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ARTICLE I.

CONGREGATIONAL TEMPORALITIES.

The whole subject of the temporalities of the Church should be elaborated into a science, which might be called Ecclesiastical Economy; and should occupy the place in ecclesiastical literature that Political Economy does in civil. It is a subject worthy of the best efforts of the best minds in the Church, and is susceptible of a thoroughly philosophical treatment. It is of almost fundamental importance when considered in its spiritual aspects; and yet it has generally received only an empirical treatment. It is a subject whose abstract doctrines grow out of the profoundest ideas of religion, both natural and revealed, and also have intimate relations with metaphysics, ethics, history, political economy, and the relations of Church and State; and until it is understood, systematized, and taught in its breadth, the temporalities will continue to be the "evil genius" of the Church, instead of a source of comfort, stability, and spiritual prosperity.

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mind in the congregation, which will be hard to deal with, until there is some encouragement to hope that there is to be a better state of things hereafter. When they are made parties in all that is done, and when they find that there is such a condition of things as may be called "easy circumstances" in a congregation, and above all, when they fully comprehend the spiritual import of these temporal affairs and adopt these duties as a part of their religion—then our congregations will come up as easily, as fully and as heartily to the measure of their duty in these, as they do in more directly spiritual matters.

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ARTICLE II.

SHAKESPEARE.

*Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare, with an Essay towards the Expression of his Genius, and an Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Drama.* By RICHARD GRANT WHITE. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1865.

This is one of the best books of its kind, and one of the most enjoyable books of any kind, which we have had the opportunity of reading. The author, Mr. Richard Grant White, is not wholly unknown to us. It was, we think, in 1860 that we first met with his edition of Shakespeare, only seven volumes of which were then published. These had appeared in 1859 from the press of Little, Brown & Co. It was in crown octavo and was the *avant courier* of that series of superb issues which have excited the admiration even of English booksellers, and have added so much to the laurels of the best publishing house in Boston. It is now conceded that the printing in America is often as good as the best in Great Britain, and this result we owe largely to the labors of Messrs. Little & Brown. The work before us is one of the handsomest which has yet appeared in the

United States. It is on heavy, ribbed paper, with broad margin, and somewhat antique letters. The letter-press has seldom been equalled in this country. The title page, which is partly printed in red ink, is beautiful to behold. The preface is modest and well written. The book consists of three parts, viz., a new and copious life of Shakespeare, an elaborate estimate of his genius, and an account of the English drama. The work is a single post octavo volume of four hundred and twenty-five pages. There is no appendix, though there are a number of excellent foot notes.

Mr. White has latterly risen to the unquestioned position of preëminence among cisatlantic Shakespeare scholars. If there were a chair of "Shakespeare" in any of our American Universities, as there is at Bonn, Mr. White ought certainly to fill it.

We confess that we have risen from this book with a feeling of disappointment. We had expected not only a fresh recital of facts, but a recital of fresh facts. Mr. White has added little in the way of new material to what was already to be found in the pages of Jonson, Betterton, Rowe, Digges, Holland, Warburton, Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Dyce, Singer, Halliwell, Collier, and the rest. It is very certain, however, that he has purged the current traditional notions about the historic Shakespeare, of many errors, and has fixed a number of most interesting or important facts which were before held to be doubtful, or were else denied outright. He has settled the spelling of the name beyond all peradventure, though he still leaves a cloud over its derivation. Mr. White has also ventured, with happy audacity, upon a number of strong original views, and a yet larger number of felicitous conjectures. In his researches he discards the wild *a priori* method of the Germans, and pursues the strict Baconian method, under the constant guidance of sound English common sense.

But the chief value of the book after all lies in this, that it has gathered up all that is really known or really probable about this "foremost man of all the world," and has presented it to us in the rich and copious style of modern biography. Mr. White, in short, has performed very much the same office for Shakespeare, which Mr. Forsyth has performed for Cicero.

The way in which the author has vitalized his materials, and something too in his diction, remind us of the "Personal History of Lord Bacon." *That*, however, is one-sided and inconsequential, and though piquant, affected; whereas the work under review is in the main sound, wholesome, catholic, and comprehensive. The structure is reared upon deep-laid and broad foundations, and its fretted cornices and Corinthian chapters are mere superficial decorations, and not a principal part of the design.

The style is a model of correct, vigorous, and graceful English, well befitting, in its occasional Elizabethan flavor, the delightful topic to which the writer's pen has been devoted. The book is an astonishing mine of antiquarian learning, as well as of linguistic and other attainment, and approves the accomplished gentleman who wrote it as a scholar and a ripe and good one. The following may be taken at once as a sample of the style, and as a specimen of the curious erudition, to which we have referred :

"Warwickshire, in Old England, seems to have been the favorite haunt, if it were not the ancestral soil, of a family whose name more than any other in our tongue sounds of battle and tells of knightly origin. It is possible, indeed, that *Shakespeare* is a corruption of some name of more peaceful meaning, and therefore mayhap (so bloody was ambition's very lowest step of old) of humbler derivation; for in the irregular, phonographic spelling of antiquity it appears sometimes as *Chacksper* and *Shaxpur*. But upon such an uncertain foundation it is hardly safe even to base a doubt; and as the martial accents come down to us from the verge of the fourteenth century, we may safely assume that a name thus spoken in chivalric days was not without chivalric significance." P. 6.

Then in a note, he says :

"The manner in which the name is spelled in the old records varies almost to the extreme capacity of various letters to produce a sound approximating to the name as we pronounce it. It appears as *Chacksper*, *Shaxpur*, *Shaxper*, *Schaksper*, *Schakesper*, *Schaksper*, *Schakespeire*, *Schakespeyr*, *Shagspere*, *Saxpere*, *Shaxpere*, *Shaxpeare*, *Shaxper*, *Shaxspere*, *Shaxespere*, *Shakspear*, *Shakspeere*, *Schakspear*, *Shackspeare*, *Shackespeare*, *Shackespere*, *Shakspeyr*, *Shaksper*, *Shakespere*, *Shakyspere*, *Shakeseper*, *Shakespire*, *Shakespeire*, *Shakespear*, *Shakespeare*, *Shakaspeare* :

and there are even other variations of its orthography. But Shakespeare himself, and his careful friend Ben Johnson, when they printed the name, spelled it Shake-speare, the hyphen being often used; and in this form it is found in almost every book of their time in which it appeared. The final e is a mere superfluity, and might with propriety be dropped; but then we should also drop it from Greene, Marlowe, Peele, and other names in which it appears. There seems therefore to be no good reason for deviating from the orthography to which Shakespeare and his contemporaries gave a kind of formal recognition. As to the superior martial significance of this name to all others, we have indeed Breakspere, Winspere, Shakeshaft, Shakelance, Briselance, Hackstaff, Drawswerde, Curtlemace, Battelman, and some others of that sort; but in this regard they all must yield to that which was an attribute of Mars himself as long ago as when Homer wrote:

“Μαίρω δ', ὅς ᾽στ' Ἄρης ἰχίσατόν·—ILLIAD, O. 605.”

After referring to Stratford,\* our author says:

“It was in such a town and amid such a country that William Shakespeare passed his early years; and a glance at them has been worth our while; for when he left them for a wider, busier, and more varied field of observation, marvellous as were the flexibility of his nature and the range and activity of his thought, his memory never lost the forms, nor did his soul cast off the influences, which had surrounded him in boyhood. As to the people of Stratford, they were much like others of their class and condition: simple folk, contentedly looking after their fields, their cattle, and their little trade, not troubling themselves about the great world which lay beyond their ken, but somewhat overready to take the law of one another upon small provocation, and strongly inclined to Puritanism. If they had one trait which seems more prominent than any other, it was a great capacity for liquor, which they tested on every possible occasion. The suns which they spent in providing themselves and each other, and the strangers within their gates, with ale possets, claret, and sack and sugar, must have been no small proportion of the yearly outlay of the town. And yet perhaps in this respect they were but of their day and generation.” P. 26.

There is some exquisite irony in this book, as where it is proven

\* We are informed by a young friend who has visited the spot, that the word *Stratford* in *Stratford on Acon* is in England universally pronounced *Stratford*.

on premises furnished by George Steevens, that the poet must have been a *tailor*! Mr. White ridicules the tradition that Shakespeare was at one time a butcher, and makes it almost certain that he was not. He, however, leans strongly to the story about the deer-stealing in Sir Thos. Lucy's preserves, and even to the authenticity of the lampoon in which the poet castigated the testy and unpopular baronet. Yet he throws such a chivalric and romantic air over the incident, as almost to deprive it of its rudeness. He says on p. 60:

“In Shakespeare's day, as well as long before, killing a gentleman's deer was almost as common among wild young men as robbing a farmer's orchard among boys. Indeed, it was looked upon as a sign of that poor semblance of manliness sometimes called spirit, and was rather a gentleman's misdemeanor than a yeoman's; one which a peasant would not be presumed to commit, except, indeed, at risk of his ears, for poaching at once upon the game and sin-preserved of his betters. Noblemen engaged in it; and in days gone by the very first Prince of Wales had been a deer-stealer. Among multitudinous passages illustrative of this trait of manners, a story preserved by Wood in his *Athenæ Oronienses* fixes unmistakably the grade of the offence. It is there told, on the authority of Simon Forman, that his patrons, Robert Pinkney and John Thornborough, the latter of whom was admitted a member of Magdalen College in 1570, and became Bishop of Bristol and Worcester, seldom studied or gave themselves to their books, but spent their time in fencing-schools and dancing-schools, in stealing deer and conies, in hunting the hare and wooing girls. In fact, deer-stealing then supplied to the young members of the privileged classes in Old England an excitement of a higher kind than that afforded by beating watchmen and tearing off knockers and bell-pulls to the generation but just passed away. A passage of *Titus Andronicus*, written soon after Shakespeare reached London, is here in point. Prince Demetrius exclaims:

“What, hast thou not full often struck a doe,  
And cleanly borne her past the keeper's nose?”

“Whereupon Steevens, wishing to discredit the play as Shakespeare's, remarks: ‘We have here Demetrius, the son of a Queen, demanding of his brother if he has not often been reduced to practise the common artifices of a deer-stealer,—an absurdity worthy of the rest of the piece.’ Probably Steevens had never read in the old chronicle of Edward of Caernarvon, the first

Prince of Wales, that King Edward put his son, Prince Edward, in prison because he had riotously broken into the park of Walter Langton, Bishop of Chester, and stolen his deer. The Prince did this at the instigation of his favorite, that handsome, insolent rake, Piers de Gaveston: and he had previously begged Hugh de Despencer to pardon his 'well-beloved John de Bouynge,' who had in like manner broken into that nobleman's park. What was pastime for a Prince of Wales and his companions in the fourteenth century, might be regarded as a venial misdemeanor on the part of a landless knight, and a mark of spirit in a yeoman's son, in the sixteenth.

"But he with the 'three louses rampant' on his coat makes much more than this of Falstaff's affair. He will bring it before the council, he will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, and pronounces it a riot. And in fact, according to his account, Sir John was not content with stealing his deer, but broke open his lodge and beat his men. It seems then, that, in writing this passage, Shakespeare had in mind not only an actual occurrence in which Sir Thomas Lucy was concerned, but one of greater gravity than a mere deer-stealing affair; that having been made the occasion of more serious outrage. \* \* \* Here are all the conditions of a very pretty parish quarrel. A puritanical knight, fussy about his family pretensions and his game, having hereditary disagreement with the Stratford people about rights of common.—a subject on which they were, like all of English race, sure to be tenacious,—after having been left out of Parliament for eleven years, is reelected, and immediately sets to work at securing that privilege so dearly prized by his class, and so odious to all below it,—the preservation of the game for the pastime of the gentry. The anti-Puritan party and those who stand up stoutly for rights of common, vent their indignation to the best of their ability: one of their number writes a lampoon upon him, and a body of them, too strong to be resisted, break riotously into his grounds, kill his deer, beat his men, and carry off their booty in triumph. The affair is an outbreak of rude parish politics, a popular demonstration against an unpopular man: and who so likely to take part in it as the son of the former bailiff, who, we know, was no Puritan, and whose father, ambitious, and, as we shall see, even pretending to a coat of arms, had most probably had personal and official disagreements with, and received personal slights and rebuffs from, his rich, powerful, arrogant neighbor,—or who so likely to write the lampoon as young Will Shakespeare? There could hardly have been two in Stratford who were able to write that stanza, the rhythm of

which shows no common clodpole's ear, and which, though coarse in its satire, is bitter and well suited to the occasion. That it is a genuine production,—that is, part of a ballad written at the time for the purpose of lampooning Sir Thomas Lucy—I think there can be no doubt: it carries its genuineness upon its face and in its spirit. That Shakespeare wrote it I am inclined to believe. But even were he not its author, if he had taken any part in a demonstration against Sir Thomas Lucy, and soon after was driven, by whatever circumstances, to leave Stratford for London, where he rose to distinction as a poet, rumor would be likely soon to attribute the ballad to him, and to assign the occasion on which it was written as that which caused his departure; and rumor would soon become tradition. That Shakespeare meant to pay off a Stratford debt to Sir Thomas Lucy in that first scene of *The Merry Wives*, and that he did it with the memory of the riotous trespass upon that gentleman's grounds, seem equally manifest. That he had taken part in the event which he commemorated, there is not evidence which would be sufficient in a court of law, but quite enough for those who are satisfied with the concurrence of probability and tradition; and I confess that I am of that number." P. 67.

There is a most interesting disquisition in this volume on the probable extent to which Shakespeare was allowed to push his education. It is rendered morally certain that he had a pretty intimate knowledge (of the kind possible to school boys) of Latin, and a tolerable acquaintance with Greek; and reasonably likely, that he read Italian, had a smattering of French, and had studied law. It is a Chief Justice and Lord Chancellor\* of England who says: "While novelists and dramatists are constantly making mistakes as to the law of marriage, of wills, and of inheritance, to Shakespeare's law, lavishly as he propounds it, there can be no demurrer, nor bill of exceptions, nor writ of errors." The same species of evidence will certainly prove that Mr. White has himself been no stranger to Lord Hale and Coke upon Littleton.

The verbal and ideal coincidences between Shakespeare (in *Othello*) and Berni's *Orlando Innamorato*, (a work which to this day has never been translated into English,) that are pointed out for the first time in this book, and on which our author mainly

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\* Lord Campbell.



relies for his proof of the poet's acquaintance with Italian, though truly marvellous on that supposition, *may* be accidental. It is quite certain that Bunyan never read "Pvreach His Pilgrims." We ought not to build too much on such slight evidence. Still it must be admitted that there is no counter-evidence of equal force, and that the probabilities incline more than ever to the view that is cautiously adopted by the American biographer.

We wish we had room for Mr. White's remarkable dissertation on the theme that blood not only tells, but tells on the father's, rather than the mother's side. The catalogue of illustrious names which he gives us in support of this position is very surprising.

It would have been interesting to have had a fuller presentation of the views of this distinguished critic on the question that has been so long mooted, and that has recently been noticed so ably by Mr. Froude, viz., whether Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic or a Protestant. Mr. White contents himself with showing that the great dramatist was an anti-Puritan, but that nothing conclusive can be gathered on this or any similar subject from his plays. He evidently leans to the opinion that the favorite poet of Protestant England was himself a Protestant, though in no such way as to exclude him from the sympathy of Catholics. His remarks on the total absence of the author's personal character in his *dramatic* compositions, are not original, but are very striking. He agrees with those who find the man Shakespeare, with his true feelings and opinions, in the sonnets. "Indeed," he says on p. 279, "from all of Shakespeare's plays we can gather little more as to his personal tastes than that he had a great aversion to high voices, false hair, and painted checks in women. Yet this is an indication, not of his individuality, but of his manhood."

There is in this volume a plain though fascinating account of the Mermaid and its glorious coterie, but too little is said about Shakespeare's relations with the Queen, and with other important characters of the period.

Mr. White thinks that Shakespeare wrote entirely for money and position, and not at all for posthumous fame, and he over-

turns some very pretty German theories on this subject. We think, however, he is rather too unqualified in his statements on this point. He proves, also, incontestably that Shakespeare's supreme genius was sufficiently recognised by his contemporaries, and has always been acknowledged by the mass of the people. It is pleasant to be assured that the meanest of us can understand and appreciate Shakespeare. He also leaves it sadly probable that Shakespeare, like Alexander, died from the consequences of an excess.

Mr. White crushes Mr. Holmes's theory, that Bacon wrote these plays, between his finger and thumb. The evidence (if any were needed) is overwhelming and decisive.

We are tempted to pronounce that the "essay towards the expression of Shakespeare's genius," which is contained in this volume, is worth all that has ever been written on this subject, not even excepting Coleridge, Lamb, and Schlegel. The motto prefixed to this admirable performance is most fit and worthy: "May I express thee unblam'd?"

The estimate of the English poet in comparison with Homer and Dante is perhaps extravagant, though not uncommon. These three are his demi-gods. There are traces here, we think, of the peculiar intellectual and religious culture of Harvard. Mr. White is reticent on theological (would that he had been on political!) topics, and may be a Unitarian, a Pantheist, a Freethinker, or a mere æsthetic hero-worshipper. It is fair to say that though he places Shakespeare in some sense among the divinities, he yet puts him second on the score of instruction to our Saviour! Mr. White, for aught we know to the contrary, may be a believer. We greatly fear that he is indifferent on such subjects, and that he worships a poor weak mortal as his God.

What he says about Homer would be very distasteful to Mr. Gladstone or to Mr. Froude, as it will be to many metaphysicians and theologians, but will find many hearty admirers:

"Homer saw with placid mental eye the people and the deeds that he describes, as clearly as if they had passed before him in the flesh: Astyanax shrinking from his father's flashing helm

and threatening crest: Hector striding across the battle-field, his huge shield rattling, as he walked, against his neck and ankles; the opposing hosts, assembled upon the plain, whose swaying spears and waving plumes, seen from afar, showed dark broad ripples, like cat's paws on the water. Dante, with more incisive word-touch, if not more penetrating vision, puts before us Ugo-lino and his boys dying one by one of hunger; the Centaur with an arrow parting his beard upon his jaws before he speaks; or those two tormented alchemists who leaned against each other like pans set up to dry, and scraped the scales from their leprous bodies in prurient agony. But Shakespeare's imagination was more than this. Homer and Dante saw; he not only saw, but was. His art is more than imagination, more than fancy, more than philosophy, more than their aggregation. It is their union in one nameless faculty. Indeed it is only after recurring to Homer and Dante, and to Milton, Virgil, and Horace, that we know how far, how immeasurably far, is the step from the lofty cumulation of all their qualities to Shakespeare's quality. It is almost like that from the finite to the infinite. As we add number to number, until numbers cease to have significance, and then at last spring to the idea of the infinite, to which we cannot otherwise approach, so we put together all the qualities of all other poets, and then, seeing our failure to reach the Parnassian summit by heaping Pelions upon Ossas, we break off and leap to Shakespeare.

“Shakespeare worked all his wonders with the lordliness of a supreme master; yet, we may be sure, not without labor. Certain men have higher tasks, and for them higher faculties, than others: he, highest. But nothing is attained by human powers, however transcendent, without paying for it man's-price,—toil. There is no such thing as real *impromptu*. There is only the ready use on present occasion of the fruits of past exertion:—

“*Che, seggendo in piuma,*

*In fama non si vien, ne' sotto coltre.*”

We regret to have to say in conclusion that this truly valuable book is marred by a most unhappy dedication. Partisan politics should have been here excluded, as they are in the body of the work itself.

• Inferno, Canto xxiv. 147.