

SHAKESPEARE'S SMALL LATIN*

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, before we share some thoughts on Shakespeare's education and the use his genius made of it, I want to thank you from my heart, and specially our President and Mrs. Houston, for the welcome which has made this place to me already what our Cambridge, England, was to Edmund Spenser, a kind mother, alma mater, and a queen, adorned "with many a gentle Muse and learned Wit."

A gentle Muse she was, and witty too, who chose that boy from Stratford, though he never was to study at a University, to write the best plays anybody in this world has ever written. She knew, of course, what pedantry and snobbery would make of such a choice, and smiles, I think, today at the suggestion that My Lord of Oxford, Francis Bacon, or her own beloved Kit Marlowe, could have done just what she wanted. No, Will Shakespeare, with his special gift of loving-kindness and imaginative human understanding, was the boy for her, and Stratford was the school for him. She knew that just the modest store of learning Stratford School could offer him, no more, no less, would amply serve her purposes for him, and so, through him, for all of us. To-day at last, thanks to the pioneering zeal and dedicated labour of a notable American, Professor T. W. Baldwin, we can speak with confidence about the method and curriculum of such a school, and gladly join with Dr. George Trevelyan, the most eminent and most humane of our historians, in "humble, hearty thanks to both the medieval founders and the educational reformers" (men like Colet and Erasmus, Cheke and Ascham), who made such a school as Stratford Grammar

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School available for such a boy as Shakespeare. Yes, it was a gentle, witty Muse who chose that boy, that school.

Good schooling by itself would not have been enough. If poetry and drama were to flourish, more, much more was needed; and to Shakespeare, in his time of life, much more was given. First, an audience of music-lovers, well acquainted with varieties of elegant and often subtle vocal composition, fit and eager to enjoy and to appreciate the music of the spoken word. Next, an audience already passionately fond of stories told in verse, and notably in ballads: even *Autolycus*, we see, contributed; so did the "groundlings" generally, accustomed as they were to the rude, healthy vigour of the-atrials, not only at the Court and in the Inns of Court, not only in the popular theatres, but throughout the land in schools and universities, and everywhere, on festal days, in churchyards and on village greens as well as in the streets and squares of cities. Finally, above all, Shakespeare's native language, just in time, but only just in time for him, had reached its highest power and richness, flexibility and beauty. All was ready for the master spirit and he came.

At every birth of man [John Masfield writes] a spirit takes
Flesh for a pilgrimage across our night.
He comes with beauty, wisdom and delight,
And gathers sorrow, folly and misuse,
And, if not murdered, dies of our mistakes.
Might not the birth of every man be hailed
As a divine appearance come to lead
Men to the living brotherhood they need?

Shakespeare was born in 1564, and so was Marlowe, rather more than half a century since, in the dedication to Archbishop Warham of his Latin version of the *Hecuba*, Erasmus prophesied for England "poets of her own, swans that will sing so tunefully, posterity will listen." Now fulfillment was at hand.

Philip Sidney was a boy of ten at Shrewsbury, Spenser about twelve, at school in London, when, at Canterbury Marlowe, and at Stratford Shakespeare, started on their pilgrimage of life. And in the summer of that year of years their Queen Elizabeth rode into Cambridge with a brilliant cavalcade, including William Cecil, once a teacher of the classics at St. John's, but now Her Majesty's Chief Secretary and our Chancellor. He wrote to us beforehand courteously to say, we need not trouble to find lodging for him. He would stay with his "old nurse, St. John's"—a happy augury for us to-day, with our high hopes for your creation here of residential Colleges. *Floreant, floreant.*

Soon after her arrival, I suppose, the Queen will hear the voices of our young-eyed choristers, singing a "little round or catch" still cherished in our archives:

Allegra, Anglia allegra
 Vivat Elizabeth Regina
 Honi soit qui mal y pense
 Let all faithful hearts her noble name advance.

English, Latin, French, Italian—almost, not quite, the story of our people and our language—though the debt to Greece and Palestine, in words at any rate, is not acknowledged.

On her way to King's, however, as Elizabeth rides on, past Queen's, from time to time she checks her horse, while a young man steps from his place and, reverently kneeling, offers verses to his Queen. Most of them offer Latin, but one youth, a certain Thomas Drant, just graduated M.A. of St. John's, has had the honour of composing—and now offers to Her Majesty—an English poem.

Not a very good one, you may think, and certainly Tom Drant was not the Muse's favourite. In later life he was that dreary sort of clergyman who preaches with fanatical en-

thusiasm against everybody's sins except his own. But now he's young, and we can link kind thoughts of him, at work upon his poem in a bare, bleak chamber at St. John's, with memories of a far greater poet writing on the Eve of the Nativity in just such another room at Christ's.

So let us listen, very kindly, to the first few lines of Mr. Drant's effusion:

Ye Kings who rule on land and seas
 And you, infernal ghosts,
 Bear witness now we have a Queen
 In whom Dame Nature boasts.

Not very happy? But we must be just. Were Drant our pupil we might say "Dame Nature, yes, a lovely lady; that's a good idea, a happy phrase. But those infernal ghosts? Why *did* you drag them in?" "Because," he might reply, "you told me to read Ovid, Sir, and Seneca, and learn the value of rhetorical antithesis." "Ah, yes, we see. Kings, rulers both on land and sea and in the depths, Dame Nature and our Queen. So that's your sequence? Very well, what next?"

And Cambridge too . . .

His voice has changed. His heart is speaking:

And Cambridge too thou dost enclose,
 High thanks to Him above,
 A Woman whom the world adores
 And God Himself doth love.

At the moment when he wrote those lines our Mr. Drant became, in his own humble way, a poet. From the pomp and pride of rulers over land and sea and in the bowels of the earth he lifted first his thought to that fair lady, Nature, honouring his Queen, and then his heart, in thankfulness, to Him above, and saw his Sovereign Lady, simply, beautifully, as a woman whom God loves.

I think the Muse is smiling, and I think the Queen smiles too, as she rides on.

Arrived at King's, long speeches from the Seniors, and the Queen's reply in Latin, then service in the Chapel, and then supper at the Lodge. But no rest yet for her. Back she goes, and is to go on three successive summer evenings to the antechapel, where she sits, surrounded by her courtiers, until nearly midnight while the boys of Cambridge act their plays for her. Good queens work hard, we know.

What plays? A Comedy by Plautus; next on the second night, a Chronicle in English about good King Hezekiah—a compliment, perhaps, or else a gentle hint to our good Queen, since Hezekiah was particularly good and therefore must have been a protestant. That was a school play, written for his boys by Udall, once Headmaster of our sister College, Eton. That, perhaps, although he later moved to Westminster, was why we chose his play. He was the author of *Ralph Royster Doyster*.

But the third night was a triumph for the *Dido* of John Rightwyse, once a Fellow of the College. He had come to us from Eton as long ago as 1508, only two years after the Queen's grandfather, King Henry VII, and her great-grandmother, the Lady Margaret, had visited our then unfinished Chapel and, at sight of it, we fancy, had been moved to that munificence, continued by her father, Henry VIII, which had enabled us to finish, furnish and adorn the fabric. Rightwyse became a Fellow while the work was still in hand, but left us early to teach school, at first as Usher (second master) to the famous Lily at St. Paul's. He helped him in the editing and the revision of the Latin Grammar of which Shakespeare had such vivid and amusing memories. He also married Lily's daughter Dionysia and in due course succeeded Lily as High Master. His *Dido* was performed at school in honour of his

patron Wolsey, probably in 1527. Some say the King himself was present. Four years later Rightwyse lost his post—officially “for negligence.” We wonder. Wolsey died under a cloud in 1530. Anyhow Rightwyse died soon after that, and it is good to know his College, in the year of Shakespeare's birth, still thought of him and furbished up his play to be enacted for the Queen. She liked it, and she gave Tom Preston, the young man who took the part of Dido, first her royal hand to kiss, and then a purse of gold, some say a pension. Preston flourished, became Master of a Cambridge College (Trinity Hall) and wrote the play immortalised by Shakespeare when he made his Falstaff rail upon Prince Hal “in King Cambyses' vein”!

Plautus, the Chronicle of Hezekiah, *Dido*—what a programme! On the fourth night we had meant to offer a Greek Tragedy, the *Ajax*, but three days of academic exercises and three nights of undergraduate theatricals had proved enough. In royal fashion Queen Elizabeth packed up and disappeared. First she rode off to luncheon with the Bishop of the diocese, then on to sup and sleep at Hinchingbrooke, Sir Henry Cromwell's seat. I don't suppose she dreamt about the future of the Cromwells, but certainly she had a vexing evening. The boys of Cambridge followed her, and on the way they thought, “She won't want any old Greek play. She'll be wanting something modern.” So they gave her, when she graciously allowed it, after supper, a farce of their own composition, making fun of certain bishops, cloistered by the Queen for certain reasons, in the Tower. Her Majesty was not amused. It was a gross impertinence. Besides, the King of Spain's ambassador was there, her guest at supper. So she rose in wrath, cried, “Take away the lights!” and left the boys in darkness and in dire disgrace.

Meanwhile at Canterbury Marlowe, and at Stratford

Shakespeare, sleeping in their cradles, little dreamt, you may suppose, that presently Kit Marlowe was to write an English play of *Dido*, and Shakespeare a much better comedy than Plautus, on a Plautine theme, the *Comedy of Errors*, and a Chronicle of a good English King, the same who founded that same Chapel, where the Queen had watched the Chronicle of Hezekiah; and, most wonderful of all, a masterpiece in which a student fresh from Wittenberg would ask to have a speech recited from a play about the story that Aeneas told to Dido, and a Tragedy enacted in the course of which a King would rise in consternation, and would cry, "More lights, more lights!" Do children dream before they learn to speak? Who knows? The mothers? Or the child-psychologists? Whatever be the answer, when that master spirit came to us, his audience and opportunity were waiting for him.

And at Oxford, in that year of Shakespeare's birth, something was happening far more important than our Cambridge festival. A young Welshman, Thomas Jenkins, son of an old servant in the household of Sir Thomas White (sometime Lord Mayor of London, now a wealthy squire in Shropshire) was preparing for a greater honour than Tom Preston ever had. He was to teach Will Shakespeare his small Latin and less Greek. His father's master, good Sir Thomas White, had founded in the University of Oxford a College dedicated to Saint John, for the specific purpose of preparing teachers to serve God in church and school. He had noticed that Tom Jenkins was a boy of promise and had written to his College, "Pray accept this boy, and educate him, please, at my expense." So Jenkins went to Oxford, did well, was made a Fellow, and presently asked leave to go away and teach in school. Where he went at first we don't know, but we do

know that he found his way to Stratford and was Usher there about the time when Shakespeare learnt his accidence from Lily's Grammar, and became Headmaster just about the time when Shakespeare would be tackling Mantuan and learning to love Ovid, Cicero and Virgil.

Some of our learned wits have doubts about all this. They ask for proof, not merely probability. And even such a good Shakespearean as Mr. Ivor Brown assures us that, wherever Shakespeare went to school, it bored him and he didn't like his teachers. But what proof have we of that? Witness, says Mr. Brown, his portraits of them in the plays, and his twin pictures of the whining schoolboy, creeping like a snail to school, and of these golden lads and lasses, trooping out with happy faces to a sunshine holiday. But surely all of us have done it. It's just human nature. So did Shakespeare. We *did* creep a little on our way to school—and some of us still do so, even here, at the Rice Institute. We *do* troop out with sunshine faces to our holidays. What does that prove?

You will forgive me if I tell you of a personal experience, which gave and gives me pleasure. Once a Cambridge boy, arranging for a talk I was to give, and anxious to secure an audience, brought me a drawing of myself, a queer old creature, but, I thought, a bit amusing, and asked if he might use it in his notice of my talk. "Of course," I said, "you may." But presently he brought it back, as a souvenir, explaining that, on second thoughts, he hadn't used it, because "some of those who saw it might not be so young of heart as you and I." Does that prove that they were bored and didn't like their teachers? On the contrary, if any teacher is remembered by a pupil with the vivid and affectionate amusement Shakespeare got from the originals of his Sir Hugh (the Welshman,

Sir Hugh Evans!) and Sir Nathaniel, yes, and even Holofernes (though he's more like a professor than most schoolmasters), he has reason to give humble, hearty thanks.

Was Shakespeare bored by Jenkins, the Welsh schoolmaster? Shakespeare himself has told us. In the *Merry Wives*, when Mistress Page brings her son Will, and tells Sir Hugh, "My husband says my son profits nothing at his book," we surely recognize at once a memory of home and school. Father did say that sort of thing and grumble; and mother said, "Very well, O.K., I'll speak to Mr. Jenkins." So she does, and a delightful scene ensues. "Come hither, Will. Hold up your head." Whatever Mr. Brown may say, this William isn't whining. He's not in the least like a snail as he puts up his head, for mother's sake and his own dignity, and tackles Jenkins—alias Sir Hugh. And at the climax, when Sir Jenkins-Evans says, "If you forget your quis and your quaes and your quods, you must be preeched," which means, put down your trousers and be spanked, Will Page is perfectly aware that Evans doesn't mean to "preech" him. Moreover, if he awaits a moment, as he will if the producer knows his business, after the expected "Go your ways and play," he'll hear his mother saying, "He's a better scholar than I thought," and Evans answering, "He *has* a good sprag memory." We may be sure Will loved that phrase, remembered it for life, and laughed to think how right old Jenkins was, and how absurd.

Already, long before Will Shakespeare and Will Page had fully mastered *hic, haec, horum*, they began to use their little stock of learning by memorising and translating maxims such as "Sleep, Death's image," "Time, Grief's doctor," "Friendship above all," "Whom Fortune cockereth, she maketh him a fool." That last stock theme gave Touchstone his retort to Jaques, "Call me not fool till heaven hath sent

me Fortune," and will make us tremble when Macbeth writes to his wife, "They met me in the day of success."

Presently these same boys will be writing essays on such themes, but much more fun and much more fruitful for them will be reading with the teacher's help selected passages, and later on, whole books by Latin authors, Mantuan at first, then perhaps some of Virgil's *Eclogues*, and then Ovid, stories chosen wisely not from *Fasti* or *Heroides*, which can be difficult and boring too, nor, for good reason, from *Ars Amatoria*, but from that treasury of lively and delightful tales about all sorts of gods and goddesses and mortals, *Metamorphoses*. As for good old Mantuan, how true it is, as Holofernes says, "Who understandeth thee not, loves thee not." Thanks to that comment, we can almost hear the teacher solemnly declaiming—

Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra
Ruminat . . .

while his little flock gets drowsy, as it will. But Ovid wakes both class and teacher, and can kindle the imagination not of Shakespeare only but of many boys less gifted. Only, it takes of course a boy of genius, with a kind heart and a good sprag memory to notice and recall in later life how shrewd old Holofernes was, though so ridiculous and such a pedant, to describe so perfectly the world of difference between the soporific pastures of that good old monk and Ovid's elegance and facility, his golden cadence, his surprising "jerks of invention," and above all his "odoriferous flowers of fancy."

Shakespeare himself has given us an illustration in the *Taming of the Shrew* of how Elizabethan teachers used to introduce their boys and girls to such delights. Lucentio has come, you may remember, courting his Bianca, disguised

as a Latin tutor, and is merrily competing for her favour with a rich old suitor who pretends to be her music-master.

Books were scarce in those days, so the teacher has one, not the pupil. And the method of instruction is quite different from what is customary nowadays, even in quite good schools. The master doesn't tell his pupils to "prepare" a passage and then "put them on," in nervous apprehension, to translate. On the contrary, he reads the passage through aloud, first line by line and sentence after sentence, stopping to translate each phrase and give such explanations as seem helpful. Then he reads it through again in Latin and in English, and finally, but not before he's given all of them *his* version and *his* comments, he will ask his questions, calling on first one and then another to translate and comment. That was the method, and I think a good one, in Elizabethan schools.

With that explanation, let us listen to Bianca's Latin lesson. It would shock Sir Hugh and Sir Nathaniel, for the versions of the Latin offered by Lucentio and later echoed by his pupil are, to say the least of it, surprising—jerks of invention, flowers of fancy, if you will, but certainly not accurate translations.

Lucentio opens his book and Bianca innocently asks, "Where left we last?" Clearly this is not Lucentio's first visit.

Lucentio. Here, madam:

Hic ibat Simois; haec est Sigeia tellus;

Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.

Had Lucentio been Mr. Jenkins, he might well have given his translation thus: "Here flowed Simois; this is the land of Sigeum; here had stood the lofty palace of the old King Priam."

What Lucentio does give is very different.

"Construe," says Bianca, and Lucentio begins: "*Hic ibat*, as I told you before." How often Mr. Jenkins had used that phrase! "*Simois*, I am Lucentio." "*Sigeia tellus*, disguised thus to get your love." So it goes on till old King Priam's palace towers above the plain: "*Regia celsa senis*, that we may beguile the old pantaloon."

Surely, throughout that lovely scene, that merry Latin lesson, which will end with sweet Bianca's wonderful, "I know you not. . . . I trust you not. . . . Despair not," some of us remember what a joy it was, what fun for us at school, to have our first encounter with the "sweet and witty soul" of Ovid.

Ovid was Shakespeare's favourite at school and in his prentice days, and Shakespeare never lost that love, though what he learnt at school of Virgil was to be, I think, the seed of a devotion even more inspiring, more profound. Even so, as Mr. L. P. Wilkinson has told us in his admirable study of the whole Ovidian tradition (*Ovid Recalled*, pp. 419 ff.), though all Elizabethan poets quoted Ovid, it was Shakespeare who knew best how to value him. The spirit of his poesy, the soul of it, in fact, lives for us more in several of the plays than in the early poems. In *The Tempest*, for example, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Puck and Ariel, with their attendant spirits and the mortals whom they tease and puzzle, would be quite at home in Ovid's world of fancy. We can all agree on that, but some of us may think that for the miracle which changed the stuff of Greene's pedestrian *Pandosto* into the grace and beauty of the *Winter's Tale*, we owe, and Shakespeare owed, to Ovid, more, much more than that. Essentially the *Winter's Tale* is not the story of Leontes or Polyxenes or anybody else, except two lovely, loving ladies, lost and found, Hermione and Perdita, the

mother and the maid. Long before Shakespeare, Dante in the *Earthly Paradise* had seen a lady plucking flowers and heard her song and thought of what Proserpina had been, "when her mother lost her and she lost her spring—her primavera." Even so, wherever Shakespeare first read Ovid's story of Proserpina and Ceres—his loveliest, I think—whether at school or later, doesn't so much matter. Certainly the loveliness of Ovid's Vale of Enna and the sweet simplicity of his Proserpina, gave Shakespeare, and can give us all, if we accept it, both the promise of the simple joys of that sheep-shearing festival in Warwickshire or, if you please, Bohemia, and with it something more, the deeply moving pathos of it and its relevance to what, in spite of all machinery, is still our intimate concern, the miracle and mystery of birth and love and suffering, the miracle and mystery of life and growth and death.

Perpetuum ver est.

There is eternal spring. While in that grove
 Proserpina played and gathered violets . . .
 Dis came, and saw, and loved, and seized her,
 almost in one moment.

That is our own, our universal story. Most of us already have good cause to know it. All, I think, some day, somewhere, will have to learn it. Anyhow, generation after generation of the men and women who once worshipped at Eleusis loved it and found comfort in it, and today the hearts of men and women, whether kneeling at Our Lady's shrine or simply thinking of some loved one who was "gathered," can still find help and just a little comfort from that ancient story of the mother and the maid.

O Proserpina

For the flowers that frightened thou letst fall.

Territa is Ovid's word; "frighted" is Shakespeare's own. I think the crowning beauty of this lovely scene is *Perdita's*

"I was not much afeared" after the old King's storm of anger and his threats had seemed, but only seemed, to mean the end of happiness for her and for her Florizel.

Daffodils that take
The winds of March with beauty, violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die. . . .

"Violets dim . . . pale primroses"? Virgil, we see, has helped as well as Ovid. *Pallentes violas* is Virgil's phrase, not Ovid's (see *Ecl.* II, 45 ff.), and I like to think that these "pale" primroses that die unmarried ere they can behold bright Phoebus in his strength, owe something to the Muse of Virgil, and the spirit which dictated those great lines, beloved by Dante also:

*Tu Marcellus eris—manibus date lilia plenis
Purpureos spargam flores.*
And my sweet love,
To strew him o'er and o'er.
What, like a corse?
No, like a bank for love to lie and play on,
Not like a corse, or if, not to be buried
But quick and in my arms.

Certainly Shakespeare, who loved Ovid, none the less loved Virgil too, and in Ophelia's flower-speeches and the Queen's story of her death and loving tribute at her grave, there are still touches that remind us both of Perdita and of Marcellus.

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet maid,
And not have strewed thy grave.

As for Laertes',

Lay her in the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring,

there is no doubt this echoes one great line of Persius, the most difficult of Latin satirists and the least likely to be read

in schools. Was it quoted somewhere in a note on Virgil or on Ovid? Or perhaps in a book of extracts? Or did Mr. Jenkins or, much later, did Ben Jonson quote it, and did Shakespeare think, "A lovely phrase"? Who knows? Not I. Not, perhaps, even Mr. Baldwin.

What we do know, thanks again to Mr. Baldwin, is that three books and the best of the *Aeneid* were quite certainly all read at school: Book II, the story that Aeneas told to Dido of his own experience on that last tragic night of Troy; Book IV, Dido's own Tragedy; Book VI, the story of the hero's journey to the shades, all three were used and understood as well as loved by Shakespeare, often better understood by him than by most modern scholars. He has vivid memories too of parts of Cicero. Witness the moonlit scene at Belmont, with its exquisite Ovidian Prelude which begins with Troilus, his soul, and ends with Jessica's exquisite

In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her true
And stole her soul?

and with Lorenzo's gracious "He forgave it her."

That Prelude, with its introduction of the soul at the beginning and forgiveness at the end, is a fitting Prelude to the sequel, the return of Portia, the loving comedy about the ring, and the last words of reconciliation—when Bassanio for his part swears by his soul and Antonio swears by his and Portia asks forgiveness. The whole act in fact is spoken music and the greatest wonder of it is the organ music of Lorenzo's speech which lifts us to the music of the spheres, blending with subtle memories of Scipio's Dream from Cicero and of Anchises' great discourse in Elysium the same theme as the Prelude and Conclusion of the whole enchanting episode, the Soul and Harmony.

Shakespeare knew and loved his Classics. Hamlet himself,

fresh from the Wittenberg of Shakespeare's fancy—very much like Oxford—proves it once again. He can quote Juvenal, can hold us all entranced by meditation on a school theme (from the *Tusculans*), "To be or not to be"; and just because he vividly remembers Virgil, he will ask the players for a speech "he chiefly loved from Aeneas' tale to Dido." It is delightful to observe that, when he gives the cue for the speech, Hamlet himself gets it wrong. He begins with a reference to what poor Dido said to her Aeneas when he left her: "Your mother must have been a Hyrcanian tigress!" So Hamlet begins the speech, "The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast," and corrects himself at once, "The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms, *et cetera*."

So well did Shakespeare know the detail of the poem. But it was the meaning of the poet that he understood much better than more modern critics. Why did Hamlet choose that speech? Not simply because he saw the play at Wittenberg, and liked it—though it was caviar to the general. But because he knew that Virgil's hero, even in the story of himself as Virgil makes him tell it, is the tale of how, throughout that dreadful night, he had been shirking the plain duty laid on him by Hector's ghost—to save his father and his son—to save the gods of Troy—but not to fight, because the cause is lost and Troy must live through him.

That is why Hamlet chose that speech, and he remembers how, at the sound of Hecuba's appeal and at the sight of Priam's body, Aeneas did at last remember duty and went home to do it. "Then, then, for the first time, o'erwhelmed by a fierce horror, I stood aghast. I seemed to see my own dear father's form. . . ." *Obstipui. Subiit cari genitoris imago.*

Hamlet remembered that, and so, just at that point, when Hecuba's cry "would have made milk the burning eyes of heaven," if the gods cared at all, he let Polonius stop the

player and dismissed the company with his accustomed courtesy, then railed upon himself. "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?"

Erasmus' prophecy indeed came true. "Small Latin"? Yes, perhaps, by Jonson's standard. But poets have a way of understanding poets.

So much for the small Latin. What about Greek? Here even Mr. Baldwin seems to droop and murmur, "Less . . . what worlds away!" Shakespeare had, I think, at school some chapters of a Gospel, probably some snatches of Theocritus and Hesiod, remembered since he loved their music, and possibly a very little Homer, not appreciated, for he clearly did not know the last books of the *Iliad* and so could never like Achilles. Some passages of Lucian he had, and some Isocrates, as well as anecdotes and aphorisms. Not very much, but it all counts; and after school he added to it certainly, perhaps as a teacher somewhere for a time, or as a servant who became a friend in a great house. We do not know. But anyhow, quite certainly, I think, he added more in later years, once Plutarch had inspired him, as Professor J. A. K. Thompson has convincingly assured us, with a new and true and really Greek conception of a tragic hero. Then, not till then, he wrote the tragedies which earned him Jonson's tribute, just and generous, though much misunderstood. He was indeed the peer of Aeschylus and Sophocles, because, although he had "small Latin and less Greek," and though "his matter nature be,"

His Art doth give the fashion

. . . [And] the race

Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines

In his well turned and true-filed lines.

His style in fact reflects a high poetic ancestry. That is Ben Jonson's final verdict. It is true.

J. T. SHEPPARD