

The Shakespeare Fellowship News-Letter

NOVEMBER, 1945

*

President: PERCY ALLEN, Esq.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The general meeting was a pleasantly *live* one. We have, perforce, to some extent, slumbered and slept during these years of battle; but we are wide awake again now. To see, once more, some of the familiar faces, invisible for years past, was a real and great pleasure to us all and soon we shall be meeting again for debates and lectures. But the Fellowship needs some younger blood! Let us hope that the early future will supply it.

The Editor welcomes Mr. J. J. Dwyer as a colleague in the production of this News-Letter. Owing to the much-regretted resignation of Col. Douglas, and the election of a new President, both the joint editors hold, for the time being, a dual office, or offices.

The Hon. Sec. will be glad to hear from any members who have spare copies of back numbers of the News-Letter. The example of the Birmingham Central Library may be followed by others before long.

It was particularly pleasing to see Mrs. Hobart-Hampden at the general meeting. Canon and Mrs. Hobart-Hampden were among the founders of the Fellowship, with Col. Douglas, Col. and Capt. Ward, and others.

Mr. Robert Atkins has resigned his Directorship of the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon; and no successor has yet been appointed. These too frequent resignations are somewhat perturbing, and there is, it seems, a wide-spread feeling that collaboration between the Governing body of the Theatre, and its successive Directors, is not so close as it should be. The Memorial Theatre is a national, almost an international, institution; and it is surely desirable that a considered, and continuous policy should be aimed at, and carried out in unison by all concerned. In our opinion, the Governors would do well to issue a statement of policy for the enlightenment of the thousands of Shakespeare-lovers, on both sides of the Atlantic.

Obituary. CAPT. B. M. WARD.

Just before going to press, our Hon. Sec. has advised us of the sudden death, at Welwyn Garden

City, of our Vice-President. Capt. B. M. Ward, son of one of the founders of the Shakespeare Fellowship, and author of the first, and only, biography of Lord Oxford—*The 17th Earl of Oxford* (Murray, 1928). This book was the outcome of many years of close research, at the Record Office, among the documents at Hatfield House and elsewhere. Ward's *Oxford* is somewhat out-of-date today; and, in the light of further knowledge, should be revised; but it remains, nevertheless, a most valuable and reliable record, quite indispensable to all who would understand the Shakespearian plays, as seen through the mirror of Lord Oxford's fascinating, though enigmatic, personality.

Capt. Bernard Ward—formerly of the King's Royal Dragoons—possessed a first-rate intellect, and a perseverance, and historical sense and knowledge, which peculiarly fitted him for successful Shakespearian research. His inferences were cautious, and his judgment sound. His main purpose, from first to last, was the establishment of truth by means of documentary, and therefore indisputable, evidence. The Editor—who was Ward's close personal friend, as also of his father before him—found him a most generous and inspiring collaborator. Unfortunately, however, Bernard Ward had a strain of eccentricity in his character and was lured, during the late war, into intense enthusiasm for Communism; with the result that he shed nearly all his interest in matters Elizabethan, and no longer sought the society of those of his own social class. That fact explains his almost complete, and much regretted, disappearance from the later activities of the Shakespeare Fellowship. Yet the names of the two Wards, father and son, will be permanently associated with the early history of the Oxford movement.

Another deplorable, and also premature, loss is that of Mr. Martin Gilkes, a well-known scholar, writer and wit, who died, last spring, at Stratford-on-Avon, of which town he was among the most prominent citizens. A convinced and keen Oxfordian, Martin Gilkes carried our flag resolutely against many orthodox opponents in Shakespeare's town. His flat, in Stratford High Street, was always open to Percy Allen, who passed many a pleasant hour

there, and delivered an occasional lecture, or talk; to that gifted lady, Mrs. Gilkes, our members will extend their warm sympathy.

In addition to the names of distinguished members whom we lost during the war—we have another loss to deplore—that of our colleague, Mons. K. D. Boissevain, of Geneva, who, as we were kindly informed by Mme. Boissevain, died on September 24, 1944. In Mme. Boissevain's own words to our president:

"(My husband's) interest in your researches never lessened. He died 78 years old; but his mind was young until the end. What Miss Gladys Looney wrote of her father (in the N.L. of May, 1944) might have been said by my own daughter of her parent."

All our members will join in our expression of sympathy with Mme. Boissevain, in whose husband we have lost one of our most distinguished, and ablest, advocates on that side of the English Channel.

The General Meeting

The first General Meeting since March, 1940, was held on 22nd August, 1945, at the Poetry Society's headquarters, 33, Portman Square, W.1. Twenty-three members were present, under the chairmanship of Mr. Percy Allen.

The meeting heard with profound regret that the President, Lieut.-Col. M. W. Douglas, C.S.I., C.I.E., was unable to attend, because of ill-health, and that, by doctor's advice, he had reluctantly decided not to accept re-election to office. The Secretary was asked to convey to Col. Douglas the meeting's sense of the great loss of judicious and scholarly leadership the Fellowship had sustained in his resignation, their sympathy, and their earnest hopes that the years to come will be restful and happy.

Mr. Percy Allen was pre-eminently marked out by his twenty-one devoted years of investigations, writings, and lectures, as successor to the Presidential chair; and he was elected with acclamation and unanimity.

The following Vice-Presidents were confirmed in office—Mrs. Arthur Long; Mrs. Eva Turner Clark; Rear-Admiral H. H. Holland, C.B.; Professor Abel Lefranc, and Capt. B. M. Ward.—Other appointments were:—

Mr. Percy Allen } Joint Editors of the News-Letter
Mr. J. J. Dwyer }
Mr. J. J. Dwyer, Hon. Treasurer.
Mr. T. L. Adamson, Hon. Secretary.

Committee. The President, Treasurer, Secretary, and Messrs. J. Shera Atkinson and W. Kent.

A tribute was paid to the valuable services of Miss Phyllis Carrington, Assistant Hon. Secretary for the last five years, who is temporarily relinquishing office owing to absence from London, and to ill-health. Reference was made to the death of many distinguished members during the last five years, these losses including Mr. J. T. Looney, author of

Shakespeare Identified, Canon G. H. Rendall, Professor Slater, Brigadier-General Stewart of Coll, Mr. Martin Gilkes, the Rev. Robert Flynn, Monsieur K. D. Boissevain, and Mr. F. Bligh Bond.

The Treasurer reported a balance in hand of £37. The meeting unanimously agreed that the reserve fund of £75, composed of various donations to the Fellowship, should be available for use, in special circumstances. The Secretary briefly reported on the activities of the Fellowship since 1940. These, apart from the issue of the News-Letter, were limited to two lectures in 1940, and two in 1941. He said that the present membership was about 70, five of whom had joined quite recently.

The President spoke of the News-Letter, for which he had been solely responsible during the war years. He welcomed Mr. J. J. Dwyer, as joint Editor, and promised, funds permitting, two numbers a year, of six pages each. He also referred to the request of the Birmingham Library for a complete file of the News-Letter for their reference section, and also for other material concerning the Fellowship's activities. The Librarian already has a file of the American Quarterly. It was agreed that the copies of Dr. Slater's "Seven Shakespeares" held by the Fellowship should be sold to members and friends at 5/- each. In the course of discussion on future activities, Mr. Kent's suggestion that a "Brains Trust" meeting would be an excellent means of refreshing everyone on the many aspects of the authorship problem, was warmly welcomed, and promptly adopted. It was further agreed to devote the autumn programme to members' meetings, and to postpone to the new year arrangements for public lectures and debates. The question of a Fellowship Lunch or Tea was similarly deferred.

It was good to sense the enthusiasm of all present at the prospect of once more advancing the Oxford standard, after five years of enforced marking of time.

Tarlton and Shakespeare

by REAR-ADMIRAL H. H. HOLLAND, C.B.

In an earlier News-Letter I suggested that the Ballads of Tarlton, supposed to have been lost, are, in fact, to be found in the plays of Shakespeare, from *Love's Labour's Lost* (1578) to *As You Like It* (1589), and that excepting the latter play, Tarlton acted himself in these plays—at first probably as a member of Sussex's Company and, after that, as a member of the Queen's Company.

In this article I suggest that there are passages in these same plays directly attributable to incidents in Tarlton's life; that, conversely, there are incidents told of Tarlton which can fit in well with incidents in the plays; and that there are conceits and expressions known to be used by Tarlton, which occur in the plays, on account of his connection with the Company which acted them.

Tarlton's *Jests*, unfortunately, give no idea as to

chronology, so it were best to take the order of the plays as I believe them to be, in drawing attention to the various incidents.

The first incident is described as "a jest of an apple hitting Tarlton on the face," and says, "So in the play (1) Tarlton's part was to travel, who, (2) kneeling down to ask (3) his father's blessing, the fellow threw an apple at him."

How many plays are there likely to be, where this combination of three circumstances occurs? I know of only one, *The Merchant of Venice*, (1577) where Launcelot Gobbo, about to travel with his new master, Bassanio, kneels to ask a blessing of Old Gobbo, his father. Incidentally this incident, took place at The Bull, and it was at this same inn that Gosson saw *The Jew* representing "the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of usurers." When Shylock talks of one who "cannot abide a harmless, necessary cat," he could easily have had Tarlton in his mind, for one of the jests is headed, "How Tarlton could not abide a cat, and deceived himself."

Next there is the dancing horse in *Love's Labour's Lost*, (L2.) which is taken by orthodox students to be a reference to Banks' horse, *Morocco*. This horse is described, in 1601, as being about 14 years old, and obviously could not have been performing in 1578, but one of Tarlton's jests describes his seeing Banks' horse, and, as he died in 1588, it is hard to believe that this horse was *Morocco*, who, at the most, could only have been one year old, even if the incident occurred immediately before Tarlton's death. Now for the incident as described in Tarlton's *Jests*, "There was one Banks in the time of Tarlton, who served the Earl of Essex and had a horse of strange qualities." Tarlton went to see this horse "which Banks perceiving, to make the people laugh, says, Signior to his horse, go fetch me the veriest fool in the company."

Now Banks was not an Italian, but a Scotsman; so why does he call his horse *Signior*, if its name was *Morocco*? I suggest that the dancing horse referred to in *Love's Labour's Lost* was a predecessor to *Morocco*, and was called *Signior*. *Signior's* career was probably 1578-92; *Morocco's* 1592-1607, when Banks probably settled down in England as a vintner. When *Moth*, who talks about the dancing horse, addresses *Armado* as "my tough senior," he may also have *Signior* in his mind, and uses the word to give the audience an inkling as to who the dancing horse refers to.

In a Jest headed, "Tarlton's jest of a red face," we are told that Tarlton said of a gentleman with a red face, who was dining at an ordinary in White Friars, "The gentleman's salamanders face burnt like Etna for anger." In *1 Henry IV* Falstaff, referring to Bardolph's red face, says: "I have maintained this salamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty years."

There is an expression in *Hamlet*, used by the clown, very similar to a favourite conceit of Tarlton. The clown describes a grave-digger as one who

makes houses. Tarlton describes a spectacle-maker as an eye-maker, and a chandler as a light-maker, and then explains why to his astonished listeners. The clown also describes how *Yorick* once poured a flagon of Rhenish on his head. This, according to the *Jests* also occurred to Tarlton when he first smoked tobacco.

The following is wholly a surmise on my part, but is, I think, a plausible one. Bohun relates the following very curious anecdote of Tarlton and Queen Elizabeth.

"Tarlton, who was then the best comedian in England, had made a pleasant play, and when it was acting before the Queen, he pointed at Sir Walter Raleigh, and said, 'See the knave commands the Queen,' for which he was corrected by a frown from the Queen."

Now I doubt if even the Queen's clown would have dared to be quite so direct as that. I think that there must have been some room for ambiguity. There is a scene in *The Winter's Tale* when such an incident could have occurred. It is at the sheep-shearing feast where Perdita is acting as Queen of the feast, and is obviously wearing queenly robes—"This robe of mine doth change my disposition"—while her lover is disguised as a shepherd.

Polixenes and Camillo are watching them both, and Camillo says:—

"He tells her something that makes her blood look out. Good sooth, she is the Queen of curds and cream!"

I suggest that it was at this point that Tarlton, who was probably taking the part of *Autolycus*, and who, therefore, was not in the scene at that moment, pointed to Raleigh, and said, "See, the knave commands the Queen." The remark could therefore be taken as calling Raleigh's attention to the acting, or the audience's attention to Raleigh.

Coming to *Twelfth Night*, the most striking resemblance is a remark made by *Malvolio* to *Olivia*:—

"To bed! aye, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee"

for when Tarlton asked his hostess at Waltham which of two beds was big enough for him, she replied, "This, therefore go to bed, sweetheart, I'll come to thee."

Tarlton was, on one occasion, apprehended for being out after ten, it being then one o'clock. "Commit all such" says Tarlton, "for if it be past one o'clock, it will not be ten this eight hours." Similarly, Sir Toby Belch says:—

"To be up after midnight, and to go to bed then is early, so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes."

When the Clown says to Aguecheek, "I shall be constrained to call thee knave," he is imitating Tarlton, one of whose jests describes "How Tarlton called a gentleman knave by craft." When the Clown dresses up as a parson, and says, "Would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown," he is probably thinking of an incident in his own

(Tarlton's) career, when he dressed up as a parson before Queen Elizabeth, and obtained the parsonage of Shard.

"Three merry men" was also an expression of Tarlton's, though doubtless it was also a catch-phrase of the day.

Finally, I come to *As You Like It*. I have already suggested, in *Shakespeare, Oxford and Elizabethan Times*, that the remark, "Since the little wit that Fools had was silenced," was a reference to Tarlton's death, and I think it quite possible that the name *Touchstone* was derived from Tarlton. Tarlton, therefore, cannot have acted the part, but when Touchstone talks of the knight who swore by his honour the mustard was nought, he probably had in his mind "a jest of Tarlton proving mustard to have wit."

Oxford as the Water-Bearer

By PERCY ALLEN.

In the American S. F. Quarterly, for July last, Mr. Wisner Barrell has an interesting article on Oxford as "*The Wayward Water-Bearer Who Wrote Shakespeare's Sonnet 109*," of which line 8 reads:—

So that myself bring water for my stain.

The reference is to Lord Oxford, as holder of the Office known as "The Ewrie," of which the most important duty was personal service of water to the monarch, before and after eating, upon the day of coronation.

This function of de Vere is pointedly emphasized in Ben Jonson's little-known play, *The Staple of News*, a topical satire played at court, before Charles I, after the publication of the Shakespeare Folio of 1623. I have no space in which to elaborate the arguments; but, after a close study, I am fully satisfied that sections of the play conveyed to his Majesty, in veiled form, various comments by Jonson upon the Folio, with the production of which, as all the world knows, he was intimately concerned.

A principal character of the play is one *Lickfinger*, the "Master Cook" and "Glory of the Kitchen," who has provided, at the *Apollo*—the name of the god of poetry—a great (literary) feast, which, unmistakably, is the recently published Shakespearean Folio. *Lickfinger*, we are told (*III.3.*) provides the dinner; and I soon found myself in complete agreement with the Baconian writer, W. Lansdown Goldsworthy*, that this "Master Cook" has, for original, Francis Bacon, whose mother was Anne Cooke. A cook, however, "provides" a dinner only in the sense that he collects, and prepares, ingredients of various kinds supplied by others—ingredients which his skill can transmute into a feast. Jonson's obvious meaning, therefore, is that Bacon "pro-

vided" the Folio, not as author, but as a principal Editor, and as chief adviser to the editorial group, which included Lady Pembroke, to whose two sons the volumes are dedicated.

Three other characters, the *Peniboy*s, and *Young Peniboy*, are easily identifiable as Lords Oxford and Southampton; and in the 2nd scene of act IV we link up with Mr. Barrell's article, when Oxford is openly alluded to as provider of the drink (poetry?) without which the repast would lack sparkle and inspiration. The dialogue runs thus:—

MADRIGAL.

Nay, I'll not lose my arguments, *Lickfinger!*
Before the gentle (wo)men I affirm
The perfect and true strain of poetry
Is rather to be given to the quicke Cellar
Than the fat kitchen.

LICKFINGER.

Heretic! I see
Thou art for the vain *Oracle of the Bottle*.†
The *hogshead Trismegistus* is thy Pegasus;
Thence flows the Muses spring, from that
hard hoof.

The meaning of all this is crystal-clear. *Madrigal*, the "heretic," maintains that, as against *Lickfinger-Bacon*, the true, or *Vere*, strain of poetry is the more perfect; and that the larger credit for the feast should go to the furnisher of the Cellar, with its liquid refreshment, rather than to the more prosaic solidities of the "fat kitchen" presided over by *Lickfinger*. In plainer English, the reader's principal debt, in *Madrigal's* opinion, is to the poet of the plays, *Vere*, rather than to their Editor, Bacon.

The Master Cook, however, will accept no such opinion; and wrathfully upbraids the Heretic, who is for the "vain *Oracle of the Bottle*," that "hogshead *Trismegistus*."

† Itals. mine.—P.A.

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The Hon. Joint Editors are always glad to receive MSS. newspaper-cuttings, letters, suggestions, etc., for publication, and they count upon the active co-operation of members. Articles should if possible be typewritten. It is requested that subscriptions (10/- p.a.) be sent to the Hon. Treasurer and not to the other officials.

* *Ben Jonson and the First Folio* (1931). I cannot, of course, accept the author's inference that the passages here discussed finally dispose of Oxford's claim to authorship of the Shakespeare plays. P.A.

Who is this oracle of the Bottle? At last the secret is fully out; for he can be none other than the holder of the Office of "The Ewrie," otherwise Lord Oxford, whose badge was the silver bottle illustrated in Mr. Barrell's article. That bottle-badge, was, I understand, stamped upon the buttons of the liveries of Oxford's retainers. *Madrigal*, therefore, has been pleading the claims of Oxford, as against those of Bacon, to chief credit for the Folio! We, today, can give the due share of credit to each.

No whit less significant is the phrase, "hogshead *Trismegistus*," following upon "Oracle of the Bottle," because the "hog," or boar, aims at the blue boar (*Verres*) upon Oxford's coat-of-arms; while *Trismegistus* was the fabled Egyptian philosopher and magician, *Thoth*, the reputed author of certain scientific books, which were actually written by the Alexandrian philosophers of the 4th century. *Trismegistus*, therefore, stands for the concealed author, which Lord Oxford actually was.

Lickfinger, in IV.2., continues vigorously to eulogize himself, as the Master Cook, whereupon *Almanac*, concurring, adds an assurance that:—

I shall forever hereafter Admire the wisdom of a Cooke.

Again the interpretation seems to be easily made. *Almanac*, or the coming Ages, will rather give the chief credit for the Folio to *Wisdom* (Bacon) than to "Ever," or Edward Vere. We Oxfordians do not concur!—*Wisdom*, let me add, is a name frequently applied to Bacon, in Elizabethan and later literature, notably in the play *Sir Thomas More*, where I identify him, unhesitatingly, as the *Wisdom* of the *Interlude*.††

An American Myth Maker

By WILLIAM KENT.

"A myth is as much a living organism as a fact, as fleet and more cunning. It hides in the bush of popular superstition, takes the colour of local pride, enlists the truthful in its stratagems. However, tracing a myth is glorious sport, and although it may often double on one, it is pretty sure to be run down at last, and yield a pretty skin to stuff."

Moncure Conway.

What a fine epitome of the experience of the Shakespeare hunt is conveyed in these sentences! They were written by Conway on laying a Shakespeare myth. It was not one relating to authorship, as to which Conway remained on the orthodox side, but the narrative is a fine example of the way in which, more than on any other subject, the unwary Shakespearean will embark on "perilous seas in faery lands forlorn."

Fraser's Magazine, in May, 1865, published an

††This *Interlude* is "*The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*" in which *Wit* is Oxford. The words "marriage of," as I read them, mean "collaboration between" Oxford and Bacon. P.A.

article entitled "*Virginia First and Last*." It said that a pilgrim to Fredericksburg would find in St. George's Churchyard a tombe "on which is inscribed that he whose dust rests there 'was one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare.'" Conway wrote to the authorities, only to be informed that it was not known there. In 1870, however, a Miss Olive Hanson, in a New York paper, repeated the story, and gave the inscriptions as follows: "Here lies the body of Edward Helder, practitioner in Physick, Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire, England, in the year of Our Lord 1542—was contemporary with and one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare. After a brief illness his spirit ascended in the year of Our Lord 1618, aged 76."

The inscription cried out for criticism. How could a pall-bearer be other than a contemporary? Moreover was the word then in vogue? The *Oxford English Dictionary* gives the first use in *Weever's Funeral Monuments* (1631). Why, too, did a man of, at least, 74 take a long and hazardous journey across the ocean to die in a foreign land? Some of these questions were asked in England where the story invaded the columns of that rich repository of antiquarian lore *Notes and Queries* (now approaching its centenary) as also the *Pall Mall Gazette* (1870). Scepticism did not obstruct its course in U.S.A. In 1875, the *Washington Evening Star* gave it a new lease of life, and even added to the inscription which then read "one of the pall-bearers of William Shakespeare of the Avon." In 1884 the *New York Times* was a victim; it informed its readers that the "red sandstone slab may yet be deciphered." Crossing to Germany, an article in a paper there said that "the deceased was stated to have been the friend and companion of Shakespeare."

Truly did one Harry Furness write: "That story has its periodicity like a comet, and when it once starts out it never returns until like the cholera it has slain its thousands."

Moncure Conway, a mighty hunter of religious mythology, then got hot on the trail. In September 1885 he went to Fredericksburg where he found that a crop of kindred myths had sprung up. It was said that a gentleman in the neighbourhood, whose wife's maiden name was Shakespeare, had been visited by two strangers to whom he had shown the tomb. The gentleman was found, but whilst he recalled the strangers he had made no investigation. Conway determined that he would do some. Success soon came. He found a small surface of stone exposed on a long mound of earth, and, on scratching away the thick sod, the letter "H" was disclosed. He questioned an aged resident who remembered when the name could be read, and it corresponded with that given in the *New York Times*, but he denied that there was any reference to Shakespeare. Most fortunately Conway discovered a Mr. C. F. Brown of Byfield (Mass.) who had found the inscription whilst on guard as a soldier in the American Civil War in 1862, and, by reason of the old English lettering, he had copied it. It read:—

"Here lies interred the body of Edmond Helder, Practitioner in Physick and Chirurgery. Born in Bedfordshire. Obiit March 11, 1618. *Aetatis Suae* 76."

Conway suggested that "probably some correspondent, having copied the epitaph correctly, added that Dr. Helder was a contemporary of Shakespeare and might have attended his funeral." From the possibility came an alleged fact, and in the 1862 diary of a soldier, picked up on a battlefield, the spurious epitaph was found. This was its first known appearance. There was no white settlement in Virginia in 1618 and probably Dr. Helder died whilst on an exploring expedition.

It is a pity Conway stopped there. He could have found many companions for the pall-bearer; the affectionate and most generous Earl of Southampton; the considerate friends who passed on to the Stratfordian gentleman their MS translations of classical dramas; the Queen who bespoke from her beloved bard a play showing the fat knight in love. It is a pity, too, that Mark Twain heard nothing of this. He, no doubt, would have been amongst those Conway met "who would cheerfully be the pall-bearers of that myth-maker."

Still, as Shakespeare reminds us, there may be a soul of good in things evil. In an admirable article in *Harper's Magazine* in January 1886, Conway said: "Perhaps it will never be known who served up the chirurgieon as a Shakespearean figure. One can forgive him since he has been the means of discovering to the new world its oldest English epitaph."

A Note on the origin of "Venus and Adonis"

By CAPT. B. R. SAUNDERS.

The News-Letter of October, 1943, contained an article by Mr. J. J. Dwyer entitled "A Note on the Authorship of *Lucrece*," with the conclusion that Oxford was the real author. Mr. Dwyer maintained that *Venus*, *Lucrece* and *the Sonnets*, are manifestly interconnected, and that the author of one of them was, almost certainly, the author of the others. One of the main arguments was the long passage referring to the Troy Pictures at Mantua.

Following a meeting with Col. B. R. Ward, some years ago, I secured some photographs of the frescoes executed 1525-35 by Giulio Romano for the Gonzaga family, and painted on the walls of the *Castello* and the *Palazzo del Tè*, at Mantua. I sent these photographs to Mr. Dwyer, together with others of another room in the last-named palace, showing a series of painted horses, "frescoes," life-like and full-size. They bring to mind the companion poem to *Lucrece*, *Venus and Adonis*, stanza 49:—

Look, where a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed.

I quote here, by kind permission, from Mr. Dwyer's reply:—

"I agree that those stanzas (49 & 50) are a description of the Duke of Mantua's horses as depicted in the *Sala dei Cavalli* (*Pal. del Tè*) and as in the fresco in the *Sala di Troia* (*Castello*) of *Il Cavallo di Legno con L'Astuto Sinone*. With the photos before you, there can, I think, be no doubt that both *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* are the outcome of Oxford's recollections of what he saw in the *Castello* and the *Palazzo del Tè*."

In the latter we have not only those stereoscopically realistic horses, but also in the *Sala di Psiche*, frescoes of *Venere*, *Adone*, and *Marte*. In stanza 17 there is an allusion to Mars, and in the three fragments about *Venus and Adonis* in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, you get Mars again mentioned in No. XL.

Now in "*Hamlet*," Act III, Scene 2, we get *Hamlet's* outburst. "His name's Gonzago, the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian"; and you will notice that famous Player's Speech in *Hamlet* is about the killing of Priam by Pyrrhus on the night of the capture of Troy:—(Aeneid II).

"So; like a painted tyrant Pyrrhus stood;
And like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing."

Giulio Romano is referred to by name in *The Winter's Tale* V.2, and his fame as a sculptor was no less established than his fame as a painter. Vasari said of him: "No one had a bolder genius richer fancy, and more abundant resources." ". . . He exercised the functions of Architect and Sculptor."

We have in stanza 36 of *Venus and Adonis*:—

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone."

The *realism* of the Art (which reached the summit of expression at the hands of Giulio Romano) was the basis of the many references to the strife between Nature and Art, which is a feature of the whole Shakespearean panorama.

As in stanza 101—*Venus and Adonis*:—

"Even so poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,†

"Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,

"Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,

"As those poor birds that helpless berries saw."

Who can doubt that the paintings referred to in the quoted stanzas are so lifelike as to deceive, and who, seeing even the photos, can doubt the skill of—"That rare Italian master—Giulio Romano, who had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom."? (*Winter's Tale* V.2. 105).

* The argument succinctly presented in this Note can be, and actually has been, considerably expanded by fuller examination of Shakespearean texts in the light of certain Renaissance pictures. J.J.D.

† An allusion to the story told of Apelles, the Greek painter.