O man should lightly pen the name of Shakspere; nor without good and sufficient reason increase the flood of literature which is incessantly gathering around his personality. The pre-eminence of his genius is too great for us to comprehend save by comparison, and we realise his supremacy by contrast with the chief of those whose work is the outcome of intuitive and creative power, but he, apparently without effort, mediates nature with humanity, lays bare the springs of action, bids the dead revive and dumb forgetfulness again grow eloquent, and from the unseen calls into being a world of creatures, like ourselves in frailty, thought and action, but as immortal as created thing can be.

Much of modern criticism is of great and ever-increasing value, but with it is blended a not inconsiderable proportion of the trifling and superfluous, mere ineptitudes arising from imperfect appreciation or apprehension and which, while valueless as such, only serve to embarrass the student and enquirer who, seeking a closer intimacy with the original, naturally welcome whatever of illustrative or supplementary detail may be gathered from the labours of intelligent and painstaking research. Where the field of study is illimitable, as in this of Shakspere, there is more to be gained by exhaustive enquiry of a part than in attempting to grasp an entity altogether beyond our powers. The investigator of personal concernings may do better and yeoman service by clearing doubt or revealing unsuspected affinity, than
in expanding into generalities which, however pleasant in the perusal, have little actual value compared with the fruit of patient research in the by-ways of dormant or forgotten things.

This paper, therefore, is an attempt, on purely material lines, to differentiate the various known portraits of Shakspere, and by analysis of object rather than record, to separate the true from the apocryphal or false, and also to free certain of them from the superficial obscurities with which they have been invested by some recent criticism. The writer prefers to accept internal evidence of identity as less fallible and of higher value than authority resting chiefly on tradition, or former recognition, even when this is of early or even contemporaneous date; for when fairly considered, the claims of the former are based on material evidence and therefore incontestable, whilst the latter may only be, and not infrequently is, the mistaken guarantee of substitutes, genuine in themselves, but figuring under an alias through transposition or other accidents, or even deliberate fraud in times more or less remote and beyond enquiry.

The personal relics of Shakspere, when we take into consideration the high repute in which he was held during the greater part of his life, and the prosperous surroundings of his later years, are by no means so numerous nor even of the quality which we might reasonably expect. His birthplace and his tomb are still with us, it is true, but the connecting links of his fifty-two years of life, with some exceptions, are uncertain and fragmentary. Time has swept away every original atom of the manuscripts of that incomparable literature which is increasingly regarded as the standard of intellectual force. Vandal hands have destroyed the house he built and the trees he planted. His descendants have ceased from amongst us, but his name, his lineaments, and the inner portraiture of his mind, inseparably blended, are the best known and most esteemed of controlling factors in the ever-broadening stream of human intelligence.

It is far from improbable that Shakspere's gradual retirement to his Stratford home was for the purpose of perfecting and preparing his writings for publication in a complete form. Their value was undoubtedly, and the practical side to his nature must in any case have
impelled him to action amidst the quietude and lack of congenial society at Stratford. We may conjecture, therefore, that such a ready and prolific pen must have provided many, both used and unused, manuscripts, which his rather unexpected death may have left in an incomplete form. It is quite possible that whatever he had done in this respect fell into the hands of his literary executors, but when we remember that the Puritan leanings of his family forbade more than a cold assent to the publication, the total disappearance a few years later of all personal manuscripts points to their deliberate destruction by his non-sympathetic descendants.

What then have time and circumstance conserved and delivered into our keeping that is material or authentic, of the image and presentment of the Shakspere of everyday life? Of the Shakspere who, unaided by birth, friends, surroundings or fortune, sought by a natural affinity the acquaintance of the genius of his age, “and had his claims allowed,” became their beloved friend and mentor, and as one who knew him well most justly says—

“He was not of an Age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When like Apollo he came forth.” B. J.

Voicing the virility of young England, he gave humanity to think and speak with higher and nobler utterance until, his mission ended, careless of fame, he closed his eyes on a world which has never ceased to regard him as the greatest birth of Time.

The portraits and attributed portraits of Shakspere may be primarily divided into four distinct groups as follows:—

Firstly, those which are universally known and accepted, the specially prepared work of his family and friends, or which are associated with him by internal evidence and credible tradition;

Secondly, those of contemporary or early date, which, although unauthenticated by record or tradition, yet bear in some points resemblance to accepted portraiture. But some of
these, whilst undoubtedly of contemporary work, are self-refuting and should not be permitted to rank as portraits of Shakspere:

Thirdly, the medals, statues, busts and other ideal portraits, dating from the eighteenth century to the present time. These are chiefly based on the first section and their value is largely of an artistic nature only;

Fourthly, a class altogether valueless, such as copies, or altered, concocted or spurious pieces, created to meet the greed of unscrupulous rapacity, or the vagaries of mental distortion, for even the most sacred objects cannot escape the touch of defilement.

With his portraiture in one form or another the average man is quite familiar. The continuous reprints of his plays, and the literature which accumulates around them, are generally accompanied by certain of his portraits; and there is probably no celebrity of the past with whose personal appearance we are better acquainted. Taken as a whole, however, they are fairly good reproductions of those portraits which may be held to possess an authority which entitles them to our most careful consideration.

Amongst the numerous portraits ascribed to Shakspere there are three which stand pre-eminent. These are:—1. The painting in oil, known as the Chandos portrait, presumably from life; 2. The engraved head from the First Folio, 1623, by Martin Droeshout; 3. The memorial bust in Stratford-on-Avon Church. The engraving and the bust were made at the instance of his family and life-long friends, who expressed approval of them, and therefore their fidelity as portraits cannot be questioned. Their several claims, however, will be considered later, but it may be remarked that although each is distinct in type and treatment, and severally expressed in colour, line and form, there is an absolute agreement and concordance in all essential features of portraiture, which go far to establish conviction that in them we have true and faithful representations of Shakspere in his habit as he lived, and as he was seen and known by his contemporaries. Of course it is not
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

THE "CHANDOS" PORTRAIT, FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.
for a moment contended that this identity of representation is displayed with the minute accuracy of a photograph, but that the general trend is uniform and concordant.

The Chandos portrait of Shakspere is the best known and most generally accepted of those which claim to have been painted from life, and in this respect it stands of course upon a higher level of interest than any post-mortem or other transcript, for it brings us face to face with the original as nearly as the power of the limner would permit, and presumably also as he was willing to be known to posterity. It comes to us with an unbroken pedigree of ownerships of repute, that is strengthened by the repeated recognition of many well-known or distinguished persons. Its earliest associations are with poets, players and the stage, and therefore its unquestioned acceptance at the period of the Restoration was obviously due to a fixed belief in its authenticity, to which we may add the almost certain identification by survivors who may have been personally acquainted with the original.

The portrait is upon canvas, 22 inches by 18 inches in size. There are indications of retouching, but not to a very serious extent, nor so as to seriously interfere with its fidelity as a portrait. The late Sir George Scharf, writing in 1864, says:—

"The Chandos portrait is painted on a coarse English canvas covered with a background of greenish grey, rubbed bare in parts, a few parts of the face retouched and the hair darkened in parts; background a rich dark red, features well modelled, shadows skilfully massed, not unworthy Vansomer or Janssen, folly to name the artist, but remarkably good if the work of an amateur. . . . The hair, face and dress have suffered by unskilful cleaning, but the head is finely drawn and well coloured, the face has an expression of intelligence and vivacity, there is not a point in it leading us to doubt its veracity."

In the seventeenth century it was said to be the work of Richard Burbage, the player, and a friend of Shakspere. Burbage undoubtedly possessed considerable skill as an artist, and at Dulwich College there is a portrait which he painted of himself, and in treatment it is somewhat similar to the Chandos portrait, but perhaps not of equal quality as a painting.
Vertue, the engraver, however, in 1719 distinctly says that this portrait was painted by "one Taylor a player, contemporary with Shakspere and his intimate friend." Curiously enough, Taylor also traditionally shares with Burbage the honour of being the original Hamlet.

The painting is that of a man in middle life, attired in a dark coloured doublet, over which is a loose and unstarched linen collar. The face is a rather full oval, the forehead wide and high rising to the crown, the hair scanty at the top and dark brown in colour, falling in full wavy locks to the collar, short moustaches parted in the centre, with upturned ends, the beard clipped or trimmed to the jaw, but longer and brought to a point at the chin, with a tuft under the lower lip.

The eyes are large, full of intelligence, and fixed on the spectator. The eyebrows, however, only partly follow the well-arched lateral sweep of the orbits, a feature which is very noticeable in the bust, where it materially assists the harmonious composure of the face. The left upper eyelid is also rounder than the right, which is longer and straighter, and this peculiarity is also reflected in the bust, where perhaps it is somewhat accentuated by the partial retouching of the right cheek in 1748. The nose is a well but strongly modelled aquiline, the nostrils being expanded and bevelled downwards to the central division, which in turn curves from the tip into the upper lip. The mouth is well formed, the lips being curved and rather full, especially at the centre.

The work of a later and less intelligent hand is much in evidence, but fortunately not so as to materially interfere with the fidelity of the portrait. We notice it especially in the shapeless bunching of the wig-like hair, and where the eyebrows are strengthened and shortened instead of following the curve of the orbit, and it is quite possible that the ear-rings may owe their origin to this period. Generally, the portrait must be regarded as a robust but quite natural and satisfactory presentment of the same original, who is shown in the Droeshout engraving and the Stratford bust.

This has always been regarded as the best known and most satisfactory portrait painted of Shakspere. As early as in 1693

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1 The terms "left" and "right" throughout refer to the subject, not to the spectator.
Sir Godfrey Kneller made a copy of it, which he presented to his friend Dryden, the poet, but a very explicit and matter of fact statement carries it earlier still, namely, to Shakspere's own contemporaries.\(^1\)

Vertue, the celebrated engraver and antiquary, in his manuscript notes, says of this portrait:

"Mr. Betterton [the player] told Mr. Keck several times that the picture of Shakespeare he had, was painted by John Taylor, a player, who acted for Shakespeare. This John Taylor in his will left it to Sr. Will. Davenant, and at the death of Sr. William, Mr. Betterton bought it; and at his death Mr. Keck bought it, in whose possession it now is."

\(\text{i.e., 1719.}\)

Whilst the portrait was in Betterton's possession it was engraved for the fifth, or first octavo, edition of Shakspere's Plays, which was edited and published by Rowe the poet in 1709. To this edition was prefixed a short biography, enriched with much interesting matter which Betterton, who was an enthusiastic Shaksperian scholar, had gathered during his visits to Stratford.

Robert Keck of the Temple purchased it at Betterton's death for forty guineas—a high price for an historical portrait in those days—and from him it passed to a Mr. Nichols, who married into the Keck family. He in turn gave it to his daughter on her marriage to James, Marquis of Caernarvon, who afterwards became Duke of Chandos, hence its pre-nomen.

At the Stowe sale in 1848, the Earl of Ellesmere purchased it for three hundred and fifty-five guineas, and in 1856 presented it to the nation. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery.

From the date of its first becoming publicly known in 1709, when prefixed to Rowe's Shakspere, it was immediately accepted as the most natural and satisfactory of the portraits, free alike from the stiffness and mannerism of the Droeshout or the conventional formality of the Stratford bust, and during the eighteenth century, especially, it was the basis and source of inspiration of innumerable copies, adaptations and idealities, in form, line and colour.

\(^1\) George Vertue, born in London, 1684, died 1756. His voluminous manuscripts were purchased from his widow by Horace Walpole, and are now in the British Museum.
The life-size statue by Scheemakers in 1740, and those by Roubiliac in 1758 and later, the medals by Dassier and others, and the numerous portraits and illustrations to the successive issues of the Plays edited by Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Johnson and others, are examples of its preferential and continuous use.

A terra-cotta bust of Shakspere, now in the Garrick Club, is not without interesting and significant associations. It was found in 1848 during the demolition of some old buildings which originally formed the "Duke's Theatre," Portugal Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, first opened in London at the Restoration in 1660. Sir William Davenant, the projector and builder, also made it his home; later it was in the hands of his friend Betterton, the great Shaksperean player; Rich is said to have either altered or rebuilt it in 1714, but in 1756 it was converted into a barrack, and subsequently became a warehouse until it was taken down.

The bust and its companion of Ben Jonson appear to have been decorative features of the original entrance, and must therefore belong to a much earlier date than 1756, when during the alterations they would seem to have been walled up and forgotten. In the demolition that of Jonson was broken into fragments, which arousing attention enabled the "housebreakers" to obtain its fellow uninjured.

The bust is undoubtedly a fine piece of work, and evidently based on the Chandos portrait. In featural modelling, expression and pose, however, it shows much affinity to the Scheemakers and Roubiliac statues, and has been thought to be the work of one of these artists. But as the bust pertained to the theatre and not to the barracks, it must be anterior in date to 1756, and may well be the creation of some French or Italian modeller of the seventeenth century at the instance of Davenant for his then newly erected playhouse. In treatment of pose and portraiture the statues of 1740 and 1758, moreover, are not dissimilar, and may have been based on a pre-existent model such as this bust. It is also remarkable that whilst no contemporary or even old copies are known to exist, such a bust would appear to have given a conventionalised ideal of feature, expression and costume which contemporary artists generally adopted in preference to the obsolete but more correct fashions of the time.
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE "DROESHOUT" PORTRAIT, FROM THE 1623 FOLIO.
Sir William Davenant, poet and playwright, was reputedly a natural son of Shakspere, but he has other claims to remembrance, for when only ten years old, in 1615, he first invoked the Muse by writing an ode to his godfather Shakspere. Later, in 1628, he wrote the first of his numerous plays. During the Civil War he fought with the cavaliers, became a lieut.-general, and was knighted; under the Protectorate he retired to France and was actively associated with a scheme for taking skilled artizans to Virginia, probably one of those promoted by Shakspere's friend the Earl of Southampton, who also acted as treasurer of the Virginia Company; the connection being interesting. Whilst engaged in this work Davenant was captured and narrowly escaped death for treasonable practices. The good offices of Milton, however, saved him, a debt which at a later period and under reversed conditions he was able to repay.

He was evidently an adroit man of business as well as poet, for after his release by the Protectorate he was allowed, in 1656, to open a small theatre in Rutland House, Charter House Yard. At the Restoration he built the "Duke's Theatre," Lincoln's Inn Fields, the building in which, as we have seen, the terra-cotta bust of Shakspere was found in 1848. Later, again, he built or opened the Theatre in Dorset Gardens, and for these houses he wrote over a dozen Tragedies, Comedies, and other Plays, besides assisting Dryden in recasting Shakspere's "Tempest." As poet, playwright, and actor-manager, he figures as a far-away echo of his putative father. Dying in 1668, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his epitaph is inscribed, O, RARE SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, which certainly, if an apostrophic exaggeration, felicitously rounds off a happy blending of poetry and romance.

The DROESHOUT portrait of Shakspere is the engraving prefixed to the folio, or first collected, edition of his plays, published in 1623, about seven years after his death. It was the work of Martin Droeshout, a young Dutchman, employed by publishers to supply them with portraits and illustrations.

Droeshout was but a youth of 15 when Shakspere died in 1616, and it is highly improbable that he could have prepared the draught
or original from which he engraved the portrait from life, therefore it is either copied from an unknown picture, or is a composition of his own for which he obtained the head from some authentic source, and then added the dress and pose to the best of his ability. The head, however, could not have been copied from the Stratford bust as the hair and beard are quite differently treated.

There are also other versions of a somewhat similar portrait, engraved by Marshall in 1640, and again by Faithorne in 1655, but as they all differ from each other in essential points, especially of costume, it may be that they are merely versions, either of the same original, possibly the Felton portrait, or some drawing or draught, as it was then termed, which either has not survived, or not been hitherto recognized.

Now, in the Memorial Gallery at Stratford-on-Avon there is a painting so closely resembling the folio portrait by Droeshout, as to be undoubtedly either the original from which it was taken or a contemporary or early copy painted from it. It is inscribed Will Shakespeare, 1609, and it has been surmised, and indeed contended, that this is the original of the engraved portrait and probably the work of Martin Droeshout, the engraver’s uncle, who is known to have been a painter, and residing in London in 1608. There is good reason, however, to fear that those who, not unpardonably would read this into being a portrait from life, are misled into such acceptance more by its undoubted antiquity than guided by the cold light of critical analysis.

Comparison of the two side by side is certainly in favour of the engraving as a transcript from life. True, it is formal and full of errors of drawing in pose and dress, and in the management of light and shade shows an inexperienced hand. These technical defects and similar deficiencies are either corrected or do not appear in the painting; but in that the face is tame and almost expressionless, the featural detail being rendered with the usual elaborate inaccuracy of the copyist, which is especially noticeable in the chief points, such as the eyes, nose, and mouth. By covering each portrait, except a circle large enough to show these features only, the important difference of the two in quality is at once apparent. In short, whilst it is both possible and probable that the painter worked from the engraving, it is incredible that the
engraving could have been produced from the painting, were it only from its strong air of realism and vitality. The face has the true Shaksperian look, and the modelling is quite in agreement with that of the Chandos portrait and the Stratford bust; but a somewhat differing general expression is due to treatment of minor detail, such as the eyebrows not continuously following the line of the orbits as they should, the moustache also being much slighter, the tuft of hair under the lower lip spread loosely out, and the lower jaw either shaven or close clipped. Apparent trifles such as these sometimes very seriously affect the recognition of portraiture, otherwise identical, and their curious and illusory effect will be further considered.

The proof, or impression, in an earlier state of the engraving, in the Halliwell Philips collection, shows the eyebrows more in conformity with the orbit, especially near the nose. This is more natural and correct than the heavy and somewhat shapeless sweep seen in the plate, and in other respects also the effect is slightly altered on the latter by strengthening or partially recutting the lines. Whether this was done by Droeshout or another is immaterial, possibly as first finished it may have been considered too slight for its position on the title page and the heavy work it would have to undergo in the printing. From whatever cause it may have arisen, however, its later form is not an improvement.

Young Droeshout engraved in a careful, but laboured and inartistic manner. His inexperience betrays itself, and in this example with a result which renders Ben Jonson's commendatory verses rather difficult to entirely accept; but they undoubtedly do express not only his own, but a general recognition by the inner circle of Shakspere's friends; and as a portrait it must have strongly resembled him or it would not have been reused, in a "retouched" or strengthened form, in the subsequent edition of the folios.

Probably no contemporary knew Shakspere so well as did Ben Jonson, and, to his honour be it said, that none so feelingly and gratefully expressed "this side idolatry," a loving appreciation of both his writings and personal qualities. These are his lines:—
"This figure, that thou here see'st put,
It was for gentle Shakespeare cut,
Wherein the Graver had a strife
With Nature, to outdo the life.
Oh, could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass.
But since he cannot, Reader, look
Not on his picture, but his book."  Ben Jonson, 1623.

Is it possible that the poet's reference to the "strife with nature" to "outdo the life" may be in sly allusion to the graver's laborious if somewhat futile effort to give intellectual vitality to an otherwise correct but inanimate "draught"?

The Droeshout engraving, reproduced in the accompanying plate, has one advantage over all others, in that it was the portrait specially prepared, recognised and approved, by those who well remembered and knew the Poet best. No insinuation of tampering, substitution or suspicion of post-mortem realism can ever affect its integrity or fame, and we have it unaltered and just as his old friend Ben Jonson saw it when he penned his approving lines.

The Stratford Monument is a large mural tablet of Corinthian architecture, built into the north wall of the chancel of Trinity Church, Stratford-on-Avon. Constructed of various coloured marbles and stone, it displays a circular-headed recess containing a half-length effigy of the poet. This is flanked by columns supporting the cornice, and a superstructure enriched with a carving of the Shakspere arms, at the sides of which are youthful allegorical figures bearing various mortuary emblems. The epitaph, which curiously enough omits the Christian name, and states that Shakspere is buried "within this monument," is in Latin and English, and inscribed upon an oblong slab of black marble below the effigy.

Taken altogether, the monument is a well designed and satisfactory piece of work, exactly expressing the taste of its period, probably of about the year 1620, when it was raised to his memory by his family.
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HEAD FROM THE BUST IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.

(Full face.)
and friends. Interest of course mainly centres on the portraiture of
the effigy which is of life size, half-length, seated and draped in doublet
and gown.

By a happy inspiration the sculptor has given us the Bard as
though arrested by a sudden thought whilst in the act of writing, for
the penetrating glance of the eyes, and the slightly parted lips are
dominated by a singularly sweet facial expression, over which a
suspicion of smiling humour lurks like a passing sunbeam. The head
is admirable, finely proportioned and sloping upwards with a beautiful
curve from the forehead to the crown, whilst the contour of the face
is a plump and roundish oval, somewhat massively modelled round the
cheek bones and eyes, which latter are full, open, and frank in
expression. The orbits are well expanded and their downward sweep
materially assists the fine modelling of the temples, and blends the
whole of the upper part of the face into an unbroken curve with the
rather massive lower jaw and chin. The mouth also is proportionate with
its delicately curved lips, which, slightly parted, give almost a speaking
expression. The nose is a finely modelled aquiline, but certainly short in
proportion to the features, or when compared with that of the other por-
traits. This has undoubtedly arisen through the injudicious paring
during so-called “restoration,” induced by a slight fracture of the extreme
tip and a portion of the right nostril. A cast taken before this
“reparation” shows the nature of the injury, and the improper method
followed to obviate it. Of this retooling we will speak further, but it
is well to remark that it was confined to the right half of the face, and that
the left or more expressive half is substantially in its original condition.

But with all shortcomings, imaginary or real, the Stratford bust
far surpasses other portraits in its expression of sweetness, tranquillity,
and intellectual strength, and it would seem that the sculptor, aware
of the greatness that lay quiescent before him, had struggled with his
limitations, and by a happy chance caught a faint reflex of those
qualities which Ionian chisels would have invested with a mysterious
majesty. Whatever its defects, however, we have here at least, a
conception expressive of individuality and great mental power, which
is convincing if only from its unassuming and dignified realism.
Hitherto its posthumous nature has not been questioned, but surely this is an arbitrary and gratuitous assumption, for although it is highly probable that the actual effigy was made after death, yet it is by no means unlikely that Jansen the sculptor may have modelled the face, or even the entire head, from life.

Let us consider the probabilities. Shakspere, especially during his later years, was intimately associated with the Globe Theatre in Southwark, adjacent to which he is also said to have resided, in 1596, "near the Bear Garden," and this was also close to Jansen's atelier. From what we know of Shakspere's companionable and even Bohemian nature, we may quite believe the somewhat vague tradition that the two were acquainted, nay, the very nature of the sculptor's art with its picturesque creativeness would appeal especially to the poetic mind, and Jansen may have cut many a "monumental sire in alabaster" whilst the master spirit of the age admiringly looked on. Jansen, moreover, would scarcely have been the good man of business we estimate him, to say nothing of other and less sordid reasons, had he failed to secure in a satisfactory form such excellent "copy" available, as it would be, for a variety of uses.

When the realism of the head, the bright, living look of the face, and the eyes so full of life and intelligence, are fairly and properly considered, we may far more reasonably regard it as based on a model from life, than as a mere revivification of features transmitted through a death-mask or similar vehicle.

Moreover, Shakspere is said to have died of fever after a short illness, and this together with the custom of the time, would necessitate speedy interment. Who would there be at Stratford or in its vicinity capable of taking a cast, and London also was too distant for even a "post-haste" messenger to go and return with qualified assistance, before the shrinking and rigidity of death had effected a change too great to be concealed. In the features of the effigy we trace nothing of this kind, for all is healthy, smiling life, and the conclusion is irresistible that Jansen reproduced the living and speaking features of the man as he knew and talked with him.

So far as sculpture will permit estimate of age, the Stratford bust
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HEAD FROM THE BUST IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.
(Three-quarter face to left.)
Gerard Jansen, the Sculptor.

is that of one in his youthful prime. Now in 1596, when Shakspere and Jansen were neighbours, he would be about 32 years of age, and this somewhat confirms the writer’s view that the post-mortem bust of twenty years later was carved from a life model taken about that period. It is also the youngest looking of his portraits, with perhaps the exception of the Droeshout, the others all being of a man considerably more advanced in life.

The sculptor of the effigy was Gerard Jansen, a Dutchman, who came to London in the year 1567, and seems to have found the soil congenial, for well on in the next century he was still hard at work with his five sons, four apprentices and an “Englishman.” It was the age of effigies and theatric monumental extravagancies, and in the gratification of the taste Jansen and his sons, no doubt, found constant and profitable employment. As before mentioned his workshop was in Southwark, a little to the west of St. Saviour’s Church, where it will be remembered Shakspere’s brother Edmund was buried.

Attempts have been made, especially of late years, to show that the monument in Stratford Church is either not that made by Jansen, or at least a much altered reconstruction of it. Also that the effigy is either an eighteenth century copy deviating greatly from the original, or that the original is rendered valueless as a portrait by mischievous and incompetent retooling.

These diverse contentions are chiefly based on a curiously grotesque illustration of the monument in Dugdale’s *Warwickshire*, published in 1656, and a misapprehension of an absurdly overrated account of a certain “repairing and beautifying” done at the instance of some enthusiastic strolling players in the year 1748.

That a monument was erected at Stratford within seven years of the Poet’s death is certain from the reference to it in the first collected edition of his plays, the folio, of 1623; and Dugdale’s illustration is an attempt to represent it as he saw it in 1656. Now Dugdale was a careful and painstaking antiquary, but a poor artist, who also laboured under the difficulty of interpretation by draughtsmen and engravers of very unequal abilities; and posterity cannot too highly appreciate the patience, devotion, and skill which in such a discouraging time ventured
to brave the discomforts and dangers of travel in search of material, and afterwards face the successive harassment of engraver and printer in publication.

Comparison of his original pencil sketches with the plates, and these in turn with the buildings and monuments as they now appear, is very instructive, for the sketches prove in most cases to be mere rough draughts which one or other of his numerous engravers, Hollar, Gaywood, Vaughan, and others, dressed into form, their part of the work being done with neatness and fidelity, according to their lights, but no one acquainted, for example, with architectural or decorative detail can accept their quaint elaborations as more than a picturesque but very free rendering of the subject, of which the chief value now rests in its approach to reliability.

Dugdale in his diary, whilst collecting his material in 1653, writes, "Shakspeare’s and John Combe’s monument at Stratford sup Avon, made by one Gerard Johnson," and the accuracy of this statement is confirmed by their similarity of treatment in many points, but had the assumed "reconstruction" of Shakspere’s monument been effected, the "restorer" would not have copied quaint or incorrect detail whilst modernising or recutting the effigy; moreover, the work throughout is early Jacobean in design and workmanship, and no trained eye could confound it with, or estimate it as, a production of the mid-Georgian period.

The fallacy, however, of the whole supposition becomes at once apparent on comparing the various early views of the monument, thus:

Dugdale, 1656.—No entablature to main cornice, but masks over columns; the arch of the niche is shouldered instead of resting upon impost; the effigy a ridiculous caricature; the epitaph in italics.
Vertue, Rowe’s edition, 1709. Copies Dugdale, with variations.
Vertue, Pope’s edition, 1725. Shows the architecture as now existing, but introduces an effigy largely based on the Chandos portrait, and quite different from either Dugdale’s or the present bust.
Gravelot, 1744. Copies Vertue’s 1725 plate, but again alters the effigy.
Grigmon, 1786. Copies Vertue’s 1709 version of Dugdale. Yet we
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HEAD FROM THE BUST IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.

(Profile to left.)
The Story of the Monument.

know that when Malone repainted the present effigy in 1798, it had not been tampered with in any way since 1748, and very slightly then, as we hope to show.

It is quite clear, therefore, that if any reconstruction or material alteration to the monument had ever been effected, it must have been done between the years 1709 and 1725, the dates when Rowe and Pope issued their editions of Shakspere, and it is inconceivable that either of these would have allowed such an event as the reconstruction of his monument to pass unnoticed, or even the necessity for it to go without remark. Obviously Ward the player, in 1748, found it somewhat broken and decayed in parts, the marble stained and discoloured, and his well-meant efforts were directed, as his statement clearly says, to “repair and beautify” and nothing more. Moreover, careful scrutiny reveals many traces of these and later repairs, thus giving satisfactory proof that substantially the monument is that actually erected shortly after the poet's death.

In the Memorial Library, Stratford-on-Avon, there is a plaster cast of the face only of the effigy, which is of the highest importance as showing the condition of the features, presumably previous to the repairs and retooling of 1748. Although nothing is known of its origin or history, it may well have been made at that time to serve as a guide for the carver, because upon it we see where a small but very serious fracture has removed the tip of the nose and a portion of the flange of the right nostril. The missing parts on the original should have been made good in hard-setting composition, and the subsequent repainting would have effectually concealed the injury. But instead of this simple method, the “restorer” stupidly increased the mischief by reshaping the injured part by shortening the nose and re-forming the flange of the nostril; and to further conceal the cutting down thus entailed, he partially retooled the greater portion of the right cheek from the moustache upwards to the eyebrow, and perhaps also the temple. The accompanying five plates of the head clearly show where this retooling has been done, for on the right side of the face the eyelids and eyebrow are cut upon harder or less sweet lines, and on a different plane to the left; whilst the nostril is higher and flatter, the
cheek also has lost its roundness, and altogether the expression is inferior and less happy and composed than that of the left, which, except where the general effect is injured by the shortening of the nose, appears to be as when it left the hands of Jansen. The restoration of the nose to the form shown in the Chandos and Droeshout portraits would at once correct the effect of chubbiness arising from its modern curtailment, and would add greatly to the strength and dignity of the head.

Delineators of the human face are well aware that the left side has almost invariably more force and character than its fellow, and it is a fortunate circumstance that this is the side which has escaped injury, being practically untouched by the restorer's tooling and scraping. This enables us to appreciate all that the sculptor could give us of the original.

At one time it was thought that the death mask so long preserved in the Vonkesselstadt family, of Cologne, was the original from which Gerard Jansen prepared his bust. It is a plaster cast made from a wax mould, taken from a wax cast produced from the original wax matrix of a face. The wax cast may have been prepared for a funeral effigy, according to the custom of the seventeenth century. It exhibits traces of the process of recasting, shows the pores of the skin, and still retains a few auburn hairs from the moustache and beard, which are embedded in the plaster. Whilst the plaster was still soft it was inscribed with a blunt point, "+A° DN 1616."

Gerard Jansen or his family are said to have returned to Amsterdam. The impending civil war may have caused this by bringing a business like that of a sculptor to a standstill. With them also would probably go much of their stock in trade, patterns, casts, etc., and amongst them, if existing, the mask of such a notable person as Shakspere would not be without potential value, and traditionally also this mask is said to have been purchased from Jansen. It has a considerable although quite superficial resemblance to Shakspere, but the features differ in many essential points, and the profile alone renders identity impossible. It must therefore be dismissed from the category of Shaksperian portraiture.
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HEAD FROM THE BUST IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.

(Three-quarter face to right.)
The Effigy's Fidelity to Nature.

The writer obtained a number of very interesting outlines from an accurate cast of the head of the monumental effigy by applying narrow strips of thin sheet lead to the various contours and outlines. These when transferred to paper proved of much value in illustrating points of detail not otherwise obtainable. Some of them were as follows:

1. Profile of face and head, from the chin upwards and over the head to the back of the neck.
2. The circumference of the head at level of temples, horizontally.
3. Contour of face at tip of nose, from ear to ear.
4. Contour round face, forehead, cheeks, and chin, vertically.
5. Contour of the arch of the head, midway between forehead and crown, from ear to ear, vertically.

The second outline is especially enlightening, as showing the inequalities and irregular outline of the skull; the left temple and round above the ear being fuller than the corresponding parts of the right side. Scientists have long been aware that active mental powers frequently cause irregular enlargements of the skull, generally on the left side; and Jansen's accuracy on this and other technical points, suggests that he supplemented his natural abilities by mechanical aids.

The attempt to give verisimilitude by "colouring to the life," questions of taste apart, should be directed from a higher standpoint than the mere application of colour, and its result in this instance is undoubtedly responsible for much of the hasty and superficial criticism which assumes the effigy to be a crude and inartistic production. The opinion of men eminent as sculptors, or familiar with the technicalities of art, who have closely studied the portraiture under exceptional conditions, must, however, in all fairness be preferably accepted by the unprejudiced mind. Thus the late F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A., was very favourably impressed by the excellence of the work, and believed the face, with the exception of the eyes, to have been sculptured with a singular delicacy; and he adds, "an intent study of the bust enforces the belief that all the manifold peculiarities of feature so characteristic of..."
the Poet, and which no chance could have originated and no theory account for, must have resulted from its being a transcript of the man."

Sir Francis Chantrey and John Bell, both sculptors of eminence, believed that the face was from a mask taken after death. This was because of its individuality and modelling.

Halliwell-Phillipps says that, "The bust when minutely examined contains expressions of individuality that render such a supposition"—i.e., a fanciful likeness—"altogether inadmissible"; and Britton, the antiquary adds, "It appeals to our eyes and understanding with all the force of truth."

The realism of the portraiture, so patent on close observation, was in the earlier years of the nineteenth century generally referred to the medium of a post-mortem cast, but with its almost inevitable limitations, such as shrinkage and change or loss of expression, corrected only by the restorations of the sculptor, the difficulties in ordinary cases are obvious.

For reasons before stated, however, it is not improbable that Jansen has given us an actual presentment of the living man at an active and earlier period of his life, and before the gravity visible in the Chandos portrait had subdued its joie de vivre.

The present parti-colouring of the effigy dates from the year 1861, when Malone's coating of white was removed and the original colours restored, so far as they could be ascertained. If these are reliable we may observe that the Bard was fresh complexioned, with brown or auburn hair, but the featural colouring is altogether unsatisfactory, the eyebrows being improperly lined and the eyes staring and expressionless, quite at variance with the strength and composure of the modelling and destructive of true realism. Points of minor importance, such as the costume, are apparently correct, and from it we note that the doublet is red, and probably represents the official dress provided for him in 1604 as chief of the King's company of players. This is partly covered by a loose and sleeveless black robe, whilst the cushion upon which he is writing is of two colours, green above and red below, with gold tassels. The general effect in consequence is artificial to a degree.
In the painting known as the Stratford portrait, he is shown in a
dress of similar fashion and colour, but this, as a work prepared from
the monument probably for Garrick's Jubilee Celebration, is valueless
as a portrait.

The effigy, which is carved in a soft bluish limestone, no doubt
was always "beautified" with colour, and as paint is an excellent
preservative when applied to stone, it is difficult to see how it
could have been affected by corrosion of damp or other decay. The
injuries therefore referred to in 1748 must have been the effect of
accident or wanton mischief, and these excepted it was probably very
much as when erected. When Malone in 1798 had it painted white
to efface the theatrical colouring of Ward, he was quite in accord
with the correct canon of taste, which, refusing any type of realistic
colouring to sculptured portraiture, invariably leaves the marble
untouched; or when the figure is of inferior material, such as stone or
composition, endeavours to obtain a similarity of effect by finishing the
surface a dead ivory white. Sculpture has the quality of being distinct
and complete in itself, and rejects all adventitious aids as interfering
with expression, form, and contour; and were this effigy finished in a
similar manner it would, especially when mellowed and toned by time,
assimilate better with its surroundings, display its quality, and look
more natural and dignified than any other treatment short of actual
replacement by a facsimile in bronze or marble. Taken altogether,
the monument has escaped material injury from the hands of time
and friends, quite as well as others of its kind in the same building.
Restoration has no doubt been requisite at times, as in 1746, when
decayed portions of the architecture were renewed, parts of the right
hand, the finger and thumb, with the pen, which were missing, were
replaced, and the parti-colouring was also renewed. In 1790 the
restored parts of the right hand were again missing, and again
replaced, and of late years the pen has been so frequently "borrowed"
that a real quill is periodically supplied. In 1798 Edmund Malone,
the critic, induced the then Rector to paint the effigy entirely white,
but this coating in turn was removed in 1861, and the original colours
so far as they could be ascertained were renewed.
The proper conservation of the monument in the future is a matter also which calls for serious attention, and the present paper may be opportune in suggesting greater vigilance in its care than heretofore. That it has escaped hitherto with comparatively little injury is fortunate indeed, but that such good fortune will continue should not be calmly assumed. The vicious or other irresponsible person at any time may do irreparable damage, and were this, the most precious of our monuments, to suffer in consequence of our over-confidence, we should be judged, and rightly so, as unfit custodians of a trust which belongs not to us only, but to all the world, and for all time.

Again, how often are churches and similar edifices damaged or destroyed by fire, even when more efficiently protected than that at Stratford-on-Avon? The carpentry and other woodwork in old buildings are dry and inflammable with age, and most difficult to extinguish when once alight. Careless workmen or imperfect heating or lighting, storms and lightning, are all factors that may arrive at any moment and leave their mark for ever. The very material of the effigy itself also is against escape, for the limestone of which it is made pulverises under fire or intense heat. In the event of such a catastrophe regret no matter how sincere, is a poor substitute for the virtue of foresight. Foresight, if judiciously exercised, would take immediate steps to avert or minimise any peril of this kind.

The effigy should be reverently removed from its niche, and carefully cleaned by skilful hands of every particle of paint. This should be by a solvent and not by scraping, rubbing, or any method likely to disturb the original surface of the stone. If this were done, any defects, replacements, marks of retooling, etc., would be readily detected, and possibly some debated points might be made clear to doubting minds.

Further, advantage should also be most certainly taken of the opportunity to obtain an accurate and scientific mould of the original, for authentic reproduction in bronze, terra-cotta, and even plaster, so that no unforeseen disaster whatever could deprive us of the most valuable of its qualities, the portraiture. At present there is no facsimile of the exactitude and authority its high and enduring interest demands, but the preparation of a mould under such favourable conditions
WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

HEAD FROM THE BUST IN STRATFORD-UPON-AVON CHURCH.

(Profile to right.)
The Effigy should be reproduced in Facsimile. would be a ready, simple, and comparatively inexpensive affair, that would also create the power for infinite and most welcome reproduction.

It is a strange example of national shortsightedness that, whilst our art galleries possess copies in metal of similar monumental effigies, the most interesting and important of all should be overlooked or insufficiently appreciated. In the National Portrait Gallery we have numerous admirable reproductions in metal of royal, noble, and other eminent persons, but we look in vain for that of Shakspere who, save by the Chandos portrait, is merely represented by a miniature model of the monument.

Were this effigy adequately reproduced in bronze its perpetuation would not only be assured, but the galleries of great educational centres would be enabled to possess authoritative facsimiles of the original, which could be examined and studied without that feeling of irreverence, which cannot be avoided when the original is touched. Copies such as these, moreover, would be free from the ridiculous and disconcerting colouring which now defaces and obscures the beauty of the effigy; would allow its sweetness, strength, and beauty of modelling fair play, and perhaps, but this is an aspiration, give enlightenment even to those who hitherto have found in it nothing but crudeness and offence.

The general agreement and, indeed, almost identity of modelling in the three principal portraits of Shakspere which we have considered, is so close that were their authorship unknown we might almost accept them as the work of some one man, skilled alike in the use of the pencil, the burin, and the chisel.

Superficially looked at, it is true, they may appear to have little in common beyond general resemblance; but this in a great measure arises from the different methods by which they are expressed, or the inability of many to discern the true points of portraiture. Comparison, however, from an equal point of view and in detail, feature with feature, proves their identity beyond question, and that they are not only portraits of the same person, but that the various artists were men skilled in apprehending and accurately delineating the featural detail of
the human countenance; and there are traces also of the less obvious, but equally essential, characteristics which give life and expression to what otherwise is little more than mere cold correctness. We are fortunate, therefore, in the possession of portraits of Shakspere which, without being masterpieces or faultless examples of their several kinds, are undoubtedly truthful and reliable presentments of their original.

It is important also that we are able to study them all from the same standpoint. The Chandos and Droeshout heads are almost identical in pose, and the Stratford bust not only permits a similar point of view but others which are most valuable as additional illustrations, enabling us to correctly estimate the agreement of all in outline, formation, and contour. Thus, whilst from the Chandos and Droeshout portraits we should conclude that the face was a full and roundish oval, the cheeks full and somewhat plump, the lower-jaw square and firm, the forehead wide, high, and vertical, and rising towards the crown, we find all these essential points fully confirmed by the Stratford bust, whether viewed from the same plane, or in profile, or as full face.

In the three portraits expressed severally in colour, line, and form, we perceive an identity of feature and featural detail which is conclusive, as we have said, of their entire and absolute reliability as portraits of the same person. There is no note of dissonance throughout, and slight variations in minor points, such as the treatment of the hair or beard, etc., are merely transitory effects dependent on caprice or fashion; and as the portraits belong to different periods of life, they are, if anything, confirmatory of independent origin, and therefore of corresponding fidelity.

The entire head is beautifully formed, and expressive not only of great mental power, but power of that kind which we are sure was requisite to make a Shakspere. Over it sweetness and strength are writ large, the latter by its formation and capacity, the former by the continuous blending of curves and flowing lines which, slightly modified, repeat themselves in contour and profile, and it is in a great measure due to this unusual and fortuitous harmony of line, which makes recognition of identity either impossible or irresistible when potential portraiture is subjected to the test of comparison and analysis with them.
The eye, with its immediate surroundings of orbit and brow, is a feature of the highest importance in the governance of portraiture and the expression of power. In the Shakspere portraits the eyes are well apart, large, rather full, well opened and full of penetration. The orbits are unusually spacious, and the wide margin between the eyelid and the brow is indicative of great reflective power. The upper orbit springs from the nose with a short bevel, and then arches and descends in a beautiful and unbroken curve deep under the temple; thus at once increasing the height and width of the forehead, and reducing the apparent width of the face at the cheek bones. The cheeks also are rather round and full, and the blending of one curve with another in unbroken sequence materially contributes to effect that general harmony and repose, of feature, which is such a delightful characteristic of Shaksperean portraiture.

The orbit of the eye is closely followed and outlined by the eyebrow. Now in the Chandos portrait we perceive where improper cleaning and retouching have partially effaced and imperfectly restored the true line of the brow, but the original line, however, is sufficiently clear. The beautiful modelling of this part of the Stratford bust also is deformed by the colouring of eyes and eyebrow, the accentuation of which, untrue and shapeless, gives to the face that look of surprise which misleads superficial observers as to its true quality. The eyebrow in the Droeshout portrait is nearer the correct, and still more so is that of the Halliwell-Phillipps proof of the engraving; but even in these it does not quite follow the true line, as it branches into the temple instead of following the orbit downwards. The Stratford bust in its modelling shows what the proper and harmonious line should be, and an exact reproduction of this bust in bronze would probably manifest this and other subtle points of portraiture more clearly than is possible by mere description.

To estimate what a really important part the eyebrow plays in facial expression, let the enquirer apply to any face brows differing even slightly in size, shape, or strength.

A handsome, well-formed nose is seldom found except with proportionate surroundings, and from the portraits we see that Shakspere’s was a well-modelled aquiline. Now the term aquiline is
generally made to cover every variety of the convex type, from that where the outward curve is almost imperceptible to the well-rounded "Roman," or the hooked "beak." These, again, whether thin or fleshy, pendulous or flat at the soffit, are all regarded as aquiline—of a kind. Shakspere's, however, although rather strongly formed, is full of delicate modelling. The slightly rounded bridge sweeps with a gradual curve to the tip, and thence the central division continues with a downward curve to the upper lip above the moustache. The nostrils, as is usual with imaginative natures, are rather full, and flange upwards from the curved central division, giving a wedge-like outline when seen in front. Well proportioned, full and flowing in outline, the nose harmonises exactly with the other features of a countenance full of refinement and personal charm.

The mouth is well proportioned, the lips full and shapely after the manner of a "cupid's bow," whilst a slight fulness or protuberance of the centre gives an appearance of what has been happily defined as a "speaking mouth." It is interesting to note that this unusual formation is shown in all the portraits, and must therefore be regarded as a decided characteristic.

The upper lip and the nose are also more intimately connected than is common. As already remarked, the central division of the soffit between the nostrils descends with a quick sweep towards the upper lip, and each thus reacts on the other; the action of speaking, or closing the mouth, depressing the nose, which in turn gives a tendency to project and slightly part the lips. Observations from life show this to be a quite natural action, and that such persons frequently have the vertical depression to the upper lip and the moustache parted in the centre, as shown in the portraits. Moreover, this interaction of nose and lip is never found associated with a deep upper lip, and Lavater says that a long upper lip is invariably associated with thin lips. The inference is therefore very clear.

Note also that the portraits show an almost entire absence of all wrinkles, lines, or creasing of the flesh. The Stratford bust, it is true, has a vertical line at the right side of the nose, but as this portion of the face is slightly retooled, we may preferably accept the other or left side as
Shakspere's General Appearance.

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the truer portraiture, and as being substantially as it left the hand of Jansen. Wrinkles generally make their appearance about the fortieth year, but if the usual slenderness of youth approaches a fuller habit of body at maturity, they are not so apparent as in the contrary condition. Temperament also has something to do with the absence of these and similar signs of age in persons of mature years, for though success in life is no safeguard from the touch of time, it is a material protector, especially when associated with self-control and an amplitude of mental power. Possibly Shakspere in his youth and early manhood was of a slight and active physique, with a countenance more indicative of a pregnant future, than the observant tranquillity of the portraits of his later years with which we are so familiar.

Of his physical stature and bearing we have little actual knowledge, but the Stratford effigy in its modelling suggests a robust, and certainly not diminutive personality. The slight forward droop of the head is a pose not usually observed in monumental figures of this kind, although not infrequently seen in real life in men of meditative minds and literary pursuits, especially those who are rather over than under the average height. The impression conveyed by the entire portraiture, and emphasized by the effigy, is that of a vigorous and manly presence in which the union of physical and mental strength is most happily expressed. Aubrey, one of Shakspere's earliest biographers, who gathered much interesting information from old or contemporary players, in his notes taken between the year 1669 and 1696 writes, "He was a handsome and well-shaped man, very good company, and of very ready and pleasant and smooth wit."

There is a wide distinction to be observed between the portraits of Shakspere and those which may be classed as Shaksperian portraits. The former in every detail possess an identity which the most drastic analysis only brings into closer connection; whilst the latter are merely exotic offshoots resolving themselves into accidental likenesses or resemblances more or less remote, and beyond and outside these again there hovers a sinister cloud of concoctions and similar impostures unworthy of serious consideration.
Authority or pedigree, save in the three principal examples which we have discussed at length, is entirely absent, for that arising a century and a half after the period of production is practically of no more value than if of to-day, and one and all must stand the test of internal evidence alone. In short, granted that the work is contemporaneous, its value as a portrait of Shakspere must be exactly in proportion to its agreement in all essential points, with those of which the authenticity is beyond question.

Amongst the reputed portraits of Shakspere we may briefly note the following:—

The Felton portrait appears to be a genuine old painting, although nothing is known about it previously to its discovery in the year 1792, when Stevens and other literary critics remarked its affinity to the Droeshout engraved portrait. The features and facial modelling are quite in accord with the accepted portraits; the expression also is very intelligent and life-like, but the face appears thinner and more elongated in outline, through the upper part of the head being unduly lengthened from the forehead to the crown.

It is not impossible that Droeshout made the presumed draught for his engraving from this portrait, especially as the "set" and plane of the features and their form are the same; the collar also is similar, but he has altered the plain dress to an ill-fitting embroidered doublet. Inscribed on the back of the picture is "Gul Shakespear 1597 RB," possibly Richard Burbage; but whoever the artist was he apparently painted from life.

The JANSSEN or SOMERSET portrait of Shakspere is an attractive and well-painted head, which many critics have long regarded as the best of his portraits, and the work of Cornelius Janssen. Of authoritative pedigree it may be said to have none, for although a faint aroma of tradition connects it with Prince Rupert, its actual recognition or ascription as a portrait of Shakspere dates from about the year 1770, whilst in the collection of Charles Jennens, of Gopsal. The Duke of Hamilton acquired it in 1809, from whom it passed by marriage to the
Duke of Somerset, and by a similar transference to the Ramsdens of Bulstrode Park, to whom it now belongs.

Like all the Shakspere portraits, it has frequently been engraved, and with greater success than most of them. Comparison, however, shows how little the best have caught of the exact portrait, or the spirit and expression of the original; but in this respect the camera surpasses the copyist, just as the true artist surpasses both. The portrait has a striking but quite superficial resemblance or likeness to Shakspere, or to those of his portraits which have the highest authority. On comparison, however, this resemblance fades and the dissimilarity of features and facial modelling is quite apparent. Thus the face in this portrait is long and narrow instead of being a roundish oval; the eyes are small, half closed, and peering, whilst their orbits are rounded next the nose and curve laterally, in place of the bold downward sweep so patent in the others. The nose is unduly long and thin, with small compressed nostrils, flat at the soffit. The mouth, surmounted by a slight moustache, is almost without expression, whilst the lower jaw appears weak either in formation or drawing, and the beard is closely clipped and pointed at the chin. The expression generally is not Shaksperean, but that of a quiet and passionless man, the antithesis of the robust intelligence so remarkably patent in the Stratford bust.

The doublet, although more richly embroidered, is very similar in pattern to that in the Droeshout portrait, and, curiously enough, both show something of the same error of drawing. Were the rich lace collar, which somewhat disturbs the repose of the face, replaced by a stiff round collar, like that of the Droeshout, it is probable that the essential difference in the portraiture would become even more apparent.

Experienced critics pronounce it the work of a facile pencil, and it is generally attributed to Cornelius Janssen, but as it is inscribed "Æ 46·1610" Janssen would then be only seventeen years old, and, moreover, he is not known to have arrived or painted in this country before the year 1618. The age, forty-six, also is not without suspicion of alteration to coincide with the date. Altogether it is an interesting example of the essential difference of portraiture and likeness.
The **Ashbourne Shakspere** is a very fine three-quarter length life size, which in many featural points answers to the undoubted portraits, save that the face is somewhat thinner in modelling. The figure is habited in a doublet of dark coloured material, apparently velvet, the waist being encircled by a gold embroidered belt. The right hand, which rests upon a skull lying on the table, holds a small and richly bound book, whilst the left grasps a gold embroidered glove. At the top corner to the left is inscribed in two lines “ÆTATIS SVÆ 47 A° 1611.” The picture is painted upon canvas, 47 ½ by 37 ½ inches in size, and has been relined, cleaned, and “restored”—as is testified by the bareness of certain parts. It was purchased as an unknown portrait about the year 1845 by the Rev. C. V. Kingston, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, hence its title, and is one of those portraits, the advent of which to public notice is from the dealer’s hands “sans phrase.”

The **Lumley Shakspere** is a poorly executed but early portrait, which greatly resembles the Chandos in type, although the face is that of an older and more careworn man. From the drawing of certain parts, especially the forehead, which is unduly low, it would appear to be an independent work, and the featural modelling is generally correct. There is some slight but uncertain evidence that it was in the possession of Lord Lumley, of Lumley Castle, Durham, about the year 1609. Comparison of the forehead of this with the “Felton” portrait shows a want of accordance which may be partly due to the pose of the head or to faulty foreshortening in the colouring; but, apart from this, there is an evident want of accuracy in the drawing.

It is curious to note how many of the portraits are either dated or centre round the year 1610. This was the period when Shakspere had virtually finished his work, and was gradually abandoning London for the quiet and repose of the home he had created at Stratford. The various portraits, therefore, may be due to the desire of his many friends for some such personal reminder of him, but from whatever cause their evident multiplication arose, we may be sure it was not of his own initiation.
Apart from these authoritative, recognised or attributive portraits, there are quite a number which, whatever their quality as paintings, possess but very slight claim to attention as portraits of Shakspere. Some are purely accidental likenesses, more or less remote, others are the product of commercialism or fraud, whilst many are either copies or altered versions of the Chandos portrait, called into existence during the early years of the eighteenth century, when the editorial labours of Rowe and Pope were creating a wider and higher appreciation of the Poet and his contemporaries. When we call to mind the taste for painted and other portraiture which then raged with such remarkable violence, the wonder is that these replicas, varied copies, or adaptations, are not tenfold in number and of far higher quality as works of art.

That Shakspere may at some time in his earlier years have set foot on the Continent, and by land or sea got so far as Venice and other cities of Northern Italy, is not at all improbable, for we find that owing to the plague raging with extreme violence in London, especially during the years 1592 and 1593, by Royal proclamation all the playhouses were closed to avoid the risk of contagion, and the companies fled to distant parts, many to the Continent; and Shakspere, whom we know was not a “home-keeping youth,” is more likely than not to have been with them, especially as some of his finest Italian plays, such as “Romeo and Juliet” and the “Merchant of Venice,” were written either then or in the immediately following years. Moreover, the expressed opinion of many of those who have travelled in other lands than those of romance, declares that his writings show such an intimate acquaintance with obscure details of the continental everyday life, local travel and characteristics, especially of Northern Italy, as could not be culled by enquiry, or gathered from existing books of travel, but must have been the fruit of personal observation. The possibility is thus opened that Shakspere may have been painted by artists who never visited England; and personally we know by friendly intimation and reference that he was just the kind of man whose external appearance and mental gifts would appeal strongly to the Italian nature, which always welcomed and kindly entreated the artistic temperament.
moreover, was the Mecca to which the brotherhood of art was unceasing in its devotion. Granted, then, the not unreasonable assumption of his presence, he therefore could scarcely escape delineation in some form at the instance of, or by the pencil of, those who would form no inconsiderable section of society at a time when literature and art were paramount. Further, it is surely a grave error to persistently narrow our conception of Shakspere’s personal appearance to that of the known portraits of his late years, or to expect that a more youthful delineation would be expressed in a similar form. Time was when he may have looked the Romeo of his dreams or memories, “with habit costly as his purse could buy,” and who can prefigure the Shakspere of his glowing prime? Perchance, therefore, unknown or misnamed, at home or abroad, there await us unrecognised the lineaments of a younger and more romantic Shakspere than we are yet acquainted with, the work of some master of his art happily alive to such a fortuitous opportunity.

Collectors of old drawings or early engraved portraits are well aware that many of the latter are from pen or pencil, ad vivum draughts frequently, and these are the engraver’s own work, but there are vast quantities of similar original drawings of which no engraved copy is known to exist.

Portraiture in the early part of the seventeenth century was an art so appreciated and popular that few persons of repute or position could escape such a form of recognition, save through poverty or personal objection. But, unfortunately, these slight drawings are generally without inscription or other clue to identity, except that furnished by the likeness or resemblance. In this respect they are on a par with most contemporary painted portraits, and it is to this inexplicable neglect that we owe the confusion and uncertainty which prevail in their attribution in the public and private galleries throughout the world, absolute recognition of subject or artist largely depending on the celebrity of the one, or style or mannerism of the other; and we may free ourselves from many perplexities if we occasionally accept them as painted by artists of note, who are known to have never visited this country, from similar draughts possibly by local artists. Moreover, a portrait, even when painted from life, may
amount to little more than a mere likeness, and possibly a superficial likeness at that; whilst on the other hand a capable artist may, with full material, produce a faithful and altogether admirable portrait of one whom he has never seen. Well-known examples by Titian and other great masters show how, in such cases, they intuitively grasped all essential points of modelling and feature, and, supplying the technicalities of pose, light and shade, cast over all that vitality and realism without which portraiture, no matter how excellent its technique, is little more than a simulacrum.

Those possessed of old drawings, or drawings by the old masters, should go carefully through their portfolios in the hope of fortuitously recognising, perchance in unfamiliar aspect or guise, a possible presentation of Shakspere. All portraits of the period in which he lived should be closely scanned, for it is apparent that a man aged from about thirty onwards, bearded or otherwise, perhaps fantastically attired according to the current taste, possibly in stage dress, and before time had thinned his flowing locks, would in appearance certainly have but little resemblance to the later portraits with which we are acquainted. Further, those portraits taken at different periods would not vary only with his age, but with the varying moods of such a highly sensitive and imaginative nature. Age is an effective abater of humanity, and what whilst beauty, contemplating her past presentation, has not sighed over "Time's effacing fingers." The span of life also, on the average, was shorter then than with us, and the ravages of years quicker in consequence. The subject offers a wide and interesting field for research.

Further, it is incredible that he should not have been bepicted during the twenty years of his almost constant residence in London. Contemporaries record that he was esteemed and beloved for his "most sweet nature," which apparently disarmed envy of his higher gifts. He was undoubtedly "a clubable man," the chief figure and esteemed associate of scholars and writers, to whom literature was a deity and the very breath of life. Friendship with men like these frequently ran into blended effort, and the warmth of the "Mermaid," and similar festive hostels, was not evaporated with the wine. At such times mere indifference, or even personal objection, would have little
weight against friendly importunity, and the possibility of not one but many such presentments outweighs the singularity of their absence; and we may not unreasonably assume that Shakspere may have been "drawn to the life" about his thirtieth year, for in 1591 he had written "Romeo and Juliet" in its earlier form, and his "Venus and Adonis" was circulating in manuscript, although not published until 1593. These apart, he was sufficiently well known to be publicly attacked by Greene in his Groat's Worth of Wit in 1592, and as warmly defended by Chettle in his Apology.

It is to be feared, however, that his prodigious mental activity, at and from this time forward, as evidenced by his writings of which, as Ben Jonson says, "he never blotted a line," may have left him little leisure, and perhaps slight inclination for the importances, such as portraiture, of smaller minds, which to his sweet and gentle nature may have appeared little more than "mere trivial fond records."

It would be of material assistance to the fortunate possessors of contemporary drawings, if, for instance, a number of suggestive portraits of Shakspere were prepared to serve as possible types, the features being of course based on and adhering closely to the authentic portraits, but juventated to various ages from twenty-five years onwards. In these semi-imaginary or transformed portraits the head might be close cropped or adorned with flowing locks, and variously capped or bonneted, the moustache and beard treated in the various styles then in vogue, the dress being varied and suitable to his age, position, or calling. To these facial presentments should be added, profiles, outlines, and diagrams showing the true formation and set of the features, with other detail uniformly to be found in the Chandos, Droeshout, and effigy portraits, with which on essential points all newcomers must necessarily be in agreement. If a series of such imaginary portraits were issued in an inexpensive form, or even better still, in the pages of some widely circulated illustrated paper, it might result in discoveries of surpassing interest, and in any case it could do no harm.

In the Memorial Gallery at Stratford there are several drawings which the late Sir George Scharf prepared on somewhat similar lines. In these the Droeshout portrait and the head from the Stratford bust
are both drawn to the same scale, about life size, and they can be severally subjected to the effect of transposed surroundings of hair and dress. The instantaneous effect on the spectator is for him to regard both more as resemblances or likenesses than true portraits, but this impression is speedily followed by entire recognition, the natural effect, of course, of featural identity.

An attempt was made by Mr. W. R. Furness in 1885 to obtain a composite portrait, by blending the Chandos, Droeshout, Stratford bust, Janssen, Felton, and Stratford portraits, but success is not to be found by any so mechanical a method, for the pose and drawing of each is varied, and cannot be exactly overlaid. Any interference with the features or facial expression is fatal to fidelity and realism, which to a portrait are as the breath of life.

The successful portrait painter is perforce a man of many parts, for mere technical mastery of line and colour will not suffice alone. It must be accompanied by insight or penetration of character and social gifts to awaken and call into play the mental powers of the sitter, who otherwise is apt to be constrained into unnatural gravity. The occasion is momentous and taken too seriously, hence the frequent "muteness" of that which should be a "speaking likeness." But the artist mixing his pigments "with brains, sir," calls into action and catches the intellectual vitality, without which the so-called portrait is little more than a simulacrum or lifeless mask. The happiest effect is often obtained in a rapid sketch by a master hand, and even caricature frequently supplies a more accurate and characteristic impression of the individual than the result of the slow and laborious effort.

In considering the question of portraiture, it is of much importance therefore to ascertain of what its chief value consists, and why undoubtedly faithful portraits of the same person are so variable in point of interest and reliability; for this necessarily must apply to all portraits, whether they be in line, or gradation of line and colour, or carved in various grades of relief, even to complete detachment from background.

In the identification of historical portraits we are perhaps rather too apt to look for typical affinity, if not actual identity, with those best
known and insensibly recognised as the ideal of the person, disregarding or forgetful of the inevitable changes arising from age or similar potent agencies. By way of realising how curiously these changes may affect portraiture, let us compare the various portraits of some universally known man, such as Charles Dickens. He was portrayed by the best artists during the last thirty years of his life, say from 1840 to 1870; yet the ravages of time and the vagaries of fashion are not more in evidence than is the distortion arising from the temperament or mannerism of the painter; and the crude fidelity of the camera is frequently more true to the outward man than the vagaries which modern art calls on us to accept as portraiture; mere welterings of colour, displaying it is true a certain facial correctness, but which otherwise are little more than the ineptitudes of the involuntary caricaturist.

Recognition of quality, that is artistic merit, in a painting is generally a matter of certainty, for its appreciation as such is neutral ground even to the most captious critic; but correct attribution is another affair, and we are rarely sure that the last word has been said, for the pendulum of current and ever varying taste sways the judgment, and pictures are consigned from school to school and from painter to painter with persuasive detail of fact and fancy, and certainly in all sincerity of conviction. There is hardly any national or important gallery of pictures which does not possess examples that most competent judges maintain are masquerading under names either greater or less than they are entitled to bear.

In portraiture this applies to an even greater extent, for in addition to difficulties of style and technique, there must be added that of personal identification, frequently a matter of the highest importance.

Now judgment in portraiture is largely dependent on an intuitive accuracy of perception, and given that, the faulty or wrongly attributed portrait speaks to one's instinct. Its very limitations even may be a proof of genuineness, but no recognition or acceptance is possible without rigorous comparison of structural and featural identity; and where these can be established and proved to be of genuine untampered and contemporary work, we may to a great extent
disregard outside objections as mainly sentimental and leave its
destinies to time and critics yet unborn.

The satisfactory identification and absolute acceptance of a portrait
some two or three centuries after its creation is almost an impossibility,
for although by reason of its importance it may have been always more
or less in the public eye, yet its especial identity cannot really be
established by documentary evidence alone, for the original may have
been destroyed, lost, stolen, "conveyed, the wise it call," or confused
with another of the same personage; or, if the original, it may have
been injured and "restored" by an incompetent hand. Thus the fine
portrait of Richard II. in the choir of Westminster Abbey was, until
quite recent years, absolutely lost under repeated repaintings, which
travestied and effectually concealed the original, and we may with
reason suspect that similar "beautifyings" have transferred many
others, of interest as portraits and valuable as works of art, to the dumb
forgetfulness of the unknown.

Those conversant with the vicissitudes of pictorial art are well
aware of the "finds" of examples by the older masters which are
constantly taking place. Past, or even remote, ownership is frequently
traceable, but in most cases the sole and best proof of authenticity is
in the recognized quality of the work itself, which is justly regarded as
altogether higher and more satisfactory than any coincident or other
genuine but quite fallible record.

Quality in portraiture, valuable as it undoubtedly is, however, is of
less importance than certainty of identity, but where the two are
combined and further strengthened by contemporary evidence, then of
course the last word is said. In early portraiture, however, great
excellence is not to be looked for, especially in examples dating three
centuries ago, and of which nothing is otherwise known.

It is manifest, therefore, that when a newly discovered portrait,
bearing a striking resemblance to some celebrity, is found to be of
genuine and contemporaneous work, it should be welcomed as a
potential portrait at least, although there may not be a shred of
evidence connecting it directly with the assumed original.

A portrait is not necessarily of high value, moreover, because it is
known to have been painted from life, unless the artist has apprehended and shown the inner man whilst delineating physical features. Confusion of identity is often due to inferior or lifeless portraiture, but where mind and matter are adequately expressed it argues weakness of judgment to greatly rely on other, and possibly fallible, testimony in preference to that which practically defies contradiction.

When an old portrait strongly resembling some well-known personality emerges from obscurity, its claims to identity can only be allowed after passing the closest scrutiny, in the course of which no competent judge will allow his opinion to be biased by anything outside the evidence supplied by his subject. All else is comparatively foreign to the matter, provided the portrait proves to be a genuine piece of untampered and contemporary work, essentially resembling in facial modelling and featural identity the best portraits of the person of whom it is said to be a representation. Granted these conditions, then whatever of technical knowledge or acumen the critic possesses will declare itself in the clearness and accuracy of his judgment.

The portrait prefixed to this paper is ascribed to Shakspere, because, although almost hitherto unknown, it presents a resemblance to him which becomes the more striking when its facial and featural modelling are intelligently examined. Viewed as a portrait only, it is a vigorous piece of realism, painted with the broad free brush of an experienced hand, upon coarse canvas of old English web, 22½ by 18½ inches in size.

When relined at some remote period it would appear to have been in a decayed, or rather dilapidated, condition, as the edges of the canvas are broken and irregular. The colouring, however, is generally sound and untouched, but its richness and quality is marred by the coarse and unequal varnishing. Probably, when this “restoration” was effected, about a century ago, it was by some unprofessional and inexperienced hand, whose work, imperfect as it is, fortunately did but little actual injury, and which at the present for obvious reasons it would be inadvisable to amend or interfere with in any way.

The general appearance of the portrait is very closely and faithfully rendered in the plate, which the photographer, Mr. Arthur P. Monger,
of Chancery Lane, experienced as he is in similar reproductions, obtained only with great difficulty owing to the obscurities caused by the irregular varnishing.

The head is life-size, turned a little to the right of the spectator, upon whom the eyes are fixed with remarkable intelligence and expression. The general modelling of the face and features is quite in accord with that shown in the Chandos and Droeshout portraits and the Stratford bust. An aspect of massiveness arising from the general formation, the great width of the forehead and fulness at the temples, is balanced by the firm lower jaw, uniting in an outline approaching that of a roundish oval. This, however, is somewhat tempered by the pointed beard, which subdues the fulness of the lower part of the face and gives an effective finish to the countenance. The eyes are especially powerful, large, well opened, and full of penetration and expression, the axis of each, as in the Stratford bust, ascending slightly towards the nose, and the deep flange between the upper lids and the eyebrows being noticeable. The orbits are very large, and springing from the nose with a short bevel, they curve round the top and continue with a bold unbroken downward sweep, which, uniting the curves of the nose and temples, greatly assists to give that air of sweetness and strength which is the dominating expression of the face.

The nose is a well-modelled aquiline, very delicately curved to the tip; the nostrils are full and expand upwards, whilst the central division runs from the tip in a curved line into the upper lip, making a division in the moustache as shown in all the portraits.

The mouth is very sweetly shaped, the lips curved and rather full, especially in the centre. This peculiarity, as previously explained, is an essential feature of Shaksperian portraiture.

The forehead is superbly modelled, spacious, high and full at the temples, which spring vertically from the cheek bones, whilst the upper part of the head, which is almost devoid of hair, ascends from the forehead with a beautiful curve to the crown, and is remarkably expressive of capacity and mental power.

The hair, very thin, if not absent at the top of the head, falls in long, full and slightly curling rolls almost to the neck, and like the
moustache and beard is slightly tinged with grey. The moustache, which is parted at the centre, has a curiously stiff twist, and is turned up at the ends. The beard is pointed at the chin and has a small tuft under the lower lip, whilst the hair on the lower jaw is short, apparently clipped, but not closely. Moustache and beard are exactly as seen in the Stratford bust, but as the face there is otherwise shaven, this portrait would seem to give an intermediate stage between that and the Chandos portrait, where the lower jaw is fringed with longer hair.

The general pose is quite unaffected and natural, and the dress in keeping, even to the careless, wrinkled, and unstarched collar, and the plain dark-coloured doublet.

The portrait undoubtedly represents an unusual personality, of great mental gifts and strong will. Its striking resemblance or likeness to the accepted portraiture of Shakspere, moreover, is not superficial, but is derived from an actual identity of facial and featural modelling; and in this respect the Stratford bust proved of especial value as allowing an exactness of comparison superior to all others. There can be no hesitation in accepting it as a true portrait of Shakspere, delineated with great realism and fidelity, as he appeared in the daily round of life when approaching his fiftieth year.

The portrait was long the property of an old Lancashire family, by whom it was traditionally known as "The portrait of Shakspere." On the decease a few years ago of the widow of the last survivor, Dr. Ashton, of Cuerdale, and the testamentary dispersal of the family effects by auction, it passed into the possession of the writer, unfortunately, however, without any other record of whatever history had hung around it in the memory of its whilom owners. Nevertheless, it speaks for itself, and with no uncertain utterance.

The medal here illustrated has the obverse prepared from this portrait, which the writer thought advisable to perpetuate in the most permanent form. The exactitude of its reproduction by Mr. Frank Bowcher, as will be seen by comparison with the frontispiece to this paper, is remarkable, and will be appreciated by all connoisseurs of medallic art. The reverse is a departure from the general rule,
inasmuch as it gives a rendering of the Stratford bust, the head of which is shown in profile, as a relievo. The Muse of Poesy, Shakspere's Muse, no attenuated grotesque, but a warm, free, and very human daughter of Olympus, is unconsciously laureating the head, whilst at her feet Puck is seated holding the Tragic and Comic Masks.

It is the peculiar glory of Britain that, were she henceforward to become but a name and a memory, it would be one of unapproachable splendour. As a maker of nations she has studded the earth with budding empires or those yet in the promise of a mighty youth, and her example and authority have established the principles of universal justice and liberty. But what a careless and forgetful, if prolific mother she has ever been to her best and noblest sons, leaving them as unconsidered atoms in the economy of nature to pass from remembrance almost "unwept, unhonoured, and unsung."

Thus it is that, with a myriad others, our Shakspere, the supreme intellectual glory of Britain, has awaited for three hundred years his medallic apotheosis.

Time is the fell destroyer of all created things, for not a year passes but some irrereplaceable historical document decays, or is injured, or vanishes for ever. Accident or wanton mischief may destroy the original at any time, and frequently at the best, copies are all that are left to us. Now, copies or reproductions, no matter how excellently or skilfully made, must perforce fail to some extent in securing the spirit and character of the original; and when successively produced may become at length a mere shadow or even caricature of the original.
By way of illustration, we may remember that statues and portrait busts made by the best Greco-Roman sculptors for Rome in its golden days, are admittedly inferior in artistic quality to the Hellenic originals, although in turn superior to the reproductions of the Renaissance. The deterioration is gradual but certain, for the subtleties of art escape the skill of the copyist, strive as he may, and mere laborious exactness, or manual dexterity, is an indifferent substitute for that vitalisation from eye or hand which has seen or touched the source of inspiration. The medallic form of memorial, therefore, is that which we must regard as the safest, best, and most perfect, and the only form also which, besides its artistic capabilities, lends itself to limitless duplication. Where now are the majority of the statues and portrait busts that were the delight of the ancients? Irrecoverably lost; whilst the image and superscription of countless despots, worthy or unworthy, still gleam undefaced upon the metal discs upon which they were impressed in their time, and are certain to so continue long after every human eye has closed in darkness.

The medallic memorials of Shakspere, with some few exceptions, are not of the interesting character, nor such as we gladly would associate with his name. None are the expression of national appreciation nor tributes from great societies of art or literature; and whilst the best are due to social or individual effort, commercialism is largely responsible for the weedy and dispiriting majority.

They number about thirty, and from the first, cut by Dassier in 1731, cover a period of one hundred and eighty years to this present date. They are chiefly the work of British artists, but well-known names are apparently no guarantee of excellence, and many are certainly not even fairly representative of the by no means high quality of the nineteenth century medallic art; tame, dry and mechanical in conception and execution, from the standpoint of art also they are lamentably deficient in the initial qualities of invention and grace. Alas! they stand in melancholy contrast with the breadth and freedom of design, the felicitous combination of imagery and detail, which invest the work of the earlier medallists, with that fascination of sensuous abandon, of mediaeval classicism, so expressively termed the Renaissance.
Art in the earlier school would seem to have found the circumference of its work almost too small a field in which to luxuriate its graceful imaginings, but the artist of a later date, now quite obsolete if not extinct, preferred a pseudo-classicism of frigid and unmeaning allegory, mechanically exact, but artistically little more than commonplace. Happily, at this present time, however, there is a promise of better things, a kind of afterglow, which in its frank and free appreciation of the virile and beautiful, unfettered by mere academic rule, may go far to revive the best traditions of medallic art.

The following chronologic list of the Shakspere medallic memorials will give a general idea of their individual, character, authorship, motive, and also the source whence their portraiture is derived, and whether in appreciative commemoration or as memorials of current events associated with his name in various ways.

MEDALLIC MEMORIALS.

The reference numbers are to *Medallic Illustrations*:


Mr. Spielmann has a unique modern restrike of the obverse, the reverse having a wreath only, no inscription.

No. 43. 1769. Garrick's Stratford Jubilee medal. *Obverse.*—Bust to right, adapted from the Chandos portrait. "WE SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN." *Reverse.*—"JUBILEE AT STRATFORD

No. 44. 1777. Order of Shakespearians. Obverse.—Portrait to left, of Chandos type. "WE SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN." "KIRK - F." Reverse.—"THE HON. ORDER OF SHAKESPEARIANS INSTITUTED JULY 11, 1777." Size 1¼.

No. 45. 1803. The Boydell edition of his works, issued to subscribers. Obverse.—Full length of Shaksper, the head of Chandos type, seated between female figures. "HE WAS A MAN TAKE HIM FOR ALL IN ALL I SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN"—M B, (Matthew Boulton) "C - II - KUCHLER - F." Reverse.—Inscribed: "This medal representing Shakespeare between the Dramatic Muse and the genius of painting is respectfully presented to the person whose name it bears, in grateful commemoration of the generous support given by the subscribers to the great national edition of that immortal poet, by J. & J. N. BOYDELL and G & W. NICOL. 1803." Above, harp and olive branch on scroll, radiated; the name of the recipient engraved on edge. Size 1⅝. The gold specimen now in the British Museum was presented to George III.


No. 47. 1817. Commemoration. Obverse.—As No. 46. Reverse.—Inscribed: "FLOREAT IN STERNUM GOLGOTHA—A.D. MDCCXVII—FEBRUENSIS—V." With gilt rim for suspension.


As No. 48. But with lighter beard.

No. 49. Ditto. With still lighter beard.

No. 50. 1818. Memorial, French work by Desboeufs. Obverse.—Bust to right, based on the Stratford and Chandos portraits, "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE." Reverse.—Blank. Size 2.

No. 52. 1824. Shakespearian Club established. Obverse.—Portrait to left, based on the Stratford bust: "WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE BORN APRIL 23 1564—DIED APRIL 23 1616." "T·W·INGRAM·D." Reverse.—Shakspere seated and writing upon a scroll, and laureted by History or Fame: "WE SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN." "SHAKESPEARIAN CLUB STRATFORD UPON AVON ESTABLISHED APRIL 21 1824" "T·W·INGRAM·BIRM." Size 1 6.

No. 53. 1827. Jubilee. Obverse.—Bust to left, from the Chandos portrait, with doublet and mantle. Reverse.—Inscribed in centre: "JUBILEE STRATFORD UPON AVON APRIL 1827." Around are the names of his plays. Size 1 75.

No. 54. 1827. Commemoration. Obverse.—Bust to right, based on the Stratford effigy, "SHAKESPEARE: WE SHALL NOT LOOK UPON HIS LIKE AGAIN." Reverse.—Inscribed: "In commemoration of the birthday of the immortal bard of Warwickshire at Stratford upon Avon April 23 1827." 3 sizes, 1 5, 1 7, 1 25.

Circa 1830. Obverse.—Statue of Shakspere, long inscription. Reverse.—"This humble token," etc., inferior work.


1847. The Birthplace Memorial. Obverse.—Bust to left, based on the Chandos portrait, "WILLIAM SHAKSPERE." Reverse.—View of the birthplace before restoration. "THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE IMMORTAL BARD WAS BORN, AT STRATFORD UPON AVON 1564." In exergue, "ALLEN AND MOORE·1847."

These medals are seldom awarded, four only having been given between 1853 and 1885.

No. 58. 1864. Tercentenary. Obverse.—Head from the Stratford bust in profile to left, below his autograph within a wreath; around the head the names of his plays HUNT AND ROSKELL DIR. Reverse.—Shakspere seated upon clouds, with three female figures floating around, one is placing a wreath upon his head, the others lay theirs upon his knees. Inscribed: TERCENTENARY ANNIVERSARY 1864. “J BELL del. L C WYON SC.” Size, 2 45. Illustrated on the next page.


**THE TERCENTENARY MEDAL, 1864. NO. 58.**

Commemorative. Probably tercentenary period. **Obverse.**—Combination of Chandos portrait and the Stratford bust. **Reverse.**—3 varieties:

1. View of birthplace.
2. Do. Stratford-on-Avon Church.
3. Do. Memorial Fountain at Stratford.

**Obverse.**—Stratford bust, full face. "WILLIAM SHAKSPERE • DIED APRIL 23 1616." **Reverse.**—The arms of Shakspere. "BORN APRIL 23 • 1564." "He was not of an age, but for all time."

**Obverse.**—Droeshout portrait three-quarter face to left, autograph below. **Reverse.**—The Shakspere arms. "William Shakspere born at Stratford on Avon April 23 • 1564 • Died April 23 1616."

1870. Harrow Medal. **Obverse.**—Chandos portrait to left, three-quarter face. "L. • C. • WYON." "How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty!" **Reverse.**—Wreath of Shaksperean flowers. "Charles Fox Russell to the boys of Harrow Schoel, that Shakspere may be to them for delight, ornament, and ability."

A plaquette of the Chandos portrait 1907. German work, medal 1908. **Obverse.**—Bust from the Somerset portrait, with foliated border enclosing heads of players—Phelps, Macready, and Irving.
1911. Commemorative. From portrait, the frontispiece. Obverse.—Bust from portrait, to right. “WILLIAM • SHAKSPERE” under bust. "PICT • AD • VIV • APVD • W • SHARP • OGDEN • M • 1852" in field to left. Reverse.—Profile in relief to right from the Stratford bust, laureated by the Muse of Poesy. Puck seated with Tragic and Comic Masks. In exergue: “MDLXIV • APOLLO • ALTER • MDC XVI.” In field to left “EFFIG • APVD • ECCL • S • ON • A.” “F • BOWCHER • F • W • S • O • INV.” In exergue “SPINIC • LOND.” Size, 170.

Of the above medals there are good selections, chiefly of the best examples, at the British Museum and the Memorial Library, Stratford, but for completeness and an almost fastidious display of variety, that of Mr. M. H. Spielmann, F.S.A., is remarkable, and probably comprises all that is worthy of consideration and preservation.

There are few of these medallic memorials which we can regard with whole-hearted satisfaction. Some are certainly excellent in point of portraiture, but the reverse designs are either absurdly inconsequent or utterly commonplace, thus the stupendous landscape, “WILD ABOVE • RVLE • OR • ART,” of the Dassier medal of 1731 is alien to the saner and more intelligent appreciation of to-day. The City of London School, Beaufoy medal of 1851, by B. Wyon, and the Tercentenary medal of 1864, by L. Wyon, have heads in profile from the Stratford monument, but both are very inaccurate renderings of the original, and remarkably unlike each other in outline, feature, and expression. The simper of the Tercentenary head is especially odious, the reverses also being feeble, inartistic, and quite redolent of mid-Victorian art in their pretentiousness. The row of theatric figures of the Beaufoy is neither better nor worse than the design of the other, where the Bard, attended by gesticulating damsels, is seated “in his habit as he lived” upon clouds resembling bags of wool.

Many of the others also are examples of neglected opportunity or mistaken ingenuity. In point of portraiture the misapprehension or perversion is occasionally remarkable, and when this is considered in co-relation with the engraved portraits, the limitation of the artist as a copyist is revealed with startling clearness.

The Chandos portrait of Shakspere was that generally used as a basis for very free treatment during the eighteenth century.
especially, and the chief model whence sculptors and other artists
drew their inspiration. Their work in the round, such as the life-size
statues by Scheemakers in 1740, and of his scholar Roubiliac in 1758,
permitted the medallist to obtain variations of contour and profile at
will, the accuracy and reliability of which, however, would be greater
had the Stratford bust been more closely followed instead of a mere
assumption of the ideal.

In curious contrast to these semi-official, individual or other well
meant efforts to popularise and perpetuate the memory of Shakspere,
we may give passing mention of the quasi-halfpence issued by
unscrupulous die-sinkers shortly after the middle of the eighteenth
century, for the purpose of circulation with and as the ordinary copper
currency.

The inaction or indifference of the Government during the early
years of George III.'s reign had allowed the copper currency to get
into a shocking state, many of the pieces having been in circulation for
almost a century, and the shortage of small values was intolerable; so
that privateers scooped a nefarious profit by making and issuing bogus
halfpence in enormous quantities. The almost "infinite variety" of
these was also assisted by frequent intermixture of the dies; and they
generally bore a vague and distant resemblance to the regal coin, the
difference being either not "understood of the people" or disregarded
for the sake of the convenience.

These false or "bad" halfpence as distinguished from the legitimate
token coinage of later issue, were struck from dies purposely designed
to give them a well worn appearance when put into circulation, and the
severe penalties attached to coining were cunningly evaded by making
the heads answer to that of the King; either hybrid or altogether cos-
mopolitan, or ascribed, somewhat whimsically, to "Claudius Romanus,"
"Alfred the Great," "Gregory III.," "Gustavus Vasa," "Oliver
Cromwell," and also amongst others, "Gulielmus Shakspere," of
whom there are at least five varieties. In the portraiture he is made to
figure as a Roman Imperator, unknown, whilst other varieties bearing
the heads of William III. and George III. are inscribed as "Shak-
speare" or "Gulielmus Shakspere," the reverses being similar to the
current coin but inscribed "Britons Glory," "Rule Britannia," etc. The "mules" have figures of science, or Hibernia, or a crowned harp, inscribed "North Wales," "Stratfordiensis," etc., which latter may have been issued by or at the instance of a townsman of the Poet. They date from 1773 to 1790, and their chief if not only value, lies in illustrating the undoubted popularity of the Poet even then, largely due no doubt to the almost continuous stage-presentment of his plays by Garrick and the many travelling companies of repute.

In succession to these piratical halfpence, but of far higher and really excellent quality, are those which form part of the immense output of promissory or token coinage which flourished so vigorously during the decade which preceded the nineteenth century. Of these the "Warwickshire" and "London and Middlesex" halfpennies issued in 1790–1–2 are handsome and well struck pieces. All of them bear excellent portraits of Shakspere based on models derived from the Chandos portrait. The reverse types, however, are not satisfactory, for although good of their kind, they are in no way associated with either Shakspere or the Stage. Thus, that of "Warwickshire 1791" bears a figure of Plenty, seated upon a cotton bale and saluting an incoming ship; that of 1792 has Vulcan, and others repeat the "Plenty," or replace it by Science, etc. From Pye's "Provincial Tokens," published in 1795, they would appear to be the work of Hancock.

The accompanying plate of Shaksperian tokens from the collection of Mr. S. H. Hamer illustrates some of the choicer varieties, and well demonstrates the style of portraiture adopted for the general series.

Besides these, there are a number of rough and very coarse reproductions, together with "mules" or varieties produced from an intermixture of alien dies. They, however, are of little interest and may be classed with the medallets, badges and similar miscellany of commerce, which after a fashion are associated with the Poet's name.

Incidentally, the following excerpt from the London Magazine of July, 1765, may not be without interest:

"The old walnut tree that flourished before the door of Shakespeare's father's house at Stratford-upon-Avon, at the birth of the Poet, has lately been cut down, and several gentlemen had images resembling that at Westminster Abbey carved from it."
SHAKSPERIAN TOKENS.
The "image at Westminster" was the statue by Scheemakers, erected in 1741. Surely this is a curiously perverted account of the destruction of the mulberry tree at New Place in 1758, which, planted by Shakspere, was cut down in a fit of ill-temper by the "Reverend Mr. Gastrell," shortly before he destroyed the house itself in 1759.

Memorials, statues and other graven images, expressed in various forms of art, or its substitute, have been raised to the Poet's memory of late years the world over:—at London, at Stratford, Lord Ronald Gower's, still one of the best, at Birmingham, Nottingham, Paris, Wiemar, Cronburg, New York, Washington, etc. But why are they mostly staring or frowning? Cannot statuary express intelligence by other and more pleasing methods? the Stratford bust seems to give a smiling affirmative.

The art of the medallist belongs to the borderland between sculpture and painting, and requires besides the essential of artistic exactness, a delicate accuracy of touch superior to either from the minute nature of its work. It depends for success on an entirely harmonious combination of outline, contour and relief, which when in excess gives an effect almost sculpturesque, whilst the other extreme allows the figure or relief to emerge from the field as the merest film, yet both extremes, and all that lies between, are perfectly true and legitimate examples of its wide capabilities.

Bounded by these limitations only, the medallist is supreme master in his field of work as an exponent of expression, for expression is a quality more dependent on line, than form or colour. Colour, indeed, is almost expressionless without line or its substitute, although line is undoubtedly strengthened when supplemented by colour. In medallic work its enforced absence is replaced by subtle and most delicate gradations and blendings of contour.

The consecration by medallic memorial of its worthiest or greatest men, has at all times been regarded as a sacred duty by highly civilised peoples, yet we may observe, not without astonishment, how nations closely allied by natural ties or in close proximity, carry their several methods to extremes; from ostentatious prodigality to almost silent, but perhaps none the less appreciative recognition. In this tardy
acknowledgment of native worth, it would be difficult to parallel any with ourselves, who would not have hastened to fulfil so felicitous and sacred a duty. Can we conceive, for instance, artistic France entrusting the memory of Napoleon or Voltaire to the keeping of two or three expressionless medals, or a few paltry and commonplace medallets; or the great Commonwealth of America, allowing the features of Washington to be commemorated by commercialism in preference to a memorial decreed by the Senate?

Ancient Rome, also, renewed on her coinage the features of her august or most revered Imperators, and nations of an even greater antiquity did not permit the incidence of death to cancel or remove the image and superscription of those rulers, whom public approval had deified and saluted as benefactors to the state.

Yet in Britain's long roll of honour, how few of the great men who are its glory, and who have been the real makers of modern Britain, are represented authentically in contemporary medallic art.

The beautifully executed portrait medallions and medals of the Tudor and Stuart periods are mostly of royal or titled personages in multitudinous yet charming variety; but unfortunately for posterity, they are very largely barren of those lineaments, which modelled ad vivum, would be of priceless value for all time.

The ingenuity of man has hitherto devised only three methods by which record can be intelligently transmitted with certainty to a remote but indefinite future. Of these the magnificent creations of sculpture and painting, however, but await inevitable extinction by the slow corrosion of time, and it is therefore to medallic relief alone, as the perfected form of what is probably the earliest of the arts, that we must entrust our claim to perpetuity. The events which go to form a "nation's history," or the verisimilitude of those who form its chief glory, are never transmitted so enduringly as when enshrined in its medallic monuments. Time and circumstance are powerless to affect them, and when contemporaneous they bear not only a guarantee of fidelity, but are striking and eloquent records of the quality of the national art of their period, and possess a charm and interest which posthumous medals, no matter how excellent, can never attain.
Medals Practically Indestructible.

Immortality at the best is but a relative term, that by the caprice of fortune, balances between the infinitely great and infinitely little, for the pyramid may be silent, whilst the potsherd at its base names its maker. But whilst these are severally hastening to their primal atoms, the metal disc, in the bosom of Mother Earth, gleams with the brightness of an almost eternal youth.

Men die and are forgotten, be they ever so notable or worthy. Great events grow dim—legendary—unbelievable, and all in time would become mythical were it not for material evidence more stable than life or memory, which the antiquary’s skilful hand disinters from the long buried past of personages of whom even history is silent, and whose very existence was unsuspected, yet by the enduring strength of medallic or monetial evidence we are enabled to gaze on their features as of contemporaries—for:

Time which antiquates antiques and hath an art to make dust of all things, hath yet spared these minor monuments.

It has been contended that Shakspere’s natural abilities, no matter how great they may have been, are insufficient to account for his insight and apparent familiarity with speculative philosophy as then surmised or understood; but admitting that his youthful education was little more than elementary, we have from 1586 to 1600, when he was 36 years old, a period during which we know from the internal evidence of his writings that he was intimately acquainted with the best writers of his time, and that, moreover, he accepted history and the classics as translated, and without any attempt at correction or amendment so dear to the professed scholar.

From the time when, as a bright and vivacious lad, he cut the Gordian knot of his Stratford surrounding and went to seek fortune in London, to the time when advancing years drew him, like a bird to its nest, to the repose and tranquillity of his native home, we may trace in his life and writings an entire and progressive consistency. His extraordinary acquaintance with the lore of rural life, nature and rustic humanity, which is interwoven even into his latest writings, shows that his natural abilities readily mastered the essentials of such education or literature as was obtainable in his early years.
How he first came into contact with literary men, or their exponents the players, is of little moment; but once in touch he seems to have soon shown his genius by recasting and enriching existing plays, some of which thus rewritten would seem to have become recognised as virtually his own; and then, as appetite grew with what it fed upon, he embarked on the larger venture of those incomparable dramatic poems, which, as Milton says, are “our wonder and astonishment.”

His early work is crude and Marlowesque, that of his prime full of patriotism, hope and vigour, maturer judgment follows, later, perhaps, a vein of pessimism, and then no more.

What an epitome of all that is high and noble in humanity is this Shakspere of ours, what a gracious and pervading personality! From the little England, in which he gloried and which with an intense patriotism he loved so well, he has soared into a universality that blends him with all peoples, linking the past and future. The richness of fancy, the virile penetration of thought so gloriously expressed are “understood of the people” and familiar in their mouths as Holy Writ, his sayings are household words the world over, and have given our language a fixity which bids fair to make it immutable if not universal.

His personality has absorbed the individuality of all others of his time, the age is Shaksperian, and they, whatever their quality, are of, and belong to it. His very name has a suggestive fitness that lifts it above ordinary nomenclature, carrying with it an investment of chivalrous and mighty deeds, that breathe the essence of high imaginings and the brave days of old. At his bidding, as by the touch of Prospero’s wand, the whole range of human action, and of all time, springs revitalised from the treasure house of antiquity. The gods are with us and the solitudes of Hellas are again glorious with the gleaming marbles of temple and portico, thronged with keen-witted disputants. Rome is once more the resistless world-compellor, shaping all peoples to the measure of her own austere severity.

Britain has again her ancient kings, hastening with Cymric impetuosity from storm and passion, to harp and song. Who of
woman born has ever with unmoistened eyes be-pictured the betrayed and dying king, cradling the murdered Cordelia in his age-worn arms. What a vision of splendid memories quickens the blood as we mingle with the mail-clad tyrants at Runnymede, where the stormy wranglings echo like the roar of an angry sea, or, as with clarion blast, "Saint George and Harry for England," whelps of the same leonine breed, we sweep victorious over the battle fields of conquered France. Remote as are the scenes and conditions of life, we recognise the same fever of the blood, raging with tongue and sword, that is still the potent factor impelling to all action.

"Now all the youth of England are on fire, and silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies"—"Now thrive the armourers and honour's thought reigns solely in the breast of every man."

"Oh, England," he cries, with intensest Patriotism, "oh, England, model to thy inward greatness—like little body with mighty heart—what might'st thou do," and again, "Nought shall make us rue, If England to itself do rest but true"—How love and war alternate in his hands, grim tragedy, and "laughter holding both sides."

Every emotion of which our nature is capable, from the sublimest abnegation of self, to the basest and most infernal of passion, from the first throb of virgin love, to the delirium of soul and secret murder, passes before us with fateful accuracy, to joyful consummation or distracting catastrophe.

Shakspere's men and women are the true children of those days, before commercialism had ruled humanity with lines of greed and care. Rank was rank and never forgotten, whilst the lowly born stood by his manhood.

What delightful men and lovable women laugh and scold their way through life in the pictures Shakspere has given to us of those strong times, when the rejuvenescence of learning set afame the imaginings of young England.

Where fact and fable wove each other into dreams more true than either wot of, and even elves and fairies had a grace.

A dream it is indeed, but a dream which has given reality of apprehension to the essentials of all human action, and we stand
amazed at the power which, while revealing the very springs of thought, has created, or recreated, potentialities or memories that grow even more splendid and august with time.

We are at one with Milton, who casting his budding laurels at the Master's feet, exclaims:

"What needs my Shakspere for his honor'd bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a stary pointing Pyramid?
Dear Son of Memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a live-long monument.
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

*John Milton, 1630.*

[Editorial Note.—We may add that Mr. Ogden, in issuing his medal to the memory of Shakspere, has been solely influenced by the sentiments so apparent in this paper, for commercialism has been ruled out of the question.]
PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM III, PRINCE OF ORANGE.

AFTER LELY, FROM A MEZZOTINT IN THE COLLECTION OF MR. W. SHARP OGDEN.