dating about the end of the year 1584, and which was not published in any form till 1651, quite a cluster of Shakespearean phrases is to be found. It is a paper of advice to the Queen, with reference to her treatment of the Papists. Bacon advises that they should be discouraged and enfeebled rather than actively persecuted. "To suffer them to be strong in the hope that they will be contented with reasonable concessions, carries with it but the fair enamelling of a terrible danger." To leave them half content, half discontent, worried and irritated by petty annoyances, "carries with it an equally deceitful shadow of reason; for no man loves one the better for giving him a bastinado with a little cudgell." The "fair enamel" covering danger, means more than Bacon himself in these words expressed. The latent metaphor is disclosed in two or three passages of Shakespeare. Bacon had in his mind the metallic lustre of a deadly snake—he might have worked up into his State paper the following lines:—

And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,

Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

(*M. N. D.* II. i. 255).

As the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,  
With shining checker'd slough doth sting a child,  
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

(*2 Hen. 1<sup>st</sup>.* III. i. 228).

I fear me you but warm the starved snake  
Who, cherished in your breasts, will sting your hearts.

(*Ib.* 343).

The bastinado with a cudgell brings to mind the energetic language of Philip, the Bastard, in *John*; referring to the citizen who speaks for Angiers:—

He gives the bastinado with his tongue,  
Our ears are cudgelled: not a word of his  
But buffets better than a fist of France.

(*John* II. i. 463).

From the passage in Bacon's prose we find that as early as the year 1584 he had become accustomed to think of hard words as comparable to hard blows—that the bastinado may be wielded by the tongue as well as by the hand. This same idea kept lasting hold on his mind, and reappears in many well-known Shakespearean passages. Thus:—

*Brutus.*—Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

*Octavius.*—Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Brutus.*—Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Antony.*—In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words,  
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,  
Crying, "Long live! hail Cæsar!"

*Cassius.*— Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

(*Jul. Cæs.* V. i. 27).

Forbear sharp speeches to her: she's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her. (*Cymb.* III. v. 39).

7. Among other "deficients" in science which Bacon noted, when, in the *De Augmentis*, he was making a map of

the territories already discovered, and pointing out those yet to be cleared, he suggested that a collection should be made of "what schoolmen term the *ultimities*, and Pindar the *tops* or *summits* of human nature;" specimens, that is, of highest attainment in the several departments of human culture, action, or endurance. The following is a specimen of the sort of instances which he had in mind:—"What a proof of patience is displayed in the story told of Anaxarchus, who, when questioned under torture, bit out his own tongue (the only hope of information), and spat it in the face of the tyrant." (Works IV. 374). The story is derived from Diogenes Laertius: Bacon's version is taken from Pliny or Valerius Maximus.

Shakespeare takes the same action, which Bacon gives as a *top* instance of patience, as a supreme specimen of heroic and courageous defiance. Bolingbroke being invited by the king to reconcile himself to Mowbray, and throw away the gage of battle which he had picked up, replies,—

O God, defend my soul from such deep sin!  
 Shall I seem crest-fall'n in my father's sight?  
 Or with pale beggar-fear impeach my height  
 Before this out-dared dastard? Ere my tongue  
 Shall wound my honour with such feeble wrong,  
 Or sound so base a parle, my teeth shall tear  
 The slavish motive of recanting fear,  
 And spit it bleeding in his high disgrace,  
 Where shame doth harbour, even in Mowbray's face.  
(Rich. II. I. i. 187).

It is not very likely that William Shakspeare had read any of the classic authors from which this story might be derived. We cannot suppose that Pliny, Valerius Maximus, or Diogenes Laertius were school books at Stratford-on-Avon. If Bolingbroke's defiance had taken the form:—

I'll bite my tongue out, ere I use it thus,

it might have been regarded as a casual coincidence. But

when he also threatens to spit it in the face of his enemy, we cannot explain it by a clause in the chapter of accidents.

We find also that Shakespeare uses the word *top* in the same technical sense as Bacon—to express the *ne plus ultra* of achievement or quality. The following are instances:—

Admired Miranda !  
Indeed the *top* of admiration ! worth  
What's dearest to the world.  
(*Temp.* III. i. 37).

Salisbury, seeing the dead body of Prince Arthur, supposed to be murdered, exclaims:—

This is the very *top*  
The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest  
Of murder's arms. (*John* IV. iii. 45).

and other superlative phrases are added,

How would you be,  
If He, which is the *top* of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are ?  
(*Meas. for Meas.* II. ii. 75).

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery  
To tumble down thy husband and thyself  
From *top* of honour to disgrace's feet ?  
(2 *Hen.* VI. I. ii. 47).

Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell can come a devil more damn'd  
In evils to *top* Macbeth. (*Macb.* IV. iii. 55).

The merits of Coriolanus rest on actions,—

Which, to the spire and *top* of praises vouch'd  
Would seem but modest.  
(*Cor.* I. ix. 24).

8. The fable of the basilisk is occasionally to be met with in other Elizabethan poets besides Shakespeare. But the resemblance between Bacon's method of applying it and Shakespeare's is so striking that it is deserving of accurate record. The cocatrice is another name for the same

fabulous creature. Bacon uses it to enforce his characteristic maxim, that good men ought to understand evil as well as good, and sound all the depths of Satan. "For, as the fable goeth of the basilisk, that if he see you first you die for it; but if you see him first, he dieth; so it is with deceits and evil arts, which if they be first espied, they leese their life; but if they prevent, they endanger. (*Adv. L.* II. xxi. 9). The same legend is very skilfully applied to Perkin Warbeck: "This was the end of this little cocatrice of a King, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first. ("Hist. of Hen. VII." Works VI. 203). The same fable is also alluded to in the *Syl. Syl.* 924. The metaphorical use of the fable is frequent in Shakespeare.

We are now glad to behold your eyes:—  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks.  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have lost their quality.

(*Hen. F. V.* ii. 14).

The mood of one who could not pass by a jest,—a characteristic, according to Ben Jonson, of Bacon,—is seen in the multitudinous punning of these lines. For a certain kind of cannon was called a basilisk,—and the "fatal balls" may mean either cannon balls or eyeballs, according to the *double entendre* of the word Basilisk.

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding;  
Yet do not go away: come, basilisk,  
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight.

(2 *Hen. VI.* III. ii. 51).

Observe the gazer is *innocent*, that is, he does not *espy* in any protective way.

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk.

(3 *Hen. VI.* III. ii. 187).

Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

[*Reply.*] Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!  
(*Rich. III. I. ii. 150*).

Here Bacon's theory of the power to fascinate by glances of the eye, referred to in a former discussion (chap. x., § 14), is also referred to.

O my accursed womb, the bed of death!  
A cocatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,  
Whose unavoyded eye is murderous.  
(*Ib. IV. i. 54*).

This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cocatrices.—*Twelfth Night* III. iv. 213.

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
Kills me to look on't.  
(*Cymb. II. iv. 107*).

Make me not sighted like the basilisk;  
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better  
By my regard, but kill'd none so.  
(*Winter's Tale* I. ii. 388).

Hath Romeo slain himself? Say thou but *Aye*,  
And that bare vowel *I* shall poison more  
Than the death darting *Eye* of Cocatrice.  
(*Rom. Jul. III. ii. 45*).

Again the irresponsible punster is manifest. Again we observe that Bacon never could pass by a joke.

Here with a cocatrice' dead-killing eye  
He rouseth up himself. (*Lucrece* 540).  
[Also, see 2 *Hen. VI. III. ii. 321-4*].

9. Bacon in several places expresses his opinion that the stars are true fires: "The fire of the stars is pure, perfect and native. . . . In heaven fire exists in its true place, removed from the assault of any contrary body, constant, sustained by itself and things like itself . . . flame with us is pyramidal, and in the heaven, globular." (*Works* V. 538. 476, 533, 550). "The celestial bodies, most of them, are true fires or flames, as the Stoics held; more fine, perhaps, and rarefied than our flame is." (*Syl. Syl.* 31).



The same opinion concerning stars is not infrequent in Shakespeare. Coriolanus threatens his pusillanimous countrymen,—

By the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,  
And make my wars on you.  
(*Cor. I. iv. 39*).

When Macbeth is contemplating murder, he exclaims:—

Stars ! hide your fires.—*Macb. I. iv. 50*.

Julius Cæsar claims kindred with the stars:—

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine.  
(*Jul. Cæs. III. i. 63*).

Hamlet makes the same allusion:—

Doubt thou the stars are fire.—*Ham. II. ii. 116*.

This most excellent canopy, the air, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire.—*Ib. 311*.

Gloucester, seeing Lear in the storm, exclaims:—

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head,  
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up  
And quench'd the stelled fires.  
(*Lear III. vii. 58*).

And Antony, bewailing his defeat moans:—

My good stars, that were my former guides  
Have empty left their orbs, and shot their fires  
Into the abysm of hell.  
(*Ant. Cleo. III. xi. 145*).

10. Bacon's references to quicksilver are very curious. Among the motions, or active virtues of bodies, is—"Motion of Flight" by which bodies "from antipathy flee from and put to flight hostile bodies, and separate themselves from them, or refuse to mingle with them. . . . Quicksilver is kept from uniting into an entire mass by lard, &c., owing to their desire to fly from these intervening bodies. . . . Motion of Flight is conspicuous

in gunpowder, quicksilver, and gold." (*Nov. Org.* II. 48). "Quicksilver contains a flatulent and expansive spirit." (*Works* V. 196). The power of motion is seen in quicksilver, "the force whereof, if it be vexed by fire, and prevented from escaping, is not much less than that of gunpowder." (*Ib.* 437).

Now it is very remarkable that Bacon's curious scientific notions about quicksilver are clearly reflected in the only two passages in Shakespeare where it is referred to. In *2 Hen. IV.* it is used to illustrate a motion of flight:—"A rascal, bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver." (*2 Hen. IV.* II. iv. 247).

In *Hamlet* it refers to a motion of antipathy producing an effect like the "mortification" of quicksilver. The ghost is describing the mode in which he was murdered by the juice of cursed hebenon:—

Whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That swift as quicksilver it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body,  
And with a sudden vigour it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood.

(*Ham.* I. v. 64).

Bacon also uses the same metaphor to describe the flight of Perkin Warbeck. "It was not long but Perkin, who was made of quicksilver, which is hard to imprison, began to stir. For, deceiving his keepers, he took to his heels and made speed to the sea coast." ("Henry VII." *Works* VI. 20). Here is a Motion of Flight.

II. Bacon seems to have studied the effect of poisons, as part of his medical and physiological observations. One of his most characteristic observations is that poisons often cause swelling, and in this respect they resemble certain conditions of the mind which also cause swelling, either physical or psychical.

As to poison:—"It is accounted an evident sign of

poison (especially of that kind which operates by malignancy, not by corrosion), if the face or body be swollen." (Works V. 358). As to anger and pride:—"A sudden burst of anger in some inflates the cheeks: as likewise does pride." "Turkey cocks swell greatly when angry." (*Ib.* 358-9). Bacon speaks of "the swelling pride and usurpation of the See of Rome." ("Life" V. 5). He advises Cecil a course to secure "honour and merit of her Majesty without ventosity (*i.e.* the swelling of pride or ambition) or popularity." ("Life" III. 45). And as to knowledge, he remarks that "it is not the proportion or quantity of knowledge, how large soever, that can make the mind of man to swell; but it is merely the quality of knowledge which, be it in quantity more or less, if it be taken without the true corrective thereof, hath in it some nature of venom or malignity, and some effects of that venom, which is ventosity or swelling." (*Adv. L. I. i. 3*).

All this is repeatedly reflected in Shakespeare. *Ex. gr.* Anger or spleen:—

By the gods  
You shall digest the *venom* of your *spleen*,  
Though it do *split* you.  
(*Jul. Cæs.* IV. iii. 46).

My *high-blown pride*.  
(*Hen. VIII.* III. ii. 361).

The *broken rancour* of your *high-swol'n* hearts.  
(*Rich. III.* II. ii. 117).

Cæsar's *ambition* which *swelled* so much.  
(*Cymb.* III. i. 49).

*Blown ambition*.  
(*Lear* IV. iv. 27).

I have seen th' *ambitious ocean swell* and rage.  
(*Jul. Cæs.* I. iii. 6).

*Swell* in their *pride*.  
(*Lucrece* 432).

Othello, in his anger and hatred, and hunger for revenge, says:—

*Swell, bosom, with thy fraught ;  
For 'tis of aspics' tongues !*  
(*Oth.* III. iii. 449).

12. Another of Bacon's physiological metaphors is shown in the following passage from his Essay of "Seditious" :—  
"He that turneth the humours back and maketh the wound bleed inwards endangereth malign ulcers and pernicious imposthumations." This refers to that mode of preventing seditious rising which consists in "giving moderate liberty for griefs and discontentments to evaporate." The same sentiment is expressed in a speech in Parliament (1810). "Take away liberty of Parliament, the griefs of the subject will bleed inwards. Sharp and eager humours will not evaporate, and then they must exulcerate, and so may endanger the sovereignty itself." ("Life" IV. 177). And again: "These things mought be dissembled, and so things left to bleed inwards." ("Life" V. 45). And describing a condition of stifled discontent in Henry VII.'s reign, he says that the methods of repression "made the King rather more absolute, than more safe. For bleeding inwards and shut vapours strangle soonest and oppress most." (Works VI. 153).

So Henry IV., lamenting over the wild conduct of his son, says :—

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape  
In forms imaginary, the unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
(*2 Hen. IV.* IV. iv. 58).

and the Prince in his turn says :—

"My heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick ; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow." (*Ib.* II. ii. 51).

Timon's servant says :

I bleed inwardly for my Lord.  
(*Tim. A.* I. ii. 211).

And still more distinctly is the metaphor employed by Hamlet :—

This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace  
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies.

(*Ham.* IV. iv. 27).

13. To this class of parallels the following also may be referred. Bacon in his subsidy speech (A.D. 1593) says :—  
“We are here to search the wounds of the realm, and not to skin them over.” (“*Life*” I. 223). In the observations on a Libel, he uses the expression : “Having lately with much difficulty rather smoothed and skinned over than healed and extinguished the commotion of Aragon.” (“*Life*” I. 163).

The 3rd of the *Meditationes Sacræ* commences with the aphorism, “To a man of perverse and corrupt judgment, all instruction or persuasion is fruitless and contemptible which begins not with discovery and laying open of the distemper and ill complexion of the mind which is to be recured, as a plaster is unseasonably applied before the wound be searched.” (Works VII. 244).

The Shakespearean echoes of these passages are perfect :—

It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen.

(*Ham.* III. iv. 147).

Authority, though it err like others,  
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself  
That skins the vice o' the top.

(*Meas. M.* II. ii. 134).

Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound.

(*Tit. A.* II. iii. 262).

Alas, poor shepherd ! searching of thy wound  
I have by hard adventure found my own.

(*As You Like It* II. iv. 44).

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,

And time to speak it in : you rub the sore,  
When you should bring the plaster.

(*Temp.* II. i. 137).

Poor wounded name ! My bosom, as a bed,  
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;  
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.

(*Two Gent. of Ver.* I. ii. 114).

14. That sweet things may turn sour in digestion is a physiological fact used symbolically by Bacon. In a letter to Villiers we find :—“For as his Majesty first conceived, I would not have it stay in his stomach too long lest it sour in the digestion.” (“Life” V. 285). Much the same thing occurs in the charge against Somerset. “It is a principle in nature that the best things are in their corruption the worst, and the sweetest wine makes the sharpest vinegar. So it fell out with them, that this excess, as I may term it, of friendship, ended in mortal hatred.” (“Life” V. 313). In the *Promus*, there are two notes, 571 and 910, on the “Vinegar of sweet wine.”

Shakespeare appears to have made use of this note several times.

A surfeit of the sweetest things  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.

(*M. N. D.* II. ii. 137).

Things sweet to taste prove in digestion sour.

(*Rich. II.* I. iii. 236).

Mr. Thomas W. White (our English Homer), p. 243, remarks the identical use in Shakespeare of the simile used by Bacon in his Somerset charge :—

Sweet love, I see, changing his property,  
Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.

(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 135).

The sweetest honey  
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,  
And in the taste confounds the appetite.

(*Rom. J.* II. vi. 11).

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed sours,

Even in the moment that we call them ours.

(*Lucrece* 867).

Sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds.

(*Son.* 94).

15. Some of Bacon's applications of the epithet *sweet*, are worth study. It is applied in a very characteristic way to speech and sound. Pleasant words spoken in the morning are especially sweet. And music, or musical discourse is sweeter by night than by day. These characteristics are formally expressed—as if they were scientific facts,—in the following passages. In the *Promus* there is a note, No. 1,219, which runs as follows:—"Sweet for speech of ye morning," *i.e.*, *sweet*, it is noted, is an epithet specially applicable to speech in the morning. In the *Syl. Syl.* 235, we read, "Sounds are meliorated by the intension [*i.e.*, intensification or concentration] of the sense, where the common sense is collected most to the particular sense of hearing, and the sight suspended; and, therefore, sounds are sweeter as well as greater in the night than in the day; and I suppose they are sweeter to blind men than to others: and it is manifest, that between sleeping and waking, when all the senses are bound and suspended, music is far sweeter than when one is fully waking." (See also *Syl. Syl.* 143).

Bacon also writes, "Thus did the French ambassadors, with great show of their king's affection, and many *sugared* words, seek to *addulce* all matters between the two Kings." ("Hen. VII." Works VI. 109).

It is remarkable how constantly sweetness, sugar and honey, are applied to speech in Shakespeare. For example:—

Your fair discourse hath been as sugar  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

(*Rich. II.* II. iii. 6).

My woman's heart  
Grossly grew captive to his honey words.

(*Rich. III.* IV. i. 79).

When he speaks,  
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,  
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears  
 To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences.  
(*Hen. V. I. i. 47*).

The honey of his language.  
(*Hen. VIII. III. ii. 22*).

Suck the honey of his music vows.  
(*Ham. III. i. 164*).

The sweetness of morning speech is clearly reflected in the Friar's salutation to Romeo :—

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?  
(*Rom. ƒ. II. iii. 32*).

And the sweetness of the sound at night,—

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night.  
(*Rom. ƒ. II. ii. 166*)

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears : soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
(*Mer. Ven. V. i. 55*).

16. Other scientific ideas which Bacon held about sound are clearly reflected in Shakespeare. Thus he writes in his *Natural History* notes :—

“The lower winds in a plain, except they be strong, make no noise ; but amongst trees the noise of such winds will be perceived.” (*Syl. Syl. 115*).

You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretten with the gusts of heaven.  
(*Mer. Ven. IV. i. 75*).

In such a night as this,  
 When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,  
 And they did make no noise.  
(*Mer. Ven. V. i. 1*).

Observe how the little phrase, “make no noise,” always.



refers to the movement of wind in the trees. (See the whole of *Syl. Syl.* 115).

17. A very accurate reflection of Bacon's idea of sound heard in the night, with the contrast between hearing and seeing, and the intensification of one sense by the suspension of another, is given in that storehouse of Baconian thought, the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. (See *Syl. Syl.* 235, already quoted, 15).

Dark night that from the eye his function takes  
The ear more quick of apprehension makes ;  
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,  
It pays the hearing double recompense.

(*M. N. D.* III. ii. 177).

18. A very curious correspondence between Bacon's ideas about knots in wood, and Shakespeare, has been pointed out to me by my cousin, Mr. William Theobald. The Shakespeare passage is not easily understood except by the light of the Baconian commentary.

As knots by the conflux of meeting sap  
Infect the sound pine and divert his grain,  
Tortive and errant from his course of growth.

(*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 7).

Here is the explanation :—

“There be divers herbs, but no trees, that may be said to have some kind of order in the putting forth of their leaves ; for they have joints or knuckles as it were, stops in their germination. The cause whereof is for that the sap ascendeth unequally, and doth as it were tire and stop by the way. And it seemeth they have some closeness and hardness in their stalk, which hindereth the sap from going up, until it hath gathered into a knot.” (*Syl. Syl.* 589).

Knots in wood, Bacon supposes to be caused by some arrest in the circulation of the sap. The Shakespeare passage shews a slight variation or extension of the theory given in the *Syl. Syl.*, but the botanical physiology is the same.

19. *Promus*, Note No. 601, is: "He that pardons his enemy the amner shall have his goods." The amner means the almoner, the official administrator of charitable finances. The meaning of the proverb, therefore, is: He that gives away pardons with indiscriminating charity, gives away himself and all he possesses,—all his goods go to the distributor of alms. This aphorism reappears in altered form in the *Antitheta on Cruelty*. (*De Aug.* VI. iii., No. 18). "None of the virtues has so many crimes to answer for as clemency." "He that has mercy on his enemy has none on himself." It is also found more amply expounded in the discourse on scattered occasions, taken from the *Proverbs*. (*De Aug.* VIII. ii., No. 14). "Solomon wisely adds, That the mercies of the wicked are cruel. Such is the sparing to use the sword of justice upon wicked and guilty men; which kind of mercy is more cruel than cruelty itself; for cruelty is only practised upon individual persons, but this mercy to crime, by granting impunity, arms and let loose upon the innocent the whole army of villains." Bacon also writes in similar terms to Buckingham: "Mercy in such a case, in a King, is true cruelty." ("Life" VI. 46).

Although this is not a very profound or original axiom, yet is worth observation how often and how exactly it is reproduced in Shakespeare.

Let the traitor die,  
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.  
(*Lucrece*, 1686).

*Justice*.— Lord Angelo is severe.  
*Escalus*.— It is but needful  
Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;  
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.  
(*Meas. M.* II. i., end).

Forget to pity him, lest thy pity prove  
A serpent that will sting thee to the heart . . .  
Thou kill'st me in his life giving him breath,  
The traitor lives, the true man's put to death . . .

If thou do pardon, whosoever pray,  
 More sins for this forgiveness prosper may.  
 This fester'd joint cut off, the rest rest sound:  
 This let alone, will all the rest confound . . .  
 Ill may'st thou thrive, if thou grant any grace.  
 (*Rich. II. V. iii. 57—99*).

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.  
 (*Rom. Jul. III. i., last line*).

'Tis necessary he should die:  
 Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.  
 (*Timon III. v. 2*).

20. Bacon's views on usury are such as modern political economy does not endorse. Lending money on interest was distasteful to him, and yet he admits that it may advance merchandising. But of the begetting of money in this way, he always speaks with some contempt: The Essay on "Usury" records various invectives against usury: "That it is against nature for money to beget money," &c. In the history of Henry VII., the Chancellor, Morton, speaking to Parliament for the King, tells them: "His Grace prays you to take into consideration matter of trade . . . and to repress the *bastard* and *barren* employment of moneys to usury and unlawful exchanges" ("Works" VI. p. 80), and as a result of this counsel Bacon notes: "There were also made good and politic laws that Parliament against usury, which is the *bastard* use of money, and against unlawful chievances and exchanges, which is *bastard* usury." (*Ib.* p. 87).

In Shakespeare the same view of usury as money unlawfully begotten is found. The word use sometimes means usury, as in the following:—

Foul cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,  
 But gold that's put to use more gold begets.  
 (*Jen. Adon. 767*).

This, however, does not necessarily imply that the issue is unlawful. In other passages this opinion is expressed. Antonio says to Shylock:—

If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
As to thy friends; for when did friendship take  
A *breed* for barren metal of his friend.

(*Mer. Ven.* I. iii. 133).

Shylock is the typical usurer, and he describes Jacob's mode of gaining his profits in sheep-farming. Antonio asks :—

Was this inserted to make interest good,  
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?  
*Shy.*—I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast.

(*Ib.* 95).

In *Twelfth Night* the clown, pointing to the coin which Viola has given him, says :—

Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?  
*Vio.*—Yes, being kept together and put to use.

*Clo.*—I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

(*Twelfth Night* III. i. 54).

Putting all these passages together, Shakespeare's opinion seems to be much the same as Bacon's. Usury revolts him, and yet its necessity must be conceded. The same uncertainty of view is seen in one of Bacon's objections against usury—that it doth dull and damp all industries,—and yet as “the greatest part of trade is driven by young merchants upon borrowing at interest,” so, if the rate of interest is moderate, he finds that this use of money “will encourage and edge industrious and profitable employments.” (Essay on “Usury.”) This Essay was not published till 1625. When *Hamlet* was written, the poet does not seem to have advanced quite so far. He speaks of lending money in the same terms,—the edge of trade is dulled by the use of borrowed capital; accordingly his advice is :—

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

(*Ham.* I. iii. 75).

21. There is in Shakespeare a well-known passage on philosophical foresight :—

There is a history in all men's lives  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceased:  
 The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
 And weak beginnings lie intresured:  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time.

(2 *Hen. II.* III. i. 80).

The very singular conjunction of “seeds and beginnings” was a habitual mode of speech with Bacon. Writing a paper of instructions for Sir John Digby, then proceeding to Spain, he speaks of the advantages to be derived from amity with Spain: “Also, that it may be a beginning and seed (for the like actions have had less beginnings) of a holy war against the Turk.” (Works VII. 4). In a speech on union with Scotland, he says, “Nay more, Mr. Speaker, whosoever shall look into the seminary and beginnings of the monarchies of the world, he shall find them founded in poverty.” (“Life” III. 324). Dedicating to the King his Essay on the true greatness of Britain, he says, “None of the great monarchies, which, in the memory of times have risen in the habitable world, had so fair seeds and beginnings, as hath this your estate and kingdom.” (Works VII. 47).

Much the same sort of speech is found in Banquo's challenge to the witches,—

If you can look into the seeds of time,  
 And say which grain will grow and which will not,  
 Speak then to me.

(*Macb.* I. iii. 58).

This is, perhaps, a reflection of the axiom that Bacon derived from Aristotle, “That the nature of everything is best seen in his smallest portions.” (“Advancement” II. i. 5; Works III. 332).

22. Bacon seemed to look upon war as a kind of necessity

for a State—as exercise is for an individual. In 1595 writing for Essex to Lord Rutland, he says, “Politic bodies are like our natural bodies, and must as well have some exercise to spend their humours, as to be kept from too violent or continual outrages, which spend their best spirits.” (“Life” II. 12). And the Essay on the “True Greatness of Kingdoms” puts the same point more clearly. “No body can be healthful without exercise, neither natural body, nor politic; and certainly to a kingdom or estate, a just and honourable war is the true exercise. A civil war indeed is like the heat of a fever, but a foreign war is like the heat of exercise, and serveth to keep the body in health. For in a slothful peace, both courages will effeminate and manners corrupt.”

This is not infrequently reflected in Shakespeare:—

I had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land.  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near into my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.

(2 *Hen. IV.* IV. v. 210).

The King, in *All's Well*, gives permission to his nobles to act as volunteers in the Tuscan service:—

It well may serve  
A nursery to our gentry, who are sick,  
For breathing and exploit.

(*All's Well* I. ii. 15).

Parolles gives a somewhat coarse version of the same sentiment:—

To the wars, my boy, to the wars!  
He wears his honour in a box unseen  
That hugs his kicky-wicky here at home,  
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,  
Which should sustain the bound and high curvet  
Of Mar's fiery steed.

(*Ib.* II. iii. 296).

And one of the Florentine lords takes the same view,—  
 But I am sure the younger of our nature  
 That surfeit on their ease, will day by day  
 Come here for physic.

(*Ib.* III. i. 17).

Falstaff is ashamed of his soldiers—and describing the composition of his regiment, calls them “Cankers of a calm world and a long peace.” (1 *Hen. IV.* IV. ii. 31). The Archbishop of York justifies the rebellion about which he has been challenged thus:—

Wherefore do I this? So the question stands;—  
 Briefly to this end: we are all diseased,  
 And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
 Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
 And we must bleed for it; of which disease,  
 Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.  
 But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
 I take not on me here as a physician;  
 Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
 Troop in the throngs of military men:  
 But rather shew a while like fearful war,  
 To diet rank minds, sick of happiness,  
 And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
 Our very veins of life.

(2 *Hen IV.* IV. i. 53).

Bacon says of Henry VII. that insurrection was “almost a fever that took him every year.” (*Works.* VI. 89). Medical analogies, shewn in such words as, exercise, humours, fever, heat, sloth, sick, surfeit, canker, bleed, rank, purge, obstructions, stopped veins, govern the whole theory of wars in Bacon and Shakespeare alike.

23. Bacon in speaking of the waste of vital force by excessive indulgence of passion, says that the resulting weakness (of sight especially) is caused by the “expense of spirit.” The same phrase is applied to the same riotous indulgences in Sonnet 129.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,  
 Is lust in action.

24. Bacon, in his speech of Undertakers, said, "I know but two forts in this house which the King ever hath, the *fort of affection*, and the *fort of reason*; the one commands the hearts, the other commands the heads." ("Life" V. 43).

In the Discourse on Fortitude which is spoken at the Conference of Pleasure, *the fort of reason* is again found, coupled with other Shakespearean expressions, forming an excellent triad.

"Thus is fortitude the marshal of thought, the armour of the will, and the fort of reason."

The Shakespearean equivalents to these phrases are :—

The o'er growth of some complexion,  
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason.  
(*Ham.* I. iv. 27).

Reason becomes *the marshal to my will*.  
(*M. N. D.* II. ii. 120).

and,—

The single and peculiar life is bound,  
With all the strength and *armour of the mind*,  
To keep itself from noyance.  
(*Ham.* III. iii. 11).

25. In 1615, Bacon, being anxious to obtain the status of a Privy Counsellor, since he was acting and advising as one, wrote to Villiers :—"Sure I am, there were never times which did more require a King's attorney to be well armed, and (as I said once to you) to wear a gauntlet and not a glove." ("Life" V. 260).

Similarly, Northumberland, seeing the time for rebellion approaching, casts aside the dress and equipment of sickness, and exclaims :—

Hence, therefore, thou nice crutch !  
A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand.  
(*2 Hen. IV.* I. i. 145).

26. Bacon purposed the Codification and Amendment



of the Laws, and regarded this as a work of infinite importance, needing no special commendation. "This work," he says, "shining so in itself, needs no taper."—("Life" VI. 64).

Salisbury, rebuking King John for being crowned a second time, when the glory of his original coronation yet remained undimmed, says:—

Therefore to be possessed with double pomp  
To guard a title that was rich before . . .  
To smooth the ice, or add another hue  
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light  
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,  
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

(*John* IV. ii. 9).

Bacon is fond of taper-light. In his discourse on Queen Elizabeth, he says:—"The fires of troubles abroad have been ordained to be as lights and tapers to make her virtue and magnanimity more apparent." ("Life" I. 132). The same contrast between sunlight and taper or lantern light is noted in the *Promus* 688: "To help the sun with lanternes"—which seems to be an anticipation of the passage in *John*. This superfluous juxtaposition of the limited supplies of art with the unlimited affluence of nature, is noted also in the two preceding *Promus* notes, viz.—686: *Juxta fluvium putcum fodere*—to dig a well close by a river; and 687: A ring of gold on a swine's snout. These ideas are clearly reproduced in Shakespeare:—

What fool hath added water to the sea,  
Or brought a faggot to bright burning Troy?  
(*Tit. A.* III. i. 68).

That were to enlard his fat-already pride,  
And add more coals to Cancer when he burns  
With entertaining great Hyperion.  
(*Tro. Cr.* II. iii. 205).

The raven chides blackness.  
(*Ib.* 221).

*Andrey*.—Would you not have me honest?

*Touchstone*.—No, truly, unless thou wert hard favoured : for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey as a sauce to sugar.

(*As You Like It* III. iii. 29).

Who, when he lived, his health and beauty set  
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet.

(*1<sup>st</sup> A.* 935).

The *Promus* note 687 presents the same sort of contrast as that which is twice pictured in Shakespeare :—

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright.  
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night,  
Like a rich jewel in an Æthiop's ear.

(*Rom. Jul.* I. v. 42).

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.

(*Son.* 27).

In all these cases, as in the three successive *Promus* notes, Bacon and the Poet had the same intention of bringing into comparison or contrast, the sublime or serious on the one hand, with the ridiculous or trivial on the other : what is beautiful and natural with what is grotesque, fantastic and artificial.

See this point further discussed in "Bacon Journal" I. 70-72.

27. The following passage from a letter written by Bacon to Sir Tobie Mathew, Feb. 28, 1621, soon after his fall, has singular affinities with passages in Shakespeare :—

"In this solitude of friends, which is the base-court of adversity, where almost nobody will be seen stirring, I have often remembered a saying of my Lord Ambassador of Spain, '*Amor san fin, no tienne fin*'—(Love without end has no end). ("Life" VII. 335)

The base-court recalls the lines in *Richard II.* Northumberland speaks :—

My Lord, in the base court he doth attend

To speak with you ; may't please you to come down ?

*King Rich.*—Down ? down I come ; like glistening Phaethon ;

Wanting the manage of unruly jades.

In the *base court* ? Base court, where kings grow base,

To come at traitors' calls and do them grace.

In the *base court* ? Come down ? Down court ! down King !

For night-owls shriek where mounting larks should sing,

(*Rich. II.* III. iii. 176).

The ambassador's proverb, and the mode of quoting it—  
“I have often remembered,”—is echoed in *Cymbeline* :—

I know not why

I love this youth ; and I have heard you say,

Love's reason's without reason.

(*Cymb.* IV. ii. 20).

This is evidently a variation on the Spanish proverb. The meaning of the proverb is very elastic, and one of the interpretations that may be put upon the phrase, *Love without End*, is Love without thought of self, or reason. Bacon's nimble mind could easily make the transition.

28. In 1592, Bacon wrote of Lord Burleigh, “He was no brewer of holy water in Court, no dallier, no abuser, but ever real and certain.” (“Life” I. 200). And writing to Lord Burleigh's son, Salisbury, in 1607, he says, “Your Lordship is no dealer of holy water, but noble and real.” (*Ib.* III. 297).

The same very curious phrase occurs in *Lear*. The Fool says to the outcast King, “O, nuncle, court holy water in a dry house is better than rain out o' door.” (*Lear* III. ii. 10). The Clarendon note on this passage informs us that the phrase, Court holy water, is of French origin—*Eau benite de Cour*. It means the fair, complimentary, ceremonious phraseology of a Court—fair words, easily spoken, easily believed, easily disbelieved.

29. In the following passage from Shakespeare, the full meaning is not contained in the words as they stand—that must be obtained from a corresponding passage in Bacon. In the play of *Richard II.*, Bolingbroke enters the

lists at Coventry, and gives courteous salutation to the King and his lords, and last of all to his father, Gaunt, whom he thus accosts:—

Lo, as at English feasts, so I regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet.

(*Rich. II.* I. iii. 67).

The custom of bringing sweetmeats on the table as the last course of a feast is doubtless alluded to. But why should this be spoken of as a specially English custom? Has the speaker in his mind any country where a different practise prevails? What country? and what other ending is observed for feasts in this country? The text supplies no answer to these questions: but a speech of Bacon's does. In it he is reported to have addressed the House of Commons in these words: "Let not this Parliament end like a Dutch feast in salt meats, but like an English feast in sweet meats." ("Life" III. 215). Here, then, the missing terms of the comparison are supplied,—Dutch feasts,—salted meats. And we see that if the poet had given full expression to all that was in his mind, he might have added another line to Bolingbroke's salutation. Thus:—

Lo, as at English feasts, I here regret  
The daintiest last, to make the end most sweet,  
[Not like Dutch feasts, that end with salted meat.]

30. Bacon's willing service finds a singular mode of expressing itself in the following passage from a letter to Villiers, Nov. 29th, 1616:—

"Your Lordship may assure yourself, in whatsoever you commit to me, your Lordship's further care shall be needless. For I desire to take nothing from my Master and my friend, but care; and therein, I am so covetous as I will leave them as little as may be." ("Life" VI. 115). Henry V. expresses his special form of covetousness in the same manner:—

By Jove! I am not covetous for gold,

Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;  
 It yearns me not, if men my garments wear ;  
 Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;  
 But if it be a sin to covet honour,  
 I am the most offending soul alive.

(*Hen. V.* IV. iii. 24).

31. When Bacon writes to Villiers, (1615), "Fame hath swift wings, specially that which hath black feathers," ("Life" V. 248), we know he is speaking of injurious or slanderous reports. But his entire meaning is better understood if we refer to Sonnet 70.

That thou art blamed, shall not be thy defect,  
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair ;  
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,  
*A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.*

So, then, the bird of swift wing and black feathers is the crow, the black colour means suspicion or slander. The entire idea, thus metaphorically expressed, and divided between the two utterances, is an organic whole ; the metaphor and the moral were conceived together and are the offspring of the same parent. Bacon is interpreted by Shakespeare.

32. Bacon makes a somewhat scornful reference to men holding high office who cling to their post after their powers are decayed. "Nay, retire, men cannot when they would ; neither will they when it were reason ; but are impatient of privateness, even in age and sickness, which require the shadow ; like old townsmen that will be still sitting at their street door, though thereby they offer age to scorn." (Essay of "Great Place.")

Shakespeare was very fond of drawing the same picture. It is most exactly reproduced in the following :—

Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep, and not an ear open.

(*III. Tale* V. ii. 67).

Remembering these, we can better understand the familiar outlines of the following picture :—

This act is as an ancient tale new told,  
 And in the last repeating troublesome,  
 Being urged at a time unseasonable.  
 In this the antique and well-noted face  
 Of plain old form is much disfigured.

(*John* IV. ii. 18).

The same picture is given in another setting :—

So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,  
 Be scorned, like old men of less truth than tongue ;  
 And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,  
 And stretchéd metre of an antique song. (Son. 17).

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,  
 For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short ;  
 If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight  
 In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport.

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,  
 End without audience, and are never done.

(*Ven. A.* 841).

33. The fancy that the two eyes may wear different expressions, or be differently employed, is common to Bacon and Shakespeare. It is most familiar in the King's description of himself, mourning for his deceased brother, yet glad to wear his crown and wed his queen :—

As 'twere with a defeated joy,—  
 With an auspicious and a dropping eye,  
 With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage.

(*Ham.* I. ii. 11).

The same double sight is assumed in *Winter's Tale* :—

But, O, the noble combat that, 'twixt joy and sorrow, was fought in Paulina ! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband ; another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled. (*Winter's Tale* V. ii. 80).

Bacon also describes Perkin Warbeck,—“beginning to squint one eye upon the crown, and another upon the sanctuary.” (*Works* VI. 192). And in the account of Squire's conspiracy, we find,—“Walpoole carrying a waking and a waiting eye.” (“*Life*” II. 111).

34. Shakespeare's phrase "out of joint," which has passed into current speech, so that its singular and original character is forgotten, is used more than once both in Shakespeare and Bacon. The passages in the poetry are the following :—

The time is out of joint : O, cursed spite,  
That ever I was born to set it right.

(*Ham.* I. v. 188).

Young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of your worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death  
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame.

(*Ib.* I. ii. 17).

But let the frame of things disjoint.

(*Macb.* III. ii. 16).

He hath the joints of everything ; but everything so out of joint, that he is a gouted Briareus, many hands and no use.

(*Tro. Cr.* I. ii. 27).

Bacon is equally partial to the same form of speech :—

"We do plainly see in the most countries of Europe, so unsound and shaken an estate, as desireth the help of some great person to set together and join again the pieces asunder and out of joint." "Notes on the State of Christendom," 1582. ("Life" I. 27).

As the lines in *Hamlet* which bear so remarkable a resemblance to this passage, appeared in the earliest known edition, 1603, it was probably also in the oldest edition of *Hamlet*, before 1587, no copy of which is known to exist.

In another early paper of Bacon's,—the Observations on a Libel, 1592,—the same phrase occurs. Referring to authors of foreign libels, he says, "It must be understood that it hath been the general practise of this kind of men, . . . to abuse the foreign estates, by making them believe that all is out of joint, and ruinous here in England." ("Life" I. 152).

In a letter to the King, 1615, referring to a trading

company, he discusses, "what is further to be done for the setting of the trade again in joint." ("Life" V. 257).

35. The advice which Iago gives to Roderigo (*Oth.* I. iii. 333): "Put money in thy purse,"—advice which is repeated with one or two variations, ten times, seems to have been a formula used by Bacon to indicate a state of worldly ease and satisfaction, in which the strivings of ambition are less eager, and the stirrings of discontent less dangerous. When Bacon was taking stock of the rising men whose opposition had to be taken into account, he does so in these terms:—"Yelverton is won; Sands is fallen off; Crew and Hyde stand to be serjeants; Neville hath his hopes; *Martin hath money in his purse*; Brock is dead." ("Life" IV. 365 & 370).

In the letter of advice to Essex, 1598, he says, "Tyrone is more like a gamester that will give over because he is a winner, than because he hath no more money in his purse." ("Life" II. 98).

There are several passages in Shakespeare, besides that in *Othello*, in which much the same phrase, or its converse, with the same meaning, occurs:—

O, ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?

(*Lear.* IV. vi. 148).

Look where my ranting host of the Garter comes: there is either liquor in his pate, or money in his purse, when he looks so merrily.

(*Mer. W.* II. i. 195).

With a good leg and a good foot, mnele, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if a' could get her good-will.

(*Much Ado.* II. i. 15).

For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse.

(*As You Like It* II. iv. 11).

His purse is empty; all's golden words are spent.

(*Ham.* V. ii. 136).



36. Bacon, writing to Villiers, July 5th, 1616, asks, "For if time give his Majesty the advantage, what needeth precipitation to extreme remedies?" ("Life" V. 379). Surely this is simply a variation of the more condensed expression of the same maxim:—

Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.

(*Hen. V.* III. vi. 128).

This almost technical use of the word *advantage*, as applied to time, is distinctly Baconian. It is equally Shakesperian:—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours.

(*Rich. III.* IV. i. 49).

Beyond him in the advantage of the time.

(*Cymb.* IV. i. 12).

Make use of time, let not advantage slip.

(*Ven. A.* 129).

37. Bacon not infrequently describes the extremest type of social disorder as one in which men become wolves and devour each other. In the Antitheta on Justice, we find: "It is owing to Justice that man is a God to man and not a wolf." (*De Aug.* VI. iii.).

In expounding the proverb, "A righteous man falling down before the wicked, is as a troubled fountain and a corrupt spring,"—he winds up with, "For when the judgment-seat takes the part of injustice, there succeeds a state of general robbery, and men turn wolves to each other, according to the adage." (*De Aug.* VIII. ii. 25).

The same condition of social degeneration is magnificently described by Shakespeare,—as a state in which "degree is shaken,"—when all things are in a state of "oppugnancy," or strife. In such a state justice no longer exists:—

Force should be right: or, rather, right and wrong,  
Between whose endless jar justice resides,  
Should lose their names, and so should justice too.

Then everything includes itself in power,  
 Power into will, will into appetite,  
 And appetite, an universal wolf,  
 So doubly seconded by will and power,  
 Must make perforce an universal prey,  
 And last eat up itself.

(See *Tro. Cres.* I. iii. 75-137).

Henry IV. apprehends similar chaos when his wild son comes to the throne :—

O, my poor Kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What thou wilt do, when riot is thy care ?  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

(See 2 *Hen. IV.* IV. v. 118-138).

This, too, is the light in which Albany regards the kingdom when Lear is outcast :—

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits  
 Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,  
 Humanity must perforce prey on itself,  
 Like monsters of the deep.

(*Lear IV.* ii. 46).

38. The curious expression *play prizes* occurs once in Shakespeare :—

So, Bassianus, you have played your prize.

(*Tit. A.* I. i. 399).

It is found also in Bacon,—Oliver St. John, “intending, as it seems to play prizes, would give no answer.” (“*Life*” V. 140).

“Far be it from us, by any strains of wit or art, to seek to play prizes, or to blazon our names in blood.” (“*Speech against Somerset*,” *Ib.* V. 307).

“Who would not be offended at one who comes into the pulpit, as if he came upon the stage to play parts or prizes ?” (“*Pacification of the Church*,” *Ib.* III. 119).

39. *Starting holes* is another curious phrase :—

What trick, what device, what starting hole can'st thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?—1 *Hen. IV.* II. iv. 290.

Bacon, in his report on Lopez' conspiracy describes how he, "thought to provide for himself as many starting holes and evasions as he could devise, if any of these matters should come to light." ("Life" I. 283).

Bacon describes certain conditions, not easily complied with, in a certain experiment, and of them, he says, "These two last I could easily suspect to be prescribed as a starting hole"—to account for failure. (*Syl. Syl.* 998).

40. Bacon's Essay of "Cunning" concludes with the following observation:—"Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and (as we now say) putting tricks upon them, than upon the soundness of their own proceedings." This Essay was originally published in 1612. On the above passage, Dr. Abbott remarks, "The word *now* seems to apologize for the new-fashioned colloquial phrase, *put tricks on.*" It is used by Stephano (*Tempest* II. ii. 62), and by the Clown in *All's Well* IV. v. 63.

*Stephano.*—Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages?

*Clown.*—If I put any tricks upon them, Sir, they shall be jade's tricks.

As neither of these plays were known till 1623, there is no reason for giving the phrase an earlier date than the Essay.

41. Bacon more than once uses the curious verb *stage*. Thus in a letter to Buckingham, he says, "These things should not be *staged*, nor talked of." ("Life" VII. 151).

In a precisely similar sense the word is used in Shakespeare:—

I love the people ;  
But do not like to stage me in their eyes.  
(*Meas. for Meas.* I. i. 68).

The quick comedians,  
Extemporally will stage us.  
(*Ant. Cl.* V. ii. 216).

42. Bacon's observations about Motes and Shadows are very characteristic. "The utmost parts of shadows seem ever to tremble. The cause is for that the little motes which we see in the sun do ever stir, though there be no wind, and therefore those moving in the meeting of the light and shadow, from the light to the shadow, and from the shadow to the light, do show the shadow to move because the medium moveth." (*Syl. Syl.* 879).

This portion of Bacon's *Natural History* helps us to a complete explanation of a line in *Pericles*.

Like motes and shadows see them move awhile.

(*Pericles* IV. iv. 21).

43. Most people use the twin adjectives *gross and palpable*, without thought of their origin. It is one of Bacon's many contributions to verbal currency. It was a new coin when it issued from his affluent mint; it is now available to everyone for verbal traffic. Anyone using it in the early part of the seventeenth century, would have felt almost obliged to quote Bacon while employing it. It is as well to recall our obligation to him now that we have reached the twentieth century.

In his charge against Oliver St. John, summing up his indictments, he proceeds: "The second is a slander and falsification and wresting of the law of the land, gross and palpable." ("Life" V. 141). In his charge against Lady Somerset referring to her secret plan of murdering Overbury by poison, he describes the crime as one "done with an oath or vow of secrecy, which is like the Egyptian darkness, a gross and palpable darkness that may be felt." (*Ib.* V. 103). In his observations on a libel, he promises his readers to give them, "a taste of their untruths, especially such as are wittily contrived, and are not merely gross and palpable." ("Life" I. 267) And in the "Advancement of Learning," he refers to the "gross and palpable flattery, wherewith many (not the unlearned) have abased and abused their wits and pens." (*Works* III. 281)

Bacon then may be regarded as the originator of this formula of speech. But Shakespeare's claim is almost the same.

This palpable, gross play hath well beguiled  
The heavy gait of night.

(*M. N. D. V. i. 374*).

Prince Hal says of Falstaff's witty inventions :—“ These lies are like their father that begets them, gross as a mountain, open, palpable.” (1 *Hen. IV. IV. iv. 249*).

A trace of the same is found in another passage :—

'Tis so strange,  
That though the truth of it stand out as gross  
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.

(*Hen. V. II. ii. 102*).

44. In Bacon's charge against Somerset, he describes how Somerset first contrived that his victim should be taken to the Tower :—

“ He should be laid prisoner in the Tower, and then they would look he should be close enough, and death should be his bail.” Another version has, “ And indeed, he did deliver him, but his bail was death. (“ Life ” V. 315).

Death is referred to in much the same way in the Poetry :—

But be contented : when that fell arrest  
Without all bail shall carry me away, &c.

(*Son. 74*).

This fell sergeant, Death,  
Is strict in his arrest.

(*Ham. V. ii. 347*).

45. One of the chapters in Bacon's “ Wisdom of the Ancients ” is entitled, “ Narcissus,—or Self-Love.” Narcissus is only twice mentioned in Shakespeare, and in one of these passages, the title of Bacon's chapter is repeated :—

Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,  
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,

Self-love had never drowned him in the flood.

(*Lucrece* 264).

It is worth while noting that the "Wisdom of the Ancients" was published in 1609, fifteen years after the publication of *Lucrece*.

46. Shakespeare writes in one of his Sonnets (100).

Give my love fame, faster than Time wastes life.

Much the same phrase is used in Bacon's tract on the "Pacification of the Church" :—"The civil state is purged and restored by good and wholesome laws, made every third or fourth year, in Parliaments assembled ;—devising remedies as fast as time breedeth mischiefs." ("Life" iii. 105).

47. One rather frequent mode of expression with Bacon, is to say of some attribute or quality that it lies *in* the object to which it addresses itself, and does not exist for its own sake. For instance, he affirms that "no kind of men love business for itself, but those that are learned"—"so that as it is said of untrue valours that some men's valours are in the eyes of them that look on, so such men's industries (*i.e.*, other than learning) are in the eyes of others, or at least in regard of their own designments." "Advancement" I. ii. 5. (Works III. 272). In another place, the application of this to the Spaniards is made :—"The Spaniard's valour lieth in the eye of the looker on, but the English valour lieth about the soldier's heart." ("Life" VII. 499).

Shakespeare has the same habit of expression :—

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear  
Of him that hears it ; never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it,

(*L. L. L.* V. ii. 871).

*Green*.—Our nearness to the King in love

Is near the hate of those love not the King.

*Bagot*.—And that's the wavering commons, for their love

Lies in their purses,

(*Rich. II.* II. ii. 127).

This is a slave whose easy-borrow'd pride,  
 Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.  
 (*Lear* II. iv. 188).

A strutting player, whose conceit  
 Lies in his hamstring.  
 (*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 153).

48. "Some of the ancients," says Bacon, . . . "have noted a sympathy between the sun, moon, and principal stars, and certain herbs and plants, . . . marigolds, tulippas, pimperl, and indeed most flowers do open or spread their leaves abroad when the sun shineth serene and fair: and again (in some part) close them or gather them inward either towards night or when the sky is over-cast." (*Syl. Syl.* 493).

The morning serenade in *Cymbeline* refers to this property of the marigold:—

And winking marigolds begin  
 To ope their golden eyes.  
 (*Cymb.* II. iii. 25).

The same reference is made in other passages:—

The marigold that goes to bed with the sun  
 And with him rises weeping.  
 (*W. Tale* IV. iv. 105).

Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread,  
 But as the marigold at the sun's eye.  
 (*Son.* 25).

49. In the *Promus*, there is a note (1055), affirming the almost universal prevalence of madness. It is from Horace:—

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur;  
 Maxima pars hominum morbo laboret eodem.

(Few persons regard him as insane—the greater part of men are labouring under the same disease).

The same idea is reproduced even in such a seriously philosophical work as the *Novum Organum* I. 27. "Anticipations are a ground sufficiently firm for consent;

for even if men went mad all after the same fashion, they might agree one with another well enough."

The Clown in the grave-digging scene in *Hamlet* seems to have found out the same epidemic of madness. Hamlet asks him :—

Why was he [young Hamlet], sent to England?

*Clown.*—Why because he was mad; he shall recover his wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.*—Why?

*Clown.*—'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

(*Ham.* V. i. 166).

This is a pretty faithful reproduction of *insanus paucis videatur*. Lady Macduff's little son, in replying to her teaching, that liars and swearers must all be hanged by honest men, says,—

Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enow to beat the honest men and hang them up.

(*Mac.* IV. ii. 56).

This is a sort of variation of the original maxim. The original sentiment combined with the variation, occurs in *As You Like It* :—

"Love is merely a madness, and I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too." (*As You Like It* III. ii. 420).

50. It is curious that in the very next Aphorism in the *Novum Organum* which gives this parallel to the clown's theory of general madness, there is a very accurate reproduction of the epithets which Ophelia uses to describe Hamlet's madness :—

Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.

(*Ham.* III. i. 166).

Bacon is still discoursing about Anticipations of the mind—and contrasting them, in regard to their power of



winning assent, with true interpretations of Nature: which "cannot suddenly strike the understanding and therefore they must needs, in respect of the opinions of the time, seem harsh and out of tune." The Latin is "*duras et absonas.*"

51. Bacon speaks of certain facts as "fit to be tabled and pictured in the chambers of meditation." ("Life" IV. 10.) This is certainly remarkably like the Friar's reference to Hero, supposed to be dead:—

The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination.

(*M. Ado.* IV. i. 226).

52. In one of Bacon's letters to the King, he thus describes his own work:—

"Your Majesty hath put upon me a work of Providence in this great cause; which is to break and distinguish future events into present cases, and so to present them to your royal judgment, that in this action, which hath been carried for your Majesty's part with so great prudence, justice and clemency, there may be for that which remaineth, as little surprise as possible; but that things duly foreseen may have their remedies and directions in readiness. Wherein I cannot forget what the poet, Martial, saith, *O quantum est casibus ingenium*, signifying that accident is many times more subtle than foresight, and over-reacheth expectation." ("Life" V. 276).

This gives us an insight into the classic origin of another well-known passage in *Hamlet*:—

Rashly,—

And praised be rashness for it,—let us know  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,  
When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us  
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we will.

(*Ham.* V. ii. 6).

53. The following very curious correspondence is pointed out to me by Mr. Edwin Reed, of Boston, U.S. Although

the significance of it is in one word, yet that word is the keyword—the one important word—in both the passages thus connected. The Baconian quotation is judiciously omitted in the Pitt Press Edition of Bacon's "Henry VII;" but it is given in Spedding's edition of the Works, Vol. VI. p. 215. The question under consideration is as to legitimacy of the marriage of Henry VIII. with Katherine of Aragon, who had been married to Prince Arthur. This is the passage:—

"There was given in evidence also, when the cause of the divorce was handled, a pleasant passage, which was—that in a morning Prince Arthur, upon his uprising from bed with her [Katherine] called for drink, which he was not accustomed to do, and finding the gentleman of his chamber that brought him the drink to smile at it and to note it, he said merrily to him that he had been in the midst of Spain, *which was an hot region*, and his journey had made him dry."

Compare this with the colloquy between Dromio and Antipholus of Syracuse.

*Dro. S.*—She is spherical, like a globe: I could find countries in her.

*Ant. S.*—In what part of her body stands . . . Spain?

*Dro. S.*—Faith I saw it not, but *I felt it hot in her breath.*

(*Com. Errors* III ii. 115).

Dromio and Prince Arthur's impressions of Spain are not only identical, — they are formed apparently under the same very unique conditions.

54. In two letters written by Bacon soon after his fall, nearly the same very remarkable expression occurs:— "While I live, my affection to do you service shall remain quick under the ashes of my fortune" (Letter to Bristol.—"Life" VII.) And again, "The sparks of my affection shall ever rest quick under the ashes of my fortune, to do you service." (Letter to Falkland.—*Ib.*)

Cleopatra, under very analogous conditions, just before she puts the fatal asp to her bosom, says,—

Prithee, go hence ;  
 Or I shall show the cinders of my spirits  
 Through the ashes of my chance.

(*Ant. Cl. V. ii. 172*).

As the play of *Antony and Cleopatra* was never heard of till 1623, two years after Bacon wrote the letters from which I have quoted, there is no good reason for supposing that these lines in the play are of an earlier date.

55. Like Shakespeare, Bacon was accustomed to speak of money and earthly possessions as "*trash*." "If he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's mind, and not their trash." (Essay of "Goodness").

In the speech at the trial of Lord Sanquahar, we find,—  
 —"This I commend in you, and take it to be an assured token of God's mercy and favour, in respect whereof all worldly things are but trash." ("Life" IV. 293).

So the Poet writes,—

Who steals my purse, steals *trash*.

(*Oth. III. iii. 157*).

Shall one of us,  
 That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
 But for supporting robbers, shall we now,  
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours  
 For so much trash as may be grasped thus?

(*Jul. C. IV. iii. 21*).

To wring  
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash.

(*Ib. 73*).

56. Bacon writes to Murray, "I have laboured like a pack-horse in your business." ("Life" IV. 247).

And Shakespeare calls opportunity, "Sin's pack-horse," (*Lucrece* 928); also:—"I was a pack-horse in his great affairs." (*Rich. III. I. iii. 122*).

57. Bacon, writing for Walsingham, says, "Her Majesty,—not liking to make windows into men's heart," &c. ("Life" I. 98).

Shakespeare also,—

Behold the window of mine heart, mine eye.  
(*L. L. L. V. ii. 848*).

Your true image . . .  
In my bosom's shop is hanging still,  
That hath his windows glazed with thine eyes.  
(*Son. 24*).

58. Bacon wrote to Cecil, "We live in an age when every man's imperfection is but another's fable." ("Life" III. 22).

*Shakespeare* slightly varies the expression,—“Sir, make me not your story.” (*M. M. I. iv. 30*). “Make me not object to the tell tale day.” (*Lucrece 806*).

59. Bacon writes to the King, 1606:—“For gracious sovereign, if still when the waters are stirred, another shall be put in before me, your Majesty has need to work a miracle, or else I shall be still a lame man to do your service.” (“Life” III. 295).

Most probably the same condition of ever postponed promotion is referred to in the 37th Sonnet,—

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.

And in another Sonnet, still more clearly referring to the same absence of royal favour, he writes,—

Say that thou did'st forsake me for some fault,  
And I will comment upon that offence:  
Speak of my lameness, and I straight will halt,  
Against thy reasons making no defence.  
(*Sonnet 89*).

60. In Bacon's speech for Naturalization, we find—  
“The laws are rather *figuræ reipublicæ* than *forma*; and rather bonds of perfection than bonds of entireness.” (“Life” III. 314).

So Worcester, when Hotspur has been speaking of

various modes of winning honour,—all wanting in relevance to the actual situation, says,—

He apprehends a world of figures here,  
But not the form of what he should attend.

(1 *Hen. II.* I. iii. 209).

The distinction is really the same as that in Bacon's speech. Forms and figures are also grouped together in *Love's Labour's Lost* IV. ii. 68.

61. Bacon often refers to the wrong of time: *Eg. gr.*, "The images of men's wits and knowledges remain in books, exempted from the wrong of time, and capable of perpetual renovation." ("Advancement" I. viii. 6. Works III. 318).

The same idea, similarly expressed, is found in the Sonnets,—

Yet, do thy worst, old Time ; despite thy wrong  
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

(Sonnet 19).

A slight variation is to be found in the following :—

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.

(Sonnet 108).

62. Bacon speaks of the confidence which seeks "to depress and seems to despise whatever a man cannot obtain: observing the good principle of the merchants, who endeavour to raise the price of their own commodities and to beat down the price of others." ("Advancement" II. xxiii. 32. Works III. 464).

"In praising and blaming, men are commonly thinking of their own business, and not speaking what they think.

Laudat venales qui vult extrudere, merces.

(*Horace Ep.* II. ii. 11).

(The merchant praises what he wants to sell.)

And again, ‘It is naught, it is naught, says the buyer ; but when he is gone away he will vaunt.’” (*De Aug.* VI. iii. First example of “Colours of Good and Evil.”)

Shakespeare writes :—

Fair Diomed, you do as chapmen do,  
Dispraise the thing that you desire to buy.  
But we in silence hold this virtue well  
We'll but commend what we intend to sell.  
(*Tro. Cr.* IV. i. 75).

Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,  
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.  
(*Love's Labour's Lost* II. i. 13).

Fie, painted rhetoric ! O, she needs it not :  
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs ;  
She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.  
(*Ib.* IV. iii. 239).

Let them say more that like of hear-say well,  
I will not praise that purpose not to sell.  
(Sonnet 21).

That love is merchandised, whose rich esteeming  
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.  
(Sonnet 102).

63. In the “Conference of Pleasure,” the Discourse on Fortitude, Bacon speaks of Cæsar, when assassinated, “as a stag at bay.” Antony uses the same language :—

Here wast thou bay'd, brave heart.  
(*Jul. Cæs.* III. i. 204).

In his eloquent description of the sea-fight waged by the ship *Revenge* against fifteen great ships of Spain, he says, “This ship, for the space of fifteen hours, sat like a stag among hounds at the bay.” (“Life” VII. 491).

64. Bacon says that “Veritas and Bonitas differ but as the seal and the print, for Truth prints Goodness.” Prospero, in the *Tempest*, expresses his infinite disgust with Caliban, by the words :—

Abhorred slave !  
Which any *print* of goodness wilt not take.

(*Tempest* I. ii. 351).

65. Bacon speaks of the logicians as using particular instances as "Sergeants and *Whifflers* to make way and room for their opinions." ("Advancement" II. xiii. 3. Works III. p. 387).

Shakespeare has :—

Behold the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea ;  
Which, like a mighty whiffler 'fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way.—*Hen. I. V.* Chorus 9.

66. Bacon says, "Whatsoever science is not consonant to presuppositions must *pray in aid of similitudes*." ("Advancement" II. xvii. 10. Works III. 407).

Shakespeare has,—

A conqueror that will *pray in aid* for kindness,  
When he for grace is kneel'd to—(*Ant. & Cl. V. ii. 27*).

67. Bacon, writing to his Uncle, Lord Burghley, March 21st, 1594, on the Queen's constant neglect of his advancement, said, "I understood Her Majesty not only to continue in her delay, but . . . to be *retrograde*, to use the word apted to the highest powers." ("Life" I. 357).

The same unusual expression occurs in Shakespeare :—

*Hcl.*—You must needs be born under Mars,  
*Parol.*—When he was predominant ;  
*Hcl.*—When he was retrograde, I think rather.

See also *Ham. I. ii. 114*,—"most retrograde to our desire."

68. Bacon speaks of "fair weather"—meaning a friendly and amicable state between two possible antagonists. (See "History of Henry VII." Works VI. pp. 61, 72).

Shakespeare also has,—

But I must make *fair weather* yet awhile  
Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.  
(*2 Hen. VI. V. i. 30*).

69. *Baby*, meaning a doll, is found in both (as also in other Elizabethan writers).

“It was the part of children to fall out about *babies*.” (“Henry VII.” Works VI. 172).

Macbeth says,—

Protest me the *baby* of a girl.

(*Macb.* III. iv. 105).

70. Bacon says of disloyal subjects of a king that “they *stand in his danger*.” (“Henry VII.” Works VI. 36).

Portia says to Antonio :—

You *stand within his danger* do you not?

(*Mer. Ven.* IV. i. 180).

71. Bacon has a trick of using the word *twenty* to express a large and indefinite number, *e.g.*, “As for Maximilian, upon *twenty* respects he could not have been the man.” (“Henry VII.” Works VI. 235). This is so frequent in Shakespeare that anyone may find instances, *e.g.*,—

*Twenty* of these puny lies I’ll tell.

(*Mer. Ven.* III. iv. 74).

72. The expression *keep state*—applied to the majesty of a king is used by Bacon. (“Henry VII.” Works VI. 32). King Henry V. tells the French Ambassador,—

Tell the Dauphin I will *keep my state*,

Be like a King and show my sail of greatness.

(*Hen. V.* I. ii. 273).

73. The expression “*abate the edge of envy*” is found in Bacon’s 9th Essay, of “Envy,” and in *Rich. III.* V. v. 35.

74. Bacon says,—“Every vapour or fume doth not turn into a storm.” (Essay 15). Shakespeare says,—

Every cloud engenders not a storm.

(3 *Hen. VI.* V. iii. 13).

75. Bacon says that bad officers, and other false and corrupt servants, “set a bias upon their bowl of their own



petty ends and envies, to the overthrow of their master's great and important affairs." (Essay 23).

Shakespeare also says of Commodity (or self-interest) that it is the "bias of the world"—"this vile drawing bias." (*John* II. ii. 574, 577).

76. There is a strong family resemblance as well as a striking identity in phraseology between the following passages. Bacon, writing to Egerton in 1597, says, "The place I have in reversion is but like *another man's ground* reaching upon my house, which may mend my prospect but it doth not fill my barn." ("Life" II. 61).

Falstaff and Ford, disguised as Brooke, in conference about Brooke's design on Mistress Ford, converse as follows:—

*Fal.*—Of what quality was your love, then ?

*Ford.*—Like a fair house built on *another man's ground*, so that I have lost my edifice by mistaking the place where I erected it.

(*Merry Wives* II. ii. 223).

77. Bacon's references to popularity are sometimes made with a very technical use of the words "common" and "popular." Writing to Essex he says, "I reckon myself as a common (not popular but common), and as much as is lawful to be enclosed of a common, so much your Lordship shall be sure to have." Much the same toying with the words is found in *Love's Labour's Lost* II. i. 223:—"Not so gentle beast ; my lips are no common, though several they be." Boyet having just offered to kiss her and pasture, like a sheep, on her lips.

Pistol asks the disguised King,—

Art thou officer ? Or art thou base, common and popular.

(*Hen. V.* IV. i. 37).

Your sauciness will jest upon my love

And make a common of my serious hours.

(*Com. Er.* II. ii. 28).

Why should my heart think that a several plot

Which my heart knows the wide world's common place?  
(Sonnet 137).

Bacon had a great aversion to mere popularity, and Shakespeare shared the same aversion.

“Let military persons be assured and well reputed of, rather than factious and popular.” (Essay of “Seditions”).

“A popular judge is a deformed thing, and plaudites are fitter for players than for magistrates.” (“Life” VI. 211).

King Henry reproaches his son that he had, like Richard, “enfeoff’d himself to popularity.” (1 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 69). And the Archbishop of Canterbury refers to the prince before he ascended the throne, as having associated with “Companies unlettered, rude and shallow,” and never noted for “any sequestration from open haunts and popularity.” (*Hen V.* I. i. 55).

78. Bacon frequently refers to Adrian as “the most curious man that ever lived and the most universal enquirer, inso-much as it was noted for an error in his mind, that he desired to comprehend all things, and not to reserve himself for the worthiest things. Falling into the like humour that was long before noted in Philip of Macedon, who when he would needs overrule and put down an excellent musician in an argument touching music, was well answered by him again, ‘God forbid, Sir,’ saith he, ‘that your fortune should be so bad as to know these things better than I.’” (Works III. 230. Apop. 159).

The same story was evidently present to the poet of *Love’s Labour’s Lost*. Biron, the aristocrat, and Costard, the clown, disputing about the number of actors to be employed in acting, Biron says,

By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

*Costard*.—O Lord, Sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, Sir!

(*Love’s Labour’s Lost* V. ii. 493).

The special occupation referred to in connection with reckoning is that of a tapster, elsewhere thus noted:—

I am ill at reckoning ; it fits the spirit of a tapster.

(*Love's Labour's Lost* I. ii. 42).

And in many other places reckoning and the occupation of a tapster are associated, as a mean occupation.

79. Timon of Athens appears to reflect the sense of injury and misfortune which Bacon felt after his fall. In 1622 he wrote to the Lord Treasurer, "Your Lordship hath greatness, and I hope you will line it with goodness." ("Life" VII. 396).

We can hear an echo of this in the appeal of Alcibiades :

O my lords,

As you are great, be pitifully good.

(*Timon* III. v. 51).

80. One of the rules which Bacon lays down in his Essay on "Travel," for Travellers is, "Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth." Rosalind gives Jacques similar advice, as he is taking his departure :—

Farewell, Monsieur Traveller. Look you lisp, and wear strange suits ; disable all the benefits of your own country ; be out of love with your nativity.—*As You Like It* IV. i. 32.

To all these, which might be almost indefinitely multiplied, let me give a specimen of "Baconian thought in Baconian language." The following might easily be added to Bacon's Essays. As Falstaff is speaking, there is necessarily a jesting colour in the words ; but if the levity were eliminated, I defy anyone to distinguish the style from that of the Essays. Mr. Justice Shallow's behaviour is the topic :—

"It is a wonderful thing (1) to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. (2) Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation (3) of society, that they flock together in concert (4) like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to Master

Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master : if to his men I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. (5) It is certain (6) that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases (7) one of another. Therefore (8), let men take heed of their company." (2 *Hen. IV.* v. 1. near the end).

1. *It is a wonderful thing*,—Bacon's often recurring phrase, *It is strange*.

2. "To attain good forms of behaviour, it almost sufficeth not to despise them ; for so shall a man observe them in others, and let him trust himself with the rest." Essay of "Ceremonies." See also the letter to Rutland, Vol. II., and the whole of chap. VIII. Bacon's "Sartor Resartus."

3. "In manners or behaviour your Lordship must not be . . . infected with custom, which makes us keep our own ill graces, and participate of those we see every day." ("Life" II. 10). The same idea is repeated in many passages in Shakespeare. *Ex. gr.* :—

Did I but suspect a fearful man,  
He should have leave to go away betimes,  
Lest, in our need, he might infect another,  
And make him of like spirit to himself.

(3 *Hen. VI.* V. iv. see 39—49).

4. *Concent*,—vocal unison. "In concent, where tongue-strings, not heart-strings make the music, that harmony may end in discord." ("Life" IV. 177).

5. "If you would work any man, you must either know his nature or his fashions, and so lead him ; or his ends, and so persuade him ; . . . or those that have interest in him, and so govern him."

"Timing of that suit is the principal thing : timing, I say, not only in respect of the person who should grant it, but in respect of those who are likely to cross it."

"Let a man in the choice of his mean rather choose the fittest mean than the greatest mean."

See, throughout, the Essays of "Negotiation," and of "Suitors."

6. *It is certain.* The most superficial reader of Bacon's Essays must have noticed how frequently this phrase occurs. Certainly, or, It is certain, is found 67 times in 40 of the Essays. Variations of this phrase are abundant. Such phrases as the following occur over 120 times:— Without all question. Out of question. There is no question. It is a safe conclusion. It is manifest. It is often seen. It is commonly seen. This never fails. No doubt. It cannot be denied. Indeed. It is an assured sign.

This trick of composition is so excessively used as, it seems to me, to amount to a fault,—the one solitary blemish in a peerless, perfect style.

Precisely the same trick is found in Shakespeare, and that with other variations.

The two phrases, It is certain, and, That's infallible, occur close together in a rather unquotable passage in *Measure for Measure* III. ii. 107.

The trick runs riot in such a speech as "Yes, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of question too, and ambiguities." *Hen. V.* V. i. 41,—spoken by the somewhat pedagogic Welshman, Fluellen.

The same rather sportive tossing about of these Baconian phrases is seen in the following:—

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt,  
Be certain; nothing truer; 'tis no jest  
That I do hate thee and love Helena.

(*M. N. D.* III. ii. 279).

The first scene in the *Merchant of Venice* has the phrases "Out of doubt" (twice i. 20, 155) "I am very sure" (97). "Questionless" (176) and "no question" (184).

The phrase must crop up, even if it is twisted into caricature. Here are some variations:—

It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

(*Twelfth Night* II. v. 97).

Aye surely, mere the truth.  
(*All's Well* III. v. 58).

Truly to speak, and with no addition.  
(*Ham.* IV. iv. 17).

Out of question, so it is sometimes.  
(*Love's Labour's Lost* IV. i. 30).

To say the truth,  
(*Cor.* IV. vi. 143).

His fears *out of doubt* be of the same relish as ours are.  
(*Hen. V.* IV. i. 113).

I should *questionless* be fortunate.  
(*Mer. V.* I. i. 176).

That *ever holds*.  
(*Mer. V.* II. vi. 8).

These phrases in Shakespeare impart a heaviness to the style which is characteristic of Bacon's, when he is most severe and didactic. So far as my reading of Elizabethan literature goes, the same phrases, habitually employed, are not to be found in any other writer.

7. The ethical *therefore*—announcing a conclusion, not of logic, but of morals or prudence, is Bacon's habitual formula in passing from theory or observation to practice, or morals.

It would be easy to quote other specimens of Baconian Essays, but this may suffice. It seems to me absolutely impossible for anyone but Bacon to have written the Essay on "Behaviour," which I have quoted. Falstaff's Essay on "Sack" is equally Baconian. 2 *Hen. IV.* IV. iii. In fact, in the purely intellectual side of his nature, Falstaff and Bacon resemble one another—are like twin brothers, one of whom is wild, the other steady.

For a Shakespearean specimen of Bacon's Antitheta—such as are given in great abundance in *De Aug.* VI. iii.—take the following:—

## GRIEF IN MISFORTUNE.

*Against.*

1. Grief, which rests on hope of remedy, ceases when we know the worst.

2. Lamentation for what is past is the most likely way of bringing on new calamity.

3. When fortune takes what cannot be preserved, patience makes a mockery of the injury.

4. The man who is robbed, and yet remains cheerful, steals from the thief who has robbed him.

5. By a useless expenditure of grief, a man robs himself.

(6. Excessive grief for the dead is an enemy to the living).

*For.*

1. Smiling at a loss does not recover what is lost.

2. One who is sentenced hears more than the gratuitous sentiments of consolation which accompany the sentence.

3. If much patience is necessary, the pains of patience are added to the sorrows of the penalty.

4. Words of comfort are either sweet as sugar, or bitter as gall, according as they are taken.

5. There is no comfort in mere words;—the bruises of the heart cannot be reached through the ear.

(6. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead).

This group may be compared with the speeches of the Duke and of Brabantio in *Othello* I. iii. 202. (See also *All's Well* I. i. 48).

There is a small but very characteristic set on Fear:—This is scarcely altered from *Tro. Cres.* III. ii. 66-72.

*Pro.*

1. Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason, stumbling without fear.

2. To fear the worst often cures the worse.

*Con.*

1. Fear makes devils of cherubins; they never see clearly.

2. Apprehend no fear. In all Cupid's pageant there is presented no monster.

Mr. Spedding says:—"I doubt whether there are five

lines together which are to be found in Bacon which could be mistaken for Shakespeare, or five lines in Shakespeare which could be mistaken for Bacon by one who was familiar with the several styles, and practised in such observation."

Well, granting that Bacon's style of writing morals and science and philosophy was not likely to resemble that of any play writer, I think the moral Essay from *2 Henry IV.* V. i., which I have quoted, contains more than five lines which might easily be taken for Bacon masquerading as a merry and jesting knight. This is a test which may be within certain limits accepted, but it need not be pushed to the extreme of mistaking one for the other. Bacon pleading in court and Bacon speaking in Parliament or writing the *Novum Organum* might easily be taken not to be the same man. These styles are quite as different as either from Shakespeare, and yet there is no difficulty in accepting all as belonging to one man. If the test is fairly used, I contend that there are plenty of prose passages in Bacon and plenty of verse or prose in Shakespeare, which for stateliness of language, affluence of thought, elevation of sentiment, depth of meaning, felicity of metaphor, sparkle of antithesis and general force and beauty of style, are equally characteristic of both writers, assuming the separation. Hotspur's speech at the beginning of *1 Henry IV.* II. iii. is a case in point, and there are many passages in Bacon which, by a little lawful manipulation, may easily be turned into good Shakespearean verse. The whole Essay of "Adversity" might be thus presented,—and has been. (See Paper by the Author on "Bacon as a Poet," *Trans. of Royal Soc. of Lit.*, Feb. 1893). There is a good deal of Baconian prose in the speeches of the Lord Chief Justice, *2 Hen. IV.* I. ii.

There is a great collection of Antitheta, spoken antiphonally, by Gaunt and Bolingbroke, in reference to Bolingbroke's banishment; Gaunt speaks on the *pro* side; his son on the *contra*. (See *Rich. II.* I. iii. 258, &c.).



*Pro.*

1. Thy grief is but thy absence for a time.

2. What is six winters? they are quickly gone.

3. Call it a travel which thou takest for pleasure.

4. The sullen passage of thy weary steps || Esteem as foil, wherein thou art to set || The precious jewel of thy home return.

5. All places that the eye of heaven visits || Are to the wise man ports and happy havens.

6. There is no virtue like necessity.

7. Think not the King doth banish thee || But thou the King.

8. Love doth the heavier sit || Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

9. Go, say I sent thee forth to purchase honour || And not the King exiled thee.

10. Suppose devouring pestilence hangs in our air || And thou art flying to a fresher clime.

11. Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it || To be that way thou goest, nor whence thou comest.

12. Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite || The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

*Con.*

1. Joy absent, grief is present for that time.

2. To men in joy :—but grief makes one hour ten.

3. My heart will sigh when I miscall it so, || Which finds it an enforced pilgrimage.

4. Nay, rather every tedious stride I make || Will but remember me, what a deal of world, || I wander from the jewels that I love.

5. O who can hold a fire in his hand || By thinking on the frosty Caucasus.

6. The apprehension of the good || Gives but the greater feeling to the worse.

7. Fell sorrow's tooth doth never rankle more || Than when he bites, but lanceth not the sore.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*THE SCHOLARSHIP OF SHAKESPEARE.*

THE classic knowledge and the classic diction of Shakespeare have caused much perplexity to his critics and biographers. That such a classic element exists—classic learning, and even more obviously, a classic aroma, a flavour or tone distinctive of classic culture, not to be otherwise acquired—is obvious to the most superficial observer, and becomes increasingly evident as the poems are more carefully studied. The perplexity thus occasioned is shown by the contradictory ways in which the classic element is treated. Some critics, such as Richard Grant White, Cowden Clarke, and Charles Knight, frankly acknowledge it, and do not profess to explain it, or attempt to explain it away. Other critics, such as Leigh Hunt and Professor Baines, admit it and seek to account for it. Others deny it altogether.

Leigh Hunt makes no attempt to resist the proof of Shakespeare's learning, and thinks that Milton, singing of "native wood-notes wild" issuing from "sweetest Shakespeare fancy's child," spoke "without due reflection;" the words were, he thinks, "hastily said by a learned man of an unlearned." It is true, however, that Leigh Hunt accepts the current notions of Shakespeare's education: in his time they had not been questioned, and consequently he is betrayed into an absurdity as gross as Milton's. "Shakespeare," he says, "though he had not a College education, was as learned as any man, in the highest sense of the word,—by a scholarly intuition; he had the spirit of learning."

It is strange how inevitably the wisest critics,—for

among these we must reckon Leigh Hunt—talk in a self-contradictory and irrational way when they attempt to account for Shakespeare's scholarship, while admitting that he had not much education. One would like to know the exact process of becoming "learned by scholarly intuition;" and what this exactly means. The psychology of the case is somewhat obscure. Somehow it seems to be implied that there is some method by which all the results of classic scholarship can be acquired without the scholarship itself.

Leigh Hunt proceeds: "He could anticipate Milton's own Greek and Latin—

"Tortive and errant from his course of growth."

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine."

"A pudency so rosy," etc.

"In fact, if Shakespeare's poetry has any fault it is that of being too learned, too over-informed with thought and allusion. His 'wood-notes wild' surpass Haydn and Bach. His wild roses were all twenty times double." This is, of course, excellent criticism, and completely disposes of Milton's uncritical lines.

The poet most assuredly was no untutored child of nature, but a scholar and a man of the world—not an unconscious, spontaneous warbler of wild wood-notes, but the accomplished performer on a vast and complicated instrument, governing all the stops, and manuals, and pedals of a mighty organ, capable of gentlest diapason or resounding peals—now whispering the softest and simplest flute-notes of Arcady, now thundering forth in majestic trumpet tones the largest themes of the great world,—the music alternately swelling and subsiding, as joy and sadness, laughter and tears, passion and aspiration, youth and age, pour forth their appropriate melodies and harmonies: always indeed in touch with Nature, but always giving most perfect utterances to the choicest themes of refined and cultivated art.

According to Professor Baines, the ordinary grammar

schools of the sixteenth century were little classic Academes, where favoured students acquired the choicest culture that could be derived from the rarest fruits of ancient history, poetry, and philosophy. *Credat Judæus!*

Other critics—and the large majority—deny scholarship altogether, and endeavour to explain away the apparent indications of it. The classic tone and diction are not to be accounted for except by drawing upon the infinite capabilities and possibilities of genius, whose shoulders are supposed to be broad enough to bear, like Atlas, not only the round world, but all the fulness thereof, including Alexandrine, Bodleian, and British Museum libraries.

It is not a little remarkable that so sane and well-informed an annotator as Cowden Clarke should resort to this theory of *quasi* supernaturalism in accounting for the learning of Shakespeare. In commenting on the words—

The ruddy drops that visit my sad heart,  
(*Ful. Cæs.* II. i. 289)

this learned and sagacious critic says:—

“It has been said that in these glowing words Shakespeare has anticipated Harvey’s discovery of the circulation of the blood, which was made in 1608. The poet’s intuition taught him many secrets of nature as yet unpromulgated by science to the world, as well as many of those known only to adepts in their several branches of science; and that he had intuitive perception on the subject of the blood’s course through the body, witness not only the present passage, but also that gloriously expressive one in *Meas. Meas.* II. iv., where Anglo exclaims: ‘Oh, heavens! why does my blood thus muster to my heart?’” etc.\* So far as classic knowledge is explained, it might be

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\* I cannot help thinking that Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke had a shrewd suspicion, which they would not distinctly express, that the Stratford rustic was not the real Shakespeare. See their note to the passage in *Meas. Meas.* III. i. 118—quoted in Chap. XIV.,—under the section *Deleted*.

supposed that this appeal to the wonder-working powers of genius might supersede all other explanations. But it is not so. The classic knowledge which cannot be attributed to creative genius,—since what is once created cannot be created over again, even by the omnipotence of

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where  
 . . . The delated [instead of delighted] spirit, &c.

One of the reasons for preferring *delated* is Bacon's use of the same word.

A still more significant note is found in their commentary on the following passage :—

*Shallow*.—By yea and nay, sir, I daresay my cousin William is become a good scholar; he is at Oxford still, is he not ?

*Silence*.—Indeed, sir, to my cost.

*Shallow*.—He must then to the Inns of Court shortly.

(2 *Hen. IV.* III. ii. 10).

On this Cowden Clarke remarks :—

“ This passage shows that a University education was a usual preparatory step in studying at one or other of the Inns of Court, and it gives ground to our belief that very probably Shakespeare may have been a collegian at one of the Universities, and may have subsequently kept terms at one of the Inns of Court. Still, however, we are willing to allow that with one of his miraculous ability [always miraculous !] in availing himself of knowledge acquired through intercourse with others, it would have sufficed him to be acquainted with young men who had thus studied at College and at an Inn of Court to become versed in many particulars known to them by their experience.”

Obviously a keen observer and good listener might learn as much as this passage indicates of the sequence of law study and University study. But if so, why suggest that Shakespeare himself had passed through the double curriculum? The extreme improbability of William Shakespeare's having ever studied either at Oxford or at any school of law must have been obvious to these very learned Shakespeareans. Clearly the necessity for university training is forced upon the commentator by the learning in classics shown by the dramatist, the accuracy and extent of which is frequently noted by Cowden Clarke. See also Notes quoted in the sections on *Conversation*,—*Dissemble*,—*Artificial*, (Chap. XIV.).

genius,—is supposed to have been derived from translations, or from companionship with scholars, or by a sort of eaves-dropping overhearing of learned talk, or from association with the world of culture and refinement; and the aim of these critics is to show that there is no classic knowledge in Shakespeare which might not have been acquired in some of these ways.

And yet, after all, the actual knowledge we possess of William Shakespeare, his life, his parentage, his antecedents, his associates, his family and townsmen, all point to the conclusion that he was either entirely uneducated or very imperfectly educated: that his Latin was small, his Greek less, and his pure English least of all: that such handwriting as his could never have figured on a University Examination paper; that his whole life was too full of business, too devoted to money, to leave any extensive opportunities for study, or for large, broad world-covering experience. So that the labour of the biographers is very often devoted to the very hopeless task of proving, not that he was a learned man, but a very ignorant one. His classic knowledge is minimized; his mistakes and inaccuracies magnified; his classic allusions are traced to actual or presumed translations, or to contemporary literature. All sorts of fanciful additions are made to his biography. He was a schoolmaster, a lawyer, a traveller in Scotland and Italy, a diligent frequenter of the law courts; he was intimate with aristocrats and all the best society of his time (of course, including Bacon); he spent his vacations in foreign travel—doubtless travelling in a Pullman car on a corridor train! He is permitted access to all sorts unpublished literature, especially to MS. translations of the classics. North's Plutarch covers a large tract of allusion territory; and whatever conclusions one may form respecting the poet's scholarship, there can be no difficulty in recognising his obligations to translated Plutarch or other writers, if the obligation is clearly indicated. But if this is once admitted, the inference is instantly made, that

all the classic learning must be explained in the same way—that if translations are not known they must be assumed—and that all who think otherwise are to be excluded from the ranks of superior people, and banished to the country of the Philistines.

Neither the logic nor the temper of this sort of reasoning is very commendable. For while antecedent probabilities, and inferences from known facts all favour the opinion that William Shakspeare was *not* a learned man, at the same time the unbiassed, uncritical reader of the poems must inevitably conclude that the Poet *was* a learned man, and that neither genius, nor goodfellowship, nor cribs can account for the classic element in his writings. That a stage manager at the close of the sixteenth century, a man full of theatrical business,—and no one knows what other money-making pursuits,—full also of domestic cares, with a family in a distant county, removed from London by some six score miles and a three days' journey, dependent upon him for support,—a man brought up in a remote country town, a bookless district, quite out of touch with the best intellectual life of the cultured classes,—belonging to a family and a neighbourhood where even reading and writing were exceptional accomplishments, even among the most respectable and influential townsmen,—whose children signed their name with a rude mark,—whose own writing was so execrably bad, so unmistakably rustic and plebeian, that one may reasonably doubt whether his penmanship extended beyond the capability of signing his name to a business document,—that such a man could be also a man of wide and deep culture, of varied experience, with access not only to the best, but to the obscurest and least studied literature of the ancient world,—all this seems absolutely impossible. The arguments used to traverse this very strong presumptive evidence ought to be very strong and well authenticated. On the contrary, they are to the last degree feeble and fanciful in their quality, and speculative in their evidence, and are moreover refuted by

their self - contradictory and mutually inconsistent character : by the concurrent arguments of some critics to shew that the poet was *not* a learned man, and of others that there are good grounds for supposing that he was.

I think there can be no doubt that if there were no controversial necessity for maintaining that William Shakspeare was a very imperfectly educated man, if it could be proved that he belonged to the cultured classes, had passed his life amidst books and learned men, had had a university education and acquired a complete mastery of the classic languages and literature, and was able to read, write, speak and think in Latin, no one would hesitate to accept the very strong indications of scholarship in the poems as perfectly consistent with such authorship, — as entirely characteristic of such antecedents and training. All the arguments used to disprove scholarship are strained, the forced pleadings for a foregone conclusion, by an advocate who knows that he has a weak case, and that conclusive evidence in support of it does not exist.

The evidence that the true Shakespeare—the real author of the plays and poems,—was a classic scholar, is many sided and of various kinds : and if his unscholared authorship is to be proved, it is not enough to explain the origin of particular passages,—the whole evidence must be taken broadly and comprehensively. This evidence may be gathered into four different classes.

1. First, the classic allusions must be considered,—passages evidently suggested by parallel passages in classical writers. These are very numerous, and they are by no means confined to the classic plays,—nor are they always essential to the construction of the plays in which they occur. They are not such a use of classic knowledge as can be explained by cram or coaching for the special occasion. They are spontaneous outpourings from a well-stored mind, ready to give out its wealth at all times of discourse,—quite incapable of producing anything dressed in a plain home-spun garb,—forced by the necessities of its.



own culture to supply allusive decoration or learned plumage. Classic embellishment of this kind must be taken as a *primâ facie* indication of classic scholarship in the writer.

2. Next, it must be admitted that the classical plays give the same indications as all the rest, of classic knowledge and tone, with the additional evidence derived from their subject matter. It is, of course, possible that the special study required, in order to collect material for these plays, may have been undertaken by a clever student not otherwise skilled in classic lore, an ingenious appropriator of the information to be derived from translations. This explanation, however, is not easy. After Plutarch has been emptied of his treasures, the mode in which they are appropriated and assimilated shews a mind familiar with the classic region — not averse to the use of translations in order to save time and trouble, but quite able to dispense with them, or to go beyond and outside of them. The classic aroma in these classic plays is not easily accounted for by coaching explanations.

3. A good many instances of classic construction are to be found,—sentences cast in grammatical forms not properly speaking English at all, which require to be parsed or construed by the Latin grammar. Such a style could not have been acquired by a mere English scholar. No writer, however well-informed, could have written them unless he had been accustomed to the use of the Latin language as a medium of expression for his own thoughts, or had read extensively and with facility in Latin literature.

4. This kind of evidence is still further heightened by the frequent use of Latin words,—or words which, although English (perhaps even very familiar in vernacular usage) are yet derived from the Latin, and are so used as to show that the writer is not limited by their imported significance, but can follow them into the wider and more varied range of meaning, or else into the different and more restricted

meanings, which they possess in their original form. This also is evidence which cannot be disposed of by any appeal to translations. It shews that the writer could use the Latin language as a mother, or perhaps stepmother, tongue,—could probably read, write and think in it, and had been accustomed to employ it in all these ways.

I cannot pretend to give the evidence for all this classic scholarship in its entirety. That demanded by the first and second of these methods of classic self-expression I can but briefly glance at. Only a very profound scholar could do justice to these branches of the subject,—and probably no single critic could do it exhaustively. To such qualifications I make no pretence. The mass of evidence already collected might occupy a very considerable volume. I will, however, give specimens of all these classes of evidences—and especially the last, that depending on the use of words which cannot be fully explained without a reference to classic usage.

I. First, I will give a few specimens of classic allusion which could not have been easily introduced by an unlearned writer incapable of consulting original sources.

The writer must have studied Plato, and drunk deeply of Platonic philosophy in the original sources. Platonic thought is unmistakably present in the following passage:—

The beauty that is borne here in the face  
 The bearer knows not, but commends itself  
 To other's eyes : nor doth the eye itself,  
 That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,  
 Not going from itself : but eye to eye opposed  
 Salutes each other with each other's form ;  
 For speculation turns not to itself,  
 Till it hath travell'd and is mirror'd there  
 Where it may see itself. (*Tro. Cr.* III. iii. 103).

On this passage Richard Grant White makes the following significant comment:—"The old copies, in the last line, have 'Married there.' The reading 'is mirror'd

there' was found on the margin of Mr. Collier's folio, and of Mr. Singer's, and was adopted in my first edition. This was done upon the merits of the emendation alone: it seems to be required. But it is confirmed, made imperative, it would seem, by the following passage in Plato's First Alcibiades; which, however, I bring forward here, not chiefly for that purpose, but to direct attention to a similarity of thought and expression between it and Achilles' speech, which seems quite inexplicable except on the supposition that Shakespeare was acquainted with what Plato wrote. 'We may take the analogy of the eye. The eye sees not itself, but from some other thing, for instance, a mirror. But the eye can see itself also by reflection in another eye; not by looking at any other part of a man, but at the eye only.' Whewell, in his note on this passage, commends its beauty, but makes no allusion to the passage in *Troilus and Cressida* in which the self-same thought is expressed." It occurs also in *Julius Cæsar* :—

*Brutus*.—No, Cassius, for the eye sees not thyself,  
 But by reflection,—by some other things."  
 (*Jul. Cæs.* I. ii. 52).

This is a most interesting criticism, and I think it might have been strengthened by the addition of other lines from the same colloquy between Brutus and Cassius. To this speech by Brutus, Cassius responds :—

'Tis just :  
 And it is very much lamented, Brutus,  
 That you have no such mirrors as will turn  
 Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
 That you might see your shadow . . .  
 And since you know you cannot see yourself  
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
 (*Ib.* 54—70).

The resemblance between Plato and Shakespeare is

evidently perfect ; and as Plato was not translated when Shakespeare was living, the conclusion is almost forced upon us that the poet must have read Plato in the original Greek.

Every reader of Bacon must be familiar with his frequent use of the symbolism derived from a mirror or a glass. It is constantly repeated : one specimen may suffice. Commenting on the proverb, which he freely translates (and more)—“As the face is reflected in the water, so is the heart of man manifest to the wise,” he remarks :—“This comparison of the mind of a wise man to a glass is the more proper ; because in a glass he can see his own image together with the images of others, which the eye itself without a glass cannot do.” (*De Aug.* Lib. VIII. cap. ii. Works V. 55).

The same imagery is constant in Shakespeare : the Platonic idea pervades the 24th Sonnet.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stell'd  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart

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.

The same Platonic philosophy is seen in the following :—

'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her ;  
And out of you she sees herself more proper  
Than any of her lineaments can shew her.

(*As You Like It* III. v. 54).

—the sentiment of which is identical with that of the Essay of “Love.” “For, whereas it hath been well said that the arch-flatterer, with whom all the petty flatterers have intelligence, is a man's self, certainly the lover is more. For there was never a proud man thought so absurdly well of himself as the lover doth of the person loved.”

This, however, is not the only Platonic reflection which has been found in Shakespeare. In *Hen. V. I. ii.* 180—213,

there is a most profound and philosophic discussion of the mutual dependence of different offices and functions in a government, which is compared to the structure of a harmonic combination in music; and to the mutual subordination of honey bees in their Republic. This idea is taken from a portion of Cicero's long lost treatise *De Republicâ*, a fragment of which is preserved by St. Augustine. Charles Knight, in his note on the *Hen. V.* passage says:—

“The words of Cicero, to which the lines in Shakespeare have so close a resemblance, form part of a fragment of that portion of his lost treatise *De Republicâ*, which is preserved for us only in the writings of St. Augustine. The first question therefore is,—Had Shakespeare read the fragment in St. Augustine? But Cicero's *De Republicâ* was, so far as we know, an adaptation of Plato's Republic. The sentence we have quoted is almost literally to be found in Plato; and, what is still more curious, the lines of Shakespeare are more deeply imbued with Platonic philosophy than the passage of Cicero. . . . They develop unquestionably the great Platonic doctrine of the Tri-unity of the three great principles in man with the idea of a State. The particular passage in Plato's Republic to which we refer is in Book IV., and may be thus rendered:—‘It is not alone wisdom and strength which makes a State simply wise and strong, but it (*i.e.*, order), like that harmony called the diapason, is diffused throughout the whole State, making both the weakest and the strongest and the middling people concent in the same melody.’ Again:—‘The harmonic power of political justice is the same as that musical concent which connects the three cords, the octave, the bass and the fifth.’ There was no translation of Plato in Shakespeare's time, except a single dialogue by Spenser.

The discussion in *Hen. V.* is thus introduced:—

For government, though high and low and lower,  
Put into parts, doth keep in one concent

Congreering in a full and natural close,  
Like music. (Hen. V. I. ii. 180).

The same tripartite musical analogy is expressed in :—

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.  
(Son. 8).

The musical analogy is a favourite one with Bacon, and enters into his *Philosophia prima* :—“Is not the trope of music, to avoid a slide from the close, or cadence, common with the trope of rhetoric, of deceiving expectation.” See *De Aug.* III. i. *Nov. Org.* II. 27. *Syl. Syl.* 113, &c.

There are some excellent Platonic touches in the celebrated moonlight scene of the *Merchant of Venice*. Thus, of the celestial harmonies, the poet declares :—

Such harmony is in immortal souls ;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it,  
(Mer. V. V. i. 63).

The small pronoun *it* is here all-important. It is not the soul which is closed up in a muddy vesture of decay,—that is almost invariably the interpretation put upon these exquisite lines,—the muddy vesture closes in celestial harmony, so that the soul itself cannot hear the music shut up in its own essence. The soul is a repository of hidden, inexpressible, unrevealed knowledge or music.

Bacon tells us that this idea is Plato's. He is, he says, inclined to Plato's opinion, “that the mind of man by nature knoweth all things, and hath put her own native and original notions (which by the strangeness and darkness of this tabernacle of the body are sequestered) again revived and restored.” (“Advancement of Learning.” Dedication. Works III. 262).

Another Platonic echo is pointed out in Chap. IX. sect. 14, p. 162, in a comment on Juliet's words,—

I'll look to love, if looking liking move.

Many other classic parallels have been pointed out,—

Lay her i' the earth :  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring !

(*Ham.* V. i. 261).

Non nunc e manibus istis,  
Non nunc e tumulo, fortunatâque favillâ  
Nascenter violæ ?

(*Persius*).

Polonius says of Hamlet :—

Though this be madness, yet there is method in 't.

(*Ham.* II. ii. 207).

Horace makes the same remark :—

Insanire paret certâ ratione modoque.

Bacon has also a similar observation,—“Annon prorsus eos dare operam ut cum ratione quâdam et prudentiâ insanirent, clamaret.” Would he not cry out that they were only taking pains to shew a kind of method and discretion in their madness. (*Nov. Org.*, Preface. Works I. 152 ; IV. 41).

Method in madness is referred to in *Meas. for Meas.* V. i. 60-63, and *Lear* IV. vi. 178-9. See the quotations Chap. XIV. under *Impertinency* and *Inequality*.

In Bacon's *Promus*, 1055, another utterance relating to madness, derived from Horace, is noted for literary use :—

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur  
Maxima pars hominum morbo laboret eodem.

(*Hor. Sat.* II. iii. 120).

In passing, let those who are so anxious to contrast Bacon's accuracy with Shakespeare's mistakes, compare this quotation with the actual one,—

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, eo quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem.

Similar instances of inaccurate quotation might be quoted by hundreds: as anyone may discover by reference to Reynolds' Edition of "Bacon's Essays." For the same idea in Shakespeare, see Chap. XII., No. 49, p. 267.

The undiscover'd country from whose bourn no traveller returns.  
(*Ham.* III. i. 79.)

is evidently taken from Catullus:—

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum  
Illuc, unde negant redire quanquam.

There are many other quotations from Catullus. The following has many points of interest. In the first *Parnassus* Play—which is clearly of Shakespearean origin—the following lines occur:—

Associate yourselves with studious youthes,  
That, as Catullus saith, *devours the way*  
That leads to Parnassus, where content doth dwell.

(*1 Par.* 96).

This enables us to trace the origin of a phrase in *2 Hen. IV.* I. i. 47, which has not hitherto been referred by any commentator to its classic source; for the poet does not ostentatiously parade his latinity:—

He seem'd in running to *devour the way*.

The phrase in Catullus (xxxiii.) is,—

Quare, si sapiet, viam vorabit.

Miranda uses language taken from Catullus in speaking to Ferdinand:—

I am your wife, if you will marry me,  
If not, I'll die your maid; to be your fellow  
You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,  
Whether you will or no.

(*Tempest* III. i. 83).

This is evidently a reminiscence of the following:—

Si tibi non cordi fuerant connubia nostra,



Attamen in vestras potuisti ducere sedes,  
 Quæ tibi jucundo familiarer serva labore,  
 Candida permulcens liquidis vestigia lymphis,  
 Purpureave tuum consternans veste cubile.

(*Catullus* Nup. Pel. et Tel. 158).

Adriana also borrows from Catullus :—

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;  
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,  
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,  
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate.

(*Com. Er.* II. ii. 175).

And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
 His perishing root with increasing vine.

(*Cymb.* IV. ii. 59).

Lenta qui velut assitas  
 Vitis implicat arbores  
 Implicabitur in tuum  
 Complexum.

(*Catullus*).

The singular frequency of allusions to Catullus gives a strong presumption that the poet was well acquainted with this classic author,—a poet not usually read in schools. Horace and Virgil are equally familiar to the poet.

The well-known lines,—

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted !  
 Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.

(2 *Hen.* VI. III. ii. 232).

must be derived from the equally familiar lines,—

Illi robur et æs triplex  
 Circa pectus erat.

(*Horace* I. iii.).

In the following passage the classic learning is very remarkable, referring as it does to usages not likely to be familiar to an unlearned writer :—

Where be the sacred vials thou should'st fill  
 With sorrowful water ?

(*Ant. Cl.* I. iii. 63).

The poet refers to the *Lacrymatores* used among the Greeks and Romans. The *Ampullæ lacrymales* are mentioned by Licetus in his book, "*De Lucernis antiquorum reconditis.*" These are singularly recondite classical allusions, quite outside the highway of amateur traffic.

When Ægon begins the story of his life with,—

A heavier task could not have been imposed  
Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable.

(*Com. Er. I. i. 32*).

the poet must certainly have had in his mind the well-known lines of Virgil,—

Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem.

In the same speech, when he says,

For what obscured light the heavens did grant  
Did but convey unto our fearful minds  
A doubtful warrant of immediate death.

(*Ib. 67*).

the poet is reproducing Virgil's

Præsentemque vires intentant omnia mortem.

When Petruchio says of Katherine,

Be she  
As old as Sybil, and as curst and shrewd  
As Socrates' Xantippe . . . were she as rough  
As are the swelling Adriatic Seas.

(*Tam. Sh. I. ii. 70*).

His mind is full of classic illustration: he is thinking of the same Sybilla that Bacon refers to in his Essay of "Delays," and a line of Horace is present to his mind,—*Improbo iracundior Hadria.*

Coriolanus spoke contemptuously of the Roman mob as "the many-headed multitude" (*Cor. II. iii. 17*), using a phrase derived from Horace—*Bellua multorum es capitum.* The same classic reference is contained in the celebrated description of Rumour—as a pipe

Of so easy and so plain a stop  
That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
The still-discordant, wavering multitude  
Can play upon it.

(2 *Hen. II.*, Induct. 15).

See Chap. II., sec. 5, p. 21, for Bacon's use of the same Latin phrase.

A Latin adage, which may have been taken either from Tibullus or Ovid, is thus employed by Shakespeare—

Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,  
They say, Jove laughs.

(*Rom. Jul.* II. ii. 92).

Ovid's words are: Jupiter ex alto perjuria ridet amantium. ("Ars Amoris" I. 633). See also "Tibullus Elegies" I. iv. 21—24, III. vii. 17). In Marlowe there is a metrical version:—

For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,  
And laughs, below, at lovers' perjuries.

The following passage does not at first sight appear very classic:—

"Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all, on your left: marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house." (*Mer. Ven.* I. ii. 42).

But Lewis Theobald says of this passage:—"This arch and perplexed direction, on purpose to puzzle the enquirer, seems to be copied from that of Syrus to Demea, in the Brothers of Terence. Act IV., sc. ii.:—

Ubi eas præterieris,  
Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ; ubi ad Dianæ veneris  
Ito ad dextram prius quam ad portam venias, etc.

The sentiment of the following passage,—

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

(*Meas. Meas.* I. i. 34)

appears to have originated in the following—

Paullum sepultæ distat inertie  
Cælata virtus.

(*Horace Od. IV. 9*).

There are two passages in Horace which appear to have been very fertile of suggestion to our poet, for the ideas expressed in them are often repeated. They are—

Extinctus amabitur idem.

(*Horace, Ep. II. i. 14*).

(this is quoted in the Essay of "Death.")—And,

Virtutem incolumen odimus  
Sublatam ex oculis quærimus invidi.

(*Od. III. 24*).

The Shakespearean equivalents to these are the following:—

What our contempt doth often hurl from us,  
We wish it ours again? the present pleasure  
By revolution lowering, does become  
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone:  
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her on.

(*Ant. Cl. I. ii. 127*).

Your are loved, sir;  
They that least lend it you shall lack you first.

(*All's Well I. ii. 67*).

It hath been taught us from the primal state  
That he which is was wish'd until he were;  
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,  
Comes dear'd by being lack'd.

(*Ant. Cl. I. iv. 41*).

I shall be loved when I am lack'd.

(*Cor. IV. i. 15*).

What we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost  
Why, then we rack the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us,  
Whiles it was ours.

(*M. Ado IV. i. 220*).

Love that comes too late,  
 Like a remorseful pardon slowly carried,  
 To the great sender turns a sour offence,  
 Crying, "That's good that's gone." Our rash faults  
 Make trivial price of serious things we have,  
 Not knowing them until we know their grave.  
 Oft our displeasures, to ourselves unjust,  
 Destroy our friends, and after weep their dust, &c.

(*All's Well* V. iii. 57).

The phrase, *Extinctus amabitur idem*, is entered in the *Promus* No. 60. It concludes, and as it were sums up, the Essay of "Death," and in Bacon's observations on a Libel, Burleigh is referred to in language evidently derived from these passages in Horace: "Though he somewhat be envied without just cause whilst he liveth, yet he shall be deeply wanted when he is gone." ("Life" I. 201).

The same sentiment, in a different Latin rendering, is also found in *Promus* No. 69: *Nemo virtuti invidiam reconciliaverit præter mortem*.

It is curious to note how frequently the word *lack'd* is used in the Shakespeare passages; it is evidently the equivalent of *Extinctus*, and the fact that the sentiment of these passages had impressed itself strongly on Bacon's mind is clearly indicated by the two notes for literary use, set down in the *Promus*. The result is most strikingly seen in *All's Well*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, and *Much Ado*.

Catullus again turns up in the following:—

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,  
 As Nature was in making graces dear,  
 When she did starve the general world beside  
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

(*L. L. L.* II. i. 9).

In the 84th Epigram, Lesbia is similarly complimented:

Quæ cum pulcherrima tota est  
 Tum omnibus una omnes surripuit Veneres.

For most of these references I am indebted either to Stapfer or Lewis Theobald. The latter is perhaps the

most learned in classical literature of all the Shakespearean Editors, and points out a large number of classic parallels. I may select one or two from the Greek Classics.

*Troilus and Cressida* opens with the following words, which are put into the mouth of Troilus—

Call here my varlet: I'll unarm again;  
Why should I war without the Walls of Troy,  
That find such cruel battle here within?

This sounds like an echo of Anacreon:—

Ματην δ' ἔχω βοειην  
Τι γαρ βαλω μεθ' ἑξω  
Μαχες ἐσω μ' ἐχουσης;

which may be translated: “’Tis in vain I have a shield: for wherefore should I wear that outward defence when the battle within me is raging?”

Theobald notes that the conduct of the Poet in making Pandarus decipher and comment on the Trojan warriors as they pass (*Tro. Cres.* I. ii. 192-269), seems an imitation of Homer's Helen on the walls of Troy, when she shows the Greeks to Priam. This incident is borrowed by Euripides in his *Phœnissæ*, and again copied by Statius in the 7th book of his *Thebias*, where he makes Phorbus show to Antigone the chiefs of the Theban army.

To me it appears evident that the whole of this incident is so entirely classic in its conception and structure, that it could only have been written by a scholar well versed in ancient literature. It is not a case of borrowing—the Poet has not found the incident ready made to his hand,—it is not knowledge that might be procured from translations, that could bring the Poet's mind into this attitude; his mind is informed, according to his own classic way of using this word, *i.e.*, it is shaped and moulded into classic form, so that the classic region becomes his natural abode, and the classic style his own proper mode of utterance.

Theobald quotes a remarkable classic original for the well-known passage in *Hamlet* :—

He that made us with such large discourse,  
Looking before and after.  
(*Ham.* IV. iv. 36).

This, he affirms, is a purely Homeric expression :—

Οἷς δ' ὁ γέρων μετέησιν, ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω  
Λεύσσει.  
(*Iliad* III. 109).

also,—

Οὐδέ τι οἶδε  
Νοῆσαι ἅμα πρόσσω καὶ ὀπίσσω.  
(*Ib.* I. 343).

The same phrase is also to be found in xviii. 250.

It may be noted that the profound philosophical expression, “discourse of reason,” is used by Bacon. (*Adv. of L.* I. iv. 2. *Works* III. 282).

The classic scholarship shown in *Titus Andronicus* is very remarkable ; this play is crowded with classic allusions. Thus :—

The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of Troy,  
With opportunity of sharp revenge  
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent.  
(*Tit. A.* I. i. 136).

—the tent, that is to say, where she and the other captive Trojan women were kept, for thither Hecuba, by a wile, had decoyed Polymestor. “This,” Theobald remarks, “is to be found in the Hecuba of Euripides, the only author that I can at present remember from whom our author could have gleaned this circumstance.”

Again :—

The Greeks, upon advice did bury Ajax,  
That slew himself.  
(*Tit. A.* I. i. 379).

Theobald thus comments on this passage :—“As the author before showed himself acquainted with a circum-

stance gleaned from Euripides, we find him here no less conversant with the Ajax of Sophocles, not at that time translated, in which Ulysses and Teucer strenuously contend for permission to bury the body of Ajax, though he had been declared an enemy to the Confederate States of Greece." Stevens also says, in reference to this passage, that it "alone would sufficiently convince me that the play before us was the work of one who was conversant with the Greek tragedies in their original language."

This list might be very easily extended ; but it is needless to do so. Whatever such passages may prove, they certainly do *not* prove that the Poet was an ignorant man, or that he derived his classic knowledge from translations,—that his Latin was small and his Greek less, and that he somehow picked up his knowledge of classic mythology and philosophy by a happy-go-lucky hunt in vernacular literature and a judicious attention to the conversation of scholars. These explanations are quite insufficient to account even for the specimens here presented, much less for those which a more exhaustive gathering might produce. It *may* be true that the Poet was no scholar ; but the evidence for this, if it exists at all, must be found elsewhere, and it must be of such a kind as to account for the indications of learning which I have pointed out. This evidence is not contained where we might most reasonably expect to find it—in his actual writings,—and if it is not here, it is not easy to conjecture how the conclusion can be arrived at at all.

II.—The second indication of classic scholarship is that derived from the classical plays,—which need not detain us long. In writing these plays, it is probable that English translations were used as a matter of convenience, even though the writer might have been capable of going to the original sources. My conviction is that any unbiassed reader will not easily lose the impression that a poet who could so faithfully reproduce the spirit and *entourage* of classic events and persons, must have studied them care-



fully in their most authentic setting. But when this impression does not arise, or is resisted, I have no means of enforcing it by argument. The minute comparisons required between the knowledge shewn in the plays and that extant at the time in translations, is a matter for exact analysis for each particular scene in each play. Therefore, whilst claiming for them a remarkable familiarity with the events and characters relating to ancient history—such a familiarity as is rarely disassociated with scholarship and acquaintance with fountain heads—I can only add that those who insist on explaining away all those presumptive evidences may do so without any polemical protest from me. I think it will be found that the arguments resorted to are so strained and speculative that few will be convinced by them alone, apart from other considerations.

III.—For classic foot-prints of the third kind,—those depending on the use of Latin idioms and grammatical forms, instead of the vernacular construction which can scarcely be departed from in the smallest particulars by an unlearned writer,—I am chiefly indebted to Dr. Abbott's very learned and exhaustive Shakespearean grammar. The following are specimens :—

(a) Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

(*Jul. Cæs.* I. iii. 14).

The comparative "more wonderful" seems to be used, as in Latin, for—more wonderful than usual. (*Abbott* 6).

(b) The superlative inflexion *est*, like the Latin superlative, is often used to express the idea of augmented quality,—for which ordinarily the word *very* would be employed,—with little or no idea of excess over other examples. (*Abbott* 8). Thus—

A little ere the *mightiest* Julius fell.

(*Ham.* I. i. 114).

(c) The adjectives all, each, both, every, other, are

sometimes interchanged and used as pronouns in a manner quite different from modern usage. (*Abbott 12*). Thus—

Without *all* bail—like *Sine omni*.

(*Son.* 74).

(*d*) The adjectives just, mere, proper, very, are sometimes used as in Latin. (*Abbott 13*). Thus—

Not till Monday, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night.  
(*M. Ado* II. i. 374).

The mere despair of surgery.

(*Macb.* IV. iii. 152).

(See *mere* in the subsequent division of this discussion, Chapter XIV.).

Their proper selves.

(*Temp.* III. iii. 60).

My *very* friends.

(*Mer. F.* III. ii. 226).

(*e*) *One* is used for—above all.

He is one the truest manner'd.

(*Cymb.* I. vi. 165).

So the Latin, *justissimus unus*. (*Abbott 18*).

(*f*) We find *since*, followed by the present tense, used to denote an action that *is*, and *has been* going on, since a certain time. So in Latin with *jampridem*. (*Abbott 62*). Thus,—

My desires . . . e'er since pursue me.

(*Tw. N.* I. i. 22).

(*g*) *After* is used in the same way as *Secundum*, in Latin, meaning, according to. (*Abbott 41*). Thus,—

Say you choose him

More *after* our commandment, than as guided  
By your own true affections.

(*Coriol.* II. iii. 237).

Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
*After* my seeming.

(2 *Hen. IV.* V. ii. 128).

(h) *To* is used to express representation, equivalence, apposition, like the Latin dative case:—*Habemus Deum amico*,—

I have a King here to my flatterer.

(*Rich. II. IV. iv. 308*).

Warwick is thither gone, to crave the French King's sister *to* wife for Edward.

(3 *Hcn. VI. III. i. 29*).

And many other examples. (*Abbott 189*).

(i) The omission of the preposition (of: with: &c.) after a verb, is perhaps a Latinism:—

Despair thy charm. (*Macb. V. viii. 13*).

So sympathise, with its etymological sense, *suffered with* (*Abbott 200*).—

The senseless brands will sympathize

The heavy accent of thy moving tongue.

(*Rich. II. V. i. 46*).

(k) *Your*, like the Latin *iste*, is used to appropriate an object to the person addressed:—

*Your* serpent of Egypt is bred now of *your* mud by the operation of *your* sun; so *your* crocodile.

(*Ant. Cl. II. vii. 29*).

And many such instances. (*Abbott 221*).

(l) The Latin idiom which puts the relative *who*, before the conjunction, may be imitated in such passages as the following. (*Abbott 249*).—

Who, if he break, thou may'st with better face

Exact the penalty.

(*Mer. V. I. iii. 137*).

(m) Like the Latin *qua*, *qua*, so, what, what, is used for partly, partly. *With* is generally joined with this. (*Abbott 255*).—

*What with* our help, *what with* the absent King,

*What with* the injuries of a wanton time.

(1 *Hcn IV. V. i. 49*).

(n) Indicatives of the simple present used for the complete present, with adverbs signifying "As yet," &c. : in accordance with the Latin idiom, "*jampridem opto.*" (*Abbott* 346).

That's the worst tidings that *I* hear of yet.  
(*1 Hen. IV. IV. i. 127*).

(o) Noun and infinitive used as subject and object. This may be either a Latinism, or early English. (*Abbott* 354).—

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,  
*Women to change* their shapes, than men their minds.  
(*Tix. G. I. V. iv. 108*).

(p) Infinitive indefinitely used : *to*, being like Latin *ad* with a gerund,—

*To* fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage.  
(*Macb. IV. ii. 70*).

meaning not,—“I am too savage to frighten you,” but, *in* or *for* frightening you. (*Abbott* 356).

(q) A participle is used with the pronoun implied or understood—the required pronoun being easily understood from the pronominal adjective. Compare—*Nostros vidisti flentis ocellos.* So,—

Not *helping* death's *my* fee.—(*All's W. II. i. 192*).

*i.e.*, death is the fee *of me* not helping. (*Abbott* 379).

(r) As in Latin a verb of speaking (says : asks &c.) can be omitted when it is implied, (*Abbott* 382) : i. By some other word—

She calls me proud and [says] that  
She would not love me.—(*As You Like It IV. iii. 16*).

or ii. By a question,—

What are you ?

[I ask, or tell me] Your name and quality, and why you answer  
This present summons. (*Lear V. iii. 119*).

These and many other incidental references to Latin con-

struction are pointed out by Dr. Abbott. And yet, in discussing the actual question of the existence of foreign idioms in Shakespeare, he says (418): "It is questionable whether there are many "Latinisms in *construction* (Latinisms in the formation of *words* are of constant occurrence) in Shakespeare." My own judgment, based on an induction from the instances which Dr. Abbott himself supplies, does not coincide with this conclusion. It seems to me that Latin constructions are not infrequent in Shakespeare. Of this, every student must judge for himself after reviewing the evidence. That such constructions actually exist,—be they few or many,—there cannot be any doubt; and their actual presence, however rare, is highly significant of Latin scholarship. Dr. Abbott refers to the following as illustrations of such constructions,—

Those dispositions that *of late transform* you

From what you rightly are.

(*Lear* I. iv. 242).

This is an imitation of the Latin use of *jampridem* with the present in the sense of the perfect,—

Let that be mine.

(*Meas. M.* II. ii. 12).

is an imitation of *meum est*—it is my business.

The following resembles the Latin idiom, *post urbem conditam*,—

'Tis our hope, Sir,

After [our being] well enter'd [as] soldiers, to return

And find your Grace in health.

(*All's Well* II. i. 5).

The classic aroma in Shakespeare is very strikingly displayed by the numerous elisions and elipses, which are natural to Latin composition but many of them quite inadmissible in English. The hiatus which causes obscurity in English is supplied by verbal inflexions in Latin which remove all ambiguity. And even in such cases as cannot be clearly connected with any of the canons of Latin

Syntax, but are rather stretched and strained English idioms, this habit and method of tempering and twisting the language is a sort of imported habit,—an unconscious assumption that the English language, without inflections, may be as plastic as the Latin language with inflections. In construing Shakespeare we must continually decide which word is in the Nominative Case, which in the Dative or Ablative, where the Ablative absolute must be assumed, whether a verb usually neuter is or is not used actively, what prepositions are to be understood ; in short any of the rules of Latin Syntax may contribute to the elucidation of difficult passages. In the following quotations the words in brackets are such as may be supposed to be understood to complete the sense,—

There is no woe [comparable] to his correction,  
 Nor [in comparison] to his service no such joy on earth,  
(*Tw. G. I. II. iv. 138*).

All I can [say] is nothing [in comparison] to her,  
 She is alone.  
(*Ib. 167*).

Heaven me such uses send [as that I may] not [have] to pick  
 bad from bad, but [if I must have bad usage that I may] by bad  
 [usage] mend.

(*Othello IV. iii. end*).

Ne'er mother rejoiced [at] deliverance more.  
(*Cymb. V. v. 369*).

This omission of a preposition after a verb which requires the preposition in order to make it transitive, is very common, and very classic. It has been already referred to (p. 311). The following specimens may be added :—

By chaste Lucrece soul that late complained  
 Her wrongs to us.  
(*Luc. 1839*).

He was much feared [for] by his physicians.  
(*1 Hen. IV. IV. i. 24*).

The elisions in such a passage as the following are very classic :—

Love goes towards love as schoolboys [go] from their books,  
But love from love [as schoolboys] toward school with heavy looks.  
(*R. 7. II. ii. 156*).

The construction of a sentence in which the order of words is inverted is distinctly classical, requiring such inflexions to indicate person, number, case or tense, as the classic languages supply.

Your large speeches may your deeds approve.  
(*Lear I. i. 184*).

What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.  
(*Oth. I. iii. 206*).

*What cannot be preserved* is evidently the objective of the verb *takes*; and a *mockery* is the objective of the verb *makes*. *Her injury* is connected by a preposition understood with the objective of the verb *makes*—makes a mockery [of] her injury.

Still more anomalous is:—

Opinion's but a fool that makes us scan  
The outward habit by—the inward man.  
(*Per. II. ii. 56*).

*The outward habit* is governed by the preposition *by* which follows it; and the objective governed by the word *scan* is *the inward man*, the accusative being separated by a large gap from the transitive verb which rules it. If the poet had been writing in simple vernacular English he would have said *The inward habit by the outward man*.

So again, such a sentence as the following must be construed as carefully as a sentence of Cicero or Tacitus, and indeed is cast in the mould characteristic of these authors rather than in that of vernacular English,—

Fortune's blows when most struck home,

Being gentle wounded, craves a noble cunning.

(*Cor.* IV. i. 7).

which Cowden Clarke thus paraphrases,—When the blows of Fortune strike most directly, to be gentle, though wounded, requires a noble philosophy.

*Timon* abounds in these cryptic classic constructions :—

Like madness is the glory of this life  
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.

(*Tim.* I. ii. 139).

construed thus :—Such madness is the glory of this life, as the pomp of this feast appears, when compared with the frugal repast of a little oil and a few roots. Here is another specimen :—

Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.

(*Tim.* IV. iii. 245).

Again :—the omission of the word *to*, to mark the infinitive shows a writer accustomed to rely on inflexions :—

You ought not walk.

(*Jul.* C. I. i. 3).

How long within this wood intend you stay ?

(*M. N. D.* II. i. 138).

The Subjunctive or optative or other mood must be inferred from the position of the verb in such a sentence as this :—

Live [*i.e.*, if I were to live] a thousand years,  
I shall not find myself so apt to die.

(*Jul.* C. III. i. 159).

Judge me the world.

(*Oth.* I. ii. 72).

*i.e.*, let the world judge me.

Long die thy happy days before thy death.

(*Rich.* III. I. iii. 207).

The use of a noun or a pronoun in an absolute sense,—



analogous to the ablative or nominative absolute,—is frequent : or the pronoun may be omitted, its place being supplied by a participle or an adjective.

Then deputy of Ireland ; who, removed,  
Earl Surrey was sent thither.  
(*Hen. VIII.* II. i. 42).

Requires to live in Egypt, which not granted  
He lessens his requests.  
(*Ant. Cl.* III. xii. 12).

Not helping, death's my fee.  
(*All's Well* II. i. 192).

I should not seek an absent argument  
Of my revenge, thou being present.  
(*As You Like It* III. i. 3).

The auxiliary verb is omitted :—

I not doubt  
He came alive to land. (*Temp.* II. i. 121).

These classic constructions are of perpetual recurrence :—

'Tis not my profit that doth lead mine honour  
Mine honour it. (*Ant. Cl.* II. vii. 83).

*i.e.*, but it is mine honour that doth go before my profit.

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after.  
(*Tim.* I. i. 107).

Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.  
(*Luc.* 931).

This must be known : which being kept close might move  
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.  
(*Ham.* II. i. end).

which Dr. Abbott construes thus :—This ought to be revealed ; for it, by being suppressed might excite more grief in the King and the Queen by the hiding of it, than an unwillingness to tell bad news would excite love. For many other such instances see Cowden Clarke's Shakespeare Key.

## CHAPTER XIV.

*THE CLASSIC DICTION OF SHAKESPEARE.*

THE examples of Latin construction we have given may suffice to prove that the poet not only derived facts, thoughts, ideas, illustrations, allusions, ornaments, from classic writers; all this might perhaps have been done by the use of translations; but it shows that the language itself had taken strong possession of his mind, had given form and substance to his speech, had coloured and shaped his style, and enabled him to write according to the usages of the Latin grammar, in modes of expression which a simple adhesion to his own native language would not have permitted.

This will become still more evident now that we come to the fourth kind of evidence of classic knowledge—the object of which is to show that Shakespeare's vocabulary was in the highest degree classic—that Latin was a language which he could use as a vehicle of his own thoughts—that his English contains very large augmentations from the Latin. It shows him constantly making linguistic experiments, endeavouring to enrich his native language by coining new words, derived from the Latin; and that even ordinary English words often became plastic and elastic in his speech, carrying a larger import than their vernacular employment can account for. As this kind of evidence has not hitherto been very completely shown, and only incidentally noticed, I will give as full a collection as I can of words used in a classic sense by Shakespeare—either non-naturalized Latin words, or else English words of Latin derivation,—which although they

have a fixed English import, yet in ordinary use do not bear all the meaning which in the poet's hand they are made to bear, and which is derived from their classic roots.

1. *Abruption*, used once only, is not really English; it represents the Latin word *abruptio*, a breaking or tearing off, a hasty rending asunder, or interruption.

What makes this pretty *abruption*?

(*Tro. Cr.* III. ii. 69).

Bacon uses *abrupta scientia* as equivalent to knowledge broken off and losing itself. (See *Admiration*).

Bacon speaks of the injury to philosophy *contemplationem intempestive abrumpendo*,—by breaking off scrutiny prematurely.

2. *Academe*, Ἀκαδημία, or Ἀκαδημία a gymnasium in the suburbs of Athens where Plato taught.

Our court shall be a little *Academe*.

(*Love's Labour's Lost* I. i. 13).

a word not likely to be used by an unlearned writer.

3. *Accite*, Lat. *accio*, *accitus*; to summon or call to a place; used three times; the second case with the sense of *move* or *impel*.

He by the Senate is *accited* home.

(*Tit. A.* I. i. 27).

What *accites* your most worshipful thought to think so?

(*2 Hen. IV.* II. ii. 64).

Our coronation done, we will *accite*,

As I before remember'd, all our State.

(*Ib.* V. ii. 141).

4. *Acknown*; occurs only once, and is probably an attempt to bring the Latin word *agnosco* into the language—not the Greek root of Mr. Huxley's very useful word *agnostic*, which implies not knowledge but ignorance;

Be not *acknown* on't; I have use for it.

(*Oth.* III. iii. 319).

meaning, do not profess any knowledge of the matter—do not recognize or make any reference to it.

Ben Jonson, the most classic, indeed pedantic, of dramatists, has :—

You will not be *acknowen* sir ; why 'tis wise ;  
Thus do all gamesters at all games dissemble.  
(*Volpone*).

5. *Act*: is sometimes used in one of the senses of the Latin word *Actus*, *i.e.*, effect, operation, use or function: a sense which, though rather mediæval than classic, is found in Bacon's Latin. Thus he regards Fascination, as the *Vis et actus imaginationis*, the power and operation of Imagination. So in *Hamlet*, the witnesses of the ghost are described as :

Distilled almost to jelly by the *act* of fear.  
(*Ham.* I. ii. 205).

Bees are described as showing the function of order in a state ; they are

Creatures that, by a rule in nature, teach  
The *act* (*i.e.*, the function, operation, use) of order to a  
peopled Kingdom.  
(*Hen. V.* I. ii. 188).

Iago, who is profoundly philosophic, says,

When the blood is made dull with the *act* of sport.  
(*Oth.* II. i. 229.)

*i.e.*, by the effect or operation of sport.

Again, Iago philosophising on jealousy, says,—

Dangerous conceits are in their natures, poisons,  
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But with a little *act* upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.  
(*Oth.* III. iii. 326).

6. *Admiration*=Latin, *Admiratio*, Wonder. (See Chapter VI. for a full discussion of this very interesting word.)

7. *Advertising* (as an Adjective). This word is once

used in the classic sense (*adverto*) of mindful, regardful, observant,—directing one's mind, feelings, thought or attention to a thing.

As I was then  
*Advertising* and holy to your business,  
 Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
 Attorney'd at your service.

(*Meas. for Meas.* V. i. 387).

Elsewhere the word, with different inflexion, has a meaning related to the French *avertir*, warn, give information.

8. *Aggravate*. Dr. Abbott says, "To aggravate now means, except when applied to disease, to add to the mental burdens of anyone, hence to vex; but in Sonnet 146 we find,—

Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
[i.e. thy body's loss]  
 And let that pine to *aggravate* thy store,

in the literal sense of to add to the weight of,—increase." (See "Shak. Gram.," p. 13). This is, of course, a naturalization of the Latin word *aggravo*—ad, gravis,—make heavy. Other instances are,—

Once more, the more to *aggravate* the note,  
 With a foul traitor's name stuff I thy throat.

(*Rich. II.* I. i. 43).

The Clarendon Editor interprets the word *aggravate* to mean "intensify or surcharge the note of disgrace. So Falstaff says,—“Ford's a knave, and I will *aggravate* his style—thou, Master Brook, shalt know him for knave *and* *cuckold*.” (*Mer. W.* II. ii. 296). This "*cuckold*" is the aggravation intended, and thus the additional weight is exactly defined. The poet seemed to recognize the fact that some small scholarship is required, if this word is to be used accurately, for he shews how uneducated persons may blunder over it. Bottom uses it thus,—“I will *aggravate* my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any

sucking dove" (*M. N. D.* I. ii. 83); and Mistress Quickly makes the same mistake, "I beseech you now *aggravate* your choler." (2 *Hcn.* IV. II. iv. 175). In these cases the absurdity depends on recognizing the classic sense which the speaker not only misses but reverses.

9. *Antres*: taken directly from the Latin *antrum*, a cave (once only).

Of *antres* vast and deserts idle.

(*Oth.* I. iii. 140).

10. *Argentine*: Latin *argentum*, silver (once only).

Celestial Dian, goddess *Argentine*.

(*Per.* V. i. 251).

This involves also a classic allusion to Diana's silver bow. Bacon has a *Promus* Note (837), *Argentangina*.

11. *Artificial*: with a meaning derived from the Latin word *artifex*, a maker or creator, is used in the following passages:—

We, Hermia, like two *artificial* gods

Have with our needles created both one flower.

(*M. N. D.* III. ii. 203).

*Artificial* strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

(*Timon* I. i. 37).

*Artificial*, in this last passage, may refer to the subject of the picture, *i.e.*, the strife which is represented; or it may mean the struggle of Art, as a creator, to rival or represent Nature. Probably the poet wished to combine more meanings than one in one word, as was his wont.

12. *Aspersion*: used once by Shakespeare, does not mean calumny; it has a meaning derived from its Latin root, but even this is taken in a very peculiar sense. The Latin *aspergo*, *aspersi*, means to sprinkle, and the poet, with a hidden allusion to Baptism, uses the word *aspersion* for consecration.

No sweet *aspersion* shall the heavens let fall

To make this contract grow.

(*Temp.* IV. i. 18).

Bacon uses the word in the classic sense, but in a more current way—to signify a sprinkling, or mixture of two things. Of the Jewish ceremonial law he remarks,—“There is to be found, besides the theological sense, much *aspersio* of philosophy.” (“Advancement” I. vi. 9; Works III. 298). And the King’s book is described as “a work richly compounded of divinity, morality and policy, with great *aspersio* of all other arts.” (*Ib.* II. xxi. 8, p. 429). “The King now hath reigned twelve years in his white robe without almost any *aspersio* of the crimson dye of blood.” (Oliver St. John Charge. “Life” V. 143).

13. *Cacodæmon*: Greek *κακοδαίμων*, Evil genius (once only).

Hie thee to heil, for shame, and leave the world,  
Thou *Cacodæmon*! there thy kingdom is.

(*Rich.* III. I. iii. 143).

14. *Cadent*: Latin *cado*, fall (once only).

With *cadent* tears fret channels in her cheeks.

(*Lear* I. iv. 307).

15. *Candidatus*: This Latin word is used, unchanged, once only,—

Be *candidatus* then and put it on.

(*Til. And.* I. i. 185).

*i.e.*, put on the white palliant, or robe, which the candidate wore. To the English signification of the word *candidate*, is added the sense of white coloured, implied in the original Latin.

16. *Capricious*: This word occurs once only in Shakespeare, and then is used in rather an intricate pun, “I am here, with thee and thy goats, as the most *capricious* poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.” (*As You Like It* III. iii. 7). *Capricious* has a double reference to the Italian word *capriccioso*, humorous or fantastical, and to the Latin

word *caper*, a goat. And the word Goths,—pronounced goats,—augments the punning. The Goths were the Getæ, a Thracian tribe on the Danube, whither Ovid was banished. This reduplicated pun is further illustrated by a passage in the undoubtedly Shakespearean play, *The Return from Parnassus*,—"Good Ovid that in his life-time lived with the *Getes*, and now after his death converseth with a Barbarian." (3 *Par.* 702). The passage in *As You Like It* helps us to interpret the *Parnassus* play, in which the *Goths* are hidden under the more general title *Barbarian*.

17. *Captious* occurs once only, and with an entirely classic meaning,—

I know I love in vain, strive against hope ;  
Yet in this *captious* and *intenable* sieve  
I still pour in the waters of my love.

(*All's Well* I. iii. 207).

*Captious* has the meaning of the Latin word *capio*, I take ; and *intenable* is formed from *teneo*, I hold, with the privative particle *in* ; so that the Poet is speaking of a sieve, which takes all and holds nothing. This involves another very subtle classic allusion, which we know Bacon intended to put to some literary use. For in the *Promus*, No. 521, we find *Fere Danaïdes*. The Danaids, daughters of Danaus, were punished in Hades by being compelled everlastingly to pour waters into a sieve. The same allusion is to be found elsewhere in Shakespeare :—

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
Which falls into my ears as profitless  
As water in a sieve.

(*M. Ado.* V. i. 3).

*Rosalind*.—My affection hath an unknown bottom, like the Bay of Portugal.

*Celia*.—Or rather bottomless, that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

(*As You Like It* IV. i. 211).

18. *Cast* is another instance of classic punning :—



He hath bought a pair of *cast* lips of Diana . . . the very ice of chastity is in them.

(*As You Like It* III. iv. 16).

The word *cast* combines the double meaning of the English vernacular, cast off, done with; and the Latin *castus*, chaste, Diana being the goddess of chastity.

19. *Casual*. *Casualties*—corresponding to Bacon's Latin word *casualia*, from *casus*—what happens, or falls out:—not necessarily misfortune.

The martlet

Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
Even in the force and road of *casualty*.

(*Mer. Ven.* II. ix. 29).

Turned her—to foreign *casualties*.

(*Lear* IV. iii. 45).

Time hath rooted out my parentage,  
And to the world and awkward *casualties*  
Bound me in servitude.

(*Pericles* V. i. 93).

Your brace of unprizable estimations: the one is but frail, and the other *casual*.

(*Cymb.* I. iv. 100).

Bacon speaks of the "*casualty*" of the fortunes of kings ("Adv. L." I. iii. 6), and referring to the confiscation of the goods of attainted subjects, he calls them "*casualties* of the crown"—*i.e.* windfalls. ("Hen. VII.").

20. *Circummure*: once only; the Latin itself is the Poet's: *circum*, around, with *murus*, a wall.

He hath a garden *circummured* with brick.

(*Meas. M.* IV. i. 28).

21. *Circumscribe*: *circumscribere*, inclose in a circle, limit, define the limits or boundaries of anything.

Where he *circumscribed* with his sword  
And brought to yoke the enemies of Rome.

(*Tit. A.* I. i. 68).

Therefore must his choice be *circumscribed*.

(*Ham.* I. iii. 22).

22. *Circumscription*,—once only used,—from the same root,—

I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into *circumscription* and confine.  
(*Oth.* I. ii. 26).

*Confine* is also here used in its classic sense—limits or boundaries.

23. *Civil* : *uncivil*, are words that in Shakespeare have a more classic sense than modern usage admits. They refer to *civis*, the State. *Civil* means (not polite but) subject to public law ; organically, and as a rule amicably, united to the State ;—civil refers not to mere individual character, but to public life. What is civil may then be very destructive ;—we speak now of civil war—but not of “civil butchery,” “civil blows,” “civil broils,” “civil dissensions,” “civil enmity,” “civil strife,” “a civil monster,”—all of which are met with in Shakespeare.

The King of Heaven forbid our lord the King  
Should so, with *civil* and *uncivil* arms,  
Be rush'd upon.  
(*Rich. II.* III. iii. 101).

The *uncivil* Kernes of Ireland are in arms.  
(*2 Hen. IV.* III. i. 310).

The classic sense survives most clearly in the words civilized, uncivilized.

24. *Collect* : Latin *colligo*, gather together. The classic sense includes mental collection, put or join together logically, make deductions, and it is once used in this sense by Shakespeare :—

The reverent care I bear unto my lord  
Made me *collect* these dangers in the duke.  
(*2 Hen. IV.* III. i. 34).

Be *collected*,  
No more amazement ; tell your piteous heart  
There's no harm done.  
(*Temp.* I. ii. 13).

Be *collected* means keep your mind in a calm and reasonable state.

“Methinks solitariness *collecteth* the mind, as shutting the eyes doth the sight.” (“Life” I. 321).

“I will undertake, by *collecting* the styles, to judge whether he were the author or no.” (Bacon’s “Apology”).

“He can *collect* upon things that formerly have not so well succeeded, as well what to amend as what to avoid. (“Life” V. 176).

25. *Collection* has a cognate meaning. *Collectio* is used by Seneca in the sense of inference—conclusion.

When I waked, I found  
This label on my bosom ; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no *collection* of it.  
(*Cymb.* V. v. 429).

Her speech is nothing,  
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to *collection*.  
(*Ham.* IV. v. 7).

“And this is no other *collection* than Demosthenes in like cases doth often use and iterate.” (“Life” V. 177).

Hooker says :—“This kind of comprehension in Scripture being therefore received, still there is doubt how far we are to proceed by *collection*.” (“Eccles. Pol.” I. xiv. 2).

26. *Comfort* : in its classic sense from *con—cum*, and *fortis*, to strengthen ; a legal term, signifying aiding, abetting, helping, supporting by any means, material or otherwise.

If I find him *comforting* the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully.  
(*Lear* III. v. 21).

Why dost not *comfort* me and help me out ?  
(*Til. A.* II. iii. 209).

“If neighbour Princes should patronize and comfort rebels” Bacon’s “Henry VII.” (Works VI. 65), and in two other passages.

27. *Complement*: Latin *compleo*, fill up, finish, make complete or perfect. Once in Shakespeare is this word used in a sense derived from the word *compleo*, and the effect is curious and subtle :—

When my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In *complement* externe, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at : I am not what I am.

(*Oth.* I. i. 61).

Schmidt says this means “in outward appearance.” I think the meaning is fuller and stronger, and the Latin supplies the key. The passage may be paraphrased,—“When I give a complete external representation of all that my heart contains.”

28. *Composition*: from the Latin *compono*, *composui*,—join, bring together; used once as equivalent to coherence, consistency, *i.e.*, what can be put together consistently and intelligibly :—

There is no *composition* in these news  
That gives them credit.

(*Oth.* I. iii. 1).

29. *Composure*: from the same Latin root, meaning a union or junction :—“It was a strong *composure* a fool could disunite.” (*Tro. Cr.* II. iii. 108). Elsewhere it means composition or structure: but even in this use the classic sense is probably intended as an augmentation of the meaning,—

His *composure* must be rare indeed  
When these things cannot blemish.

(*Ant. Cl.* I. iv. 22).

meaning either the qualities which in their union form his character, or their strong and secure combination :—

Thank the heavens, Lord, thou art of sweet *composure*.

(*Tro. Cr.* II. iii. 251).

30. *Compound*: Latin *compono*, adjust, arrange, settle, come to an agreement :—

Till you *compound* whose right is worthiest,  
 We, for the worthiest, hold this right from both.  
 (*John* II. i. 281).

If you think it meet *compound* with him by the year.  
 (*Meas. M.* IV. ii. 24).

We will *compound* this quarrel.  
 (*Tam. S. I.* ii. 30).

31. *Concent*. Latin *concino, concentus*: sing together or in concert, or concord,—harmoniously. Metaphorically it expresses the analogy between music and other kinds of harmony:—

For Government, though high and low and lower  
 Put into parts, doth keep in one *concent*;  
 Congreeing in a full and natural close,  
 Like music. (*Hen. V.* I. ii, 180).

Congreeing is also a new word, classically constructed if not classically derived. It is probably an echo of *concredior* (*congressus*), or of *congeno*.

Bacon in a speech, referring to the dealings of the Parliament with the King, said, "In *concent*, where tongue-strings, not heart-strings, make the music, that harmony may end in discord." ("Life" IV. 177).

Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in *concent* (*i.e.* in vocal unison) like so many wild geese.  
 (2 *Hen. IV.* V. i. 76).

In all the passages where *concent* is thus referred to we may trace the teaching of Bacon's *Philosophia Prima*. (See *De Aug.* III. 1).

32. *Conduce*. The same range of meaning that belongs to the Latin word *conduco*, is given to the word *conduce*. The primary meaning is bring together, assemble, collect:—as in the following passage,—

Within my soul there doth *conduce* a fight  
 Of this strange nature, that a thing inseparate  
 Divides more wider than the sky and earth.  
 (*Tro. Cr.* V. ii. 147).

Cowden Clarke says, "*Conduce* is here used in its classical sense of lead together, assemble ; and a fight represents the elements of a fight, the contending forces, the tumultuous feelings, the battling emotions that surge and meet tumultuously with the speaker's soul, brought together by the strength of passion."

In the only other passage in Shakespeare where this word is used, a secondary sense of *conduco* is implied, *viz.*, contribute to something by being useful ; like *conducere ad vitæ commoditatem* of Cicero :—

The reasons you allege do more *conduce*  
To the hot passion of distemper'd blood,  
Than to make up a free determination  
"Twixt right and wrong.

(*Tro. Cr.* II. ii. 168).

33. *Conduct* (substantive) from the same Latin word : as a noun substantive it means guidance or leading :—and consequently the channel along which an object passes to reach its destination :—

My election  
Is led on in the *conduct* of my will.

(*Tro. Cr.* II. ii. 61).

The preposition *in* fixes the meaning to be, channel : while the verb *led on* aids the primary sense :—

Extinguishing his *conduct* (*i.e.* the lamp) in this case.

(*Lucrece* 313).

Bacon advised the Queen, in shewing favour to Essex, to make use of such persons as could not appropriate thanks to themselves, "Some such as could not be thought but a mere *conduct* of her own goodness." ("Apology." "Life" III. 149).

34. *Confine* : *Confineless* : *Unconfinable* : In Latin *confinis*, is the adjective of which *confine* is the correlative substantive :—bordering, adjoining, and so a border or boundary, or limit, encircling, enclosing a thing :—

The *extravagant* and *erring* spirit hies  
 To his *confine*.  
 (Ham. I. i. 154).

Esteem him as a lamb, being compared  
 With my *confineless* harms.  
 (Macb. IV. iii. 54).

Thou *unconfineable* baseness.  
 (Mer. W. II. ii. 21).

meaning, thou fellow of unlimited, unbounded baseness.  
 See Circumscription.

35. *Confix* : Latin *configo, fixi*—fasten together, transfix.  
 Used once only.

Or else for ever be *confixed* here  
 A marble monument.  
 (Meas. M. V. i. 232).

36. *Congreeing*. (See 31).

37. *Congruent* : Latin *congruens*, suitable, appropriate :  
 once only.

I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a *congruent* epitheton, appertaining  
 to thy young days.  
 (L. L. L. I. ii. 14).

38. *Consequence* : Latin *consequor*, follow after, ensue as  
 an effect.

He closes with you in this *consequence*.  
 (Ham. II. i. 44).

*i.e.*, he falls into conversation on the track of the information or suggestions you have given. This subtle use of the word may be implied in other cases where the ordinary sense may suffice : *ex. gr.* :—

The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
 In deepest *consequence*.  
 (Macb. I. iii. 124).

If the assassination  
 Could trammel up the *consequence*, etc.  
 (Ib. I. vii. 2).

The classic sense gives depth, richness and fulness to the meaning.

39. *Consign*: represents the Latin *consigno*, subscribe, seal to, ratify, confirm, yield.

All lovers young, all lovers must  
*Consign* to thee, and come to dust.  
 (Cymb. IV. ii. 274).

Augment, or alter, as your wisdom best  
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity, . . .  
 And we'll *consign* thereto.  
 (Henry V. V. ii. 87).

God *consigning* to my good intents.  
 (2 Hen. IV. V. ii. 143).

40. *Consist*: The Latin word *consisto* means, take one's stand, or keep a position; hold one's ground.

If we can make our peace  
 Upon such large terms, and so absolute  
 As our conditions shall *consist* upon,  
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.  
 (2 Hen. IV. IV. i. 185).

Welcome is peace, if he on peace *consist*  
 (Pericl. I. iv. 83).

In the *Novum Organum* I. 48 we find, *Gliscit intellectus humanus, neque consistere aut acquiescere potest*—the mind of man is all ablaze, and cannot settle or rest. Bacon often uses this word in its classic sense: he speaks of "abstinences and observancies which make the mind most to *consist* in itself." ("Adv." II. xi. 2. Works III. 380). He speaks of "præmium and pœna whereby civil states *consist*." (*Ib.* XXII. 6. p. 438). Referring to the conspiracy of Lopez, and the dangers attending it, he says, "Upon so narrow a point *consisted* the safety of her Majesty's life." ("Life" I. 285).

41. *Constringed*: Latin *constringo*, bind together, string up like a bundle, and so give coherence or consistence. *Constringere sarcinam*. It occurs only once,—

The dreadful spout  
 Which shipmen do the hurricano call,



*Constringed* in mass by the almighty sun.

(*Tro. Cr. V. ii. 173*).

Assensum itaque *constringit* (*i.e.*, syllogismus) non res (*Nov. Org. I. xiii.*). The syllogism grasps, *i.e.* holds fast, governs, or commands assent; but does not lay hold of the thing itself; the syllogism ties up the conclusion in a sort of bundle or mass, but does not in a corresponding manner command the intellect, by presenting the fact.

42. *Contain*: in the sense of *contineo*, *i.e.*, i. Restrain, hold in check. ii. Hold together, encompass, as by a band or girdle.

- i. Fear not, my lord, we can *contain* ourselves.

(*Tam. Sh. Ind. I. 100*).

O *contain* yourself;

Your passion draws ears hither.

(*Tro. Cr. V. ii. 180*).

- ii. This little abstract doth *contain* that large  
Which died in Geffrey.

(*John II. i. 101*).

Leaving his body as a paradise

To envelope and *contain* celestial spirits.

(*Hen. V. I. i. 30*).

“Envelope and contain” appears in variation as “clasp and contain,” in the Essay “Of the true greatness of Kingdoms.” “I have marvelled sometimes at Spain, how they clasp and contain so large dominions with so few natural Spaniards.”

Bacon speaks of “Religion, being the chief band of human society; it is a happy thing when itself is well *contained* within the true band of Unity.” (Essay of “Unity in Religion”). Both i. and ii. are curiously combined in the vehement words of Coriolanus:—

Measureless liar! Thou hast made my heart

Too great for what *contains* it.

(*Cor. V. vi. 103*).

See in further elucidation of this *Ant. Cl. IV. xiv. 39*, quoted under the section *Content* 47.

43. *Content*: from the same root; the space defined by a boundary.

Then though my heart's *content* firm love doth bear,  
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear.

(*Tro. Cr. I. ii. 320*).

There is a double meaning—what my heart encloses; or that which is shut up in my heart; the enclosing, or the contents.

There is a play upon words, *i.e.*, a combination of the sense of satisfaction, with the sense of inclusion, in the following use of the word *content*:—

Her grace in speech,  
Her words y'clad with wisdom's majesty,  
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys,  
Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

(*2 Hen. VI. I. i. 32*).

44. *Content*: the same meaning from the same root; but it occurs more frequently. Shakespeare calls the chest, or thorax, the *continent* of the heart,—the box or enclosure which contains it:—

O cleave my sides!  
Heart, once be stronger than thy *continent*,  
Crack thy frail case!

(*Ant. Cl. IV. xiv. 39*).

The rivers . . . have overborne their *continents*.

(*M. N. D. II. i. 92*).

I pray you have a *continent* forbearance till the speed of his rage goes slower.

(*Lear I. ii. 181*).

Here's the scroll,  
The *continent* and summary of my fortune.

(*M. Ven. III. ii. 130*).

Any surface, however small, may be a *continent*: *ex. gr.*:—twenty thousand men may “fight for a plot” of ground:—

Which is not tomb enough and *continent*  
To hide the slain.

(*Ham.* IV. iv. 64).

The classic sense of *contineo*,—restrain, keep within bounds, is also found :—

My desire . . . all *continent* impediments would o'erbear  
That did oppose my will.

(*Macb.* IV. iii. 63).

The line from *M. N. D.* answers to the *continente ripa* of Horace. Bacon uses these words in a precisely similar way. "If there be no fulness then is the *continent* greater than the content." ("Advancement of Learning" I. i. 3. Works III. 265). "These two nations are situate upon the *continent of one island.*" ("Life" III. 68). *Continent* is one of the words pointed out by Hallam as indicating classic scholarship in the poet.

45. *Contraction*: once used; *contraho*, *contractus*, draw together, come to an agreement,—as in marriage :—

O such a deed  
As from the body of *contraction* plucks  
The very soul.

(*Ham.* III. iv. 45).

46. *Contrive*. When Shakespeare writes :—

Please ye we may *contrive* this afternoon.

(*Tam. Sh.* I. ii. 276).

he uses, with unusual audacity, a Latin word in a sense not very common in Latin, and utterly anomalous for English,—in the sense of wear away, spend, consume. Terence writes, *Ambulando totum hunc contrivi diem* (quoted by Staunton). Bacon also uses the Latin word in the same way, *In meditationibus et commentationibus ingenii infinitum tempus contriverunt.* (*Nov. Org.* I. 112).

It seems to me that this Latin sense of the word *contrive* is secreted in the "waste of time," referred to in the following passages :—

In companions  
That do converse and waste the time together, &c.  
(*Mer. F. III. iv. 11*).

I like this place,  
And willingly would waste my time in it.  
(*As You Like It II. iv. 94*).

There are several other passages in which the wasting of time is referred to in a sense that belongs to the same usage as the classic sense of *convenio*, which is found only in the one passage above quoted.

47. *Conveniencies*: *convenio*, agree with, harmonize; or as an impersonal verb *convenit*, it is fitting, suitable, becoming, seemly, adapted. *Quod convenit* is probably understood in the following passage:—

For the want of these required *conveniencies*, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused.  
(*Oth. II. i. 234*).

48. *Convent*. The same impersonal verb, *convenit*, is implied in:—

When that is known and golden time convents.  
(*Twelfth Night V. i. 391*).

Bacon said to Talbot in his charge, “By your variety and vacillation you lost the acceptable time of the first grace, which was not to have *convented* you. (“Life” V. 12),—the acceptable time did not become applicable to you—was not suited to you.

49. *Conversation*: this word is used in a very remarkable way in one passage, where no verbal interchange of discourse can be alluded to, the only speech is that which passes between the moods and thoughts of the same person. The passage is as follows:—Helena speaks,

My lord, your son made me to think of this;  
Else Paris and the medicine and the king  
Had, from the *conversation* of my thoughts,  
Haply been absent then.

(*All's Well I. iii. 238*).

On this Cowden Clarke gives the following interesting

comment:—"The pertinent and poetical use which Shakespeare makes of this word here, might, one would think, be sufficient refutation to those who undervalue his knowledge of classical language. *Conversation* is here employed in the sense as derived from the Latin *conversatio*, which strictly means, 'turning or whirling about,' as well as interchanged discourse. The word in this passage has a finely expressive effect, as conveying the whirl, the tossing to and fro in ceaseless secret discussion of Helen's toiling thoughts."

When Bacon (Essay of "Friendship") says that "a man tosseth his thoughts," much the same idea is suggested as that which Cowden Clarke finds in the word conversation. Edward Fitzgerald was especially struck by these words of Bacon, and says, "I know not from what metaphor Bacon took his 'tosseth.'" The passage in Shakespeare, thus expounded, appear to me to give a complete answer to Mr. Fitzgerald's perplexity.

50. *Convicted*: once only used in Shakespeare, and then it is really the past participle of the word convince: as in the Latin *convincere* changes to *convictus*—vanquished, defeated, conquered.

So by a roaring tempest on the flood,  
A whole armado of *convicted* sail  
Is scattered. (John III. iv. 2).

Bacon uses the word convict in the same sense. He refers to recusants who "have been *convicted* and confirmed, and have not received the Sacrament once a year." (Charge to Verge. "Life" IV. 267). Also—of heresies and corruptions of the Church "already acknowledged and *convicted*." ("Life" I. 83). In observations on a Libel he undertakes "to discover the malice, and reprove and *convict* the untruths thereof." ("Life" I. 150).

51. *Convince*, also from the same root,—defeat, overcome.

His two chamberlains  
Will I with wine and wassail so *convince*.  
(Macb. I. vii. 63).

Their malady *convince*s the great assay of art.  
(*Ib.* IV. iii. 142).

Time this truth shall ne'er *convince*.  
(*Pericl.* I. ii. 123).

Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier to *convince*  
the honour of my mistress. (*Cymb.* I. iv. 103).

Bacon in his Essay of "Atheism," and elsewhere, speaks of Natural Theology as sufficient "to convince Atheism, but not to inform religion" (See *Inform*). Special providencies he speaks of as things which serve not only to console the minds of the faithful, but to strike and *convince* the consciences of the wicked: "ad percellendas et *convincendas* conscientias improborum." (Works. I. 516).

52. *Crescive*: occurs once only; from *creresco*, grow.

Grew, like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet *crescive* in his faculty.  
(*Hen.* V. I. i. 65).

53. *Crisp*: Latin *Crispus* (of hair) curled; (of things) curled, uneven, waving—in wavering motion, quivering. It occurs three times, always with a classic sense:—

Leave your *crisp* channels (to the Naiads)  
(*Temp.* IV. i. 130).

(The river Severn) Hid his *crisp* head in the hollow bank.  
(1 *Hen.* IV. I. iii. 106).

All the abhorred births below *crisp* heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine.  
(*Timon* IV. iii. 183).

As to the passage from the *Tempest*, it is suggested by Cowden Clarke, that *crisp* may either mean curled (Ariel rides on the "curled clouds") or, perhaps preferably, it may mean shining, glistening, brilliant, from *crispare*, which means, in some cases, cause to shine. In any case the interpretation of the word comes from the Latin. Bacon says, "Bulls are more *crisp* on the head than cows:" and he speaks of "quantity, *crispation*, and

colours" as qualities of hair and feathers; and that heat causes pilosity and *crispation*. See *Syl. Syl.* 852. Milton, in his classic way, speaks of "crisped brooks." ("Par. L." IV. 237)

54. *Decimation*. Dr. Abbott ("Shak. Gram.," p. 14) points out that Shakespeare uses the word "*decimation* in its technical sense, for a tithed death" *Decimo* is "to select by lot every tenth man for punishment."

By *decimation*, and a tithed death  
 . . . . take thou the destined tenth,  
 And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
 Let die the spotted. (*Timon* V. iv. 31).

Here the plentiful punning is very Baconian.

55. *Defused*: Latin *defundo*, *defusus*; or *diffused*, *difundo*, *diffusus*, pour down, or pour out; is used to indicate what is wild, irregular, scattered—with a metaphorical allusion to water that is spilled, and loses its form. Kent, in disguise, says,

If but as well I other accents borrow  
 That can my speech *defuse* . . . . (*Lear* I. iv. 1).

Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once  
 With some *diffused* song. (*Merry Wives* IV. iv. 53).

*Diffused* attire—and everything that seems unnatural.  
 (*Hen. V.* V. ii. 61).

*Defused* infection of a man.  
 (*Rich. III.* I. ii. 78).

56. *Degenerate*: correlative to generous (*q.v.*) to imply loss of that which is implied by *genus*: high birth, noble descent. Hence it implies loss of caste; forfeiture of the credit or prestige belonging to rank. The word is generally applied to persons well born who disgrace their lineage: it casts a slur on their legitimacy.

Can it be  
 That so *degenerate* a strain as this

Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?

(*Tro. Cr. II. ii. 153*).

*Degenerate* bastard! I'll not trouble thee!

(*Lear I. iv. 275*).

Tigers, not daughters . . . most barbarous, most *degenerate*.

(*Ib. IV. ii. 40*).

57. *Deject*. Latin *dejicio, dejectus*: cast down, drive out.

Reason and respect

Make livers pale, and lustihood *deject*.

(*Tro. Cr. II. ii. 49*).

*i. e.*, cautious carefulness breeds cowardice, and casts away manly strength.

We may not . . . once *deject* the courage of our minds

Because Cassandra's mad.

(*Ib. 121*).

These are the only instances in which *deject* is used as a verb. Once it occurs as an adjective:—Ophelia speaks of herself as “of ladies most *deject* and wretched.” (*Ham. III. i. 163*).

58. *Delated*: Latin *defero, delatus*, primarily means bear or bring away, carry off—thence to deliver, report: and in a legal sense to bring anyone's name into court in accusation, to denounce. In the sense of deliver over, it occurs in *Hamlet*,—

Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the King, more than the scope

Of these *delated* articles allow. (*Ham. I. ii. 36*).

In the combined sense of being carried away, and accused, the word probably occurs in a passage where it is misprinted:—

Aye! but to die, and go we know not where

. . . and the *delated* spirit

To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside

In thrilling region of thick ribbed ice,” etc.

(*Meas. for Meas. III. i. 118*).



Cowden Clarke suggests *delated* instead of the usual reading *delighted*, which is not applicable to the situation; while the classic sense of *delated*, implying that the spirit is wafted away, and at the same time accused and led away to judgment, exactly accords with the sense of the passage. Cowden Clarke confirms this reading by a reference to Bacon's use of the same word: speaking of sound, as carried through the air, "To try exactly the time wherein sound is *delated*, let a man stand in a steeple," etc., etc. . . . "it is certain that the *delation* of light is in an instant." (*Syl. Syl.* 209). That *delated* is the right word is, I think, almost proved by a remarkably corresponding sentence in Bacon's Latin. I can scarcely think this an accidental resemblance. The words are—*Cum forte mens humana ad veritatem aliquem casu quopiam tanquam secunda tempestate delata acquiesceret:—* *When the mind by some chance has found repose in any truth as if delated by a prosperous whirlwind.* (*Temp. Part. Max. Works III.* 529-30). This is the *delated* condition described in the lines almost immediately following:—

To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence about  
The pendent world.

(*Ib.* 124).

59. *Delation*, from the same root, has the same sense of whirling and accusing. Iago, by abrupt interruptions in his speech, as if he were checking some unwelcome utterance, alarms Othello, who finds in "these stops," not such customary tricks as a knave might use,—

But in a man that's just  
They're close *delations*, working from the heart  
That passion cannot rule.

(*Oth.* III. iii. 122).

*i.e.*, they are secret accusations, swiftly conveyed by involuntary gesture and agitated utterance. Bacon also says, "Water doth help the *delation* of echo, as well as it

helpeth the *delation* of original sounds." (*Syl. Syl.* 243).  
 "Both (sights and sounds) are of sudden and easy generation and *delation*." (*Ib.* 257).

60. *Demerits*: has in its classic sense exactly the opposite meaning to that which it bears in vernacular speech; *i.e.*, it does not refer to faults, worthy of blame, but to good qualities, which are to be commended. *Demero* is an extensive form of *merco*, which primarily means only to gain, or acquire, and then to earn, or deserve. *Demereo* means I get by merit, deserve.

My *demerits*

May speak, unbonnetted, to as proud a fortune  
 As this that I have reach'd.

(*Oth.* I. ii. 22).

Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall  
 Of his *demerits* rob Cominus.

(*Cor.* I. i. 275).

The ordinary meaning of the word, as now employed, was current in Shakespeare's time, and in one instance he has so used it, though even here the demerits are not real, but arise from the false estimate of a tyrant:—

Not for their own *demerits*, but for mine,  
 Fell slaughter on their souls.

(*Macb.* IV. iii. 226).

So that the classic use was one of *election* in the poet's mind.

61. *Demise*: Latin *demitto*, let something go down, or descend, let fall; a legal term used once by Shakespeare, and by no other poet. The one instance of its use is the following:—

Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,  
 Canst thou *demise* to any child of mine?

(*Rich.* III. IV. iv. 246).

62. *Depend*: Latin *dependo*, hang down or on; hold in suspense

We'll slip you for a season, but our jealousy

Does yet *depend*.

(*Cymb.* IV. iii. 22).

Wilt thou be fast to my hopes if I *depend* on the issue ?

(*Oth.* I. iii. 369).

63. *Deprave* : *depravation* : Latin *depravo*, from the root *pravus*, crooked, not straight, distorted, deformed. By extension from the physical to the moral sphere it comes to mean perverse, vicious, bad,—depraved. The primary meaning then of the English word *deprave* is to distort, pervert, misrepresent, caricature,—to represent what really exists under a distorted form, not to invent a calumny, but to pervert a true fact. The secondary meaning is to vilify, slander, traduce, calumniate ; and this is usually given in glossaries as the primary meaning. The passages in Bacon in which the word is used,—and for the most part those in Shakespeare,—are more accurately interpreted if the primary sense of misrepresent, *distort*, is understood, and it seems to me that in his use of the word Bacon keeps more strictly to the etymology of the word than his commentators and glossarists do. The sense of distortion, or misrepresentation or caricature is plainly implied in the following phrases used by Cicero: *Quædam contra naturam depravata* ; and, *hæc non est interpretatio sed depravatio*. In Bacon, we find the word almost always means not calumny or slander (as the Editors say), but misinterpretation, misrepresenting, caricature. The following passage illustrate this,—“If affection lead a man to favour the less worthy in desert, let him do it without *depraving* or disabling the better deserver.” (Essay 49). “That other conceit that learning should undermine the reverence of laws and government, is assuredly a mere *depravation and calumny*, without all shadow of truth.” (“Advancement of Learning” I. ii. 8). “Many wits and industries have been spent about the wit of some one, [by expositors of Plato, Aristotle and the ancient philosophers], whom many times they have rather *depraved* than illustrated.” (*Ib.* I. iv. 12). No calumny is intended, but

simply misinterpretation—as in Cicero's *Non interpretatio sed depravatio*.

“It is the manner of men to scandalize and deprave that which retaineth the state and virtue, by taking advantage of that which is corrupt and degenerate.” (*Ib.* I. iv. 1). Bacon's antithesis implies that scandalize applies to that which is corrupt; deprave to that which is degenerate, or not up to the level which is expected.

Bacon, speaking of the opinions of Aristotle about generation and corruption, after referring to him with approval, adds, “Neque tamen desinit ille vir id quod ab eo recte inventum fuit, statim corrumpere et depravere.” (*Nov. Org.* II. 35). As he is referring to physical theories the most natural meaning of these words is—to corrupt and distort, or misrepresent.

Bacon's use of pravitas, as=distortion, is illustrated by the following:—In verbis autem gradus sunt quidam pravitatis et error is,—there are degrees of distortion and error in the use of words: pravitas and error are thus distinguished.

The word deprave is used in this same sense,—perversion, misrepresentation, in the Observations on a Libel. (“Life” I. 149-150).

There is a *Promus* note (1072) which throws more light on the sense in which the word deprave is used by Bacon. *Nil tam bonum est quin male narrado possit depravarier*. There is nothing so good that it may not be depraved (distorted, caricatured, misrepresented) by reporting it badly. So Kent tells Lear.

I can mar a curious tale in the telling of it.

(*Lear* I. iv. 35).

In Shakespeare the same sense is implied:—

Do not give advantage  
To stubborn critics, apt, without a theme

For *depravation*, to square the general sex  
By Cressid's note.

(*Tro. Cr.* V. ii. 130).

Troilus is speaking,—and he is really seeking for some excuse for Cressida; he would gladly explain away sinister appearances, and not judge falsely, misinterpreting, or depraving the theme on which his censure is invited.

Scambling, out-facing, fashion-monging boys  
That lie, and cog, and flout, *deprave and slander*.

(*Much Ado* V. i. 94).

Antonio, who is speaking with uncontrollable grief and anger, may not be supposed to select his terms with nice discrimination. But it is evident that *slander* and *deprave* are not the same, and that probably slander was the more advanced and intense meaning. Deprave, as elsewhere, means distorting facts,—slander is evil invention.

In the one other passage in Shakespeare where the word is used there is nothing to fix the exact significance of the words:—Apemantus, the scoffer, speaks:—

Who lives that's not *depraved* or *depraves*?

(*Timon* I. ii. 145).

It seems to me that the exact meaning of this word has escaped the critics, both of Bacon and Shakespeare. The more nearly the classic sense is adhered to, the more clear do the passages in which it occurs become.

64. *Derogate—derogation*: Latin *derogo, derogatus*, to repeal part of a law, to detract from or diminish anything. Cicero has *de lege aliquid derogare*. *Derogation* means loss of caste or dignity, or estimation.

From her *derogate* body never spring  
A babe to honour her!

(*Lear* I. iv. 302).

*Cloten*.—Is there no *derogation* in it?

*Lord*.—You cannot *derogate*, my lord.

*Cloten*.—Not easily I think.

*Lord*.—(Aside) You are a fool granted; therefore your issues being foolish, do not *derogate*.

(*Cymb.* II. i. 48).

65. *Determine* :—*determinate* :—*determination* : Latin *determino, determinatus, determinatio*, come to an end. The etymological meaning is often understood as a ground of the vernacular import. It is often used in a legal way; the legal usage being derived from the radical meaning.

Must all *determine* here? (Cor. III. iii. 43).

I purpose not to wait on fortune till  
These wars *determine*.

(Ib. V. iii. 119).

It will *determine* one way.

(Ant. Cl. IV. iii. 2).

Now where is he that will not stay so long  
Till his friend, sickness, hath *determined* me.

(2 Hen. IV. IV. v. 81).

The sly, slow hours shall not *determine*  
The dateless limit of thy dear exile.

(Rich. II. I. iii. 150).

So should that beauty which you hold in lease  
Find no *determination*.

(Sonnet 13).

My *determinate* voyage is mere *extravagancy*.

(Tw. N. II. i. 11).

In this line there are three Latin words, only intelligible by the help of a Latin dictionary. See *Extravagancy* and *mere* (post).

66. *Digested* : Latin *digero, gessi*, spread abroad, or distribute.

Come on my son, in whom my house's name

Must be *digested*. (All's Well V. iii. 73).

67. *Dilated* : Latin *differo, dilatus*, carry from each other, spread; or more probably representing *dilato*—spread out, enlarge, amplify.

After them, and take a more *dilated* farewell.

(All's Well II. i. 58).

I will not praise thy wisdom  
Which like a bourn, a pale a shore confines

Thy spacious and *dilated* parts.

(*Tro. Cr.* II. iii. 259).

68. *Discoloured* : Latin *discolor*, in various colours, party-coloured, variegated. Generally applied in Shakespeare to the colour of blood when shed on the ground.

Or with their blood stain this *discolour'd* shore.

(2 *Hen. VI.* IV. i. 11).

Many a widow's husband grovelling lies,  
Coldly embracing the *discolour'd* earth.

(*John* II. i. 305).

In Marlowe the classic sense is completely reflected :—

The walls were of discoloured jasper stone.

(*Hero L.* 36).

The colours are not lost, or injured, but multiplied.

69. *Dissemble* : Latin *dissimulo*, disguise, conceal, feign that a thing is different from what it really is. (*Quæ non sunt, simulo : quæ sunt ea dissimulentur.*)

I would *dissemble* with my nature where  
My fortunes and my friends at stake required  
I should do so in honour.

(*Cor.* III. ii. 62).

The clown, putting on a gown and beard for disguise, says,—

I'll put it on and will *dissemble* myself in it, and I would I were the first that ever *dissembled* in such a gown.

(*Tw. N.* IV. ii. 5).

On this passage Cowden Clarke comments thus :—  
“Shakespeare here uses the word *dissemble* in the sense borne by the Latin word *dissimulare*, to *cloak*, disguise, conceal, or *dissemble* : thus affording ground for the clown's pun while putting on the clerical gown. Mr. Stevens, the commentator, sneeringly remarks that ‘Shakespeare has here stumbled on a Latinism ; thus Ovid, speaking of Achilles, *Veste virum longa dissimulatus erat.*’ But not only do we believe that Shakespeare was

far more intimately and appreciatively acquainted with Ovid than the sneering commentator ; we also believe that he never *stumbled* on any word he uses ; on the contrary, he shews a most special and discriminating accuracy in the choice, adaptation and employment of the epithets he introduces, thereby giving one of the many proofs that he had a greatly profounder knowledge of classical languages, and the true etymology of his own, than superficial judges have ever been able to perceive or willing to allow."

Bacon ("Discourses on Church Edification") writes :—  
 "That reverence should be used to the Church which the good sons of Noah used to their father's nakedness, to help the defects thereof, and yet to *dissemble* them." ("Life" III. 106).

70. *Distract*: *distractio*: Latin *distraho*, *distractus*, drag asunder, divide into small parcels or detachments. In this sense these words are sometimes used in Shakespeare. As a rule *distractio* means madness, lunacy.

Our bodies are our gardens . . . we supply it with one gender of herbs, or *distract* it with many.—*Oth.* I. iii. 323.

To the brightest beams *distracted* clouds give way.  
 (*All's Well* V. iii. 34).

Most worthy sir, you therein throw away  
 The absolute soldiership you have by land,  
*Distract* your army.  
 (*Ant. Cl.* III. vii. 42).

His power (*i.e.* army) went out in such *distractions*, as  
 Beguiled all spies. (*Ib.* 77).

71. *Document*: is used once in its classic and etymological sense, from Latin *docco*, teach : give a lesson or instruction ; *documentum*=a lesson, or example,—a typical specimen, an object-lesson. So Tacitus writes (*Agr.* 2, 3), *Dedimus profecto grande patientiæ documentum*, a striking example of patience. It occurs only once in Shakespeare. Bacon writes,—"*Ethica obsequium Theologiæ omnino præstare debet, ejusque præceptis morigera esse ; ita tamen ut ipsa,*



intra suos limites, haud pauca sana et utilia *documenta* continere possit" (*De Aug.* VII. 3. Works I. 732; V. 20), implying that though Ethics is subordinate to Theology, yet "within its own limits it may furnish many sound and useful *lessons*."

A *document* in madness.

(*Ham.* IV. v. 178).

The word is similarly used by Spenser ("Fairy Queen" I. x. 19).

And that her sacred book, with bloody writ  
That none could read, except she did them teach,  
She unto him disclosed every whit,  
And heavenly *documents* thereout did preach.

Raleigh ("History of the World") writes,—“They were stoned to death as a *document* to others.” See Professor Spencer Baines' "Shakespeare Studies," p. 264. Shakespeare's use of the word corresponds more exactly to the classic sense than Spenser's or Raleigh's.

72. *Double*: is used in a curiously classic sense in,—

The magnifico is much beloved,  
And hath in his effect a voice potential,  
As *double* as the Duke's.

(*Oth.* I. ii. 12).

The Latin word *duplex*, among other senses, also may mean thick, strong, stout. On the above passage Theobald notes,—“It is in truth a very elegant Grecism. ‘As double’ signifies as large, as extensive. So the Greeks used *διπλούς* for *latus*, *gradis*, as well as *duplex*; and in the same manner and construction the Latins used their *duplex*.” The same classic sense is evidently intended in,—

His *doubled* spirit  
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate.

(*Cor.* II. ii. 121).

See also *Fatigate*. None of the Editors of *Coriolanus* point out this classic use of the word *doubled*.

73. *Eminent*: Latin *eminens*, standing out, conspicuous, lofty, towering above the rest; *minco* is to jut, or project.

Who were below him  
He used as creatures of another place,  
And bow'd his *eminent* top to their low ranks.  
(*All's Well* I. ii. 41).

74. *Epitheton*: the Greek word *ἐπίθετον*.

I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent *epitheton*, appertaining to thy young days.  
(*Love's Labour's Lost* I. ii. 14).

A word not likely to have been used except by a classical scholar.

75. *Err*—*errant*—*erring*: Latin *erro*, I wander, rove, stray.

As thou lov'st her  
Thy love's to me religious, else does *err*,  
(*All's Well* II. iii. 189). [See Religious].

Cowden Clarke paraphrases,—“According as thou lovest her thy love, or loyalty to me, will be duly paid; otherwise it strays from me.”

An *erring* barbarian.  
(*Oth.* I. iii. 362).

The *extravagant* and *erring* spirit hies to his confine.  
(*Ham.* I. i. 154).

How brief the life of man  
Runs his *erring* pilgrimage.  
(*As You Like It* III. ii. 137).

Tortive and *errant* from his course of growth.  
(*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 9).

76. *Evitate*: Latin *evitare*, shun, avoid. An attempt, not successful, to introduce a new word.

She doth *evitate* and shun  
A thousand irreligious cursed hours.  
(*Mer. W.* V. v. 241).

The earliest known use of the cognate substantive is the following :—

“It is certain that in all bodies there is an appetite of union, and *evitation* of solution of continuity.” Bacon’s *Syl. Syl.* 293. Bacon uses the Latin word *evitare*,—for example, “*ut evitentur ea quæ incommoda.*” (*Nov. Org.* I. 57).

77. *Exempt* : Latin *eximo, exemptus*, take away, remove, banished.

Be it my wrong you (my husband) are from me *exempt*.  
(*Com. Er.* II. ii. 173).

Stand'st thou not attained,  
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry?  
(*1 Hen VI.* II. iv. 92).

78. *Exhaust* : Latin *exhaurio, exhaustum*, draw out, (of liquids) once used in this very primitive sense, and only once.

Spare not the babe  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools *exhaust* their mercy.  
(*Timon* IV. iii. 118).

79. *Exhibition* : Latin *exhibeo*, one of the meanings is, to maintain, support, sustain a person or thing; and in Shakespeare it is sometimes used in this legal sense of maintenance, allowance, gift or present. Moberly quotes the Roman law phrase, *Si liberi ali desiderunt, ut a parente exhibeantur*. So we have *exhibere viam*, to keep up a road, *exhibere vitam*, to support life.

The King gone to-night ! subscribed his power !  
Confined to *exhibition* !  
(*Lear* I. ii. 24).

*i.e.*, restricted to a fixed sum for maintenance. So also in the following :—

What maintenance he from his friends receives,  
Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.  
(*Two G.* V. I. iii. 68).

I crave fit disposition for my wife

Due reference of place and *exhibition*.

(*Oth.* I. iii. 237).

Marry, I would not do such a thing for a joint-ring . . . nor any petty *exhibition*.

(*Ib.* IV. iii. 72).

Tom-boys hired with that self-*exhibition*

Which your own coffers yield.

(*Cymb.* I. vi. 122).

*i.e.*, the same stipend or allowance.

“She received only a pension or *exhibition* out of his coffers.” (Bacon’s “*Hen. VII.*” p. 228).

So. *Exigent*: Latin *exigo*, which may mean to end, complete, accomplish, as in Horace’s *Exegi monumentum æri perennius*.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their *exigent*.

(*1 Hen. VI.* II. v. 8).

Thou art sworn, Eros, that when the *exigent* should come, . . . thou then would’st kill me.

(*Ant. Cl.* IV. xiv. 62).

81. *Exorciser*:—*exorcism*:—*exorcist*: although this word is now used exclusively for one who lays or dismisses spirits, it is used by Shakespeare for summoning or raising spirits; in analogy with the Latin *exorior*, to come forth, arise, originate, begin.

Is there no *exorcist*

Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?

Is’t real that I see?

(*All’s Well* V. iii. 305).

Thou, like an *exorcist*, hast conjured up

My mortified spirit.

(*Jul. Cæs.* II. i. 323).

No *exorciser* harm thee!

(*Cymb.* IV. ii. 276).

Will her ladyship behold and hear our *exorcisms*.

(*2 Hen. VI.* I. iv. 4).

Bacon speaks of Walpole as “a blasphemous *exorcist* ;”

and "wherefore full of these evil spirits wherewith so many *exorcisms* had possessed him." Squire's Conspiracy. ("Life" II. 114, 115, 116).

82. *Expedient*: Latin *expedio* (ex pede) free the feet from a snare, hence it comes to mean without impediment, promptly, hastily, quickly.

His marches are *expedient* to this town.  
(*John* II. i. 60).

*Expedient* march.  
(*Ib.* 223).

Knight (commenting on *John* II. i. 60), says, "Shakespeare always uses this word in strict accordance with its derivation, as in truth he does most words that may be called learned."

83. *Expedition*: same derivation and correlative meaning.

The *expedition* of my violent love  
Outrun the pauser reason.  
(*Macb.* II. iii. 116).

Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the *expedition* of thought.  
(2 *Hen.* IV. IV. iii. 35).

She will not fail, for lovers break not hours,  
Unless it be to come before their time;  
So much they spur their *expedition*.  
(*Tw. G.* I. V. i. 4).

Bacon speaks of a logical method as "introduced for *expedite* use and assurance sake." ("Advancement" II. xiv. 5. Works III. 393).

84. *Expostulate*: mediæval Latin *expostulare*, argue, discuss, inquire, investigate: the sense of remonstrance is not included.

The time serves not to *expostulate*.  
(*Tw. G.* I. III. i. 251).

My liege, and madam, to *expostulate*  
What majesty is, what duty is, etc.  
(*Ham.* II. ii. 86).

85. *Expulsed*: Latin *expulsus*, driven out. Used only once:—

For ever should they be *expulsed from France*.  
(1 *Hen. VI.* III. iii. 25).

Bacon uses the word frequently. "His father being *expulsed* his dominions by the French." ("Life" I. 21). "Learning will *expulse* business." ("Adv." Works III. 273). "The very husks and shells of sciences, all the kernel being forced and *expulsed* with the torture and press of the method." (*Ib.* 406). And see "New Atlantis" (Works III. 152).

86. *Exsufflicate*: Latin *ex, sufflo*, blow out. Once only.

Such *exsufflicate* and blown surmises.  
(*Oth.* III. iii. 182).

*i. e.*, inflated; bodiless guesses, bubbles soon blown and soon collapsed.

87. *Extenuate*: is one of the words referred to by Hallam as an indication of Shakespeare's Latinity.

The law of Athens, which by no means we may *extenuate*.  
(*M. N. D.* I. i. 120).

You may not so *extenuate* his offence,  
For I have had such faults. (*M. M.* II. i. 27).

It has the meaning of *extenuo*, make thin or small, lessen, weaken. Bacon, speaking of the Queen's adverse fortune in her youth, says that such a condition "for the most part *extenuateth* the mind, and makes it apprehensive of fears." And he concludes his Eulogy on the Queen with—"But why do I forget that words do *extenuate* and embase matters of so great weight." ("Life" I. 126, 142).

88. *Extirp*: Latin *extirpo*: pluck up by the root.

It is impossible to *extirp* it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down.  
(*Meas. M.* III. ii. 109).

Nor should that nation boast it so with us  
But be *extirped* from our provinces.  
(1 *Hen. VI.* III. iii. 23).

It is worth noting that this word is practically the same as extirpate, which is also used once (*Tcmp.* I. ii. 125). By using indifferently either the current or the classic form, the poet shows his familiarity with both.

89. *Extracting*: Latin *extraho*, *extracti*, draw out. Once used in a singularly classic way,—in antithesis to *distract*, which is a word just used by the same speaker; a *distracting* frenzy in another is contrasted with an *extracting* one in the speaker's own mind.

They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract : . . .  
A most *extracting* frenzy of my own  
From my remembrance clearly banished his.

(*Tw. N. V.* i. 287).

90. *Extravagant*—*extravagancy*: Latin *extra* and *vagare*, wander abroad.

My *determinate* voyage is mere *extravagancy*.

(*Tw. N. II.* i. 11).

The *extravagant* and *erring* spirit hies to his *confine*.

(*Ham.* I. i. 154).

An *extravagant* and wheeling stranger  
Of here and everywhere.

(*Oth.* I. i. 137).

91. *Facinorous*: Latin *Facinus*, *gen. facinoris*, a deed, especially a bad deed or crime. *Facinorosus*, wicked, atrocious. Italian *Facinoroso*, rebellious, contumacious.

He's of a most *facinorous* spirit.

(*All's W.* II. iii. 35).

92. *Fact*: Always used in the Latin sense—*facta*, deed, and invariably wicked deeds—criminal acts.

Damned fact ! how it did grieve Macbeth !

(*Macb.* III. vi. 10).

To say the truth this *fact* was infamous.

(1 *Hen. VI.* IV. i. 30).

A fouler *fact* did never traitor in the land commit.

(2 *Hen. VI.* I. iii. 176).

How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity  
So much as this *fact* comes to ?

(*Cymb.* III. ii. 16).

The powers to whom I pray abhor this *fact*,  
How can they then assist me in the act.

(*Lucrece* 349).

Bacon uses the word in the same way:—"He forbad all injuries of *fact* or word against their persons or followers." ("Hen. VII." Works III. 72). "That barbarous *fact*." (*Ib.* 132). "That most wretched and horrible *fact*." (Lopez Report, "Life" I. 276). "It is most necessary that the Church . . . do damn and send to hell for ever those *facts* and opinions." (Essay of "Unity in Religion.").

93. *Factionous*: Latin *facio, factum*, do, act, busy oneself. Sometimes the word means simply busy, active; usually its meaning is the same as is still current, *i.e.*, rebellious, conspiring.

Be *factionous* (active) for redress of all these griefs.

(*Ful. Cæs.* I. iii. 118).

You and your husband Grey  
Were *factionous* for the House of Lancaster.

(*Rich.* III. I. iii. 127).

In this passage both senses are probably intended.

94. *Fatigate*: Latin *fatigatus*, fatigued, exhausted.

His doubled spirit  
Requickened what in flesh was *fatigate*.

(*Coriol.* II. ii. 121).

See also *Double*.

95. *Festinate*:—*ly*: Latin *festino, festinatus*, hasten, speed.

Advise the Duke, where you are going, to a most *festinate* preparation.

(*Lear* III. vii. 9).

Bring him *festinately* hither.

(*L. L. L.* III. i. 5).



96. *Fine* : used often for the Latin *finis*, the end. The proverb, *finis coronat opus*, is implied in the following :—

All's well that ends well ; still the *finè's* the crown.  
(*All's W.* IV. iv. 35).

Time's office is to *fine* the hate of foes.  
(*Lucrece* 936).

A legal pun is implied in the double use of *fine* and *finer* in—“ And the *fine* is, for the which I may go the *finer*, I will live a bachelor.” (*M. Ado*, I. i. 247.). The same pun, much amplified, is uttered by Hamlet in the grave-digging scene, where the word has four different meanings : “ Is this the *fine* of his *finès* . . . to have his *fine* pate full of *fine* dirt ? ” (*Ham.* V. i. 115.).

*Finèless*, meaning endless, occurs once.

Riches, *finèless*, is as poor as winter.  
(*Oth.* III. iii. 173).

97. *Fortitude* : Latin *fortis*, strong. The original sense is used in *Othello*,—

The *fortitude* of the place is best known to you.  
(*Oth.* I. iii. 222).

98. *Fracted* : Latin *frango*, *fractus*, break, broken.

His heart is *fracted*.  
(*Hen.* V. II. i. 130).

My reliances on his *fracted* dates have smit my credit.  
(*Timon* II. i. 22).

99. *Fraction* : same root.

Distasteful looks and hard *fractions* (broken sentences).  
(*Timon* II. ii. 220).

Their *fraction* is more our wish than their *faction*.  
(*Tro. Cr.* II. iii. 107).

*i.e.*, we prefer that they should be divided among themselves than busily united for us.

The *fractions* of her faith, orts of her love,  
(*Ib.* V. ii. 158).

100. *Frustrate*: Latin *frustro*, *frustratus*, deceive, disappoint, make to be of no effect, vain, useless.

Bid him yield, being so *frustrate*.

(*Ant. Cl.* V. i. 1).

The sea mocks our *frustrate* search on land.

(*Temp.* III. iii. 10).

101. *Generous*:—*generosity*:—*gentle*:—*gentility*: Latin *generosus*,—a person of *genus*, or rank, or of gentle birth. In modern usage *generous* and *gentle* are no longer associated,—in Shakespeare, the original radical sense of well-born unites them:—

He said he was *gentle*, but unfortunate.

(*Cymb.* IV. ii. 39).

He mines my *gentility* with my education.

(*As You Like It* I. i. 21).

The *generous* and gravest citizens.

(*Mcas. for Mcas.* IV. vi. 14).

Edmund, seeking to reason away the disadvantages of illegitimacy, says,—

Why bastard? Wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,

My mind as *generous* . . . as honest madam's issue.

(*Lear* I. ii. 6).

Coriolanus, in his hatred of the common people, speaks of their demand as enough

To break the heart of *generosity*

And make bold power look pale.

(*Cor.* I. i. 215).

So Bacon says, "Neither is the commandment of tyrants much better over people which have put off the *generosity* of their minds" (Works III. 316), which Dr. Aldis Wright interprets, "nobility." "All the great families, noble and generous of the kingdom." ("Life" IV. 285).

102. *Glory*. (See Chapter XI., section 1.)

103. *Gratulate*: Latin *gratulo*—the Latin form of the word congratulate; or, in the second instance, the correlative adjective.

*Gratulate* his safe return to Rome.

(*Tit. A. I. i. 221*).

There's more behind that is more *gratulate*.

(*Meas. for Meas. V. i. 535*).

104. *Illustrate*: Latin *illustro*; connected with *illucesco*, and *lux*,—light up, make light, bright, illuminated, renowned.

The magnanimous and most *illustrate* king.

(*L. L. L. IV. i. 65*).

This most gallant, *illustrate* and learned gentleman.

(*Ib. V. i. 128*).

The root meaning of the word is excellently employed by Bacon in a letter to the King:—"When your Majesty could raise me no higher, it was your grace to *illustrate* me with beams of honour." ("Life" VII. 168. Also p. 70).

"Many wits and industries have been spent about the wit of some one, whom many times they have rather depraved than *illustrated*." ("Advancement" I. iv, 12. Op. III. 290). (See *Deprave*).

105. *Immanity*: Latin *Immanitus*,—the opposite of *humanitas*, kindness; *i.e.*, inhumanity, or ferocity.

Such *immanity* and bloody strife.

(*1 Hen. VI. V. i. 13*).

This is evidently an unsuccessful attempt to anglicize a Latin word.

106. *Imminent*: *imminence*: Latin *Imminco*; overhang, threaten. In its distinctively classic sense imminent means not only about to happen, but threatening to happen, menacing; and in this sense it is employed, in six out of the seven instances in which it occurs in Shakespeare: and even in the seventh this meaning is possible,

and indeed preferable, though not necessary. The ambiguous case is,

The *imminent* decay of wrested pomp.  
(*John* IV. iii. 154).

There is no ambiguity in the other instances.

*Imminent* death.  
(2 *Hen.* VI. V. iii. 19, and *Ham.* IV. iv. 60).

Dangers as infinite as *imminent*.  
(*Tro. Cr.* IV. iv. 70).

Evils *imminent*.  
(*Jut. Cæs.* II. ii. 81).

The *imminent* deadly breach.  
(*Oth.* I. iii. 136).

In the morn and liquid dew of youth  
Contagious blastments are most *imminent*.  
(*Ham.* I. iii. 41).

*Imminence* occurs only once, and is evidently coined by the poet.

I dare all *imminence* that gods and men  
Address their dangers in.  
(*Tro. Cr.* V. x. 13).

107. *Immure* : Latin *murus*, a wall.

Troy, within whose strong immures, the ravish'd Helen . . .  
sleeps.  
(*Tro. Cr.* Prologue 8).

108. *Impertinency* : *impertinent* : Latin *pertinco*, with the negative prefix *in*—*i.e.*, not related to or belonging to the subject.

O, Matter and *Impertinency* mixed  
Reason in Madness.  
(*Lear* IV. vi. 178).

The suit is *impertinent* to myself.  
(*Mer. Ven.* II. ii. 146).

“Some there are, who, though they lead a single life,  
yet their thoughts do end with themselves, and account

future times *impertinencies*." (Essay 8. of "Marriage." See also Essay 26, of "Seeming Wise").

*Nihil ad se pertinentia*, would represent the idea in Latin. The answers made by our Saviour to questions, were, Bacon says, in many cases, "*Impertinent* to the state of the question demanded, non ad rem, sed quasi *impertinentia*." ("Advancement" II. xxv. 17. Op. III. 486. *De Aug.* ix. Op. I. 836).

109. *Implorator*: adapted from the Latin *imploro*, *imploratio*, beseech, entreat, beg earnestly.

Mere *implorators* of unholy suits.

(*Ham.* I. iii. 129).

110. *Imponed*: Latin *impono*, put upon, as, *ex. gr.* the stakes of a wager. The word is put into the mouth Osric, the affected and pedantical courtier; and derisively echoed by Hamlet.

*Osric*.—The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has *imponed*, as I take it, six French rapiers, etc. . . .

*Ham.*—Why is this "*imponed*," as you call it.

(*Ham.* V. ii. 154).

111. *Impose*: *imposition*: from the same Latin root, *impono*. It has nothing to do with cheating, but is used in a purely classic sense. Of putting upon one any duty or penalty.

According to your ladyship's *impose*.

(*Two Gent. Ven.* IV. iii. 8).

*Impose* me to what penance your invention  
Can lay upon my sin.

(*M. Ato* V. i. 283).

I have on Angelo *imposed* the office.

(*Meas. for Meas.* I. iii. 40).

I do desire you

Not to deny this *imposition*  
The which my love, and some necessity  
Now *lays upon* you.

(*Mer. Ven.* III. iv. 32).

If black scandal or foul-faced reproach  
 Attend the sequel of your *imposition*.  
 (*Rich III.* III. vii. 231).

112. *Incarnadine*: from Latin *carnis*, flesh.

The multitudinous seas *incarnadine*.  
 (*Macb.* II. ii. 62).

The whole line is very classic in its tone, and more Greek than Latin. It recalls the *ποντιῶν κυματῶν ἀνηρίθμον γέλασμα* of Æschylus: the multitudinous laugh of ocean,—the unnumbered smilings of the waves.

113. *Incense*, as a verb: Latin *incendo*, *incendi*, *incensum*, to kindle, inflame, set fire to; and secondarily to rouse, excite, provoke.

I will *incense* Page to deal with poison.  
 (*Mer. W. I.* iii. 109).

To fly the boar before the boar pursues  
 Were to *incense* the boar to follow us.  
 (*Rich. III.* III. ii. 28).

The world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.  
 (*Jul. Cæs.* I. iii. 12).

So Bacon, in Observations on a Libel, says, "We have *incensed* none by our injuries." ("Life" I. 176). "Tiberius, upon a stinging and *incensing* speech of Agrippina." ("Advancement" Op. III. 458). The primary classic sense of incense is found in the Essay of "Adversity." "Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are *incensed*," which may mean either *set on fire*, or *excited*,—or (ambiguously) *kindled*.

114. *Incertain*: not so frequent as uncertain. The correlative nouns *incertainty* and *uncertainty* are about equally used. *Incertain* is sometimes used with the Latin sense of unsettled, not fixed, *i.e.*, in the mind not in the fact: a subjective rather than an objective doubtfulness.

To be worse than worst  
 Of those that lawless and *incertain* thoughts  
 Imagine howling.  
 (*Measure for Measure* III. i. 126).

You consider little  
 What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue  
 May drop upon his kingdom, and devour  
*Incertain* lookers-on.  
 (*Winter's Tale* V. i. 26).

When Bacon speaks of the "doubtfulness and *incertainty* of law." ("Advancement" II. xxiii. 49, Op. III. 231), the doubt may be either in the law (objective) or in the interpretation (subjective). When he says that words are full of "flattery and *uncertainty*" (*Ib.* p. 458), the uncertainty is objective. But the distinction is not invariably observed.

115. *Include* is twice used in the sense of the Latin *includo*, close, finish, resolve into.

We will *include* all jars  
 With triumphs, mirth and rare solemnity.  
 (*Tw. G. V. V.* iv. 160).

Then everything *includes* itself in power.  
 (*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 119).

Speaking of the Queen as a type of great rulers, Bacon says, "The Commonwealth's wrong is *included* in themselves." ("Life" I. 129), where the word included may mean either *concentrated*, or *contained*.

116. *Inclusive*: also from *includo*, in its primary sense of shut up or in. Although the current import of the word is derived from its original classic sense, yet the classic tone is very clear, and must have been consciously present to the poet in the following passages—the only ones in which the word is found in Shakespeare. Helen, speaking of the specifics for medical use left to her by her father, describes them:—

As notes whose faculties *inclusive* were  
 More than they were in note.  
 (*All's Well* I. iii. 232).

I would to God that *inclusive* verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain.

(*Rich. III. IV. i. 59*).

117. *Indigest*: whenever it occurs in Shakespeare is evidently an echo of Ovid's verse,—*Quem dixere chaos, rudis indigestaque moles.*

Be of good comfort, prince ; for you are born  
To set a form upon that *indigest*,  
Which he hath left so shapeless and so rude.

(*John V. vii. 25*).

Cowden Clarke remarks that Golding's translation of Ovid, which the poet may have seen, does not contain the word *indigest*,—while the original Latin does not contain any word exactly corresponding to shapeless. Golding's version is:—

Which chaos hight, a huge *rude* heap  
No sun as yet with light the *shapeless* world did view :—

which seems to prove that Shakespeare knew both the original and Golding's translation, as he adopts the characteristic words of each.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,  
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope ;—  
To wit an indigested and deformed lump.

(3 *Hen. VI. V. vi. 49*).

The True Tragedy,—the first draft of 3 *Hen. VI.*—has “an indigest created lump.”

To make of monsters and things indigest  
Such cherubins as your sweet self resemble.

(*Son. 114*).

Browne (*Brittania's Pastorals*, Book I) has “A chaos, rude and indigest.” It seems as if the entire Ovidian passage is always alluded to when the word *indigest* is employed.

118. *Indign*: Latin *indignus*, unworthy, shameful.



Let all *indign* and base adversities  
 Make head against my estimation.

(*Oth.* I. iii. 274).

Bacon writes:—"There be four means whereby the death of the King may be compassed and imagined. . . . The fourth by disabling his regiment, and making him appear to be incapable or *indign* to reign." Conference with Coke. ("Life" V. 109).

119. *Indubitare*: Latin *Indubitatus*—undoubted.

The indubitate beggar.

(*Love's Labour's Lost* IV. i. 67).

Bacon, referring to the line of York, says it was "held then the *indubitare* heirs of the Crown." ("Hen. VII." Works VI. 30).

120. *Inequality*: is a word which occurs only once in Shakespeare, and then it is used in a very metaphysical way, the meaning being somewhat obscure. The Duke, in *Measure for Measure*, is winding up the tangled skein of affairs, which by his absence had grown complicated and perplexing. He is listening to the complaint of Isabella. At first he affects belief in her insanity; but then he comments thus on her pleading:—

By mine honesty,  
 If she be mad,—as I believe no other,—  
 Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
 Such a dependency of thing on thing  
 As e'er I heard in madness.

And Isabella replies:—

O, gracious duke,  
 Harp not on that, nor do not banish reason  
 For *inequality*; but let your reason serve  
 To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
 And hide the false, seems true.

(*Measure for Measure* V. i. 59).

The interpretation of this word is difficult. Perhaps Bacon's use of the words *inæqualis*, *inæqualiter*, *inæqualitas*

may point out the real meaning of the word in Shakespeare. In two passages of the *Novum Organum*, this word is used,—passages which are themselves obscure, and prompt a foot-note of perplexity to Mr. Spedding. The first passage is as follows:—"Intellectus, nisi regatur et juvetur, res *inæqualis* sit, et omnino inhabilis ad superandum rerum obscuritatem." (*Nov. Org.* I. 21).

In another passage Bacon is discoursing on the *Idola Fori*,—the idols of the Market,—imposed by words on the understanding. These are either names of things which do not exist, such as Fortune, Primum Mobile, etc. ; or names of things which exist, but are confused and ill-defined, and are "temere et *inæqualiter* a rebus abstracta,"—hastily and irregularly derived from realities. (Spedding). Such a word is *humid, heavy, light, dense, rare.* (*Nov. Org.* I. 60). In the 41st Aphorism, expounding the special features of the *Idola Tribus*, he says, "Estque intellectus humanus instar speculi *inæqualis* ad radios rerum, quæ suam naturam naturæ rerum immiscet, eamque distorquet et inficit." The human mind is like a mirror:—Spedding translates, "a false mirror which, receiving rays *inæqually*, distorts and discolours the nature of things by mingling its own nature with it." A paraphrase giving the sense perfectly, but evading the difficulty of giving an exact translation of the words *inæqualis ad radios rerum*. Isabella cautions the Duke against being ensnared by one of the *Idola Tribus*:—he must not distort and discolour facts by putting his own notions upon them.

Of the first passage, Spedding says,—"I should be inclined to translate this clause, 'Since the intellect, if it be not guided and assisted, *acts irregularly* (res *inæqualis* sit), and is altogether unequal to overcome the obscurity of nature.' Thus in § 60 we meet with a similar use of the adverb '*inæqualiter*,'—'temere et *inæqualiter* a rebus abstracta,'—rashly and irregularly abstracted from their objects. Or perhaps, though this translation would not be free from objection, *inæqualis* might be rendered *inadequate*, or unequal to the matter in hand."

It is obvious that the word, as used by Shakespeare, refers to the same subject-matter as that referred to in the *Organum*, *i.e.*, the obscurity of things. Isabella beseeches the Duke not to decide a difficult and obscure case by the use of that which is unfit to cope with it,—*i.e.*, a judgment not aided or ruled by Reason and Experience,—do not banish reason, but let it serve *ad superandum rerum obscuritatem*. Or she may challenge his decision that she is mad, as a conclusion *temere et inæqualiter a rebus abstracta*. She has in her mind a large view of the impediments to induction, which Bacon so sagaciously portrayed;—she has just before urged “Make not impossible that which but seems unlike,”—probably remembering the ancient fallacy,—“*quicquid ars aliqua non attingat ad ipsum ex eadem arte impossibile statuunt.*” (*Pref. to Nov. Org.* Works I. 127). Isabella begs the Duke not to take a distorted and discoloured impression of the facts, like an uneven mirror. Evidently the poet intended the word to express very much more than anyone can find in it, unless he has studied Bacon’s Latin.

Bacon’s philosophy, as one of its fundamental maxims, opposes itself to the inequality of the human mind, which, like a badly-made glass, distorts and misrepresents the nature of things:—*Sicut speculum inæquale rerum radios ex figurâ et sectione propriâ immutat, ita ut mentem, cum a rebus per sensum patitur, in notionibus suis expediendis et commiscendis haud optimâ fide, rerum naturæ suam naturam inserere et immiscere.*

In describing the third part of the Instauration, he says that the senses are both deficient and deceptive in the information they impart. Observation is heedless, unequal, and somewhat haphazard: *Indiligens et inæqualis et tanquam fortuita*. Inequality is constantly detected and exposed. One of the motives of the whole play, *Measure for Measure*, is to show the inequality of law to deal with vices which are not always crimes.

In another passage Bacon speaks of inequality as a

mental defect. In his Essay on "Earthly Hope," he describes false or over-weening hope as leading its votary to dwell in a sort of pleasant dream, and "this it is," he adds, "which makes the mind light, frothy, unequal, wandering." "Hoc est quod reddit animum levem, tumidum, *inæqualem*, peregrinantem." (Works VII. 237, 248). So Isabella tells the Duke that by leaving the firm ground of Reason, and surrendering himself to conjecture, his mind becomes *levis, tumidus, inæqualis, et peregrinus*. The whole passage is redolent of Baconian thought.

121. *Infest*: *infestation*: Latin *infesto*, attack, trouble, disturb, injure. The word *infest* occurs only once in Shakespeare:—

Do not *infest* your mind with beating on  
The strangeness of this business.—*Temp.* V. i. 246.

The classic sense of the word is certainly implied.

The word *infection* in *Rich. II.* II. i. 44, should probably be *infestation*, as Farmer conjectured; thus:—

This fortress, built by Nature for herself  
Against *infection* and the hand of war.

A fortress is more likely to be used against *infestation* than *infection*, although, in poetical use, the word *infection* is not inadmissible, nor is it inappropriate to the general sense of the passage. But no idea cognate to *infection* is found in the whole speech, while we do find that which is equivalent to *infestation*—attack, injury,—*ex. gr.*:

Whose rocky shore beats back *the envious siege*  
Of watery Neptune. (*Ib.* 62).

122. *Influence*: Latin *influo*, flow, run, or stream into. In the exact sense required by its Latin derivation this word is used, in an astrological sense, to express the stream of power that flows from stars or planets.

The moist star,  
Upon whose *influence* Neptune's empire stands.  
(*Ham.* I. i. 118).

I find my zenith doth depend upon  
 A most auspicious star, whose *influence*,  
 If now I court not but omit, my fortunes  
 Will ever after droop.

(*Temp.* I. ii. 181).

The same meaning, used in analogy, is present in :—

Yet be most proud of that which I compile,  
 Whose *influence* is thine and born of thee.

(*Son.* 78).

Milton uses the word in the same sense :—

Dawn and the Pleiades before him danced  
 Shedding sweet *influence*.

(*Par. L.* VII. 375).

123. *Inform* : Latin *informo* ; i. To give form, shape to anything ; to fashion, mould, or train the mind ; ii. Secondly, to represent by a mental image. It is very important to keep the classic sense of this word in view when we are seeking for the deepest and most poetic import of the passages where it occurs. Doubtless, the word often bears only the ordinary, current sense of giving information ; but even where this shallower meaning is sufficient for good sense, the deeper sense is also generally applicable, and in its light the words of the poet gain fresh weight and interest. The classic sense is required in such a benediction as Coriolanus pronounces on his little son ;—

The god of soldiers,  
 With the consent of Supreme Jove, *inform*  
 Thy thoughts with nobleness.

(*Cor.* V. iii. 70).

And in the following passage, the metaphysic sense is required :—

'Twere good  
 You lean'd unto his sentence with what patience  
 Your wisdom may *inform* you.

(*Cymb.* I. i. 77).

The second sense—that of mental presentation—is curiously

implied in Macbeth's dagger scene. He tries vainly to clutch the weapon, and exclaims,—

There's no such thing !  
It is the bloody business which *informs*  
Thus to mine eyes.

(*Macb.* II. i. 47).

The spectral dagger is merely the contemplated crime, shaping itself, in symbolic representation, before his eyes.

So also Hamlet, seeing the body of soldiers eagerly bent on some trifling purpose, says,—

How all occasions do *inform* against me  
And spur my dull revenge.

(*Ham.* IV. iv. 32).

*i.e.*, everything that happens carries some parable or representation of the course he is bound to pursue—shaping itself so as to address itself visibly to the duty which he is neglecting.

Bacon often uses the word, both in English and Latin ; and wherever the import can be extended beyond that of conveying knowledge, and the deeper metaphysic sense, of giving form or shape to the mind or character is accepted, the larger thought will be evidently more true to Bacon's own idea. Thus, "The bounds of Natural Theology are that it sufficeth to convince atheism, but not to *inform* religion." (See "Convince,") *Inform religion* does not mean simply to teach religious truth, but to establish religion as a forming, shaping influence in the mind, giving it actuality, coherence, substantial existence. Bacon thus speaks of the light of nature :—"Lux quæ non prorsus clara est, sed ejus modi ut potius vitia quadam tenus redarguat, quam de officis plane *informet*."—A light which is not absolutely clear, serving rather to rebuke vice to some extent than fully to *inform* concerning duty. The information thus given is the very vision and intuition of truth itself given by a truth organ,—it is essentially identical with the mind itself. For Bacon's metaphysic

identifies knowledge and being :—“ Knowledge is not only the excellentest thing in man, but the very excellency of man. . . . The truth of being and the truth of knowing is all one.” Thus, information derived from an inner light is not separate from the mind,—it belongs to its very form and essence. *Inform* is a very profound word, both in Bacon and in Shakespeare.

124. *Inf fortunate*. Latin *infortunatus*, liable to misfortune, because not favoured by the goddess Fortuna. *Unfortunate* is less definitely associated with the gifts of Fortune.

This is thy eld'st son's son,  
*Inf fortunate* in nothing but in thee.  
(*John* II. i. 177).

And Henry, though he be *infortunate*,  
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind.  
(*2 Hen. VI.* IV. ix. 18).

In both these passages there is a sub-reference to Fortune, and consequently a classic colour.

Bacon writes :—“ It hath been often noted that those who ascribe openly too much to their own wisdom and policy, end “*infortunate*.” (Essay of “Fortune.”) “Vindictive persons live the life of witches, who, as they are mischievous, so end they ‘*infortunate*.’” (Essay of “Revenge.”)

125. *Ingenious*—*ingenium*, natural ability, or capacity. Used in a purely classic sense in *Lear* and *Hamlet*, and other plays.

The King is mad : how stiff is my vile sense,  
That I stand up and have *ingenious* feeling  
Of my huge sorrows.  
(*Lear* IV. vi. 286).

O treble woe,  
Fall ten times treble on that cursed head,  
Whose wicked deed thy most *ingenious* sense  
Deprived thee of.  
(*Ham.* V. i. 269).

What, that an eel is *ingenious*?  
(*L. L. L.* I. ii. 29).

That is, has great natural ability—which may be otherwise termed “quick.” (I. 25).

126. *Inhabitable*. Latin *inhabitabilis*, not fit for habitation, un-inhabitable. The classic sense is exactly the reverse of the current meaning of the word, which, as used by the Poet, is really a Latin word—not English at all.

The frozen ridges of the Alps,  
Or any other ground *inhabitable*.  
(*Rich. II.* I. i. 64).

The word *inhabitabilis* is found in *Nov. Org.* I. 72 :—“Imo et plurima climata et zonæ, in quibus populi infiniti spirant et degunt, tanquam *inhabitabiles* ab illis pronuntiata sint.”

Ben Jonson, who was classic to the point of pedantry, has—

“Some *inhabitable* place  
Where the hot sun and slime breed nought but monsters.”  
(*Cataline* V. i. 54).

127. *Inherit*,—*Inheritor*. Generally has a legal sense in Shakespeare—meaning, to possess. But it sometimes bears the meaning reflected from the Latin *inhæreo*—stick, cling or hang to, adhere or belong to.

The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it *inherit*, shall dissolve.  
(*Temp.* IV. i. 153).

Nothing but fair is that which you *inherit*.  
(*L. L. L.* IV. i. 20).

These passages, and some others, require the classic sense ; and in both cases the verb (the predicate) does not precede, but follows its object, as in Latin. In other places the ordinary sense, which is now current, is required :—

Her dispositions she *inherits*.  
(*All's Well* I. i. 46).

Simple possession, without the idea of inheriting from



ancestors, or obtaining by bequest, is implied in many passages. *Ex. gr.*—

The sole *inheritor* (*i.e.* possessor)  
Of all perfections that a man may owe (*i.e.* possess).  
(*L. L. L.* II. i. 5).

Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,  
When well-apparell'd April on the heel  
Of limping Winter treads, even such delight,  
Among fresh female buds, shall you this night  
*Inherit* at my house.

(*Rom. Jul.* I. ii. 26).

So Milton writes,—in almost Shakespearean tones,—

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,  
Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest merit  
That woman's love can win, or long *inherit*.

128. *Insinuation*: Latin *insinuo* — put or thrust into, force one's way into. In the current acceptation of this word, insinuation refers to an interference which is more in words and speech than in action. The original sense of interference by act, as well as speech, is found in Shakespeare,—

Their defeat  
Does by their own *insinuation* grow.  
(*Ham.* V. ii. 58).

*i.e.*, they thrust themselves into the business, and must take the consequences.

129. *Insisture*,—*insisting*: Latin *insisto*, stand still, halt—used by Cicero in reference to the stars—*stellarum motus insistent*; and by Shakespeare in a similar sense, probably with Cicero's words in his mind,—

The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre  
Observe degree, priority, and place,  
*Insisture*, course, proportion, season, form, etc.  
(*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 85).

The same idea—of steadfastly taking a stand, is implied in,—

*Insisting on the old prerogative.*

(*Coriol.* III. iii. 17).

130. *Instance*: "This is a word," as Dyce remarks, "used by Shakespeare with various shades of meaning, which it is not always easy to distinguish,—motive, cause, ground, symptom, prognostic, information, assurance, proof, example, indication." Doubtless, it is a word of very fluctuating import. One of its uses, however, may be recognised as a reflection of the Latin *quod instat*, an interpretation supplied by Bacon himself in using the word. For he says, "Men do not take things in order of time as they come on, but marshall them according to greatness, and not according to *instance*, not observing the good precept, *Quod nunc instat agamus.*" ("Advt." II. xxiii. 38. Op. III. 496). (See post under the word *Preposterous*, for the full quotations). Here "according to instance" means either what is urgent, or what is imminent, just ready to occur. Some such meaning as this may be seen in the following passages:—

The Duke comes home to-morrow ; nay, dry your eyes ;  
One of our covent, and his confessor,  
Gives me this *instance*.

(*Meas. M.* IV. iii. 132).

*i.e.*, he tells me of an event *quod instat*,—

A league from Epidamnum had we sail'd  
Before the always wind-obeying deep  
Gave any tragic *instance* of our harm.

(*Com. of Errors* I. i. 63).

*i.e.*, any indication of what was impending, *quod instat*,—

The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
. . . and the examples  
Of every minute's *instance* (present now),  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms.

(2 *Hen. IV.* IV. i. 80).

*i.e.*, examples of what might happen at any minute. Other examples might be cited.

131. *Instant*: is used in the same sense—*quod instat*:—

Take the *instant* way ;  
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
Where one but goes abreast.

(*Tro. Cr.* III. iii. 153).

The *instant* action (2 *Hen. IV.* I. iii. 37) (*i.e.*, the action hoped for, like “appearing buds,” ready to burst out into visible form), and many other instances in which the double meaning (*i.e.*, what is actually present, or what is about to happen) are often combined, the current and the classic sense.

132. *Insult*,—*insultment*:—Latin *insulto*, leap or spring at or upon: hence, to treat abusively. The word, even when used in its current sense, often connotes the signification of jumping on a thing or person, and is used with the addition of the jumping preposition, *on* or *over*,—

Give me thy knife, I will *insult* on him.

(*Tit. A.* III. ii. 71).

And so he walks *insulting* o'er his prey.

(3 *Hen. VI.* I. iii. 14).

While he [Death] *insults* o'er dull and speechless tribes.

(*Son.* 107).

Insultment occurs once only, in a cognate sense:—

He on the ground, my speech of *insultment* ended on his dead body.

(*Cymb.* III. v. 145).

133. *Intend*: Latin *intendo*, to turn or direct one's self or one's attention or mind to anything—to notice, be absorbed in anything. In Shakespeare both the classic sense, which implies a fixed mental attention to what is present,—and the current sense which simply denotes a purpose relating to the future, are to be found. Often either of these two meanings is applicable: as—

Cæsar through Syria *intends* his journey.

(*Ant. Cl.* V. ii. 200).

Tut ! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian :  
 Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,  
 Tremble, and start at wagging of a straw,  
*Intending* deep suspicion.

(*Rich. III.* III. v. 5).

Generally the classic sense is most applicable,—

And so, *intending* other serious matters, etc.

(*Timon* II. ii. 219).

The use of the word *intend* in the following passage is extremely ingenious, and highly significant of Bacon's thought:—

Away, my friends ! new flight ;  
 And happy newness that *intends* old right.

(*John* V. iv. 60).

See a full discussion of this passage in Chap. X., section 6, p. 181.

Bacon often uses the word *intend* in this classic sense : thus :—“ If behaviour and outward carriage be *intended* too much, it may pass into affectation.” (“*Advt.*” II. xxiii. 3. Works III. 446). “ There are minds proportioned to *intend* many matters, and others to few.” (*Ib.* p. 434).

“ Romulus sent . . . to the Romans that above all things they should *intend* arms.” (Essay 29).

And many other passages.

134. *Intently* : is used once only,—in the sense of attentively, from the same root :—participle *intentus*, fixed, eager, watching attentively :—

Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
 But not *intently*.

(*Oth.* I. iii. 154).

135. *Intenible* : from Latin *teneo*, with the negative prefix *in*, implying not able to hold. The word represents a possible Latin adjective *intenibilis*, which is not found. Latin, as well as English, is plastic in the poet's diction. The word occurs only once :—

In this captious and *intenible* sieve,

I still pour in the waters of my love.

(*All's Well* I. iii. 207).

See ante, *captious*, for the entire classic import.

136. *Intrinsc*,—*intrinsecate*:—Latin *intrinsecus*—on the inside. Shakespeare used the word in a manner peculiar to himself, to refer to that which being most interior, is also most intricate, complicated, or difficult to manage or alter,—

Such smiling rogues as these,  
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain,  
Which are too *intrinsc* t'unloose.

(*Lear* II. ii. 79).

Come, thou mortal wretch [*i.e.* the asp],  
With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsecate*  
Of life at once untie.

(*Ant. Cl.* V. ii. 306).

137. *Lethe*: this word occurs once only, in a passage where the reading is doubtful. Thus:—

Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;  
Here did'st thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,  
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy *Lethe*.

(*Julius Cæsar* III. i. 205).

If *lethe* represents the Latin word *letum* or *lethum*, death, it is the solitary instance of such usage; but Shakespeare uses Latin so freely, and inventively, that there is no antecedent improbability in this interpretation of the word; and it is more suitable to the context than the sense of *Lethe* as the river of oblivion, which is not crimson at all.

138. *Maculate*,—*maculation*: Each of these occurs only once; Latin *macula*, a spot, especially a foul spot, a blemish or disgrace.

Most *maculate* thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

(*L. L. L.* I. ii. 96).

There's no *maculation* in thy heart

(*Tro. Cr.* IV. iv. 66).

139. *Mere*,—*mercly*: Latin *merus*, pure, unmixed, hence

by inference, intact, complete, entire. “*Not merely*, in Bacon, is used for *not entirely*.” (Abbott “S. G.” 15).

The *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.  
(*Oth.* II. ii. 3).

The *mere* despair of surgery, he cures.  
(*Macb.* IV. iii. 152).

Things gross and rank in nature possess it *merely*.  
(*Ham.* I. ii. 136.)

“Pure mathematics are those sciences which handle quantity determinate, *merely* severed from any axioms of Natural Philosophy.” (“Adv.” II. viii. 2. Works III. 360).

“It is a *mere* and miserable solitude to want true friends.” (Essay 27).

“Conflagrations and great droughts do not *merely* (that is utterly) des'troy.” (Essay 58).

140. *Merit*: Latin *meritum*, that which is deserved, *i.e.*, either as a reward or a punishment,—recompense.

A dearer merit . . . have I deserved at your highness' hands.  
(*Rich.* II. I. iii. 156).

On this C. Knight remarks, “Johnson says, to *deserve a merit* is a phrase of which he knows not any examples. It is another proof of Shakespeare's attention to the etymology of words, as *merit*, from the Latin *merito*, is literally a reward, something earned or gained. Prior has used it in the same sense.”

141. *Mirabile*: Latin *mirabilis*, to be admired or wondered at. The word occurs only once: it is not English.

Not Neoptolemus, so *mirable*.  
(*Tro. Cr.* IV. v. 142).

142. *Modesty*: Mr. Edwin Reed (“Bacon *v.* Sh.” p. 187) has called attention to the use of this word in the same way as Cicero uses it in *De Offic.* I. Cicero says that by the Stoics *modestia* is equivalent to the Greek *ἐπραξία*, and means a setting forth in proper order and shape,—skill in

the art of expression. Elsewhere in reference to moral conduct, or behaviour, moderation, sobriety, Cicero says, *eam virtutem Græci σωφροσύνην vocant; quam soleo equidem tum temperantiam, tum moderationem appellare; non nunquam etiam modestiam.* These uses of the word modesty are not infrequent in Shakespeare.

An excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much *modesty* as cunning.

(*Ham.* II. ii. 461).

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,  
With thy religious truth and *modesty*,  
Now in his ashes honour.

(*Hen. VIII.* IV. ii. 73).

You must confine yourself within the *modest* limits of order.

(*Tw. N.* I. iii. 9).

This last passage corresponds to another definition of Cicero's:—*Modestia scientia est opportunitatis idoneorum, ad aliquid agendum, temporum.* It is interesting to see the poet's large Latinity appearing in quite unexpected forms.

Mr. Ruggles ("The Plays of Shakespeare founded on Literary Forms," p. 462), refers to the use of this word Modest in the following passage:—

*Messenger.*—I have already delivered him letters, and there appears much joy in him; even so much that joy could not show itself *modest* enough without a badge of bitterness.

*Leonato.*—Did he break out into tears?

*Mess.*—In great measure.

*Leon.*—A kind overflow of kindness!

(*M. Ado.* I. i. 20).

The use of the word Modest in the Latin sense of keeping due measure, is noted as a direct reflection of Bacon's philosophy, which requires that in the indulgence of feeling, or forming opinions, a true measure should be observed between the mind and its objects. (See Chapter VII.).

Modesty means, what Cicero defines as *Scientia opportunitatis*, in the following :—

Win straying souls with modesty again,  
Cast none away.

(*Hen. VIII.* V. ii. 64).

143. *Mure* :—*mural* : Latin *murus*, a wall. Each of the words occurs only once. No merely English writer would use them.

The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the *mure*, that should confine it in,  
So thin that life looks through and will break out.

(2 *Hen. IV.* IV. iv. 118).

Now is the *mural* down between the two neighbours.

(*M. N. D.* V. i. 209).

See also *circummure* and *immure*.

144. *Name* : This word is sometimes used by Shakespeare in one of the classic senses which corresponds to the English usage. *Nomen* may mean a bond, or debt, or security ; and this sense is to be recognised in the following passages :—

Nay ! I care not for their *names* ; they owe me nothing.

(*As Y. L.* II. v. 21).

O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office and *my name* ;  
The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

(*Com. Er.* III. i. 44).

These passages are reflections of such Latin phrases as *nomen solvere*, to pay a debt ; *grandem pecuniam certis nominibus*, good debts well secured ; *nomen facere*, to book the items of a debt.

Perhaps another classic sense of the word *name* may be seen in the following :—

What earthly *name* to interrogatories  
Can task the free breath of a sacred king ?

(*John* III. i. 147).

This may reflect one of the meanings of the verb *nomino*—



to accuse, arraign a person before a magistrate, summon to a judicial process.

145. *Naso*: the name of the Latin poet, Ovid,—*P. Ovidius Naso*. This is made into a pun on the word *nasus*, a nose.

Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, *Naso*, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy!

(*L. L. L.* IV. ii. 128).

146. *Obliged*: used classically with the word *faith*, equivalent to *fides obligata*, a promise which is binding.

To keep *obliged faith* unforfeited.

(*Mer. Ven.* II. vi. 7).

The same phrase is concealed in the following from Bacon's Essay of "Counsel." "To such as they make their counsellors they commit the whole: by how much the more they are *obliged to all faith* and integrity." (Abbott notes—"Obliged, used here in the Latin sense, *bound*."

Bacon writes to Villiers, May 30, 1616, "If I would tender my profit and *oblige* (*i.e.*, bind) men unto me by my place and practice, I could have more profit than I desire, and could *oblige* all the world and offend none." ("Life" V. 347). The classic sense is here obvious. In Shakespeare the word *oblige* (or *obliged*), only occurs once, as quoted. The word *obligation* occurs seven times, and always with a sort of legal flavour of meaning, as almost or quite equivalent to a legal bond. Thus

The *obligation* of our blood, forbids  
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain.

(*Tro. Cr.* IV. v. 122).

Here the French phrase *noblesse oblige* is probably in the poet's mind. Dick, the Butcher, in Jack Cade's Conspiracy, accuses the Clerk of Chatham—

He can make *obligations*, and write court-hand.

(2 *Hen. VI.* IV. ii. 100).

*i.e.*, he can draw up deeds which will bind men.

Slender says that Shallow "writes himself 'Armigero,' in any bill, warrant quittance or obligation, 'Armigero.'" (Mer. IV. I. i. 9).

Obligation is generally a legal instrument; and this meaning it derives by its classic origin.

147. *Occident*. Latin *occidens*, the west: the region of the setting sun.

The envious clouds are bent  
To dim his glory, and to stain the track  
Of his bright passage to the *Occident*.  
(Rich. II. III. iii. 65).

I may wander from East to *Occident*.  
(Cymb. IV. ii. 372).

148. *Office*; used in the classic sense of *officium*, duty. Cicero's treatise on "Ethics" is entitled *De Officiis*.

Whom I, with all the *office* of my heart,  
Entirely honour.  
(Oth. III. iv. 113).

In the 1622 Quarto the word *duty* is used. The 1623 Folio has *office*:—the change is noteworthy. (See *Speculative*).

149. *Officious*; with a cognate classical signification.

Come, come, be everyone *officious*  
To make this banquet. (Tit. A. V. ii. 202).

The Kings of Portugal, Bacon says, "were *officious*" to the King of Spain. ("Life" I. 186). Bacon writes, "Sir Robert Clifford was won to be assured to the King, and industrious and *officious* in his service." ("Hen. VII." Works VI. 144).

150. *Oppugnancy*; derived immediately from the Latin *oppugnans*, resisting, assaulting, fighting against. The word is not English at all, and occurs only once.

What discord follows! Each thing meets  
In mere *oppugnancy*.  
(Tro. Cr. I. iii. 110)

Bacon, in his "Charge against Somerset" (A.D. 1616), says, "This marriage and purpose did Overbury *mainly oppugn*." ("Life" V. 313). *Mere oppugnancy* and *mainly oppugn* are evidently the coinage of one mint. *Mere oppugnancy* means entire and uncompromising opposition. *Mainly oppugn* means the same thing; it implies strong, entire, or even violent resistance (by main force). In *Lear* we find—

I am *mainly* (*i.e.* entirely) ignorant what place this is.

(*Lear* IV. vii. 65).

*Oppugn* in Bacon is not unlike in form to the word *repugn* in Shakespeare: *q.v.*

151. *Ostent*,—*Ostentation*; from *ostendo* or *ostento*, show; not merely or usually a vain show, an evidence of pride or self-display. The classic sense is that of open manifestation, public pageant.

Like one well studied in a sad *ostent*.

(*Mer. Ven.* II. ii. 205).

Sad ostent means outward show of seriousness, or sobriety, or decorum. The whole passage reflects Bacon's theory of behaviour as a "garment of the mind." (See Chap. VIII.) Gratiano promises to "put on a sober habit." The *sad ostent* is another dressing of the same idea.

Courtship and such fair *ostents* of love.

(*Ib.* II. viii. 44).

(See also *Hen. V.*, Act V., Chorus, 21).

*Ostentation* is more frequent.

Frighting her pale-faced villages with war  
And *ostentation* of despised arms.

(*Rich. II.* II. iii. 94).

And publish it that she is dead indeed,  
Maintain a mourning *ostentation*.

(*M. Ado.* IV. i. 206).

Some delightful *ostentation*, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework.

(*L. L. L.* V. i. 117).

No noble rite, nor formal *ostentation*.

(*Ham. IV. v. 215*).

Keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all *ostentation* of sorrow.

(2 *Hen. IV. II. ii. 52*).

The modern sense of the word does not occur in Shakespeare; his usage is exclusively classic.

152. *Paint*: *painted*. Painted is a favourite metaphor with Shakespeare, and as Mr. Tancock points out (Clarendon Edition of Marlowe's *Edw. II. II. ii. 62*), it is an adaptation of Latin phraseology—*picta prata*, etc.

And lady-smocks, all silver-white,  
Do *paint* the meadows with delight.

(*L. L. L. V. ii. 905*).

From Cupid's shoulder, pluck his *paint*ed wings.

(*Tro. Cr. III. ii. 14*).

The epithet painted is applied in Shakespeare to butterflies, clay, devil, flourish, gloss, hope, imagery, peace, pomp, queen, rhetoric, tyrant, wings, word, etc.

153. *Palliam*ent; from the Latin *pallium*, a cloak.

This *palliam*ent of white and spotless hue.

(*Tit. A. I. i. 182*).

(See *Candidatus*).

154. *Part*,—*partial-ly*,—*party*; from the Latin *pars*, in the sense of a side, party, faction. In the following passages *part* is a verb, and answers to the Latin *partio*, share, or divide.

Let's away  
To *part* the glories of this happy day.

(*Jul. Cæs., V. v. 80*).

And *part* in just proportion our small strength.

(*Rich. III. V. iii. 26*).

In the sense of party, or side, it is used as a noun.

Yea, on his *part* I'll empty all these veins.

(1 *Hen. IV. I. iii. 133*).

*Party* and *partial* are employed as cognate terms in—

Whereto thy tongue a *party*-verdict gave . . .  
A *partial* slander sought I to avoid.

(*Rich. II. I. iii. 234, 241*).

The classic and the current sense are combined into one expression in such passages as the following :—

Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear ;  
Their own transgressions *partially* they smother.  
(*Lucrece 633*).

If *partially* affined, or leagued in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.  
(*Oth. II. iii. 218*).

One of the Editors paraphrases this as follows :—“ Influenced by partiality on account of any tie or affinity,” but the radical and classic meaning is thus lost. *Party allegiance* is the meaning.

Bacon writes, “Certain Laodiceans and lukewarm persons think they may accommodate points of religion by middle ways, and taking *part* of both, and witty reconcilements,” *i.e.*, on equal terms with both sides. Soon after, and pursuing the same subject, he adds, “If it were done less *partially*, it would be embraced more generally.” Essay 3, “of Unity in Religion.”

Bacon, in his letter of advice of Rutland, says, “Your Lordship should affect the company whom you find to be worthiest, and not *partially* think them worthy whom you affect.”

155. *Perdition*, from the Latin word *Perdo*, used with the sense of loss simply, not eternal : as in *The Tempest* Prospero saves the crew of the vessel which his Tempest has wrecked, with not “so much perdition as a hair.” (*Temp. I. ii. 30*).

156. *Perdurable*,—*perdurably*: *perdurable* is not really an English word at all. It represents the Latin word *perdurabilis*. It is true that this word is not found in classic

literature,—but it might have been ; the word is formed in strict analogy to other words, from *durabilis*,—lasting—the prefix *per* having an intensive signification. *Perdurable* therefore means *very* lasting—ineffaceable. The word (with the cognate adverb) occurs three times in Shakespeare.

Why would he, for the momentary trick  
Be *perdurably* fined ?  
(*Meas. M.* III. i. 114).

O *perdurable* shame !  
(*Hen. V.* IV. v. 7).

I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of *perdurable* toughness.  
(*Oth.* I. iii. 342).

Bacon, reporting on the scarcity of silver at the Mint, refers to the wasting of gold and silver coin—“ Which turns the nature of these metals which ought to be *perdurable*, and makes them perishable.” (“ Life ” IV. 259).

157. *Peregrinate* : from Latin—*peregrino-atu*s,—travel about in foreign parts—outlandish—alien. It is a word once used—evidently coined—by Holoferness, the type of pedantic affectation.

*Hol.*—He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, too *peregrinate*, as I may call it.

*Nath.*—A most singular and choice epithet.  
(*L. L. L.* V. i. 14).

158. *Periapts* : from the Greek *περίπτρον*, amulet—what is *tied round* some part of the body as a charm,—to keep off disease or mischief.

Now help, ye charming spells and *periapts*.  
(*1 Hen. VI.* V. iii. 2).

159. *Permission*. Used once in the Latin sense, from *permitto*, *permissus*,—let loose—make free use of, without reserve,—give up, surrender.

Iago, cynically describes love, as “ Merely (*i.e.*, entirely ; simply) a lust of the blood, and a *permission* of the will ” (*Oth.* I. iii. 339). This is clearly a reflection of the Latin

word *permissus*, or *permissio*, which is very frequently used by Bacon in his philosophical writings: most frequently with reference to a certain sort of liberty allowed to, (or taken by), the understanding, by which its action is left unchecked by the restraints of logic or fact—*intellectus sibi permissus*. This liberty is permitted at a certain stage of an induction, in order to reach the required generalization by a more speedy process. The *permissio intellectus* is then equivalent to the liberty of forming hypotheses, which is permitted when induction has advanced sufficiently for the mind to be able to reason on the facts before it although they may be incomplete. See *Nov. Org.* I. 21, II. 20, and Professor Fowler's note on I. 19 and II. 20. Mr. Ellis says, "The phrase *permissio intellectus* sufficiently indicates that in this process the mind is suffered to follow the course most natural to it; it is relieved from the restraints hitherto imposed upon it, and reverts to its usual state." This explains what Iago means by a permission of the will. See Ellis's General Preface, Work I. 36. *Utile putamus ut fiat permissio intellectui, post tres tabulas Comparantiae Primæ (quales possumus) factas et pensitatas, accingendi se et tentandi opus Interpretationis Naturæ in affirmativa (Nov. Org. II. 20)*. We think it desirable that the unfettered action of the intellect should be used after three tables of first preparation have been constructed and weighed. Bacon, who looks with suspicion upon hypotheses, as lawless and untrustworthy, yet permits this kind of unregulated freedom to make a hypothesis after the mind has been sufficiently disciplined by collecting facts. It is a dangerous liberty for an undisciplined mind; for *Nec manus nuda nec intellectus sibi permissus multum valet: (Nov. Org. I. 2)*. Neither the naked hand nor the intellect left to itself can effect much. See also *Nov. Org.* I. 20, 21. He is never weary of enforcing the maxim:—*Intellectum humanum sibi permissum merito suspectum esse debere.* (Preface to *Nov. Org.*). These passages give the necessary key to the interpretation of Iago's description

of love. He says it is the permission of the will, *voluntas sibi permissa* (and so it is *merito suspecta*) *i.e.* love is not an orderly freedom allowed by the will, it is the will itself, given up to lawlessness and disorder, freed from the restraints of law and conscience, surrendered to the control of desire and passion.

160. *Pernicious*. A word used in a purely classic sense by the pedantic Armado,—

The *pernicious* and indubitate beggar.

(*L. L. L.* IV. i. 66).

This represents the word *pernix*, derived probably from *per* and *nitor*—*much struggling*: hence, brisk, nimble (not to be got rid of, troublesome). It is possible that the same sense may be implied in other passages. Much striving is the sense in Shakespeare.

This *pernicious* slave . . . outfacing me,  
Cries out, I was possessed.

(*Comedy of Errors* V. i. 241).

Troubled with a *pernicious* suitor.

(*Much Ado*. I. i. 130).

See Horace *Epod.* II. 42. *Pernicis uxor Apuli*.

But probably the word is used in a sort of slangy style in these passages; like the word *predestinate* as the retort to the same speech in the *Much Ado* passage:—“A *predestinate* scratched face.” The word is often used by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense, quite as it remains at the present time.

161. *Perpend* is simply the Latin word *Perpendo*,—weigh carefully, or exactly, ponder, consider: or as Polonius, after using the word, immediately adds,—*Mark*:—See *Ham.* II. ii. 104.

Also in four other passages: *Ex. gr.*:—

He loves the gallimaufry: [a miscellaneous lot of lasses],—Ford:  
perpend! (*Mer.* IV. II. i. 119).

Learn of the wise, and perpend.

(*As You Like It* III. ii. 69).



The word is used only by pedantical speakers or professional fools: Pistol [*bis*], Polonius, Touchstone and Feste Olivia's Clown.

162. *Persian*: garments, *i.e.*, sumptuous—corresponding to the *Persicos apparatus* of Horace, or *Ornatum Persicum* of Cicero.

I do not like the fashion of your garments: you will say they are *Persian* attire; but let them be changed.

(*Lear* III. vi. 84).

This is not unlike the Horatian exclamation:—

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

(*Carm.* 381).

which Mr. Gladstone translates,

Off with Persian gear:—I hate it.

163. *Person*. Latin *Persona*, a mask—or one who impersonates in a play—a part or character sustained.

I then did use the *person* of your father,  
The image of his power lay then in me.

(2 *Hen IV.* V. ii. 73).

Supply me with the habit and instruct me,

How I may formally, *in person*, bear me

Like a true friar.

(*Meas. for Meas.* I. iii. 46).

Bacon says of the pretender, Perkin Warbeck: "But, from his first appearance on the stage, in his new *person* of a sycophant, or juggler, instead of his former *person*, of a prince." ("Hen. VII."—Works VI. 124).

164. *Pervert*: is another instance in which the classic and intensive force of the particle *per* is used to augment the classic sense of the root. (See *Permission*.) *Vert* is to turn—*pervert* is to turn completely or thoroughly. This, and this alone, explains the use of the word in the following passages:—

Let's follow him, and *pervert* the present wrath,  
He hath against himself.

(*Cymb.* II. iv. 151).

Trust not my holy order  
If I *pervert* your course.

(*Meas. for Meas.* IV. iii. 152).

The ordinary current sense is quite lost in these classic uses of the word.

165. *Plague*: once used in the sense of the Latin word *plaga*, a snare.

Wherefore should I  
Stand in the *plague* of custom?

(*Lear* I. ii. 2).

Dr. Wright (Clarendon Ed.) thinks that this passage is a reminiscence of the Prayer Book version of Psalm xxxviii. 17. "And I, truly am set in the plague:" which follows the Latin of Jerome's version, *Quia ego ad plagum paratus sum*. It is a curious passage, and cannot well be explained without going outside the vernacular sense of the word.

166. *Plant*. Once used as equivalent to *planta*, the sole of the foot.

Some of their plants are ill rooted already; the least wind i' the world will blow them down.

(*Ant. Cl.* II. vii. 1).

The reference being to a state of intoxication, the classic sense and the vernacular are united in a punning use of the word.

167. *Plausibly*: from the Latin *plausus*, clapping of hands, the sign of approval or consent given by the Romans.

The Romans *plausibly* did give consent  
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

(*Lucrece* 1854).

Bacon uses the word *plausible* with the same Latin reference to the approval or applause expressed by the *plausus*: he speaks of the "mild and *plausible* reign of King Edward the Fourth." ("Hist. Hen. VII." Works VI. 29).

168. *Port*: for the Latin *porta*, a gate.

Sextus Pompeius  
Makes his approaches to the *port* of Rome.  
(*Ant. Cl.* I. iii. 45).

All *ports* I'll bar.  
(*Lear* II. i. 82).

Him I accuse  
The city *ports* by this hath enter'd.  
(*Cor.* V. vi. 5).

169. *Port*: is also used in a sense derived from the Latin verb *porto*, to carry or bear; and it thus comes to mean the state or magnificence which is maintained by anyone.

Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house and *port* and servants, as I should.  
(*Tam. Sh.* I. i. 207).

The Duke himself, and the magnificoes  
Of greatest *port*, have all persuaded with him.  
(*Mer. Ven.* III. ii. 282).

I have disabled my estate  
By something showing a more swelling *port*,  
Than my faint means would grant continuance.  
(*Ib.* I. i. 123).

170. *Portable*: from the same root, *porto*, to bear or carry, hence endure.

All these (faults) are *portable*  
With other graces weigh'd.  
(*Macb.* IV. iii. 89).

How light and *portable* my pain seems now.  
(*Lear* III. vi. 115).

171. *Prefer*: is often used in a somewhat classical sense, answering to the various senses of *præ-fero*—(i.) hurry along or away; (ii.) bring forward or produce. The sense is very fluctuating, but all the different senses may be easily referred to the classic derivation.

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition  
That it *prefers* itself, and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value.

(*Mcas. for Mcas.* I. i. 54).

If you know any such  
*Prefer* them hither.

(*Tam. Sh.* I. i. 96).

Or who should study to *prefer* a peace,  
If holy churchmen take delight in brawls.

(1 *Hen. VI.* III. i. 110).

My book *prefer*'d me to the King.

(2 *Hen. VI.* IV. vii. 77).

172. *Premised*: Latin, *præmitto*, *præmisi*, send forward, in advance.

Let the *premiered* flames of the last day  
Knit earth and heaven together.

(2 *Hen. VI.* V. ii. 41).

This is the only instance of the word being used.

173. *Preposterous*. Latin, *præpono*: *præposterus*, having the last first,—distorted, perverted, &c. In Shakespeare the radical sense is always intended—an inverted order, a misplacement by reversal. Staunton says, “Shakespeare uses preposterous closer to its primitive and literal sense of inverted order—*ὑστέρων πρότερον*—than is customary now.” Abbott notes that “Preposterous ass!” is applied (*Tam. Sh.* III. i. 9) to a man who puts music before philosophy. Puck says,—

And those things do best please me  
That befall *preposterously*.

(*M. N. D.* III. ii. 120).

Iago, who is a most philosophical thinker, says:—

If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most *preposterous* conclusions.

(*Oth.* I. iii. 330).

Bacon uses the word similarly in his prose:—“As there

is order and priority in nature, so there is in time, the *preposterous* placing whereof is one of the commonest errors; while men fly to their ends, where they should *intend* their beginnings, and so do not take things in the order of time as they come on, but marshall them according to greatness, and not according to *instance*, not observing the good precept, *Quod nunc instat agamus.*" ("Adv." Op. III. 469. See *Instance*). The same exact use of the word is seen in,—“Statutes, which have a manifest relation to the time when they were made, and spring out of a temporary emergency of state, when the state of the times is altered, should have all their due, if they retain their authority in the cases proper to them; for it would be *preposterous* to wrest them to omitted cases.” (No. 159 Aphorisms of Law—Works V. 91).

174. *Prevent*: Latin, *prævenio*: go before, anticipate: as in the Collect, “Prevent us, O Lord, by Thy goodness.”

I do find it cowardly and vile  
For fear of what might fall, so to *prevent*  
The time of life.

(*Ful. Cæs. V. i. 104*).

—*i.e.*, to anticipate the end of life. The reading of the last line, “term” is an emendation of modern editors: the Folio has *time*, and, as Bacon says, “Man is not to *prevent* his *time*” (“Adv.” Works III. 485); so *time* may be, and probably is, the true reading in both passages. Hamlet says:—

So shall my anticipation *prevent* your discovery.

(*Ham. II. ii. 304*).

Give my love fame, faster than time wastes life,  
So thou *prevent'st* his scythe and crooked knife.

(Sonnet 100).

Bacon says, of deceits and evil arts, that if they be “first espied, they lease their life; but if they *prevent* they endanger” (“Adv.” Works III. 430), the allusion being to the

fabled basilisk—"If he see you first, you die for it; but if you see him first, he dieth,"—a fable which is often used, in analogy, by Shakespeare and Bacon.

175. *Prevention*: same root, is several times used in Shakespeare, *ex. gr.* :—

Not Erebus itself, were dim enough  
To hide thee from *prevention*.

(*Jul. Cæs.* II. i. 84).

The words *prevent* and *prevention* are almost invariably used with a strict reference to their original classical meaning.

176. *Probation*: Mr. Vining (Bankside Sh.) refers to this word as an illustration of the fact that Shakespeare used many words "with a meaning different from that which they ordinarily convey, and which could not have been attributed to them by anyone who was not thoroughly informed as to the precise powers of their Latin originals." *Probation* ordinarily means trial, testing. In Shakespeare it sometimes means simply, to prove, like the Latin *probare*.

A mantle . . . which for more *probation*  
I can with ease produce. (*Cymb.* V. v. 362).

Of the truth herein,  
This present object made *probation*.  
(*Ham.* I. i. 154).

So prove it  
That the *probation* bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on.  
(*Oth.* III. iii. 365).

177. *Proditor*: Latin word used as such, meaning a betrayer.

Thou most usurping *Proditor*,  
And not Protector of the King or realm.  
(1 *Hen.* VI. I. iii. 31).

178. *Propend*: Latin *propendo*, hang down, like the scale of a balance (*lanx propendet*—Cicero); hence, to be inclined to, favourable to. Only once used :—

My spritely brethren, I *profend* to you.

(*Tr. Cr.* II. ii. 190).

—*i.e.*, the balance of my judgment disposes me to agree with you.

179. *Propension*: Same root.

But I attest the gods, your full consent  
Gave wings to my *propension*, and cut off  
All fears attending on so dire a project.

(*Ib.* 132).

180. *Propugnatio*: Latin, *propugnatis*, fighting in self-defence: defending anything.

What *propugnatio* is in one man's valour?

(*Ib.* 136).

181. *Pudency*: Latin, *pudens*, bashful, modest.

~. A *pudency* so rosy.

(*Cymb.* II. v. 11).

Leigh Hunt quotes this line, as well as those in which the words errant, incarnadine, and tortive (*q.v.*) occur, to show that Shakespeare "could anticipate Milton's own Greek and Latin."

182. *Questant*: From Latin *quæro*: I seek. It is used in the sense of candidate, one who seeks or aspires after some duty or honour.

When the bravest *questant* shrinks, find what you seek,  
That fame may cry you loud.

(*All's Well* II. i. 15).

183. *Quæstrists*: From the same root. A word coined by Shakespeare, and used only once—in the sense of, persons sent in quest of another.

Some five or six and thirty of his knights  
Hot *questrists* after him, met him at gate.

(*Lear* III. vii. 16).

184. *Recordation*: Latin, *recordatio*: recalling to mind, remembrance, recollection.

I never shall have length of life enough  
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven.  
 For *recordation* to my noble husband.

(2 *Hen. IV.* II. iii. 58).

Shakespeare, hunting after a synonym for remembrance, which is not to be found in the vernacular, borrows one from the Latin.

To make a *recordation* to my soul  
 Of every syllable that here was spoke.

(*Tro. Cr.* V. ii. 116).

185. *Reduce*: Latin, *reduco*: bring back, restore—frequently used.

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,  
 That would *reduce* these bloody days again.

(*Rich. III.* V. v. 35).

Which to *reduce* unto our former favour [appearance: aspect]  
 You are assembled.

(*Hen. V.* V. ii. 63).

All springs *reduce* their currents to mine eyes.

(*Rich. III.* II. ii. 68).

“Some seek to *reduce* the ancient liberties and customs, pretended to be lost and worn out.” (Speech, “*Life*” II. 225).

“Consciences are not to be forced, but to be won and *reduced* by the force of truth, by the aid of time, and the use of all good means of instruction and persuasion.” (Obs. on a Libel. “*Life*” I. 98, 178).

Bacon, at the time of his fall, writes to the House of Lords, and professes, first of all, gladness that the example supplied by his fall “tendeth to the purging of the Courts of Justice, and the *reducing* of them to their true honour and splendour.” (“*Life*” VII. 242).

The classic sense, which is usually implied, is almost exactly the reverse of the vernacular sense. If a country is *reduced* it is conquered by violence; here, on the contrary,



the reduction is restoration to a former good state, or bringing to a better mind, by the force of truth, time, and all gentle methods.

186. *Refelled*: Latin *refello*,—show to be false, disprove, rebut, confute, dispute. Once used.

How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,  
How he *refell'd* me, and how I replied,—  
(*Meas. for Meas.* V. i. 93).

187. *Religious-ly*: Latin *religiosus*, which often means faithful, exact, strict, scrupulous, accurate, without reference to any Divine sanctions.

As thou lovest her,  
Thy love's to me *religious*; else, does err.  
(*All's Well* II. iii. 189).

(See *Err*) *i.e.*, By loving her, you are faithful to me.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed  
And justly and religiously [with scrupulous exactness] unfold  
Why the law Salique, etc.  
(*Hen. V.* I. ii. 9).

188. *Remonstrance*: Occurs only once in Shakespeare, and then with a meaning not in the least connected with the usual sense of *verbal protest*. It is derived from the Latin *monstro*, show; the prefix *re* being used in other cases without much modifying the sense of the simple word; *ex. gr.* *regreect* is much the same as greet, or salute; *repas-ture*, nearly the same as pasture, *i.e.* food, or fodder,—*re-proof* sometimes means almost the same as proof,—testing, trial, ordeal. The disguised Duke thus uses the word, after his disguise is abandoned:—

Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
And you may marvel why I obscured myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash *remonstrance* of my hidden power,  
Than let him so be lost.  
(*Meas. for Meas.* V. i. 394).

Here remonstrance means *disclosure*, unveiling—a meaning which comes from its classic derivation, not from its current usage. In its earlier usage, *remonstrance* signified the art of showing, a manifesting, show or display, or else declaration or statement, *i.e.* manifestation by speech. This meaning is now obsolete and almost forgotten. It is noteworthy that the old classic sense is preserved in the only instance in Shakespeare in which the word is employed.

The spies who were sent by Henry VII. to counteract the designs of Perkin Warbeck, endeavoured to “draw off the best friends and servants of Perkin, by making *remonstrance* to them how weakly his enterprise and hopes were built.” (Bacon’s “Hen. VII.,” Op. VI. 143).

The libels against the Queen and her Government, among other varieties, were “sometimes formed into *remonstrances* and advertisements of estate, to move regard.” (“Life” I. 147).

“Faithful propositions and remonstrances,” on which wise conclusions were founded. (*Ib.* 189).

189. *Remotion* : Latin *remotio*,—removal to a distance.

This *remotion* of the Duke and her  
Is practice only. (*Lear* II. iv. 115).

All thy safety were *remotion*, and thy defence absence.  
(*Timon* IV. iii. 345).

190. *Renege* : From the mediæval Latin word *renege*,—deny, refuse.

Such smiling rogues as these . . .  
*Renege*, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters.  
(*Lear* II. ii. 79).

His captain's heart,  
Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst  
The buckles on his breast, *renege*s all temper.  
(*Ant. Cl.* I. i. 6).

191. *Replete* : Latin *repleo*, *repletus*,—filled up or full, abundantly supplied.

Incapable of more, *replete* with you.

(Son. 113).

*Replete* with mocks.

(*L. L. L. V. ii. 853*).

192. *Repugn*,—*repugnancy*,—*repugnant*: Latin *repugno*,—resist, oppose, resistance.

Stubbornly he did *repugn* the truth,  
About a certain question in the law.

(*1 Hen. VI. IV. i. 94*).

Why do fond men expose themselves to battle  
And not endure all threats? Sleep upon't,  
And let the foes quietly cut their throats  
Without *repugnancy*?

(*Timon III. v. 42*).

His antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
*Repugnant* to command.

(*Ham. II. ii. 491*).

It is worth notice how accurately the Poet uses the three correlated words—1, Oppugnancy; 2, Propugnancy; 3, Repugnancy. Corresponding to—1, Active opposition, offensive war; 2, Fighting in self-defence, defensive war; 3, Not fighting at all, but passive resistance,—not complying, but not obeying.

193. *Repute*: Latin *reputo*,—to reckon, think over, and may mean, to suppose or consider.

My foes I do *repute* you everyone.

(*Tit. A. I. i. 366*).

I have considered with myself . . .  
And in my conscience do *repute* his Grace,  
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

(*2 Hen. VI. V. i. 175*).

He *reputes* me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he.

(*L. L. L. III. i. 65*).

All in England did *repute* him dead.

(*1 Hen. IV. V. i. 54*).

Bacon speaks of "every *reputed* impossibility," *i.e.* everything which is desired but considered impossible of attainment. (See "Adv." II. viii. 3. Op. III. 363).

194. *Retentive*: is used, as the Latin, *retineo*, as equivalent to hold fast, or detain, in a physical, not psychologic sense.

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my *retentive* enemy, my goal?

(*Timon* III. iv. 81).

Not stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be *retentive* to the strength of spirit.

(*Jul. Cæs.* I. iii. 93).

195. *Reverb*: once only for reverberate: the Latin word *verbero*, and *re*—strike back, being understood; re-echo.

Nor are those empty hearted, whose low sound  
*Reverbs* no hollowness.

(*Lear* I. i. 155).

196. *Rivage*: properly a French word: from the Latin *rivus*, a small stream. The French meaning, however, is retained in the one passage where it occurs, *i.e.*, bank or shore. A spectator of ships, standing on the shore, is pictured:—

O do but think  
You stand upon the *rivage*, and behold  
A city on the inconstant billows dancing.

(*Hen. V.* III., Prolog. 13).

197. *Roscius*: equivalent to an *Actor*; from the name of the celebrated Roman actor. A skilful personator or hypocrite is called a *Roscius*. This was a classic usage. "Roscius was considered by the Romans to have reached such perfection in his profession, that it became the fashion to call everyone who became particularly distinguished in the histrionic art by the name of Roscius." (Smith's Classic Dict.). This technical use is seen in:—

What scene of death has *Roscius* now to act ?

(3 *Hen. VI. V. vi. 10*).

*Roscius* is also alluded to in *Hamlet* :—

When *Roscius* was an actor in Rome.

(*Ham. II. ii. 410*).

198. *Ruinate* : Latin *ruina*, a ruin. Shakespeare often turns nouns into verbs; *ex. gr.*,—

'Tis still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen

*Tongue* and *brain* not.

(*Cymb. V. iv. 146*).

In this instance the noun becoming a verb is Latin : the Latin word becoming an English verb.

I will not *ruinate* my father's house.

(3 *Hen. VI. V. i. 83*).

That like events may ne'er it *ruinate*.

(*Tit. And.*, last line).

Seeking that beauteous roof to *ruinate*,

Which to repair should be thy chief desire.

(Sonnet 10).

199. *Sacred* : is frequently used in its ordinary sense : but twice it occurs with a meaning that is derived from classic sources :

(i.) *Sacred* : means accursed, (exactly the reverse of the vernacular, which is one of the meanings of the Latin *Sacer* : infamous, execrable.

Our empress, with her *sacred* wit,

To villany and vengeance consecrate.

(*Tit. And. II. i. 120*).

In English, what is consecrated or dedicated, and in this sense sacred, is dedicated to good : but a person or thing dedicated to evil may in classic usage be spoken of as *sacer*,—consecrated, dedicated, and thus sacred to such base things as villany and vengeance.

(ii.) *Sacred*: also is used in the sense of *sacratus*, dedicated, sworn.

But if thou yield, I rest thy *sacred* friend.  
(*Lucrece* 526).

200. *Salve*: is a Latin salutation—Hail! In one passage it is punningly connected with the English word *salve*, an ointment. (See *Love's Labour's Lost* III. i. 71-83).

201. *Scope*: used twice in the classic sense—*σκοπος*, σκόπος, a mark or aim at which one shoots.

'Tis conceived to *scope*.  
(*Timon* I. i. 72).

Theobald paraphrases this as follows:—"Your conception hits the mark it aims at."

Your *scope* is as mine own.  
(*Meas. for Meas.* I. i. 65).

In other passages the word is used in its ordinary sense.

"Other errors there are in the *scope* that men propound to themselves." (See Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" II. v. 9. Op. III. 293).

202. *Sect*: Latin *seco*, *sectum*: cut,—a cutting.

Our unbitted lusts, whereof I take this that you call love to be a *sect* or *scion*.  
(*Oth.* I. iii. 335).

This is the only instance; in its ordinary sense, or as equivalent to sex, it occurs occasionally.

203. *Secure*,—*securely*,—*security*: Latin *Securus*, *i.e.*, *sine curâ*; free from care, unconcerned, careless, heedless, negligent, unguarded.

Page is an ass: a *secure* ass: he will trust his wife; he will not be jealous.  
(*Mer. W.* II. ii. 314).

Open the door, *secure*, foolhardy king.  
(*Rich. II.* V. iii. 43).

The speaker, York, thinks the king is anything but secure, as we use the word—for he is closeted with a traitor,—not safe, and taking no precautions for safety.

We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,  
And yet we strike not, but *securely* perish.

(*Rich. II.* II. i. 265).

*Security* is mortals' chiefest enemy.

(*Macb.* III. v. 32).

In Latin, *securus* means *free* from care, not necessarily safe. Shakespeare uses *secure* much oftener in this than in the modern sense. Cf. *Rich. II.* III. ii. 34: "Bolingbroke through our *security* grows strong;" and *Jul. Cæs.* II. iii. 8: "*Security* gives way to conspiracy" [*i.e.*, opens the path, affords the opportunity]. A line of Ben Jonson's well illustrates this meaning: "Men may *securely* sin, but safely never." And see especially *Troilus* II. ii. 16:—

The wound of peace is surety,  
Surety *secure*; but modest doubt is called  
The beacon of the wise.

The same meaning is seen in :

This happy night the Frenchmen are *secure*,  
Having all day caroused and banqueted.

(1 *Hen. VI.* II. i. 11).

And—

Upon my *secure* hour thy uncle stole.

(*Ham.* I. v. 61).

W. Aldis Wright refers to Proverbs iii. 29, "Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth *securely* by thee."

Bacon uses the word in the same way: "*Security* is an ill guard for a kingdom." (Letter to Villiers. "Life" VI. 20).

"Neither let any prince or State be *secure* concerning discontentments, because they have been often, or have been long, and yet no peril hath ensued." (Essay of "Seditions").

Bacon quotes Seneca: "It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man and the *security* of a god: *Vere*

*magnum, habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.*" (Essay of "Adversity").

Bacon habitually quotes from memory, and very frequently with verbal inaccuracy. The passage he refers to is "*Ecce, res magna, habere imbecilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.*"

204. *Seen*: Once used in the sense of the Latin *Spectatus i.e.*, well versed, or skilled—of proved capacity or reputation, as in Virgil's *Æneid VIII. 151*:—

*Sunt nobis fortia bello  
Pectora, sunt animi et rebus spectata juventus.*

A schoolmaster, *Well seen* in music.

*(Tam Shrew I. ii. 133).*

"*Well seen* in minerals" is in Marlowe's *Faust i. 137*. "*Seen* in nothing but epitomes" (*Massacre of Paris I. viii.*).

Bacon often uses the word in this way: ". . . Sebastian Gabata, a man *seen* and expert in cosmography and invention." ("Hen. VII.," Op. VI. 196). "Many may be well *seen* in the passages of government, which are to seek in little and punctual occasions." ("Adv." I. iii. 8, Op. III. 280). Punctual is here used in its classic sense, derived from *punctum*, a small point. "You shall have of them [*i.e.*, physicians] antiquaries, poets, humanists, statesmen, merchants, divines, and in every one of these better *seen* than in their profession" ("Adv. of L." II. x. 2, Op. III. 372).

Bacon quotes ("Adv." I. iii. 9, Op. III. 297) the description of Moses in Acts vii. 22: "He was *seen* in all the learning of the Egyptians." The Authorised Version has *learned*.

205. *Segregation*: dispersion; from the Latin, *segrego*: set apart, separate, keep asunder. Only once used:

A segregation of the Turkish fleet.

*(Oth. II. i. 10).*

206. *Seemable*: resemblance. Either a French word or from the Latin, *Similis*.



His *semblable* is his mirror.

(*Ham.* V. ii. 124).

His *semblable*, yea himself, Timon disdains.

(*Timon* IV. iii. 22).

It is a wonderful thing to see the *semblable* coherence of his men's spirits and his.

(2 *Hen.* IV. V. i. 72).

—*i.e.*, Justice Shallow and his servants are so like one another that they all seem to belong to one another,—to make one set.

207. *Sensible*: Latin, *sensibilis*: perceptible to the senses.

Art thou not, fatal vision, *sensible*  
To feeling as to sight?

(*Macb.* II. i. 36).

Before my God, I might not this believe,  
Without the *sensible* and true avouch  
Of mine own eyes.

(*Ham.* I. i. 56).

The word is mostly poetically employed, being full of interior and remote significance, in such a passage as the following:—

And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
And with affection wondrous *sensible*  
He wrung Bassano's hand: and so they parted.

(*Mer. Ven.* II. viii. 46).

The use of the word is typically illustrated, sometimes in a punning way (as in the passage from *Tam. Sh.*) in the following passages:—

I would your cambric were *sensible* as your finger, that you might leave pricking it, for pity.

(*Cor.* I. iii. 94).

Curtis has been struck on the ear by Grumio, and says:

This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

*Grumio.*—And therefore 'tis called a *sensible* tale.

(*Tam. Sh.* IV. i. 65).

Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
 A young Venetian, one that comes before  
 To signify the approaching of his lord;  
 From whom he bringeth *sensible* regrets,  
 To wit,—besides commends and courteous breath,  
 Gifts of rich value.

(*Mer. Ven.* II. ix. 86).

—*i.e.*, the “commends and courteous breath” are not so properly termed *sensible greetings*, as the *gifts of rich value* which are sensible—*i.e.*, perceptible to the senses.

Bacon writes in his “Apology”:—“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 a number of *sensible* and tender words and demonstrations.” (“Life” III. 158).

208. *Septentrion*. Used once for the Latin *Septentrio*: the North.

Thou art as opposite to every good  
 As the Antipodes are unto us,  
 Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.

(3 *Hen. VI.* I. iv. 133).

209. *Sequent*: Latin, *sequor*, follow—successive, one following another.

The galleys  
 Have sent a dozen *sequent* messengers,  
 This very night at one another’s heels.

(*Oth.* I. ii. 40).

Here he hath framed a letter to a *sequent* of the stranger queen’s.

(*L. L. L.* IV. ii. 142).

210. *Simular*: Latin, *simulo*: copy, imitate, counterfeit, feign.

Thou perjured, and thou *simular* man of virtue,  
 Thou art incestuous.

(*Lear* III. ii. 54).

My practice so prevail’d,  
 That I returned with *simular* proof enough,

To make the noble Leonatus mad.

(*Cymb.* V. v. 199).

This is an unsuccessful attempt to bring over a Latin word into the vernacular.

211. *Solemn*: Latin, *solemnis*: stated, wonted, usual, established; applied to a State or ceremonial occasion. The current sense of grave or serious is not the only sense in Shakespeare. In the following passages the meaning reverts to its classic origin.

My lords, a *solemn* hunting is in hand.

(*Tit. A.* II. i. 112).

To-night we hold a *solemn* supper, sir,  
And I'll request your presence.

(*Macb.* III. i. 14).

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.

(*Son.* 52).

212. *Sort*: Once used in the sense of the Latin word *sors*, a lot.

No, make a lottery,  
And, by device, let blockish Ajax draw  
The *sort*, to fight with Hector.

(*Tro. Cr.* I. iii. 374).

There is evidently a double meaning, including the classic one in the following:—

They have acquainted me with their determinations, which is, . . . to trouble you with no more sort, unless you can be won by some other *sort* than your father's imposition, depending on the caskets.

(*Mer. V. I. ii. 110*).

The casket device made the disposal of Portia in marriage a kind of lottery, and the word *sort*, thus used, is most appropriate. Richard Grant White favoured this interpretation.

213. *Speculation, speculative*: Speculation is always used

by Shakespeare and often by Bacon in reference to the sight of the eyes, not of the mind,—physical sight, not intellectual vision; though the latter may, and generally is connotated, the word being used in a very metaphysical, almost a scholastic way.

Thou hast no *speculation* in those eyes  
Which thou dost glare with. (Macb. III. iv. 95).

*Speculation* turns not to itself  
Till it hath travell'd, and is mirror'd there  
Where it may see itself. (Tro. Cr. III. iii. 109).

*i.e.* the eye cannot look directly at itself.

Though we upon this mountain's basis by  
Took stand for idle *speculation*. (Hcu. V. IV. ii. 30).

*i.e.* although they were to look on and take no share in the battle. The Latin word *specula*, a watch-tower, may be reflected in this passage; as also in the following,—

Servants, who seem no less,  
Which are to France the spies and *speculations*,  
Intelligent of our state. (Lear III. i. 23).

My *speculative* and *officed* instruments. (Oth. I. iii. 271).

Othello's speech is purely Ciceronian; it means my faculties which are devoted to observation and duty.

Bacon writes, of superstitious stories of sorceries, etc. : —“From the *speculation* and consideration of them, light may be taken.” (“Adv.” II. i. 4. Op. III. 331).

And he speaks of “direction of works from the *speculation* of causes.” (“Adv.” II. viii. 3. Op. III. 363). Obviously, in these passages, the word *speculation* refers to outward perception, and *consideration* to mental operation that follows.

214 (a). *Stelled*: Is used in two distinct significations, one from the Latin, the other from the Greek.

The Latin, *stella*, a star, or constellation, or *stellatus*, glittering like stars, is reflected in the following :—Of Lear in the storm it is said—

The sea,—with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endured,—would have buoy'd up  
And quench'd the *stelled* fires.

(*Lear* III. vii. 59).

In this passage Bacon's frequently expressed belief that "the stars are true fires" may be traced.

215 (b). *Stelled* : From  $\sigma\tau\acute{\epsilon}\lambda\lambda\omega$ , fix, set in its place.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath *stell'd*  
Thy beauty's form in table of my heart.

(*Son.* 24).

To this well-painted piece is *Lucrece* come,  
To find a face where all distress is *stell'd*.

(*Lucrece* 1443).

It is worth noting that in both these (the only) passages in which this curious word is used, the painter's art is referred to.

216. *Stuprum* : This Latin word is used, without explanation, in *Tit. A.* IV. i. 78.

217. *Substitute* : From the Latin *sub* and *statuo*, place under. It is applied to a subordinate, not necessarily a representative position ; or it is simply used for an appointment.

But who is *substituted* 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

(2 *Hcn.* IV. I. iii. 84).

You speedy helpers, that are *substitutes*  
Under the lordly monarch of the North.

(1 *Hcn.* VI. V. iii. 5).

218. *Success* : Often used, both by Bacon and Shakespeare, to signify the issue or result of anything, whether the event is good or evil, favourable or the reverse. It thus follows the Latin word *succedo*, follow, succeed ; or *successus*, that which has followed or taken the place of its predecessor.

And so *success* of mischief shall be born.

(2 *Hen. IV.* IV. ii. 47).

*i.e.* one mischief after another shall arise.

Is your blood  
So madly hot that no discourse of reason,  
Nor fear of bad *success* in a bad cause,  
Can qualify the same ?

(*Tro. Cr.* II. ii. 115).

The *success*,  
Although particular, shall give a scantling  
Of good or bad unto the general.

(*Ib.* I. iii. 340).

*Eros.*—Cæsar and Lepidus have made wars upon Pompey.

*Eno.*—This is old : what is the *success* ?

(*Ant. Cl.* III. v. 4).

Should you do so, my lord,  
My speech should fall into such vile *success*,  
As my thoughts aim not at.

(*Oth.* III. iii. 221).

Bacon also follows the Latin, and uses the original word in his Latin writings. Si major est successus spe, videtur aliquod lucri factum. ("Medit. Sac." Op. VII. 237).

"In choice of instruments, it is better to choose men of plainer sort, that are like to do that that is committed to them, and to report back again faithfully the *success*." (Essay 47).

"Because true history propoundeth the *successes* and issues of actions not so agreeable to the merits of virtue and vice, therefore poesy feigns them more just in retribution, and more according to revealed Providence." ("Adv." II. iv. 2. Op. III. 343).

219. *Suppliance*: Occurs only once. It is evidently taken from the Latin word *suppleo*, fill up, make full.

The perfume and *suppliance* of a minute.

(*Ham.* I. iii. 9).

The Clarendon Edition says that this "means probably, as Mason says, an amusement to fill up a vacant minute."

Bacon has "Desire of revenge,—the supplying of a wound." (Conference of Pleasure. Love).

220. *Suspire*: Latin *suspiro*, to breathe, or breathe deeply.

For since the birth of Cain, the first male child,  
To him that did but yesterday *suspire*.

(*John* III. iv. 79).

Did he *suspire*, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.

(2 *Hen. IV.* IV. v. 32).

These are the only instances of this word. Sir Thomas More has, "*suspyring* and sighing after the joys of heaven," in which the word is used for aspiration or deep breathing, as Shakespeare uses the next word.

221. *Suspiration*: same root, more accurately used in the proper Latin sense of *suspiro*, breathe deeply, or sigh.

Windy *suspiration* of forced breath.

(*Ham.* I. ii. 79).

This word occurs only once.

222. *Tenable*: Latin, *teno*: hold or keep. Once only.

Let it be *tenable* in your silence still.

(*Ham.* I. ii. 248).

223. *Terms*: Latin, *terminus*—end, conclusion, limit.

Without all *terms* of pity.

(*All's Well* II. iii. 173).

Defended it with any *terms* of zeal.

(*Mer. Ven.* V. i. 205).

The current meaning of the word may be combined, by a sort of double meaning, with the classic sense, as in the second passage.

224. *Translate*: Latin, *transfero*—*translatus*—in the physical sense of conveyance or removal.

I led them on in this distracted fear,

And left sweet Pyramus translated there.

(*M. N. D.* III. ii. 31).

225. *Umber'd*: Latin, *umbra* a shadow.

Each battle sees the other's *umber'd* face.

(*Hen. V.* IV. Chorus 9).

With perhaps a double or inclusive meaning, of dark, brown, umber coloured.

226. *Umbrage*: same root. Used only once in pedantical, affected speech.

His semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his *umbrage*, nothing more.

(*Ham.* V. ii. 124).

227. *Uncivil*: see Civil.

228. *Unconfirable*: see Confine.

229. *Unsisting*: Latin *sisto*, stand still; with negative prefix, unsisting therefore means, never at rest.

That spirit's possessed with haste  
That wounds the *unsisting* postern with these strokes.

(*Measure for Measure* IV. ii. 91).

230. *Unseminar'd*: Evidently a Latin word in an English dress; used by Cleopatra to describe Mardian, the Eunuch.

'Tis well for thee  
That being *unseminar'd*, thy freer thoughts  
May not fly forth of Egypt.

(*Ant. Cl.* I. v. 10).

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It is scarcely necessary to give articulate voice to the argument arising out of this copious and refined Latinity,—this large and comprehensive familiarity with classic language, classic literature, classic history, classic antiquity. If such accomplishments could be the product of Education in a remote country grammar school of the 16th century, we have certainly suffered most lamentable deterioration during the last three hundred years.

Now when we bring into a focus all these evidences of



classic learning, the contention that the poet was not an imperfectly educated rustic, but a scholar well read and highly trained, endowed with such knowledge as schools of the highest class and universities supply, in short a man not unlike Francis Bacon, cannot be dismissed with a snap-finger gesture of contempt, as a baseless crank not worth discussing. Whether as a fact the poet was learned or not, yet assuredly the assumption that he was is the readiest and easiest explanation of these facts. And the more we study Shakespeare the more is this first impression confirmed. For he must be read as any other classic author is read,—with elucidations derived not only from early English history and language, but from the Latin Dictionary, from the whole realm of Greek and Roman history, literature, antiquity, and mythology. We must construe and translate his words, trace his allusions to their sources. He takes his place side by side with Virgil, Horace, and Ovid; with Cicero, Tacitus, and Thucydides; with Plato, Aristotle, and Cicero; with Æschylus, Sophocles, and Homer;—all require the same critical apparatus and minute study. And the same educational advantage which is found in the study of the Ancients remains with this modern classic; the same mental stimulus,—the same analytic subtlety to bring words into their proper relations,—the same drill in the philosophy and logic of language,—the same antidote to the insularity and narrowness of view that is apt to accompany a merely utilitarian education,—the same necessity of looking with understanding and sympathy on all varieties of character and fortune, on all types of civilization, in ancient and modern times. This is Shakespeare's great charm and inestimable value. And to suppose that all this globe of knowledge, this largeness and liberality of view could have come from the education supplied by a sixteenth-century very insignificant grammar school with its social environments, is about as extravagant as any other reported case of spontaneous generation, which

most scientific men would dismiss as unworthy of serious discussion or investigation. The maxim *omne vivum ex ovo* is as true in literature as in biology, and the philosophy of causation requires that there should always be adaptation and proportion between antecedent and consequent. The *ovum* for the Shakespearean *vivum* is, from the accepted point of view, absolutely non-existent.

So then the controversy between Baconians and Shakespeareans is but another branch of the old yet ever new quarrel in natural philosophy between Superstition and Science,—between the advocates of miracles on the one hand, and the vindicators of natural causation on the other. Coleridge seems to have had a shrewd suspicion of this when he put the keen question,—not then capable of being answered,—“What, are we to have miracles in sport? Or, I speak reverently, does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to men?” Shakespeareans endeavour to explain Shakespeare and the genesis of his genius by the guesses and legends and myths which naturally arise when superstition usurps the place of science. Baconians give natural and reasonable explanations in solid and well established facts, and bring the teaching of that positive philosophy which governs all enquiry into the order and phenomena of nature, to refute the crude parthenogenesis of their opponents. With Shakespeareans the poet is “the rarest argument of wonder that hath shot up in our latter times,” and they hold up their hands with pious horror,—perhaps clench their fists in unholy wrath,—when they meet with those troublesome “Baconizers,” who “make modern and familiar things supernatural and causeless.” Thus it must always be when new light is offered to the obscurantists who hold possession. Baconians can easily endure the taunts and anathemas so freely launched against them, for they know that they bring light and order to the ancient abodes of Darkness and Confusion, and thus promote the Extension of that Kingdom of Man which was so bright and precious a vision to Bacon’s prophetic soul.

## APPENDIX.

ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF MARLOWE;  
WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO EDWARD II.

—o—

My primary aim in this work is to claim for Bacon the authorship of Shakespeare, and to show how much new light is thus cast on the Shakesporean drama. This theory is, I know, daily gaining ground: it is only a matter of time for it to become generally accepted. Its progress has been somewhat retarded by the imprudent and extravagant writings of its advocates—by impossible cypher speculations, and by absolutely untenable extensions of the Bacon claim to other writings—till it seems as if the whole literature of the Elizabethan time and of some generations later would be swept into this enclosure.

It may seem as if I myself enter the camp of these riotous literati by claiming for Bacon some, if not all, of Marlowe's works. But, whether the arguments which I shall produce are judged to be solid or the reverse, I think any impartial critic may at once satisfy himself that there is a unique and exceptional character in "Marlowe," which justifies careful enquiry into its origin, and brings it into closer relationship with Shakespeare than any other part of Elizabethan literature. The general reasons which make Shakespeare's relation to Marlowe a very open question are such as these:—

1. The Shakesporean drama did not begin to appear till the poet was far advanced in middle life. Bacon was nearly 40 years old when the first play was published

under the name of Shakespeare. William Shakespeare was about 35. Now genius of this type ripens early—it is likely to manifest itself before life's second decade has been completed; and if Bacon wrote under cover of a name not his own, he may have used other dissembling garments.

2. If such earlier works exist, they probably resemble such plays as *1 Henry VI.* or *Titus Andronicus*, which many critics hand over to Marlowe, with some other early Shakesperean plays.

3. There is a general consensus among critics that Marlowe's work possesses marked Shakesperean attributes, such as belong to no other poetry of the time, except Shakespeare's.

4. In the poems attributed to Marlowe there are large portions which Marlowe could not have written: and there is an obscurity about the production of them all.

5. Many critics admit, in almost express terms, that Marlowe's poetry has such a strong resemblance to Shakespeare's, that it is not easy to distinguish between "master and man." This is Mr. Bullen's expression. Mr. Russell Lowell's is still more striking and compromising; it will be found in the following pages. So also is that of Mr. H. A. Kennedy. Professor Dowden's testimony is almost as strong:—"It is amongst the pre-Shakespereans that we find the man who, of all the Elizabethan dramatists, stands next to Shakespeare in poetic stature; the one man, who, if he had lived longer and accomplished the work which lay clear before him, might have even stood *beside* Shakespeare as supreme in a different province of dramatic art." This is true, but I see no reason for assigning to Marlowe a "different province." Marlowe occupies one of the many departments of the Shakespeare realm: he might have enlarged his domain, as Shakespeare did.

Mr. Charles Grant says of *Faustus*, that it was "the first word which bore the unmistakable impress of that tragic power, which was to find its highest embodiment in

*Lear* and *Macbeth*; in *Hamlet* and *Othello*." The significance of these judgments cannot be disputed. They recognize an organic relation between Shakespeare and Marlowe, which requires explanation, and gives to our own a right of entry.

6. Marlowe's style is very distinctive; it constantly tends to boldness, extravagance,—to what is termed the Ercles Vein. It is young, crude, wanting in self-restraint and proportion. Now exactly this style, with the crudity and want of balance generally, but not always, left behind, remained Shakespeare's style up to the last. The Marlowe tones are to be heard in even the most advanced of the Shakesperean plays. Some illustrations of these statements will be found in the following pages.

There is no doubt that the two Baconian theories,—Shakespeare and Marlowe,—mutually sustain one another. If it can be shown that Bacon probably wrote Marlowe, his claim to Shakespeare will at once be accepted as antecedently probable.

If the author of Shakespeare—(Bacon, or any other writer,)—wrote any part of Marlowe, William Shakspeare's hold on the works assigned to him is loosened; the evidence that connects him with Shakespeare, the evidence of title pages, and I know of no other, is weakened and brought into suspicion; I might almost say is annihilated.

If the name of the writer and the name on the title pages are not the same, it is in the highest degree improbable that the real author was one who depended for success on personal notoriety. Writings which are published from commercial motives are not usually issued anonymously, or under a *nom de plume*. And we are often told by Shakspeare biographers that William Shakspeare's chief or even sole motive in publishing his dramas was to fill his "house" with a profitable audience.

If the poet used a cover, he may have employed more than one; he may have used one name, as long as the real

owner of it lived, or was otherwise available, and sought another when the necessity for a change came.

If the concealed poet found there was something compromising in the name of a man who had become conspicuous, whose history and career might become matter for enquiry, or who had gained evil notoriety as a blasphemer or a reprobate, and this appears to have been the case with Marlowe, his next choice would probably be that of a man of less positive characteristics, "slight and unmeritable;" or he might select a name bearing a colourable resemblance to that of a real person, but not exactly the same, and capable of being twisted into symbolical significance, and so explained away.

At any rate, it is of some advantage to our cause if the Marlowe branch of it lifts it out of the ring-fence of Stratford-on-Avon, and brings it to a higher court of appeal than that which concerns itself with trivial circumstances and individual interests. It is no small gain that the question at issue is thus connected with the largest results and the noblest utterances of Elizabethan philosophy and literature, with the one great man, who, more than any other, gathers up into himself the intellectual, social, and political life of the later sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

The following Essay is reproduced, with some considerable additions, from the "Journal of the Bacon Society," Vol. II. p. 226. My intention in this paper is not to cover the whole ground—that would require a much larger discussion; but to present a sample, by an analysis of *Edward II.*, of the kind of arguments which have convinced many Baconians that Marlowe must be annexed. At present, then, I need only claim that the Shakesporean origin of this one play is proved by the facts and arguments brought forward. This may be taken as a starting point of a larger enquiry for those who wish to pursue the subject. My thesis is, *Bacon wrote Edward II.*: but it will be evident that many of the facts used in support of this limited thesis

may be applied to the whole Marlowe group of poems : in some of which much stronger Baconian marks are found than this play affords.

The extraordinary affinity between Marlowe and Shakespeare has been repeatedly noticed by critics and historians of the Elizabethan drama. Marlowe is always referred to as the precursor of Shakespeare, the inaugurator or inventor of the art which he perfected. So close is the relation between them that the lines of continuity are unbroken, or, as Mr. Bullen says, "it is hard to distinguish between master and man." In fact, they are represented as overlapping and interpenetrating in a most anomalous style. In the three plays of *King Henry VI.* we are invited to look on a perplexing mosaic ; we skip backwards and forwards between the two writers in a very uncritical and unnatural way. Such a co-partnership certainly never existed in nature or art. The relationship between Shakespeare and Marlowe is not likely to be such as may be symbolised by a patchwork quilt or a dissected map.

In the argument immediately under consideration I do not attach much importance to the very few known facts of Marlowe's life. It may be allowed that so far as they are accurately known, they are but faintly or dubiously significant one way or another. That an educated University man should have become an actor—that is, in those days, a vagabond and an outcast—gives colour to the suspicion that he had somehow lost caste, and sunk to a lower social level. If, in addition to this, he was apt to be rash, unguarded, or profane in speech, we can understand how easily he might be accused of Atheism and blasphemy, expressed in obscene and revolting terms. Such a charge could not be constructed out of his poetry, even admitting that the audacity of *Faustus* might lay him open to suspicion.

Marlowe died June 1st, 1593, "slaine by ffrancis Archer." So the old register of St. Nicholas, Deptford, affirms. The date is very important. Tradition states

that the cause of the quarrel between Marlowe and Francis Archer was a nondescript girl. The circumstances of his death are not accurately known; but it is difficult to believe that a man who was stabbed to death in a horrid quarrel over a girl in a Deptford public-house could have been capable of the "mighty lines," and the mightier bursts of poetic eloquence, that abound in all the poems attributed to him. These are facts which need not be pressed very far; but they certainly lend antecedent probability to the supposition that he was not the true founder of the Elizabethan drama, the literary progenitor of Shakespeare.

What concerns us more is the unvarying mystery that shrouds the origin and production of every one of the Marlowe plays and poems. In no single case is there a simple and straightforward history attached to them. There is about them precisely the same kind of anomaly as that which surrounds the Shakespeare Folio of 1623—which is really one of the greatest paradoxes of literature. Marlowe's reputation is absolutely and entirely posthumous. During his lifetime only two of the plays which have been since assigned to him were published, or can be proved to have existed; those two are the two parts of *Tamburlaine*, and they were published anonymously. There is no reason for believing them to be his, which is not open to dispute. Mr. Bullen's belief rests almost exclusively on internal evidence. He says: "From internal evidence there can be no doubt that *Tamburlaine* was written wholly by Marlowe; but on the title-pages of the early editions there is no author's name, and we have no decisive piece of external evidence to fix the authorship on Marlowe." This, of course, leaves the matter absolutely open, and if internal evidence is to help us to a decision, then there is room for the Baconian case, which arises as soon as the "previous question" is moved. By internal evidence the critics appear to mean qualities of style and expression and thought, positive and negative—*i.e.*, attri-



butes both possessed and absent, both powers and limitations—belonging to a particular mind; and it is really difficult to say how internal evidence of this kind is to be applied in the case of a writer whose mental characteristics, except as portrayed in the writings in dispute, are entirely unknown. This difficulty is quietly ignored by all the critics. The *petitic principū* is quietly ignored.

Internal evidence, says Mr. Charles Knight—and his argument is copious and, I think, complete—proves that the *Henry VI.* plays are entirely the work of the young Shakespeare. Internal evidence, say other critics, proves that *Henry VI.* was partly or entirely Marlowe's. Therefore internal evidence, even under the handling of orthodox Shakespeare critics, has something to say for the identity of Shakespeare and Marlowe. Again, Mr. Knight speaks of *Tamburlaine* as “a play which Mr. Collier holds to be Marlowe's work;” and again, “Mr. Collier has proved, very conclusively, we think, that Marlowe was the author of *Tamburlaine.*” But Marlowe is not the only candidate for this authorship. Malone found reason for thinking that Nash was partly or entirely the author of *Tamburlaine*. Whether the proofs that Mr. Knight thought conclusive are so or not, is evidently open to discussion—and some of Mr. Collier's “proofs” seem to have been invented for the occasion. The point that concerns us is that such proof is required at all, and that *Tamburlaine* may be therefore regarded as a waif and stray in search of an owner.

It seems then that the authorship of *Tamburlaine* is still an open question. Its inclusion in “Marlowe's Works” goes for nothing. No collected edition of Marlowe was made till Robinson's was published in 1826, and no authority can be attached to any collection made so late. Mr. Robinson, in the preface to this earliest edition of Marlowe, says: “It may be inferred from the prologue to *The Troublesome Reign of John, King of England*, that

*Tamburlaine* was written by the author of that play, which has never been assigned to Marlowe :—

You that with friendly grace and smoothed brow,  
Have entertained the Scythian Tamburlaine,  
And given applause unto an infidel,  
Vouchsafe to welcome with like courtesy,  
A warlike Christian and your countryman.

Inasmuch as the *Troublesome Reign* is most probably Bacon's early draft of *King John*, this conjecture is likely to be not very wide of the mark, although the words quoted do not necessarily bear this meaning.

With reference to *Faustus* the difficulties are much greater. *Faustus* is not known to have existed before 1594, and the only allusion known of this early date is to be found in the much-tampered-with Diary of Henslowe, which supplied so many "new facts" to Mr. Collier. Mr. Bullen says: "It was entered in the Stationers' books on January 7th, 1601; but the earliest extant edition is the quarto of 1604, which was reprinted with very slight additions in 1609. An edition with very numerous additions and alterations appeared in 1616," *i.e.*, it was enlarged to half as much again, and a good many of the earlier scenes were re-cast and re-written. These 1616 additions are a great puzzle. They are not to be distinguished in manner or value from the rest of the poem, and are evidently by the same author. There is no patchwork in the revised form of *Faustus*. No one would ever have dreamed of a second author, if the original authorship had not been fastened upon a man who died twenty-three years before these additions were published, and they alone are sufficient to justify wholesome scepticism and rigorous inquiry into the whole question. Moreover, even in the earliest edition, there is an allusion to Dr. Lopez, whose name did not come into public notice till 1594. Another passage, referring to the comparative value of French and English money, it is supposed, could not have been written before 1597, and by 1616 it had become antiquated and

was omitted.\* The 1616 edition introduces "Bruno, led in chains." Bruno's persecutions and ultimate martyrdom did not begin till many years after Marlowe's death. It seems almost as if the poet, when he revised his work in 1616, purposely inserted allusions and anachronisms which would necessarily lead the critical reader, whenever he might appear, to reconsider the question of authorship. And this is surely a more reasonable explanation of these anomalies than to gloss them over or explain them away by all sorts of adventurous and question-begging speculations.

Of course, critics are obliged to say that the scenes in which these anachronisms occur are interpolations, but the only reason for so regarding them is the awkward fact that the supposed author died in 1593. Mr. Collier produced an entry from Henslowe's Diary, (perhaps a forgery: who knows which of Mr. Collier's facts are forgeries and which are not?) referring to four pounds paid to William Bird and Samuel Rowley for additions to *Faustus*. But as this entry is dated 1602, the additions, if they exist at all, may just as well have appeared in the 1604 edition as at any other time, and certainly do not account for the large and important alterations produced in 1616, which it is allowed are such as neither of these hack writers could have made. The entry is so vague that no valuable inference can be drawn from it. If Bird and Rowley really wrote any additions to *Faustus*, they were probably only the same sort of "fond and frivolous gestures . . . of some vain-conceited fondlings greatly gaped at," which had at one time disfigured *Tumburlaine*, as we are told in the "printer's" address prefixed to that play, and which were judiciously omitted in publication.

The *Jew of Malta* is mentioned in the Stationers' books in 1594; but the earliest known edition is that of 1633. *Edward II.* was entered at Stationers' Hall in July, 1593,

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\* See Ward's Introduction to *Faustus*, p. cxix., Note 3.

but not published, so far as is known, till 1594. *Dido* was published in 1594. *Hero and Leander*, entered at Stationers' Hall in September, 1593, was published in 1598. The original poem consisted of two Cantos, or, as they are called, *Sestiads*. Four more were added the same year, under the name of George Chapman. This continuation is also a great puzzle to all the critics. It is obviously written by the same poet who penned the first two *Sestiads*, although there is a falling-off in poetic merit—a heaviness and occasional obscurity, which we do not find in the earlier portion. There is, however, much the same contrast, only more marked, between the first two acts of the *Jew of Malta* and the rest of the play. The Poem is full of Shakespearean touches, and no one who reads Chapman's acknowledged plays—such as the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, *All Fools*, &c.—will find in these plays the least indication of the poet who wrote any part of *Hero and Leander*. A passage in the third *Sestiad*, in which the poet makes a dark reference to “his free soul who drank to me half this Musæan story,” and professes to “tender his late desires” (*i.e.*, to carry out the testamentary or death-bed wishes of a dissipated young man who met with a sudden and violent death), is so evidently a piece of masquerade that it rather confirms than confutes the surmise that there is a veil over the real author's face, and that this veil had to be doubled when the continuation of *Hero and Leander* was published. It may be noted also that Lieutenant Cunningham, commenting in his edition of Marlowe on a passage in the last *Sestiad*, is daring enough to lift the Chapman mask; he remarks, “Surely this was written by the author of *Dr. Faustus*.”

It is evident from all these facts that the present enquiry is not a rash, self-willed heresy invented by the mischievous Baconian “troublers of the poor world's peace.” The doubt is not of our creation. We find it ready to our hand,—an unsolved problem of baffled critics. And it must be observed that these puzzles are not such as might

be raised about any other Elizabethan poet, concerning whom traditional details are scanty or unsatisfying. These critical enigmas cluster about the Shakespearean group, to which Marlowe essentially, and by universal approval, belongs, and are not to be found elsewhere. Here is chaos. Only the Baconian theory can restore order and establish cosmos.

My purpose is to produce, in some detail, the very strong internal evidence that connects *Edward II.* with the Shakespeare poems. But let it be noted that there are two kinds of internal evidence. Both have their value, but both are not equally available for argument in a matter that is keenly and even hotly disputed. I do not intend to bring forward that kind of internal evidence which arises when some impassioned critic reads out passages from the disputed pieces, put into them all the fervour and passion which his voice can command, and then exclaims—as if no other evidence were required—“There! Is not that Shakespeare?” I have nothing at present to do with the general impression of individuality which a capable reader feels in perusing the poems. This, which is the vaguest of all tests—not capable indeed of being formulated at all—is the one which is most vehemently and even defiantly produced in this discussion, and those who cannot assent to conclusions so formed, are condemned as of doubtful sanity, or as “earless and unabashed” or as “characteristic-blind.”

In truth, nothing can be more “uncritical” and unscientific than the confident application of this test to a poet’s earliest writings. The reasons which oblige a naturalist to see in an unlicked cub, or an unfledged, featureless nestling, the essential structure of the full-grown animal, are not on the surface, immediately perceptible to the eye or the ear. There are cases in which the preconceptions of the eye and ear must be put aside, and laws of evolution allowed to speak.

And yet on this evidence it is affirmed that every “sane

critic " admits that Marlowe was destitute of humour, and incapable of writing the comic scenes in his plays. For the same reason we are required to believe that Marlowe could not develop a plot, and that he was destitute of sympathy with all the gentler phases of humanity. The "Ercles vein"—grandiloquent, bombastic, fantastic, extravagant—which is present in *Tamburlaine* (although it is almost entirely absent in *Edward II.*, and is very much restrained in *Hero and Leander*), is supposed to be Marlowe's especial note. This test is ridiculously easy of application, and on that account, one would think, rather suspicious when applied to the early unripe works of a great dramatic genius. This little toy-test, however, is employed to select those parts of *Henry VI.* which are to be handed over to him; and with this clue the whole of *Tit. And.*, and a good deal of the *Taming of the Shrew* is made over to his custody.

All these judgments appear to me entirely arbitrary, and somewhat trilling. If we are to determine what kind of poet Marlowe was, it is safest to go to the record itself, instead of consulting one's inner consciousness. So looking, we cannot fail to recognise at least four different styles in these writings; typified by 1 The pomposity and turgescence of *Tamburlaine*, and, in less degree, of *Dido*; 2 The comic scenes in *Faustus*; 3 The lyrical sweetness and exuberant fancy of *Hero and Leander*, and *Come live with me*; 4 The character-painting and dramatic-sobriety of *Edward II.*, in which we see the germ, or rather the first start, of the Shakespeare series of historic plays. All these characteristics are reproduced, most exactly, in Shakespeare. Not to adduce the disputed *Tit. And.*, in which the extravagance of *Tamburlaine* and the horrors of the *Jew of Malta* are present in an augmented degree—nor the passages in *Henry VI.*, which are so obviously Marlowesque, that their origin is brought into question—let anyone read the interior play in *Hamlet*, where the poet suddenly adopts an entirely different style, and then com-

pare it with some parts of *Dido*. The resemblance is strange, startling, obvious to the most uncritical reader, while, to a critical student, most urgent and clamorous questions of origin instantly present themselves. Mr. Bullen notes that "a few years ago a theory was gravely propounded that the player's speech in *Hamlet* was 'written originally by Shakespeare to complete Marlowe's play.'" Mr. Bullen's comment is almost hysteric in its revulsion from this bold, bad speculation. "This Titanic absurdity," he adds, "gross as a mountain, open, palpable, was received with much applause in certain quarters." Doubtless the suggestion, in the form stated, is unreasonable; but it appears as if Mr. Bullen's fierce denunciation is intended to smother his own unwilling conviction that there is something in it. It is plain that when Bacon wrote the player's speeches in *Hamlet*, he drew upon what may have been his own earlier style; perhaps he used some rejected MSS. which had survived from the Marlowe period of his career. At any rate the "internal evidence" that Marlowe wrote this interior play in *Hamlet* is quite as strong as that he wrote *Tamburlaine* or *Dido*. And there is nothing more characteristic of Marlowe than Hamlet's ranting speech when he leaps into Ophelia's grave (Act V., scene i. 297—306), which many able critics, using their own arguments consistantly, might hand over to Marlowe. These curious survivals of the Marlowe style shew that the poet had repented his youthful extravagances—for he uses the style only to represent assumed madness or ranting stage situations—but was quite capable of repeating it if the dramatic opportunity presented itself.

The comparison between Marlowe's *Dido* and the interior play in *Hamlet* is perfect. This has been shewn in detail by Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy, in the *Contemporary Review*, October 1889, Volume 56, page 583. Mr. Kennedy's remarks are very striking, and present many of the most forcible evidences for identity of authorship. Mr. Kennedy thinks that Shakespeare reproduced Marlowe's

play as well as he could from recollection, and filled up the rest by perfect imitation. Indeed Mr. Kennedy's explanations almost require the identification of Marlowe and Shakespeare.

The Marlowe style often reappears in Shakespeare, even in the most perfect of his plays. Thus *Macbeth* is full of it. One of the most obvious specimens is Lady Macbeth's speech I. v. 39—55, ending in the very characteristic lines—

Come thick night,  
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell,  
That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,  
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
To cry Hold ! Hold !

The prevalence of the Marlowe style in *Macbeth* has been scarcely noticed by critics. There are no less than 36 passages of this character, such as I. v. 39—55, vii. 18—28; 54—59; II. ii. 1—16; 58—63; iii. 76—85; 117—124; III. ii. 13—26; 93—107; IV. iii. 2—8; and some others.

One of the most striking is worth quotation for another reason :—

And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him  
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,  
And fix'd his head upon the battlements.

(See *Macb.* I. ii. 21).

This is a clear reflection of a passage in *Dido*,

Then from the navel to the throat at once  
He ripp'd old Priam.

(*Dido.* II. ii. 255).

In Marlowe proper this "Ercles vein" is not always fully justified by the interest of the situation, the grandeur of the scenes, or the depth of the tragedy in which it is enshrined. But in *Macbeth* the whole environment is so colossal that the strain and vehemence of the language is forgiven or forgotten.

The bloody business in *Lear*, when Gloster's eyes are torn out, shews the same type of imagination that is



expressed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, and in the quasi Marlowe play of *Titus Andronicus*. And the outburst:—

Blow winds, and crack your cheeks,

and the speeches associated with Lear's madness and exposure to the storm, are all in the Ercles vein, brought to maturity, so that it has now become sublime, and the reader quite overlooks it, and does not realize how easily it might become ridiculous. There is an audacity about Shakespeare's diction which comes by direct descent from Marlowe, if the separation is to be maintained.

It seems then that the Marlowe poems fill up the vacuum left by the Shakespeare series. In them we see the poet, in his early but Titanic maturity, with the faults of youth allied to the exuberance of genius; before his dramatic powers had developed; when, as Mr. Bullen very truly points out, the construction of plot had not entered into his ideal; when his experience of life, and that large sympathy with all phases of human existence which is so wonderful in Shakespeare, has not out-grown its early limitations; when the gift of humour had not been evoked by the friction of experience, or by the sorrows and struggles of his own life. No considerate student can possibly affirm that the genius which blossomed so magnificently and yet developed so imperfectly in these few poems, had then displayed all its latent possibilities, so that we are entitled to say exactly not only what powers he had, but what he had *not*, and never could have acquired. It was mad Ophelia, who, "with a happiness that often madness hits on, which reason and sanity could not so prosperously be delivered of," exclaimed "Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be." It seems to me that there is more madness in the converse affirmation, and that for anyone to say of Marlowe that he had no humour and never could develop it, is the wildest possible license of self-willed and arbitrary criticism. "No sane critic," to adopt Mr. Bullen's rather dragooning and intolerant expression, will venture upon such very disputable gustation.

The internal evidence which I have to produce consists of such identity (not merely similarity) of expression or idea as is distinctly demonstrative of identical authorship, if it can be shewn to be so extended, so subtle, so spontaneous, as to exclude the alternative explanation of accidental coincidence, or conscious plagiarism or appropriation. That this kind of evidence can be appreciated and employed by Shakespearian scholars, when it helps to maintain any theory which they favour, is proved by many instances. Thus Mr. Gerald Massey finds in this sort of evidence proof that Shakespeare wrote one poem in *England's Helicon*. (See comment on *Edw. II. V. i. 117 post.*) Mr. Charles Knight uses it most successfully in his argument for the Shakespearian origin of the *Henry VI.* plays. And, to come to within speaking distance of the case before us, Mr. Fleay proves to his own satisfaction in this way that *Henry VI.* was, to a great extent, written by Marlowe. He adduces 12 words which he finds in *Edward II.* and *Henry VI.*, or *Tam. Shrew*, but "in no undoubted plays of Shakespeare." These words are *Exequies*, *shipwreck* (as a noun), *buckler* (as a verb), *embroider*, *Tully*, *serge*, *verb*, *foreslow*, *magnanimity*, *preachment*, *Atlas* and *impale*. He then quotes 11 parallel passages from the plays, "a few (he says) selected out of many" (but the *many* are not published anywhere, so far as my searching extends); and he adds,—“These similarities are sufficient, in my mind, to prove identity of authorship in a large portion of these plays.” Now if this slenderly supported conclusion of Mr. Fleay's, so far as identity of authorship is concerned, is linked on to Mr. Knight's much more reasonable conclusion, inasmuch as it is supported by a much larger induction of instances, that *Henry VI.* was written entirely by Shakespeare, we arrive at the exact conclusion which it is our object to establish—viz., that Marlowe and Shakespeare are two different masks of one concealed poet; and as soon as this point is reached it will not be difficult to show who this hidden writer is. Before leaving Mr.

Fleay's argument, it may be remarked that every play has words which occur in no other play, and that these *ἀπαξ λεγόμενα* are quite as likely to differentiate dates as pens.\* Like all negative arguments the significance of this is very uncertain. Any conclusion so suggested must be cautiously tested by other methods of investigation and be always treated as a provisional or working hypothesis until it is established by more direct and positive proofs. Such proofs indeed Mr. Fleay produces, but it appears to me that the foundation is rather frail and shallow for the large negative conclusion that he builds upon it.

The play of *Edward the Second* marks the transition between the early "Ercles vein" and the genuine Shakespeare drama. It is exactly the required connecting link that bridges over the vast chasm between these styles, and warns us not to attach too much importance to similar chasms existing elsewhere. Mr. Knight thinks that there is no passage across this gulf, and that the bombastic writer of *Tamburlaine* could not have written the early drafts of *Henry VI*. His language is very instructive:—

The theory that Marlowe wrote one or both parts of the *Contention* must begin by assuming that his mind was so thoroughly disciplined at the period when he produced *Tamburlaine* and *Faustus* and the *Few of Malta*, that he was able to lay aside every element, whether of thought or expression, by which those plays are characterized; adopt essentially different principles for the dramatic conduct of a story; copy his characters from living and breathing models of actual men; come down from his pomp and extravagance of language, not to reject poetry, but to ally poetry with familiar and natural thoughts.

Now this impossible evolution is exactly what we find in *Edward II*. This strange transformation has been effected, and may be described most fitly in Mr. Knight's own language. To this Mr. Dyce (among many others)

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\* On a rough computation I find that there are not less than 2,000 words in Shakespeare which are used only once.

testifies. He says of *Edward II.*,—"Taken as a whole it is the most perfect of his plays; *there is no overdoing of character, no turgescence of language.*" Mr. Knight is evidently conscious that *Edward II.* may be brought in evidence against him, and he avoids this difficulty by representing that "in *Edward II.* the author, possessing the power of adaptation, to a certain extent, which always belongs to genius, was still pursued by his original faults of exaggeration and inflation of language." He justifies this allegation by a few quotations: the passages he quotes are the following: I. iv. 170-179; I. iv. 311-317; III. ii. 128-147; IV. vi. 86-91; IV. vi. 99-103.

Anyone referring to these passages will at once see that they are exactly such lines as the author of *Henry VI.* might have written,—exactly of the same type as the many passages which are selected by critics to prove that Marlowe wrote *Henry VI.* Some of these passages are really quite Shakespearean. No one will contend that *Edward II.* contains no traces of the old style; but assuredly the traces are only just sufficient to link the two together, and to cancel any antecedent probability that the poet of *Tamburlaine*, when ripened, might develop into the poet of *Henry IV.* or *Lear*.

In this paper I have purposely limited my investigations to the one play of *Edward II.* It would be easy to pursue the same enquiry in reference to the other Marlowe plays. This would be, however, a very large affair, and would take more space than I can at present bestow to the Marlowe branch of the Baconian theory. However, before entering upon an examination of the parallel passages in *Edward II.* I will content myself with one specimen of the striking way in which Baconian thought is expressed in another play of Marlowe. It is from the *Massacre at Paris*. Act I. scene viii. The Guisians are on the war path, hunting out heretics and stabbing them, and they come upon the philosopher Ramus in his study. Guise tells his followers to stab him:—

O, good my lord,

*Ramus.*—Wherein hath Ramus been so officious ?

*Guise.*—Marry, sir, in having a smack in all,  
 And yet didst never sound anything to the depth.  
 Was it not thou that scoff'dst the Organon,  
 And said it was a heap of vanities ?  
 He that will be a flat dichomotist,  
 And seen in nothing but epitomes,  
 Is in your judgment thought a learned man.

Ramus defends himself :—

O, good my lord, let me but speak awhile ;  
 Not for my life do I desire this pause,  
 But in my latter hour to purge myself,  
 In that I know the things that I have wrote  
 Which, as I hear, one Sheckius takes it ill,  
 Because my places, being but three, contain all his.  
 I know the *Organon* to be confused,  
 And I reduced it into better form.  
 And this for Aristotle will I say,  
 That he that despiseth him can never  
 Be good in logic or philosophy.

Now, it is not a little remarkable—and certainly it is extremely interesting to note,—that Bacon's references to Ramus and Aristotle, both in commendation and in criticism or condemnation, exactly correspond with the particulars specified in Marlowe's play. Bacon's own logic was much influenced by that of Ramus; he praises his tripartite division of Method, but condemns his Dichotomies and Epitomes,—“The canker of Epitomes,” as he repeatedly calls these abridgements of learning. The most striking passage in condemnation of Ramus is in the *Temporis Partus Maximus* :—“Ne vero, fili, cum hanc contra Aristotelem sententiam fero, me cum rebelle ejus quodam neoterico Petro Ramo conspirasse augerere. Nullum mihi commercium cum hoc ignorantia latibulo, pernicio cissima literarum tineam, compendiorum patre, qui cum methodi ejus et compendii vinclis, res torqueat et

premat, res quidem, si qua fuit, elabitur protinus et exilit ; ipse vero aridas et desertissimas nugas stringit"—*i.e.*, "But while I express this opinion against Aristotle, do not infer that I am a fellow-conspirator with that modern rebel against him, Peter Ramus. I have nothing in common with that skulking hole of ignorance, that most destructive moth of letters, that father of Epitomes who tortures and presses things by the shackles of his method and of his Epitomes, while the things themselves are entirely banished and escape ; and he himself grasps only the most dry and empty trifles."

It should be noted that in the treatise from which this is taken, Bacon, by way of experiment, indulges in a licence of vituperation which does not really or sufficiently express his own opinion of the philosopher whom he assails. But the criticism is essentially the same as that expressed in his calmer moods. Bacon dislikes that species of logic which "distributes everything into two members." "For while these men press matters by the law of their method, and when a thing does not aptly fall into those dichotomies, either pass it by, or force it out of its natural shape, the effect of their proceeding is this—the kernels and grains of the sciences leap out, and they are left with nothing in their grasp but the dry and barren husks. And therefore this kind of method produces empty abridgments, and destroys the solid substance of knowledge." It is clear that in this passage Bacon is referring to the dichotomies of Ramus, (see *De Aug.*, VI. ii.), as Mr. Ellis points out in his note to the Latin original. (Works III. 663).

His scorn of epitomes is vigorously expressed in other passages: *Ex. gr.*—"As for the corruptions and moths of history, which are Epitomes, the use of them deserveth to be banished, as all men of sound judgment have confessed ; as those that have fretted and corroded the sound bodies of many excellent histories, and wrought them into base and unprofitable dregs." (See "Adv." II. 4. Works III. 334). (See also the Essay of "Studies.")

I do not see how Bacon's hand can be ignored in the remarkable passage from the "Massacre at Paris," in which these sentiments are so accurately reproduced.

Three early quarto editions of *Edward II.* are known: 1598, 1612, and 1622. One copy of an edition dated 1594 has been more recently discovered, so that four early quartos may be assumed. There is no very essential difference between them,\* but anyone comparing them will find a few minute changes of precisely such a character as the author himself would make—and for the most part, such as would have occurred to no other reviser. The following specimens may suffice:—

1. And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,  
Have drawn thy *treasure* dry. 1598.  
Have drawn thy *treasury* dry. 1612, II. ii. 154.
2. They bark'd apace *a month ago*. 1598.  
They bark'd apace *not long ago*. 1612. IV. iii. 12.

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\* Mr. Tancock describes the 1598 edition as "a somewhat carelessly printed quarto probably from a prompter's copy." I cannot account for this estimate of the 1598 edition. From personal inspection of the three early quartos, I am persuaded that it was very carefully printed, and is just as authentic as the subsequent editions. The fashion of gratuitously conjuring up prompters' copies, acting MSS., playhouse versions, shorthand reports, reproductions from memory, &c., has muddled all modern critical accounts of these early plays, and made natural causes invisible. In this case anyone can ascertain how far the 1598 edition deserves Mr. Tancock's depreciation, by consulting Mr. Fleay's edition, which points out in detail all the changes made in 1612 and 1622. That they are very insignificant, the few specimens given in the text will sufficiently indicate. There are about twenty-one such alterations in the whole play, and not one of them is of a nature to reflect injuriously on the first edition. In fact, it was with some hesitation that I produced these at all (before observing Mr. Tancock's note), fearing lest I might incur censure for using slight or strained arguments.

I am glad to find that this judgment is withdrawn in Mr. Tancock's second edition. I need not, however, cancel this criticism; for Mr. Tancock's case is typical.

3. *Come, Leister, then, in Isabella's name!* 1598.  
*Comes Leister? &c.* 1612. IV. vi. 64.
4. In which *extreme* my mind here murdered is. 1598.  
In which *extremes*, &c. 1612. V. i. 55.
5. To strangle with a lawn thrust *through the throat*. 1598.  
*Thrust down the throat*. 1612. IV. iv. 32.
6. *Let me not die; yet stay, oh, stay awhile*. 1598. 1612.  
*Let me not die yet; stay, &c.* 1622. V. v. 98.

By these simple changes, even in punctuation, the whole colour of a passage is often altered, and almost always these small corrections tend to clear and modernize the construction.

I will now refer to some of the resemblances between *Edward II.* and passages in Shakespeare and Bacon. The references to acts, scenes, and lines are made to the very excellent Clarendon edition, edited by Mr. Tancock. The numbers in Mr. Fleay's and Mr. Bullen's editions are in most cases the same. Certainly the variation of a few lines need not create any difficulty in verifying the quotations.

[NOTE.—Some of these resemblances have been more or less completely pointed out, by Dyce, Fleay, Tancock, Verity, and others. The passages are indicated by the initials (D. F. T. V.) of these four. Mrs. Pott has supplied me with some which I had not observed, and with a good many that I had. It will be seen that 33 out of the 103 have been anticipated; but in many of these cases the comparison stops short at the *Henry VI.* plays: the very important comparisons that run through all the Shakespearean plays have been scarcely touched upon. Mr. Tancock has pointed out more of these than any previous writer, but even he has given only a few out of the large store that are to be found.]

1. **Ah! words that make me surfeit with delight.**

(I. i. 3).

Henry . . . *surfeiting* in joys of love.

(2 *Hen. VI.* I. i. 251).

Sweets, delights, and surfeits seem much associated in the Poet's mind: thus—



*Sweets* grown common use their dear *delights*.  
(Son. 102).

You speak like one besotted on your *sweet delights*.  
(*Tro. Cr.* II. ii. 142).

A *surfeit* of the *sweetest* things,  
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings.  
(*M. N. D.* II. ii. 137).

For special significance of the epithet *sweet*, and its equivalents and its reflections in Bacon—see Chap. XII., Section 15, p. 243.

2. (Enter three poor men).

*Gaveston*.—But how now! What are these?

*Poor Men*.—Such as desire your worship's service.

*Gav*.—What can'st thou do?

*First P. M.*—I can ride.

*Gav*.—But I have no horse. What art thou?

*Second P. M.*—A traveller.

*Gav*.—Let me see: thou would'st do well  
To wait at my trencher, and tell me lies at  
dinner-time.

And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.  
(I. i. 24).

Mr. Tancock notes, "Compare *Lear* I. iv. 10-47," where it is curiously expanded; the identity is very striking. (T.) The *Lear* passage is clearly borrowed—but the original is improved. Cf. also,—

A good traveller is something at the latter end of a dinner.  
(*All's W.* II. v. 30).

Now your traveller,  
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess.  
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,  
Why then I suck my teeth and catechize  
My picked man of countries.  
(*John* I. i. 189).

3. I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.  
(I. i. 43).

Cozening hope ! He is a flatterer.

(*Rich. II. II. ii. 69*).

(See also 2 *Hen. IV. I. iii. 27-62*). Evidently there is a *cozening* quality in Gaveston's flattery. The flattery of hope is a frequent theme in Bacon's prose. (See "Medit. Sac." Op. VII. 247; "Apophthegms," No. 36; "Hist. Life and D." V. 279, 230; "Hist. Symp. and Antip." V. 203; Essay of "Truth;" of "Seditious," &c. Cf. Chap. VII.

4. I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,  
Musicians, that with touching of a string,  
May draw the pliant king which way I please ;  
. . . I'll have Italian mosques by night, &c.

(I. i. 52-73).

His ear . . . is stopped with other flattering sounds :  
. . . Lascivious metres, to whose venom sound,  
The open ear of youth doth always listen.  
Report of fashions in proud Italy.

(*Rich. II. II. i. 17-23. T.*)

Mr. Tancock calls attention to the fact that the characterization and dramatic situation are precisely the same in these two passages. Another case of borrowing.

5. Dance the antic hay.

(I. i. 61).

Let them dance the hay.

(*L. L. L. V. i. 161. T.*)

6. With hair that gilds the water as it glides.

(I. i. 63).

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hair.

(*Com. Err. III. ii. 48*).

Golden also is a very Shakespearean epithet. (See No. 29).

7. This sword of mine that should offend your foes,  
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need ;  
And underneath thy banner march who will,  
For Mortimer will hang his armour up.

*Gaveston—Morte dieu.*

(I. i. 86).

Steel ! if thou turn the edge . . . 'ere thou sleep in thy sheath, &c.  
(2 *Hen. VI.* IV. x 61).

Bacon often speaks of obsolete laws as *sleeping* ("Aphorisms of the Law," 58); so does Shakespeare. (See *M. M.* II. ii. 90; *Hen. V.* III. vi. 127). In the following passage a sleeping function and armour hanging by the wall are connected, as in *Edw. II.*, while the phraseology is varied:—

This new Governor  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties,  
Which have, like unscoured armour, hung by the wall . . .  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me.

(*Meas. Meas.* I. ii. 169).

Our bruised arms hung up for monuments.

(*Rich. III.* I. i. 6).

To have done is to hang  
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

(*Tro. Cr.* III. iii. 151).

The phrase *Morte dieu* occurs in 2 *Hen. VI.* I. i. 123.

8. This sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows.  
(I. i. 94).

Smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.

(3 *Hen. VI.* II. vi. 32).

Grim-visaged war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front.

(*Rich. III.* I. i. 9).

9. And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.  
(I. i. 95).

Stiff, unbowed knees . . . disdaining duty.

(2 *Hen. VI.* III. i. 16).

10. Let these their heads  
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.  
(I. i. 117).

Then yield thee, coward,

And live to be the show and gaze o' the time.

We'll have thee as our rarer monsters are,

Painted upon a pole, and under writ  
 "Here may you see the tyrant."  
 (*Macb.* V. viii. 23).

11. Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules.  
 (I. i. 144).

(See *Promus*, 785; Hylam inclamas. Cf. No. 33. For the Hylas legend, see Bacon's *Syl. Syl.*, 155).

12. *King Edw.*—Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

*Bishop.*—True, true. (I. i. 200).

*Boling.*—Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.

*King Rich.*—O, good!—Convey? Conveyors are you all.  
 (*Rich. II.* IV. i. 316).

Mr. Tancock uses this passage to explain the "True! true!" in *Edw. II.* Surely enigma and solution have the same origin.

13. How now! Why droops the Earl?  
 (I. ii. 9; also IV. vi. 60).

Why droops my Lord like over ripen'd corn?  
 (*2 Hen. VII.* I. ii. 1).

14. (a) Swollen with (b) venom of (c) ambitious (d) pride.  
 (I. ii. 31).

*a.d.* My high-blown pride, at length broke under me.  
 (*Hen. VIII.* III. ii. 361).

*a.d.* Swell in their pride.  
 (*Lucrece* 432).

(a, c) Cæsar's ambition which swelled so much.  
 (*Cymb.* III. i. 49).

(a, c) Blown ambition.  
 (*Lear* IV. iv. 27).

(a, c) I have seen th' ambitious ocean swell.  
 (*Jul. Cæs.* I. iii. 6).

(a, b) By the gods—  
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
 Though it do split you.  
 (*Jul. Cæs.* IV. iii. 46).

Here we see that swelling, to bursting, is supposed to be produced by the anger of which Brutus accuses Cassius.

(*a, b*) Swell bosom with thy fraaght, for 'tis of aspics' tongues.  
(*Oth.* III. iii. 453).

(See No. 46. See also Chap. XII. sec. 11, p. 238, for the Baconian scientific ideas which are reflected in these passages).

15. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?  
(I. iv. 15).

When the lion fawns upon the lamb.  
(3 *Hen.* VI. IV. viii. 49).

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey.  
(*Lucrece* 421).

(See also Chap. XII., sec. 3, p. 229).

16. Ignoble vassal! that like Phaethon,  
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun.  
(I. iv. 16).

Phaethon! . . Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car?  
(*T. G. F.* III. i. 153).

Bacon and Shakespeare often refer to the fable of Phaethon, and always in the same way. (See "Letter to Essex," II. 191; "Wisdom Anc.," Chap. XXVII., &c.)

17. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.  
(I. iv. 42).

Also,

Your pride hath made me mute.  
(I. i. 107).

Mad ire and wrathful fury makes me weep.  
(1 *Hen.* VI. IV. iii. 28).

Speak Winchester; for boiling choler chokes  
The hollow passage of my prison'd voice.  
(*Ib.* V. iv. 120).

O, why should wrath be mute, and fury dumb?  
(*Tit. A.* V. iii. 184).

18. Are you content to banish him the realm?  
(I. iv. 84).

Are you contented to resign the crown?  
(*Rich. II.* IV. i. 200 T.)

(See also *T. G. V.* IV. i. 61).

19. I'll enforce  
The Papal towers to kiss the lowly ground.  
(I. iv. 101),

Let heaven kiss earth.  
(*2 Hen. IV.* I. i. 153).

The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys.  
(*Cymb.* V. i. 206).

(See No. 24).

20. Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?  
(I. iv. 116).

O, at that name,  
I feel a hell of grief.  
(V. v. 87).

With such a hell of pain and world of charge.  
(*Tr. Cr.* IV. i. 57).

You've passed a hell of time.  
(*Son.* 120).

And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,  
Where more is felt than one hath power to tell.  
(*Lucrece* 1287).

21. Thou from this land, I from myself am banished.  
(I. iv. 118).

To die is to be banish'd from myself,  
And Sylvia is myself.  
(*T. G. V.* III. i. 170).

Banished am I, if but from thee.  
(*2 Hen. IV.* III. ii. 351).

22. That charming Circe, walking on the waves,  
Had changed my shape.  
(I. iv. 172).

I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup.  
(*Com. Err.* V. i. 270).

As if with Circe she would change my shape.  
(1 *Hen. VI.* V. iii. 35).

23. Ungentle Queen! I say no more.  
(I. iv. 147).

Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk!  
(2 *Hen. VI.* III. ii. 290).

24. 'Twill make him vail the top-flag of his pride.  
(I. iv. 276).

Vail'd is your pride.  
(III. iii. 38).

France must vail her lofty plumed crest.  
(1 *Hen. VI.* V. iii. 25).

Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,  
To kiss her burial.  
(*Mer. Ven.* I. i. 28).

Thus vail your stomachs (*i.e.* pride).  
(*Tam. Sh.* V. ii. 176; 2 *Hen. IV.* I. i. 129).

25. The people . . . lean to the king.  
(I. iv. 283).

Northumberland did lean to him.  
(1 *Hen. IV.* IV. iii. 67).

Afterwards, instead of *lean to*, we have *incline to*. (See, for instance, *Cor.* II. iii. 42; *Lear* III. iii. 14; Bacon's *Adv. L.* II. x. 8).

26. Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way.  
(I. iv. 299).

Bear thee on thy way.  
(I. iv. 140; V. ii. 155).

How far brought you high Hereford on his way?  
(*Rich. II.* I. iv. 2; I. iii. 304).

(See *Meas. M.* I. i. 62; *L. L. L.* V. ii. 883; *M. Ado* III. ii. 3).

He would not suffer me to bring him to the haven.  
(*Cymb.* I. i. 170).

Mr. Tancoek refers to *Rich. II.* I. iv. 2, and *Acts XXI.* 5.

The phrase seems to have been in very current use, in the sense of accompany, conduct. Other passages might be quoted.

27. **Hark ! how he harps upon his minion.**  
(I. iv. 310).

Harp not on that string.  
(*Rich. III.* IV. iv. 364).

(See also *Meas. M.*, *Cor.*, *Macb.*, *Ant. Cl.*, *Ham.*)

This string you cannot . . . harp upon too much.  
(Bacon's "Life" II. 42).

28. **My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,  
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammer.**  
(I. iv. 311).

And never did the Cyclops' hammer fall, &c.  
(*Ham.* II. ii. 511).

Between the hammer and the anvil.  
(*Promus* 741).

Though it be my fortune to be the anvil whereupon those good effects are beaten and wrought, I take no small comfort. Letter, Ap. 22, 1621; "Life" VII. 242.

29. **I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck.**  
(I. iv. 327).

Helen's golden tongue.  
(*Tr. Cr.* I. ii. 114).

Golden is a favourite epithet with Shakespeare. He has golden opinions; golden time; golden prime; golden sleep (frequently); golden service; golden lads and girls; a golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; golden words. See *Promus* 1207.

30. **And as gross vapours perish by the sun  
Even so let hatred with thy Sovereign's smile.**  
(I. iv. 340).

The very beams will dry those vapours up.  
(3 *Hen. VI.* V. iii. 12).



See also 1 *Hen. IV.*, I. ii. 221—227. *L. L. L. IV.* iii. 68—70.

31. These silver hairs will more adorn my court  
Than gaudy silks or rich embroideries.  
(*I. iv.* 345).

His silver hairs  
Will purchase us a good opinion.  
(*Ful. Cæs. II. i.* 144).

Silver hair also in 2 *Hen. VI.* and *T. A.* (*T.*)

32. Fly ! as fast as (*a*) Iris or (*b*) Jove's Mercury.  
(*I. iv.* 369).

*a.* Wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,  
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.  
(2 *Hen. VI. III. iii.* 406).

*b.* Be Mercury ; set feathers to thy heels,  
And fly like thought from them to me again.  
(*John IV. ii.* 174).

Fleet-winged duty with thought's feathers flies.  
(*Lucrece* 1216).

True hope is swift and flies with swallow's wings.  
(*Rich. III. V. ii.* 23).

Bacon writes to Mr. T. Phillips, September 15, 1592,—  
"Your Mercury is returned." ("Life" I. 118).

Mr. Fleay, wishing to show that this passage in *Edw. II.* is only paralleled in what he considers doubtful plays, says, in his glossary : "Iris, messenger of the gods : so in 2 *Hen. VI. III. iii.* 407, Iris is used for a messenger. In Shakespeare's undoubted plays, Iris always means the rainbow. See *Temp.* IV. i. 160; *All's W.* I. iii. 158; *Troilus* I. iii. 380."

This is strangely inaccurate. In the *Tempest*, Ceres addresses Iris thus,—

Hail ! many coloured messenger that ne'er  
Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter.

and Iris speaks in the same terms of herself,—

The Queen of the sky,  
Whose watery arch and messenger am I.

The passage in *Tr. Cr.* referred to by Mr. Fleay is,—

That will . . . make him fall  
His crest that prouder than blue Iris bends.

(I. iii. 380).

and here Iris does not mean either a messenger or the rainbow, but the purple flower.

In the *Tempest* the name Iris only occurs in the stage directions, not in the text. But it occurs thus: "Juno and Ceres whisper and send Iris on employment." And in the *All's W.* passage, Iris is called, "This distempered messenger of wet," showing that the poet, in his wonted way, saw double when looking at Iris—saw her as both rainbow and messenger. The Marlowe allusion is certainly reproduced in these passages, as Mr. Fleay, if he had been free from bias, would surely have observed and acknowledged, and not ambiguously denied.

33. The mightiest kings have had their minions.  
Great Alexander lov'd Hephæstion.  
The conquering Hercules for Hylas wept,  
And for Patroclus stern Achilles droop'd.  
And not kings only, but the wisest men.  
The Roman Tully loved Octavius,  
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.

(I. iv. 390).

This remarkably Baconian and Shakespearean passage invites much comment, for which I must refer to Chapter V. on "Companionship in Calamity."

The passage in Marlowe is accurately reflected in Bacon's Essay of "Friendship." He speaks of the habit of princes to "raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals of themselves. . . . And we see plainly that this hath been done not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned." Bacon does not give instances; he knew that he had already given them in Marlowe's *Edw. II.*

34. He wears a lord's revenue on his back.  
(I. iv. 406).

She bears a duke's revenues on her back  
(2 *Hen. VI.* I. iii. 83. D. F. V.)

Bearing their birth rights proudly on their backs.  
(*John II.* i. 70).

As a later development of the same, we have,—

The city woman bears  
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders.  
(*As You Like It II.* vii. 75).

O, many  
Have broke their backs with laying manors on 'em  
For this great journey.  
(*Hen. VIII.* I. i. 63).

There is a curious parallel to this in Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy," III. ii. 2, 3. "'Tis an ordinary thing to put a thousand oaks and a hundred oxen into a suit of apparel; to wear a whole manor on his back."

35. Midas-like, he jets it in the Court.  
(I. iv. 407).

Thou gaudy gold,  
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee.  
(*Mer. Ven.* III. ii. 101).

How he jets it under his advanced plumes.  
(*Tw. N.* II. v. 38. T.)

36. As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.  
(I. iv. 410).

I can . . . change shapes with Proteus.  
(3 *Hen. VI.* III. ii. 192).

37. And would have once preferr'd me to the King.  
(II. i. 14).

Because my book preferred me to the King.  
(2 *Hen. VI.* IV. vii. 77).

38. Cast the scholar off.  
(II. i. 31).

Cast thy humble slough.  
(*Tw. N. II. v. 181*).

Her vestal livery is but sick and green,  
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.  
(*Rom. Jul. II. ii. 9*).

All these passages reflect Bacon's Philosophy of Behaviour as a garment. (See Chap. VIII.)

39. Making low legs to a nobleman. (II. i. 38).

You make a leg, and Bolingbroke says, Ay.  
(*Rich. II. III. iii. 175. T.*)

He that cannot make a leg . . . were not for the Court.  
(*All's W. II. ii. 10*).

Let them court'sy with their left legs.  
(*Tam. Sh. IV. i. 95*).

Well, here is my leg.  
(*1 Hen. IV. II. iv. 427*).

I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums that are given for them (*i.e.* their obeisance). (*Timon I. ii. 238*).

40. A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,  
On whose top branches kingly eagles perch.  
(II. ii. 16).

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,  
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle.  
(*3 Hen. VI. V. ii. 11. D. F. T.*)

I was born so high  
Our airy buildeth in the cedar's top.  
(*Rich. III. I. iii. 263*).

Our princely eagle. (*Cymb. V. v. 473*).

(See *3 Hen. VI. II. i. 91*).

Kingly and princely are evidently variations of the same epithet: both are frequent in the early Histories. (See also *1 Tamburlaine I. ii. 52*).

41. The shepherd, nipt with biting winter's rage,  
Frolics not more to see the painted spring  
Than I do to behold your Majesty. (II. ii. 61).

Winter's rage is implied in,—

Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,  
And barren rage of death's eternal cold.  
(Sonnet 13).

Welcome hither as is the spring to the earth.  
(*W. Tale* V. i. 151).

And Lady-smocks, all silver white,  
Do paint the meadows with delight.  
(*L. L. L.* V. ii. 905).

*Painted* is a favourite epithet in Shakespeare. It is, as Mr. Tancock points out, an adaptation of Latin phraseology,—*picta prata*, &c., and is one of the many indications that "Shakespeare" had been accustomed to write and think in Latin. We find the epithet *painted* applied to flourish, rhetoric, pomp, devil, clay, queen, peace, imagery, gloss, hope, word, butterflies, &c.

42. Dear shall you both abide this riotous deed.  
(*II.* ii. 88).

Traitorous Montague, thou and thy brother  
Shall derelie abie this rebellious act.  
(*True Tragedy.* T.)

Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.  
(*M. N. D.* III. ii. 175).

43. If he will not ransom him,  
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,  
As never subject did unto his king.  
(*II.* ii. 125).

He said he would not ransom Mortimer—  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer.  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ears I'll holloa, "Mortimer."  
(*1 Hen. IV.* I. iii. 219).

And spur thee on with full as many lies  
As may be holloa'd in thy treacherous ear,  
From sun to sun.  
(*Rich. II.* IV. i. 53).

Comparison between the voice and thunder is frequent.  
FF

(See *John* III iv. 38; *Rich.* III. I. iv. 173; *L. L. L.* IV. ii. 119; Bacon's "Hen. VII.," &c.)

44. The wild O'Neil, with swarms of Irish kernes,  
Lives uncontrol'd within the English pale.  
(II. ii. 160).

The wild O'Neil, my lords, is up in arms,  
With troops of Irish kernes, that uncontrolled  
Doth plant themselves within the English pale.  
(*Contention* III. i. 282).

(Altered in 2 *Hen.* VI. III. i. 282. D. F. T. V.)

45. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas.  
(II. ii. 164).

Stern Falconbridge commands the narrow seas.  
(3 *Hen.* VI. I. i. 239. D. F. T. V.)  
A ship of rich lading wrecked on the narrow seas.  
(*Mer. Ven.* III. i. 3).

46. My swelling heart for very anger breaks.  
(II. ii. 196).

My heart for anger breaks; I cannot speak.  
(*True Trag.* I. i. 55).

(Slightly altered in 3 *Hen.* VI. I. i. 60. T.)

He has strangled his language in his tears.  
(*Hen.* VIII. V. i. 156).

The broken rancour of your high-swol'n hearts.  
(*Rich.* III. II. ii. 117).

47. My Lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.  
(II. ii. 225).

I must entreat him, I must speak him fair.  
(I. iv. 183).

(Also I. i. 42; II. iv. 27; V. i. 91).

My gracious Lord, entreat him, speak him fair.  
(2 *Hen.* VI. IV. i. 120. F.)

I'll write unto them and entreat them fair.  
(3 *Hen.* VI. I. i. 271).

You must speak Sir John Falstaff fair.

(2 *Hen. IV.* V. ii. 33).

Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?

(*M. N. D.* II. i. 199).

48. Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,  
And body with continual mourning wasted.

(II. iv. 23).

Let Benedick . . . consume away in sighs, waste inwardly.

(*M. Ado* III. i. 77).

Blood-consuming sighs, blood-drinking, and blood-sucking sighs, are well-known Shakespearian phrases. (See a similar passage, No. 90).

49. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you.

(II. iv. 56).

I cannot stay to speak.

(2 *Hen. IV.* II. iv. 86).

I cannot stay to hear these articles.

(3 *Hen. IV.* I. i. 180).

I will not stay thy questions; let me go.

(*M. N. D.* II. i. 235. F.).

50. Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands. . . .  
(II. v. i.).

I wonder how he 'scaped?

(II. iv. 21).

I wonder how the king escaped our hands?

(3 *Hen. IV.* II. i. l. F. V.)

51. When! Can you tell?

(II. v. 57).

A slang expression, equivalent to "Don't you wish you may get it?" It occurs in the 1616 edition of *Faustus*. Sc. ix., and is found also in *Com. Er.* III. i. 53, and 1 *Hen. IV.* II. i. 43. (See also *Tit. A.* I. i. 202).

52. Treacherous Earl! Shall I not see the king?  
The King of heaven, perhaps: no other king.

(III. i. 15).

A similar profane retort of ironical antithesis occurs in *Rich. III.* I. ii. 105.

O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous :—  
The fitter for the King of heaven that hath him.

53. As though your highness were a schoolboy still,  
And must be awed and govern'd like a child.  
(III. ii. 30).

I see no reason why a king of years  
Should be to be protected like a child.  
(2 *Hen. VI.* II. iii. 28. F.).

Why should he then protect our sovereign,  
He being of age to govern of himself?  
(*Ib.* I. i. 165).

54. **Heaven's great beams**  
**On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe.**  
(III. ii. 76).

Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight.  
(3 *Hen. VI.* V. i. 36).

Never did Atlas such a burden wear,  
As she in holding up the world oppressed.  
(*Bacon's Device.*)

Your lordship, being the Atlas of the Commonwealth.  
(Letter to Burghley.)

55. Ah, boy ! this towardness makes thy mother fear  
Thou art not mark'd to many days on earth.  
(III. ii. 79).

So wise so young, they say do never live long . . .  
Short summers lightly have a forward spring.  
(*Rich. III.* III. i. 79, 94).

56. And march to fire them from their starting holes.  
(III. ii. 127).

He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,  
And fire us hence like foxes.  
(*Lear* V. iii. 22. T.).

What starting-hole canst thou now find?  
(1 *Hen. IV.* II. iv. 290).



For starting-hole see also Bacon's *Syl. Syl.*, 998. "Starting-holes and Evasions" are referred to in Bacon's Report on Lopez. "Life" I. 283. Compare also,—

Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,  
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

(Son. 144).

These references to starting-holes, and firing out may refer to the law of Carseoli, which decreed death to captive foxes.

Cur igitur missæ vinctis ardentia tædes  
Terga ferant vulpes, causa docenda mihi est.

(*Ovid Fast* IV. 681, 705).

The same reference to the foxes of Carseoli is made in I Tamburlaine I. i. 31.

For this reference I am indebted to Mr. William Theobald.

57. I will have heads and lives for him, as many  
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers.

(III. ii. 132).

Plantagenet, of thee and of thy sons,  
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,  
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

(3 *Hen. VI.* I. i. 95).

58. My Lord, perceive you, how these rebels swell?

(III. ii. 181).

A phrase of quite Baconian complexion and Shakespearean condensation; *swell*, being used as the concrete presentation of all the various forms of passion or emotion, which cause it and are typified by it. (See also No. 14).

59. It is but temporal that thou canst inflict :  
The worst is death.

(III. iii. 57). See also 95.

The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold. . . .  
The worst is death, and death will have his day.

(*Rich. II.* III. ii. 94 103).

60. **Better die to live,  
Than live in infamy under such a king.**  
(III. iii. 58).

Here on my knee I beg mortality,  
Rather than life preserved with infamy.  
(1 *Hen. VI.* IV. v. 32).

61. **Can ragged stony walls  
Immure thy virtue that aspired to heaven?**  
(III. iii. 71).

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.  
(*Rom. Jul.* III. i. 122).

My ragged prison walls.  
(*Rich. II.* V. v. 21).

The ragged stones.  
(*Tit. A.* V. iii. 133).

This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.  
(2 *Hen. IV.* Induct. 35).

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking sands.  
And would not dash me with their ragged sides.  
(2 *Hen. VI.* III. ii. 97).

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface.  
(*Son.* 6).

Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name.  
(*Lucrece* 892).

62. **A brother? No, a butcher of thy friends.**  
(IV. i. 4).

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
(*Jul. Cæs.* II. i. 166).

63. **Stay time's advantage with your son.**  
(IV. ii. 18).

The advantage of the time prompts me aloud.  
(*Tro. Cr.* III. iii. 2).

Beyond him in the advantage of the time.  
(*Cymb.* IV. i. 12).

Make use of time ; let no advantage slip.

(*Ven. A.* 129).

Take all the swift advantage of the hours.

(*Rich. III.* IV. i. 49).

(See Chap. XII. 36, p. 261).

64. Would cast up caps and clap their hands for joy.

(IV. ii. 55).

The rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps.

(*Jul. Cæs.* I. ii. 246).

(See also *Cor.* IV. vi. 130-133). T.

65. To bid the English king a base.

(IV. ii. 66).

To bid the wind a base he now prepares.

(*Ven. A.* 393).

Indeed I bid the base for Proteus.

(*T. G. V.* I. ii. 97). T.

66. What now remains ?

(IV. iii. 17).

(Also in *Rich. II.* IV. i. 222 ; 3 *Hen.* VI. IV. iii. 60, vii. 7).

67. Galop apace, bright Phœbus, through the sky,  
And dusky night, in rusty iron car,  
Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,  
That I may see the most desired day.

(IV. iii. 44).

It is generally agreed that this passage (1598) suggested the celebrated passage in *Rom. Jul.* (1597) III. ii. 1-4. (D. T.)

68. What, was I born to fly and run away,  
And leave the Mortimer's conquerors behind ?  
Give me my horse !

(IV. v. 4).

Mr. White ("Our English Homer," p. 199), points to this passage as an anticipation of Richard III.'s outburst,—

A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse ! . . .  
Slave ! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die . . .

A horse ! a horse ! My kingdom for a horse.

(See *Rich. III.* V. iv. 7-13).

69. Let us . . . in this bed of honour die with fame.  
(IV. v. 7).

Triumphs over chance in honour's lofty bed.

(*Til. A.* I. i. 178).

They died in honour's lofty bed.

(*Ib.* III. i. 11).

70. Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.  
(IV. v. 3).

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu ;

He'll shape his old course in a country new.

(*Lear* I. i. 189).

71. Away ! we are pursued.  
(IV. v. 9).

Away ! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

(3 *Hen. VI.* II. v. 127).

72. Make trial now of that philosophy,  
That in the famous nurseries of arts,  
Thou sucked'st from Plato and from Aristotle.  
(IV. vi. 17).

Fair Padua, nursery of arts. . . .

To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.

(*Tam. Sh.* I. i. 2, 28).

Of your philosophy, you make no use

If you give place to accidental evils.

(*Jul. Cæs.* IV. iii. 145).

Even by the rule of that philosophy, &c.

(*Ib.* V. i. 101).

Nurse, and its cognate, Nursery, is a favourite figure with the poet and philosopher.

Rome, the nurse of judgment.

(*Hen. VIII.* II. ii. 94).

Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

(*Tim. G.* V. III. i. 243)

Military science is spoken of as,—“A nursery to our gentry.” (*All's W. I. ii. 16*).

Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.  
(*M. M. II. i. 288*).

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy.  
(*Tam. Sh. Ind. ii. 135*).

Peace . . . dear nurse of Arts.  
(*Hen. V. V. ii. 35*).

Bacon speaks of the Universities as “those *nurseries* and gardens of learning.” (“Life” V. 143). And “Those parts had formally been a *nursery* of their friends.” (“Hen. VII.” Works VI. 57).

73. Father, this life contemplative is heaven.  
(IV. vi. 20).

Our court shall be a little Academe  
Still and contemplate in living art.  
(*L. L. L. I. i. 13*).

74. With awkward winds and sore tempests driven.  
(IV. vi. 34).

Twice by awkward winds . . . drove back.  
(2 *Hen. VI. III. ii. 83*).

We see the wind set sore upon our sails.  
(*Rich. II. II. i. 265*).

This sore night (*i.e.*, stormy).  
(*Macb. II. iv. 3*).

75. We shall see them shorter by the heads.  
(IV. vi. 93).

The time hath been,  
Would you have been so brief with him, he would  
Have been as brief with you, to shorten you,  
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.  
(*Rich. II. III. iii. 10*). T.

76. Hence, feigned weeds ! unfeigned are my woes !  
(*Throwing off his disguise*).  
(IV. vi. 96).



80. But when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,  
 He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw.  
 And, highly scorning that the lowly earth  
 Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air.  
(V. i. 11).

Aspiring Lancaster.

(I. i. 92).

What, will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
 Sink to the ground? I thought it would have mounted.  
(3 Hen. VI. V. vi. 61—D.F.V.)

The lion, dying, thrusteth forth his paw  
 And wounds the earth, if nothing else, with rage  
 To be o'erpower'd.

(Rich. II. V. i. 29).

The same idea, seen also in No. 61, namely, mounting to the clouds and scorning the lower levels left behind, is seen in another guise, in the following passage:—

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upwards turns his face;  
 But when he once attains the upmost round  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
 By which he did ascend.

(Jul. Cæs. II. i. 22).

81. Whose dauntless mind.  
(V. i. 15).

Thy dauntless mind.

(3 Hen. VI. III. iii. 17).

82. Thus hath pent and mew'd me in a prison.  
(V. i. 8).

*Pent* occurs in *Coriolanus* and *Cymbeline*. Excepting these, *pent* and *mew'd* are words which are only found, in this sense, in the early historical plays—*i.e.*, *Tam. Sh.*, *Rom. Jul.*, *L. L. Lost*, *M. N. D.*: *Ex gr.*:—"In shady cloister mew'd:" "being pent from liberty."

It occurs with the same sense of imprisonment in the Sonnets.

A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass.  
(Sonnet 5).

I, being pent in thee,  
Perforce am thine and all that is in me.  
(Sonnet 133).

Bacon writing to Buckingham, June 4th, 1621, immediately after being released from his three or four days' imprisonment in the Tower, says, "My adversity hath neither spent nor pent my spirits" ("Life" VII. 281). Here, as elsewhere, the word refers to prison restraint. The Shakespearean use is seen in the following passages:

Away with her, and pen her up.  
(*Cymb.* I. i. 152).

Let me not be pent up, sir.  
(*L. L. L.* I. ii. 160).

83. (a) I am lodged within this cave of care,  
(b) Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,  
(c) To company my heart with sad laments.  
(V. i. 32).

(a) Where care lodges.  
(*Rom. & Jul.* II. iii. 36).

See *Promus Note* 1203: "Lodged next" (one of a group of *Romco and Juliet* notes).

(b) Conscience is . . . even now at my elbow.  
(*Rich. III.* I. iv. 150).

The fiend is at mine elbow.  
(*Mer. Ven.* II. ii. 2).

For company, as a verb, we have,

(c) I am, sir,  
The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeching.  
(*Cymb.* V. v. 407).

84. My heart . . . bleeds within me for this sad  
exchange.  
(V. i. 35).



The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape, &c.  
(2 *Hen IV.* IV. iv. 58).

My heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick.  
(*Ib.* II. ii. 51).

I bleed inwardly for my lord.  
(*Timon* I. ii. 211).

Bleeding inwards and shut vapours strangle soonest and oppress most.  
(Bacon's "Hen. VII.," Op. VI. 153).

For Bacon's and Shakespeare's references to inward bleeding, see Chap. XII., Sect. 12., p. 240.

85. For he's a lamb, encompassed by wolves.  
(V. i. 41).

Such safety finds  
The trembling lamb environed by wolves.  
(3 *Hen VI.* I. i. 242 (V)).

86. But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,  
Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire.  
(V. i. 45).

I would to God that the inclusive verge  
Of golden metal that must round my brow  
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain.  
(*Rich. III* IV. i. 59).

Thy crown does sear mine eyeballs.  
(*Macb.* IV. i. 113).

For *quenchless*, see 3 *Hen. VI.* I. iv. 28; *Lucrece*, 1554.

87. Come death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,  
Or if I live, let me forget myself.  
(V. i. 110).

Compare this with the many instances in Shakespeare in which voluntary forgetting is spoken of as possible. See the fuller discussion in Chap. XI., Sect. 4., p. 216.

88. Inhuman creature, nursed with tiger's milk!  
(V. i. 71).

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger's  
(*Cor.* V. iv. 20).

89. Call me not lord; away out of my sight.  
(V. i. 113).

So in the similar scene in *Rich. II.* Northumberland addresses the King as My lord, and the King replies:—

No lord of thine, thou haught, insulting man.  
(*Rich. II.* IV. i. 254).

See 75. Brandis says that the abdication scene in *Rich. II.* “is a downright imitation of the abdication scene in Marlowe.”

90. Bear this to the Queen,  
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs:  
[Gives a handkerchief]

If with the sight thereof she be not mov'd,  
Return it back and dip it in my blood. (V. i. 117).

She with her tears  
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks,  
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs  
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks.  
(*Ven. A.* 49).

Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.  
(*Ib.* 966).

Sorrow's wind and rain.  
(*A Lover's Lament*).

“Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.  
(*Two Gent. Ver.* II. iii. 57).

Shakespeare was much given to find in tears and sighs the constituents of a tempest.

Gerald Massey (*Sonnets*, pp. 465—468) comments on the following lines from “England's Helicon,” which he claims for Shakespeare:—

With windy sighs disperse them in the skies,  
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain.

The same use of a blood-stained napkin is in 3 *Hen. VI.* II. i. 60, and in Mark Antony's speech:—

Dip their napkins in his sacred blood.

(*Jul. Cæs.* III. ii. 138.)

91. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

(*V. i.* 124).

Here humbly of your grace we take our leave.

(*IV. vi.* 77).

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

(3 *Hen. VI. I. ii.* 61. F.)

And so, I take my leave.

(3 *Hen. VI. IV. viii.* 28).

And so, most joyfully, we take our leave.

(*Rich. III. III. vii.* 244).

I humbly take my leave.

(*Cymb. I. v.* 45).

As a ceremonious expression this is found at the end of many of Bacon's letters,—to Lady Burghley, Lord Burghley, Pickering, Rutland, and to his own mother. (See "Life" Vol. I., 12, 13, 60, 117, 293, *bis*; II. 18).

92. To wretched men, death is felicity.

(*V. i.* 127).

The word *felicity* occurs only twice in Shakespeare, and, in one of these cases, it is applied to death, as a release from trouble:—

Absent thee from *felicity* awhile,

And in this harsh world, draw thy breath in pain.

(*Ham. V. ii.* 358).

93. Well may I rent his name that rends my heart.

(*Tears the paper*).

(*V. i.* 140).

"This passion, shewn in the unavailing tearing of the writ, may be compared with passion of *Rich. II.*, as he dashes the looking-glass to pieces. (*Cf. Rich. II. IV. i.* 228.") T.

94. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

(*V. i.* 148).

And so betide to me  
As well I tender you and all of yours.  
(*Rich. III.* II. iv. 71).

95. Of this I am assured,  
That death ends all, and I can die but once.  
(*V.* i. 153).

The valiant never taste of death but once . . .  
Death, a necessary evil,  
Will come when it will come.  
(*Jul. Cæs.* II. ii. 33-37).

(See also No. 59). T.

96. For now we hold an old wolf by the ears.  
(*V.* ii. 7).

More safety there is in a tiger's jaws,  
Than his embracements.  
(*V.* i. 116).

(See *Promus* note 829—"To hold a wolf by the ears.")

In Shakespeare, as in Marlowe, this note suggests variations on the original metaphor: the exact counterpart of Bacon's memorandum is only in Marlowe.

France, thou may'st hold a serpent by the tongue,  
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,  
A fasting lion safer by the tooth,  
Than keep in peace that hand which thou dost hold.  
(*Fohn* III. i. 258).

97. No more but so.  
(*V.* ii. 33).

No more but so?  
(*Ham.* I. iii. 10).

98. The nightly bird (*i.e.* the owl)  
Whose sight is loathesome to all winged fowls.  
(*V.* iii. 6).

Here nothing breeds  
Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.  
(*Tit. A.* II. iii. 96).

The owl is often referred to by Shakespeare as the bird of night.

99. Art thou so resolute as thou wast?  
 What else, my lord? and far more resolute.  
 (V. iv. 22).

(Also IV. vi. 117; V. v. 25 and 32).

For the significance of this phrase see Chapter XI., p. 221.

100. I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers . . .  
 Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill  
 And blow a little powder in his ears.  
 (V. iv. 31).

This method of poisoning reminds one of the murder of Hamlet's father. Bacon habitually associates poisoning with Italy. Thus, in his charge against Wentworth: "It is an offence that I may truly say of it, *non est nostri generis, nec sanguinis*. It is, thanks be to God, rare in this island of Brittany . . . You may find it in Rome and Italy. There is a religion for it." ("Life" V. ii. 215). In *Cymbeline* we find "drug-damned Italy," and "false Italian (as poison-tongued)."

101. Fear'd am I more than lov'd; let me be fear'd.  
 (V. iv. 51).

Would'st thou be lov'd and fear'd?  
 (I. i. 168).

She shall be lov'd and fear'd.  
 (*Hen. VIII.* V. v. 31).

That noble honour'd lord is fear'd and lov'd.  
 (*W. T.* V. i. 158).

Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,  
 Than is your Majesty.  
 (*Hen. V.* II. ii. 25).

This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;  
 But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love.  
 (*Lucrece* 610).

And it appears he is beloved of those  
 That only have fear'd Cæsar.  
 (*Ant. Cl.* I. iv. 36).

Bacon, in his early letter of advice to the Queen (1584),  
 GG

speaks of "A prince that is not beloved nor feared of his people." ("Life" I. 53).

102. Whose looks are as a breeching to a boy.  
(V. iv. 54).

I am no breeching scholar in the schools.  
(*Tam. Sh.* III. i. 18).

None do you like but an effeminate prince  
Whom, like a school-boy, you may overawe.  
(1 *Hen.* VI. I. i. 35).

103. The Queen and Mortimer  
Shall rule the realm, the King; and none rules us.  
(V. iv. 64).

Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the king;  
But I will rule both her, the king and realm.  
(1 *Hen.* VI. V. v. 107). F.V.

Compare the last speech in the *Massacre of Paris*,

For I'll rule France, but they shall wear the crown.

104. Who's there? What light is that? Wherefore comest thou?  
(V. v. 41).

But wherefore dost thou come? Is't for my life.  
(3 *Hen.* VI. V. vi. 29). V.

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?  
(*Rich.* III. I. iv. 176).

The murder scenes in 3 *Hen.* VI. and *Rich.* III. have precisely similar expressions to those in *Edw.* II.

105. Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,  
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,  
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cleremont.  
(V. v. 65).

I tell thee, Pole, when thou did'st run at tilt,  
And stol'st away our ladies' hearts in France,  
I thought king Henry had been like to thee.  
(*Contention* I. iii.)

Almost reproduced in 2 *Hen.* VI. I. iii. 53. (D. F. T. V.)

106. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death,  
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.

(V. v. 70).

Yea this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

(2 *Hen. IV.* I. i. 60).

107. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?  
Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone.

(V. vi. 1).

This takes suggestion from two *Promus* notes, "Things done cannot be undone (*Factum infectum fieri non potest*)," No. 951; and "*Odere reges dicta quæ dici jubent*," No. 367. The dramatic situation in the text, repentance after execution, is curiously frequent in Shakespeare, see instances in *John IV.* ii. 203—242; *Rich. II.* V. vi. 30—52; *Rich. III.* I. iv. 270, 283—285; *Meas. for Meas.* II. ii. 10; *Macb.* III. ii. 12; *Pericles IV.* iii. 1—21. For example:—

He that set you on  
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

(*Rich. III.* I. iv. 261).

108. As for myself I stand as Jove's huge tree,  
And others are but shrubs compar'd to me.

(V. vi. 10).

Whose top-branch over-peer'd Jove's spreading tree,  
And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful wind.

(3 *Hen. VI.* V. ii. 14).

The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's foot,  
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

(*Lucrece* 664).

Jove's tree is also referred to in *As You Like It* III. ii. 249. (T.)

109. Base fortune; now I see that in thy wheel  
There is a point, to which when men aspire  
They tumble headlong down.

(V. vi. 57).

For similar reference to the Wheel of Fortune see *Hen. V.* III. vi. 27—40; *Ham.* III. iii. 17—23. For the sentiment, apart from the metaphor, see Essay of "Great Place," first paragraph; and its striking parallels in *John* III. iv. 137—8; *Rich.* III. I. iii. 259; *Troilus* III. iii. 75—87; *Cymb.* III. iii. 45—55. In the *Cymbeline* passage, written in later life, Bacon seems to draw upon his own experience; but during the whole of his life the sentiment was often suggested.

And turn the giddy round of Fortune's wheel.  
(*Lucrece* 952).

For Bacon's references to the Wheel of Fortune see Essays of "Sedition," of "Custom and Education," of "Fortune," the Squire's Speech in Bacon's "Device," and a late letter to King James. Also in *As You Like It*, *Ant. Cl.*, and 3 *Hen. VI.*

110. Mortimer (a) scorns the world, and (b), as a traveller,  
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.  
(V. vi. 62).

(a) That a gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds  
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.  
(*Rom. Jul.* III. i. 122).

(b) The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn  
No traveller returns. (Ham. III. i. 79).

See also No. 61.

111. And jointly both yield up their wished right.  
(V. i. 63).  
And needs must I resign my wished crown.  
(*Ib.* 70).

This peculiar use of the word wished, as equivalent to valued, something that is clung to, is not infrequent in the earlier Shakespearean plays. It occurs also in one of the later plays—viz., *Winter's Tale*. *Ex. gr.* :—

The wished haven of my bliss.  
(*Tam. Sh.* V. i. 131).



The benefit of the wished light.

(*Com. Er.* I. i. 91).

Bring this matter to the wished end.

(1 *Hen.* VI. III. iii. 28).

Losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

(2 *Hen.* VI. III. ii. 113).

This use of the word *wished*, in which a participle becomes an adjective, is obviously a reflection of a similar evolution in the Latin word *optatus*. *Ex. gr.*—

Optatâ potiuntur Troes arenâ.

(*Virg. Æ.* I. 172).

112.                                    Too long have I lived  
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.

(*V.* vi. 81).

Which in a moment will abridge his life.

(*Ib.* i. 42).

Thy staying will abridge thy life.

(*Two. Gent. Ver.* III. i. 245).

Death rock me asleep ; abridge my doleful days.

(2 *Hen.* IV. II. iv. 211).

113.                                    These tears, distilling from mine eyes.

(*V.* vi. 99).

O Earth, I will befriend thee with more rain

That shall distil from these two ancient urns [*i.e.* his eyes].

(*T. A.* III. i. 16).

Tears distilled by moans.

(*Rom. Jul.* V. iii. 15).

This is undoubtedly a large collection of parallels between Shakespeare and Marlowe. If such a collection could be made by comparing all the Marlowe plays and poems, the question of identical authorship would present itself; much more so when only one play, and that not a very long one, is brought into comparison. I admit that all these correspondences are not of equal value,—some are so striking as to make the evidence of some kind of

approximation between the two quite irresistible: others are less conclusive. Also it may be allowed that many of these phrases or fancies which are common to Shakespeare and Marlowe may be found in other writers. But even these are not without their significance. No two writers help themselves in precisely the same way to the current phrases and notions that may be floating in the air at the time. Some individuality is shewn even in these points of correspondence; and taking the whole collection, the weak and the strong tied up into one parcel, I will venture to affirm that no two authors hunt in couples with such strange and "semblable coherence," as do Shakespeare and Marlowe.

In estimating the significance of the large collection of parallels, which I have here produced, it is to be noticed, that in many cases the resemblance between Marlowe and Shakespeare consists in the fact that Marlowe gives us the earliest presentation of ideas, and forms of poetic expression, which are repeated very frequently in Shakespeare, and have come to be regarded as characteristic forms of his art. In no less than 31 of these cases, the parallel is not between two isolated passages, but between the one in Marlowe and a more or less extensive collection in Shakespeare. The cases I refer to are, Nos. 1, 7, 14, 15, 16, 17, 20, 24, 29, 32, 33, 34, 39, 43, 46, 47, 48, 58, 61, 63, 72, 80, 84, 86, 87, 90, 99, 104, 108, 109, 110. In all these cases where Marlowe resembles Shakespeare, he resembles that in him which is most Shakespearean.

If the probability of identical authorship is very great when the evidence is tabulated in over a hundred instances, it is very much augmented, when so many of these instances are a group themselves, and a group of passages which has been made into English verbal currency by their use in Shakespeare.

Besides these parallel passages, there are numerous cases in which the peculiar use of single words or short terms of expression brings to mind analogous use of

language in Shakespeare. The only critic who has given any special attention to these single words and small phrases is Mr. Tancock, in the Clarendon Edition. What little use Mr. Fleay makes of them, I have already indicated. I would gladly give all these words and phrases, with detailed references to the passages, and to the corresponding words in Shakespeare; but I will content myself with a simple enumeration, followed by a few supplementary comments. The words or phrases are:—

*Adamant; Argues; Avouch; Bandy; It boots not; Brainsick; Braved; Breeching; Brown-bills; Buckler; Canker; Caucasus; Centre; Civil; Cockerel; Colour; Comfort; Controlment; Crownet; Cullions; Curstly; Dash; Drift; Decline; Elysium; Empale; Empery; Entertain; Exequics; Exigents; Extremes; Foreslow; Garish; Gather head; This gear; Gentle heavens; Gored; Greekish; Hatch; Haught; Have at; Hearten; A hell of grief; High disgrace; Incense; Infortunate; Jack; Jesses; Jets it; Larded with; Leander; Level at; Long of; Love-sick; Magnanimity; Merely; Mickle; Minion; Mort dieu; Mounting; O'erwatched; Pass not; Pay them home; Peevish; Plain; Prate; Preachment; Purge the realm; Quittance; Reduce; Repeal; What resteth; Runagates; Sophister; Sort of; Sort out; Speed; Stir; Stomach; Store of; Strange; Tender; Timeless; Totter'd; Toys; Tully; Vail; Yearns.*

All these words are common to *Edward II.* and Shakespeare. Bacon uses many of these words. I may refer to the following passages as specimens:—

*Bandy.* See *Promus*, note 1,421, and reference.

*Brainsick.* “A mutinous brain-sick soldier.” “Life” I. 378.

*Colour*, i.e., plausible show of reason: a sense which has acquired currency from Bacon’s “*Colours of Good and Evil.*”

*Foreslow.* “No coldness in *foreslowing*, but wisdom in

choosing his time." "Hen. VII." Op. vi. 179. See 3 *Hen. VI.* II. iii. 56.

*Foreslow.* "I forget not nor *foreslow* not your Majesty's commandment." Report on Owen, 1614. "Life" V. 101.

*Hatched.* "In her chamber the conspiracy had been *hatched.*" *Ib.* p. 46.

*Inf fortunate.* *Essays* 4 and 40.

*Long of.* "If the king did no greater matters, it was *long* of himself." "Hen. VII." Op. vi. 244

*Pay home* resembles Bacon's "He could *dissemble home.*" It is Shakespeare's own phrase "I will pay thy graces home both in word and deed." *Temp.* V. i. 70. Meiklejohn, commenting on *Macb.* I. iii. 120, says "This is a peculiarly Shakespearian use of the word home. We have still to strike home; but Shakespeare gives us the phrase, To push home; to charge home; to draw home, (of a bow); a game played home, *i.e.*, in good earnest; all my services you have paid home,—and several more.

*Runagate.* "Perkin would prove but a *runagate.*" *Hen. VII.* p. 172.

*Sophister.* "Orators and *Sophisters.*" "Adv. of L," II. xiv. 6.

I will add the following notes on some other peculiarities in the phraseology of *Edward II.*

1. We find a number of *over* words—*over-base*, *over-bear*, *over-daring*, *over-peered*, *over-ruled*, *over-stretched*, *over-stronged*, *over-watched*, *over-woo*. Shakespeare is very fond of these "over" adjectives and verbs, and the use of them is very characteristic. There are about 129 different compounds of this type, made by *over* or *o'er*. Five out of the nine used in *Edward II.* are also in Shakespeare, *viz*: *over-bear*, *-daring*, *-peered*, *-ruled*, *-watched*.

2. Marlowe's use of the word *strange* is remarkable, *If he be strange, and not regard my words*. *Strange* here means distant, unfriendly, what we should call *stand-offish*. So 2 *Hen. VI.* III. i. 5. *Troilus* III. iii. 51, "a form of strangeness." There is another use of the word, as in *Is it*

*not strange*, I. ii. 55, in which the word has no unusual sense, but the phrase is so frequent, both in Bacon and Shakespeare, as to be noteworthy as a perpetual trick of speech. In the *Promus* we find this anticipated by the note *I find that strange*, No. 302, and this occurs, with slight variations, in many well-known passages in *Ham.*, *Jul. C.*, *Troilus*, *Temp.*, &c. It is found in *Essays* 10, 18, 22, 27, 44, 56; also in "Adv.," and elsewhere. It is an expression which would pass unnoticed but for the singular frequency of its recurrence, and its insertion in the *Promus*.

*Strange* is certainly used strangely by Shakespeare. The following passages are unintelligible unless strange means *like a stranger*, which is the meaning in Marlowe.

Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass,  
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye.

(Sonnet 49).

I will acquaintance strangle and look strange.

(Sonnet 89).

She puts on outward strangeness, seem unkind.

(*Ven. Ad.* 310).

Bacon uses the word in precisely the same way. For example—"The Duchess made it new and strange to see him" *Hen. VII.*, Works VI. 138, and see also p. 241.

3. The word *suck* (see parallel 72) belongs to a class of words which are promoted, so to speak, from the ranks, and ennobled for poetic service. In Shakespeare, such words are boil, bulk, crack, fust, jump, prate, shop, spit, suck, top, tub, wink, &c. Bacon has the same habit: he also uses jump, suck, shop, top. A crowd of specimens may be picked out by looking over the terminology of his tables of instances, in the second book of *Nov. Org.*, where poetry and science are curiously blended. *Suck* is a very characteristic specimen. Shakespeare has suck melancholy, suck the sweets of philosophy, suck wisdom, suck the honey of music vows, suck the sense of fear. Bacon has suck suspicion, suck experience, &c. *Ex. gr.*: "If a man be

thought secret it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the more open." See Essays of "Dissimulation," of "Travel," "Hen. VI."

4. Marlowe has *thrice welcome, treble-blest*. Shakespeare is very partial to this method of augmenting the import of his words. He has *thrice* fair, crowned, famed, gentle, noble; *thrice double* ass; *twice treble* shame; *double and treble* admonition. Bacon had the same habit, *ex. gr.*, Thrice loving friend, "Life," VII., 280. The *Promus* has a Note, 197a, *Bis ac ter pulchra*, shewing that this trick of speech was consciously adopted.

Besides these resemblance in thought and language, there are other points of similarity in style, or tricks of speech which deserve notice.

1. The frequent use of echoing retort or repartee.  
*Ex. gr. :*

*For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.*  
*Repartee. Let him complain unto the see of hell.*  
(I. i. 190).

*Is this the duty that you owe your king?*  
*Repartee. We know our duties; let him know his peets.*  
(I. iv. 22).

*You that be noble-born should pity him.*  
*Repartee. You that are princely-born should cast him off.*  
(*Ib.* 80).

See also I. iv. 20; 160; II. ii. 86; 92; V. iv. 89. Repartees formed on this model are frequent in Shakespeare:—*Ex. gr. :*

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.  
*Rep. :* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
(*Ful. Cas.* V. iii. 65).

Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should.  
*Rep. :* Take not, good cousin, farther than you should.  
Lest you mistake.  
(*Rich. II.* III. iii. 15).

There is a large collection of these in *Rich. II.* II. ii. Typical specimens are given rather plentifully in

the *Promus*, shewing that Bacon had made a careful study of this rhetorical and dramatic artifice, which, however, is not found in his acknowledged works. *Ex. gr.*:—

A merry world when such fellows must correct.

*Rep.*—A merry world when the simplest must correct.

(No. 1384).

It is not the first untruth I have heard reported.

*Rep.*—It is not the first truth I have heard denied.

(No. 1401).

See also *Promus* Nos. 194, 199, 200, 201, 204-9, &c.

2. Frequent recurrence of the vivid, rhetorical use of *this, these*: the speaker referring to something of his own, generally his bodily organs of expression, action, or emotion. *Ex. gr.*:—

Witness this heart that sighing for thee breaks.

(I. iv. 165).

These tears that drizzle from mine eyes.

(II. iv. 18).

Also *these hands; these eyes; this breast; these eyelids; this life*, &c.; and some of these occur several times.

The same habit is observable in Shakespeare. *Ex. gr.*:—

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings; . . .

These cheeks are pale for watching for your good; . . .

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding,

This breast from harbouring foul, deceitful thoughts.

(2 *Hen. VI.* IV. vii. 82, 90, 110).

3. The habit of beginning a scene by an abrupt question. Thus,—*O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?* (II. iv.). Similarly in II. i.; III. ii.; V. vi. Five instances in this play.

So in Shakespeare we have:—

Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son?

(*Rich. II.* V. iii. 1.

Wilt thou be gone? It is not yet near day.

(*Rom. Jul.* III. v. 1).

This habit is chiefly characteristic of the early plays, *Rich. II.* and *III.*, 1 and 2 and 3 *Hen VI.*, but it is also somewhat frequent in other plays.

4. Either a new scene, or an entering speaker in a new section—and as the early quartos are not always divided into acts and scenes, these new sections might be intended for new scenes—begins with some expression of wonder.

*I wonder how he 'scaped.*  
(II. iv. 21).

*The wind is good. I wonder why he stays.*  
(II. ii. 1).

*Gurney, I wonder the king dies not.*  
(V. v. 1).

The first of these is almost identical with 3 *Hen VI.* I. i.; II. i. It is slightly varied in—

I muse my lord of Gloucester is not come.  
(2 *Hen. VI.* III. i. 1).

Also

I wonder if Titania be awaked.  
*M. N. D.* III. ii. 1.

Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband  
Not met us on our way.  
(*Lear* IV. ii. 1).

5. There is another curious trick of beginning a scene (or a section of a scene) by a reference to the winds.

*The wind is good; I wonder why he stays.*  
(II. ii.)

*Fair blows the wind for France; blow, gentle gale.*  
(IV. i.)

*Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,  
Welcome to England all with prosperous winds.*  
(IV. iv.)

In Shakespeare we meet with similar cases:—

My necessaries are embarked: farewell.



And, sister, as the winds give benefit, &c.

(*Ham.* I. iii. 1).

Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.

(*Hen.* V. II. ii. 12).

The wind sits fair for news to go to Ireland.

(*Rich.* II. II. ii. 123).

6. The dramatic situation in *Edward II.* in many cases anticipates similar scenes in Shakespeare. Many of these have been already noticed in the parallel passages. See Nos. 2, 4, 12, 33, 43, 67, 68, 76, 78, 89, 90, 93, 100, 104, 105, 106. The following may be added. It will be seen that there are at least 20 passages in *Edward II.* anticipating dramatic situations to be found in Shakespeare.

(a) "The whole story of the elder Mortimer being taken prisoner and the king's refusal to ransom him, is very like the story of Sir Edmund Mortimer in Wales, in the reign of Henry IV., who refused to ransom him, or allow of his ransom" (*Tancock*). Not only is the situation the same, but the indignation of Young Mortimer in *Edward II.*, and of Hotspur in 1 *Hen. IV.* is expressed in almost identical and those very whimsical terms. See parallels 40, 43.

(b) The Queen, in *Edward II.* I. iv. 160, complains that Gaveston has "robbed her of her lord;" so Bolingbroke in *Rich. II.* complains of Bushey and Green that they had made a divorce between the Queen and King (*Rich. II.* III. i. 11. (T.)).

Doubly divorced! Bad men, ye violate  
A twofold marriage; 'twixt my crown and me,  
And then betwixt me and my married wife.

(*Rich. II.* V. i. 71).

This is a second instance in the same play of the use of this figure of speech.

(c) The reproaches for misrule uttered in a sort of antiphonal style by Lancaster and the younger Mortimer (II. ii. 153—195) are much like the reproaches uttered in succession, in the same antiphonal style, by Suffolk, Beau-

fort, &c., against Duke Humphrey in *2 Hen VI.* I. iii. 127—140. A similar string of accusations is similarly recited in *Rich. II.* II. i. 241—261.

(d) In *IV.* v. 40, Kent speaks of the fallen king as “Edward,” and is rebuked by the young prince for omitting the royal title.

So in *Rich. II.* III. iii. 10, York administers a similar rebuke to Northumberland for calling the fallen monarch simply “Richard.” See 75, 89.

(e) The resemblances between *Edward II.* V. v. 41, and the murder scenes in *3 Hen. VI.* and *Rich. III.*, and the similar exclamations of apprehension, are referred to in No. 104. Mr. Tancock refers to other points of comparison which I need not specify.

(f) In *V.* iv. and elsewhere the younger Mortimer has many of the characteristics of *Rich. III.* The most curious is that in both cases a hypocritical profession of reluctance to take the protectorate, or the crown, is pictured in precisely similar outlines—a sort of *Nolo episcopari*. Thus—

They thrust upon me the protectorship,  
And sue to me for that that I desire.  
While, at the Council-table, grave enough,  
And not unlike a bashful puritan;  
First I complain of imbecility,  
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum* ;  
Till, being interrupted by my friends,  
*Suscepi* that *provinciam*, as they term it;  
And, to conclude, I am protector now.

(*V.* iv. 55—63).

This recalls most forcibly the scene in which Richard is found between two bishops, when the Mayor and citizens seek to overcome his affected resistance to accept the dignity which they “thrust upon” him. The lines quoted evidently give the first sketch, or crude outline, of the scene so elaborately worked out in *Rich. III.* III. vii. 95, etc. The “bashful puritan” becomes the protector at his devotions. The “imbecility” reappears as fear lest the citizens have

come to "reprehend his ignorance," and in unctuous professions of poverty of spirit, and of defects which he wishes to hide. The friend who interrupts is Buckingham, the spokesman of the citizens, and at the same time Richard's accomplice in the solemn mockery. The *onus quam gravissimum* becomes "the golden yoke of sovereignty." The repeated entreaties, reinforced by threats, break down resistance, till "*Suscepi* that *provinciam*" finds expression in:—

I am not made of stone,  
But penetrable to your kind entreats,  
Albeit against my conscience and my soul:

and at last he coyly consents to be crowned.

It is to be noted that neither of these incidents—that in *Edward II.* or *Rich. III.*—is historical.

This rehearsal on a reduced scale of a scene which is subsequently expanded in another play, is not infrequent in Shakespeare. A similar Marlowe anticipation of *Lear* is given in No. 2. Another very striking case is in the plays of *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Merchant of Venice*. In the former play, Lucetta (Julia's maid) asks her mistress to repeat the names of her would-be lovers, while she, Lucetta, adds her comments on each name as it is given. Exactly the same rehearsal, with interposition of comment, occurs between Portia and her maid Nerissa in the latter play: except that the lady supplies the comment, not the maid.

In the 3rd Parnassus, a scene of rehearsal with answering comment is given with reference to the most popular poets, Shakespeare included. "Read the names," is the challenge, and the reply is, "So I will, if thou wilt help me to censure them."

For another Shakespearean rehearsal, it may be noted that the Jew of Malta is generally admitted to be the prophetic adumbration of Shylock.

As to the passage from Marlowe, commented upon in this note (*f*), it may be also noted that Mr. T. W. White

refers to Marlowe's habit of "making his villains confess themselves such," as "a characteristic common to him and Shakespeare." ("Our English Homer," 196). Barrachio, in *Much Ado*, speaks of himself as a villain, and his slander of Hero as a villainy; and Proteus, in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is equally frank in his self-depreciation.

(h) In the following passage from *Edward II.* the policy recommended to Baldock by young Spencer is very much the same as that described in a parable by the fool in *Lear*.

*Baldock*.—Which of the nobles doest thou mean to serve?

*Y. Spencer*.—Not Mortimer, nor any of his side.

Baldock, learn this of me : a factious lord  
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us.  
But he that hath the favour of the King,  
May with one word advance us while we live.  
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man  
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.

(*Edw. II. II. i. 3—11*)

The same almost cynical worldly wisdom is preached by the fool :—

Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after.

(*Lear II. iv. 72*).

This sort of calculated policy is of the same complexion as the arts and tricks described in the Essay of "Cunning," and the chapters in the *De Augmentis* on the "Architecture of Fortune."

I have now given such a collection of similarities of very various kinds between Marlowe's *Edw. II.*, and the Shakespeare plays and poems, as suffice, in my view, to prove identity of authorship. I have by no means exhausted the list; any careful investigator may find others which I have omitted. I have given those which seem to me unequivocal, and left out many which may be real resemblances, but which I prefer to omit rather than expose them as weak

points to hostile criticism. The conclusion appears to be, that if we had to decide upon the authorship of *Edw. II.* from internal evidence alone, no one would hesitate for a moment to assign it to Shakespeare. The chief reason for admitting Marlowe is that his name appears on the title pages of the early quartos: a reason strong, if taken alone, but quite capable of being overruled if all the circumstances of the case are duly estimated. I may even claim that the appearance of another name on a composition so evidently Shakesperian, and on other works,—as for instance the 1616 Edition of *Faustus*, in which Christopher Marlowe's authorship is historically impossible,—casts a shade of suspicion on all the other Shakesperian title pages, and sets speculation as to authorship absolutely free.

Doubtless a large proportion of these similarities is derived from the *Hen. VI.* plays, which some critics regard as non-Shakespearian. But they are not confined to these plays—the aggregate of these is not even a majority of the parallels. If all the similarities derived from 1, 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.* were left out, I hardly think the case would be materially weakened. The case is, I believe, proved without them, and we may use these parallels in a sort of alternative way to prove identity of authorship for the disputed play, whichever it may be. Only about one-fifth of the entire collection is from these three plays, and of these only one in seven is from 1 *Hen. VI.*; the rest are from the 2nd and 3rd parts: *i.e.*, the passages taken from 1 *Hen. VI.* are about one-third the number of those taken from either 2nd or 3rd; the numbers may be roughly taken as 12, 36 and 36. Looking at the whole collection, it will be found that the number taken from 1 *Hen. VI.* is about half the number taken from either *Rich. II.* or *Rich. III.*, and about the same as those from *Tw. G. V.*; *Cymb.*; *Troilus*; *Tit. A.*; *Rom. J.*; and *Hamlet*. Next to these in rank come *John*; 1 and 2 *Hen. IV.*; *Hen. V.*; *L. L. L.*; *Tam. Sh.*; *Jul. C.*, and *Lear*. The rest of the resemblances are pretty equally distributed amongst the other plays and

poems, the lowest rank being assigned to *Mer. W.*, *Timon*, *Oth.*, and the Sonnets. See Index I.

As *Edward II.* is a historical play, it is not surprising that the preponderance of evidence should be drawn from the historical plays, and, out of these, from those that were written first. There is a marked difference between Shakespeare's early, middle and latest styles—and of course *Edw. II.* belongs to the earliest—to the period when these plays were written, which because they possess the characteristics of the early, *i.e.*, the Marlowe period, have been attributed to Marlowe. And it is remarkable that of the three parts of *Hen. VI.*, the resemblances are most numerous in those which are most characteristically Shakesperian, and less numerous in the first and feeblest member of the group. It seems to me, on reviewing the whole case, that *Edw. II.* is far more Shakespearian than 1 *Hen. VI.*, and the evidence for Shakespeare's authorship much stronger, apart from its inclusion in the 1623 Folio.

If one of the Marlowe plays can be satisfactorily proved to be Shakesporean, all may be equally so. Consequently, all the reasoning that has been expended on the proof that certain plays in the Folio are Marlowe's is disposed of, with the result of handing over these proofs and arguments to the support of our case. To my mind the elaborate dissection of 2 and 3 *Hen. VI.*, in which about one-third part of the whole is given to Marlowe, and the rest to Shakespeare—with a few pickings left for Peele, Nash, Greene, and others—confutes itself. It is antecedently most unlikely that the Shakesperian poet would condescend to dress up old plays and publish them as his own, or to run in harness with a miscellaneous company of hack writers, or dramatists of immensely inferior rank. The existence of a variety of styles in such a master of dramatic and literary art is surely not surprising, and the Marlowe style is so decidedly present in Shakespeare that it is just as logical to use its evidence for purposes of inclusion as for exclusion, *i.e.*, to prove that the poet of Shakespeare is

the poet of Marlowe, as that Marlowe wrote Shakespeare. And if Mr. Fleay's criterion of identical authorship may be accepted as sufficient to identify the author of *Edw. II.* with that of *Hen. VI.*, evidently the much larger extension of the same argument, which I have now presented, reverses the direction of the logical current, and brings *Edw. II.* into the Shakespeare enclosure, instead of thrusting *Hen. VI.* outside.

I have said that I do not attach much importance for argumentative purposes to the sipping, tasting, lip-smacking process which is so freely used in the valuation of these early plays. It might appear about as reasonable to study anatomy by the taste, as to dissect a play by the use simply of literary sensation or sentiment. However this may be, I can in this case very confidently appeal to what, in humble imitation of Bacon, I may call the logic of the palate, as a matter of incommunicable individual perception. I would challenge anyone who has made Shakespeare a study and a companion. who knows his voice, recognises his features, feels his presence—to listen to the tones, look at the features, weigh the pressure of the touch—as these indescribable personal characteristics manifest themselves in *Edw. II.*, and to say whether here also we have not the tones, the features, the hand-pressure, the personal sphere of Shakespeare himself.

Here I cannot forbear adding a remarkable confirmation of this instinctive recognition of Shakespeare behind this mask in the estimate of Marlowe, given by Mr. J. Russell Lowell. I claim these words as an extension of my argument.

“Not only do I think that Shakespeare caught some hints from him, but there are certain descriptive passages and similes of the greater poet, which, whenever I read them, instantly bring Marlowe to my mind. This is an impression I might find it hard to convey to another, or even to make definite to myself; but it is an old one, and constantly repeats itself, so that I put some confidence in it. Marlowe's *Edward II.* certainly served

Shakespeare as a model for his earlier historical plays. Of course, he surpassed his model, but Marlowe might have said of him as Oderisi, with pathetic modesty, said to Dante of his rival and surpasser, Franco of Bologna, 'The praise is now all his, yet mine in part.'" After a long quotation from *Edw. II.* V. i. 57—111, the genial critic thus expresses his rapture. "Surely one might fancy that to be from the prentice hand of Shakespeare. It is no small distinction that this can be said of Marlowe, *for it can be said of no other.*"

As to Mr. Lowell's recognition of what *might* be from the prentice hand of Shakespeare, there is no question that the same contrast exists between the earlier writings, admitted to be Shakespeare's, and the later gigantic dramas. And the contrast is so great that critics have often parcelled out the Shakespeare plays among different craftsmen, thinking it impossible that works of so unequal power and merit can all proceed from the same hand. And yet, in truth, it is not unusual for the greatest masters in any art to begin their own creative course by crude imitations of their predecessors. For instance, the earlier compositions of Beethoven, beautiful as they are, are not imitations indeed, but compositions in which the influence of Mozart and Haydn are predominant. The almost measureless chasm between the *Nel cor piu* variations, or the two easy sonatas in Opus 49, and the tremendous choral symphony, or the Titanic sonatas of the third period, is even greater than that between the immaturity of *Edw. II.* or *1 Hen. VI.* and the mystic grandeur of *Hamlet* and *Lear*. Every great artist must emancipate himself from servile imitation of his predecessors before he can enter upon the franchise of his original genius. The sublimest intellect must at one time write pothooks and scribble copy-book platitudes. In Shakespeare's latest efforts he not only surpassed all other poets, he surpassed himself by a seemingly impassable gulf.

With these precedents and this canon of judgment in



view, it is not difficult to admit that in some respects the drama of *Edw. II.* has been overpraised, and its Shakespearean eminence overstated. It has been said, for instance, that *Edw. II.* is equal or even superior to *Rich. II.*, which it most resembles, and superior in merit to the general level of the *Hen. VI.* plays. Now, while I am willing to admit that, in general scenic effect, in the management of dialogue, in discrimination of character, in the use of blank verse, it may hold its own with any of the historical plays, it seems to me decidedly inferior to all of them (except perhaps *Hen. VI.*), in richness of imagination, in splendour of eloquence, in the freedom and abandon of inexhaustible mental and imaginative wealth, and in general wisdom and sagacity as an embodiment of social, political and psychologic philosophy. There are flashes of all these qualities; but there are no passages in which they are so strong, so sustained, so triumphant, as in the later historic plays. For example, there is nothing in *Edw. II.* comparable to the poetic and patriotic laments of York and Gaunt over the disgraces brought upon their country by the levity and weakness of the king (*Rich. II.* II. i. 30-138). The judgment of Charles Lamb, that "the death scene of Marlowe's king moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern, with which I am acquainted," is quoted by all the critics; and it is, on the whole, a just and a discerning criticism. Yet, to my mind, there is nothing in *Edw. II.* quite so thrilling in its pathetic dignity as the mighty speech in which Richard II. pronounces his own abdication, containing such lines as these:—

With mine own tears I wash away my balm;  
 With mine own hands I give away my crown;  
 With mine own tongue deny my sacred state;  
 With mine own breath release all duteous oaths;  
 All pomp and majesty, I do forswear, &c., &c.

See the whole passage *Rich. II.* IV. i. 201—318. And in nearly every scene of *Rich. II.* there are passages of exuberant poetic meditation not to be matched in *Edw. II.* There is a lavish eloquence in a crowd of

speeches in *Rich. II.* only faintly adumbrated in *Edw. II.*, speeches which one may almost pick out at random by selecting those which contain over twenty or thirty lines. There are not many such speeches in *Edw. II.* In the whole play there are only eight speeches of more than 20 lines in length, and only two of 33 lines each, and these two follow one another, and with a shorter intermediate speech may be taken as one of 75 lines (V. i. 5—83). If we add together all the speeches through the whole play, which contain ten lines or more, they only amount to just under 500 lines, whilst the 3rd Act of *Rich. II.*, which is equal to about a quarter of *Edw. II.* (*i.e.*, 675 lines, against 2,606), alone contains 342 such lines. As a test, this is doubtless too mechanical to be in itself sufficient; but it really does put in visible and numerical shape the fact that *Edw. II.* lacks the luxuriance of imaginative musing that belongs so abundantly to *Rich. II.* Its dialogue is vivid and interesting, without being rhetorical or philosophical; the speeches are short, there is little monologue, and scarcely any soliloquy; perhaps it is on this account better adapted to scenic representation than *Rich. II.*, which would require much more curtailment before it could be presented on the boards. The generous affluence that seems as though it could not restrain itself, but must pour forth in copious discourse its limitless treasures of thought and fancy and imagery, does not exist in *Edw. II.* to the same extent as in nearly all the subsequent Shakespearean plays and poems. The musing soliloquy of Richard in Pomfret Castle (V. v. 1—65) is twice as long as the longest speech in *Edw. II.* And yet, in admitting this, I do not feel that any shadow of doubt is cast upon its genuine Shakespearean origin. It is the early production of a strong, but untutored, mind, full of large promise; but the master is not yet conscious of his powers. The play is tentative, sketchy, fragmentary. No one but the poet of *Rich. II.* could have written it; but such a poet, in collecting his works, would be likely to

cast it aside after the mightier achievements of riper years had made its deficiencies too conspicuous. Here the poet is fettered; he has not quite escaped from the sphere of *Tamburlaine* and the *Jew of Malta*; he is evidently trying to abandon their crudities, and emancipate himself from their bombast and extravagance, and the effort to do so makes him at times somewhat tame. For, as Mr. C. Knight—for his own purposes—shows, he cannot quite put aside those tawdry robes; they cling to him still, reappearing in detached fragments, a few lines at a time—enough to link his personal identity to that manifested in the earlier plays, but enough, also, to show that he was approaching a new era, and was about to develop another type of art.

One of the indications that the poet of *Edw. II.* (*i.e.*, Bacon) had not attained his poetic majority, is the absence of those legalisms which afterwards became so abundant and characteristic. The poet of *Tamburlaine* is still cloistered in his ethereal Parnassus; he has not come completely into contact, as a poet, with the ordinary life around him; the pursuits and interests of his own life have not yet been drawn into the poetic sphere of his activity, so as to manifest themselves in the creations of his art.

I find it difficult to understand how any reasonable and candid student can resist the force of the arguments now produced to prove identity of authorship for Marlowe's *Edw. II.*, and the Shakespeare plays. The argument is, I submit, definite, restricted, textual; and it is no answer to say that the same results might be obtained if a similar analysis were employed for any other Elizabethan play. This is certainly not the case. Any one who brings forward this objection is bound to substantiate it in detail, and not content himself with vague generalities. There is, however, little chance that the argument for *Edw. II.* can be thus discredited. For it is already admitted that the play has an exceptional position, and in making the claim for it which I have now presented, nothing more is really

attempted than to give an intelligible interpretation and explanation of the doubts, difficulties, and speculations which it has already started, and to suggest a solution which would probably have been adopted long ago, if these not very recondite facts had been allowed to speak for themselves. This they can never do while the current unrevised theory of the authorship of Shakespeare is not only allowed to pass unchallenged, but is raised to an unassailable eminence which no one may dispute without manifold pains and penalties. The Baconian theory alone gives a clear and comprehensive explanation of the many anomalies connected with the publication and the interior characteristics of all these poems, and in this respect it holds the field without a rival.

It is a small demand that we make on Elizabethan students that they should use the Baconian theory as a working hypothesis to unlock all these mysteries and reduce the chaos of their criticism to law and order. This is the recognised method of scientific investigation and discovery. If this explanation does not fit the phenomena, let it be abandoned. But if it throws light upon dark places ; if it solves difficult problems which resist all other methods of solution ; if it harmonises contradictory and perplexing facts ; if it supersedes strained arguments, and fantastic guesses or speculations, and weeds out all the *perhapses* which inflated Shakespearian biography, and despairing Shakespearian criticism, so urgently require, and so copiously employ ; if it connects these marvellous creations of genius with the best culture of their own time, instead of leaving them detached, in solitary miraculous isolation, to be worshipped blindly, like the image which fell from Jupiter,—then let it be welcomed as it deserves, and let the fruitful field of criticism, illustration, and illumination which it opens be diligently explored and faithfully cultivated.

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