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A HANDBOOK
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE



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A HANDBOOK
OF
ENGLISH LITERATURE

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION

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PREFACE.

This book does not aim at originality, except as regards method of treatment. It opens with a brief general survey of English Literature, and then proceeds to give detailed accounts of particular authors whose works are used as text-books in Schools and Colleges. The "Quotations" appended to these authors are intended to serve both as collections of well-known passages from their writings and as specimens of their matter and style. The Shakespeare references are to the Globe Edition of that author.

The authors desire to express their best thanks to Mr. C. H. Tawney for kindly writing an Introduction to this volume.

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INTRODUCTION.

A teacher, however great his experience, who undertakes the task of drawing up a Handbook of English Literature, is met by two difficulties. In the first place he must feel that a mere superficial knowledge of the names, lives, and principal works of a large number of authors, though it may possibly tell in an Examination Hall, (and even this is doubtful), is in no case an evidence that the mind of a student has been properly trained. A careful study of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or of Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, especially if carried on with the help of a good teacher, is an educative process, in a sense in which no mere list of authors, however well supplemented by chronological tables and abstracts can be admitted to be. We have all heard of the "man of one book," and must admit that he has often proved himself a force in the world. On the other hand we have now attained a conception of national literature, for the introduction of which conception the study of natural science is probably mainly responsible. It is now felt that the literature of any given people must be an organic growth influenced by its external surroundings, and by the historical development of that people. We should no more expect the *Mahabharata* to be produced by Danes or Germans, than we should expect to find in the Black Forest that fig-tree which "In Malabar or Deccan spreads her arms."

It follows that literature can no longer be studied fruitfully apart from history and geography. Nor, in considering the most eminent authors, can we look upon

them as solitary eminences towering in unapproachable grandeur. Shakespeare was the chief of the Elizabethan dramatists, but even he would never have been what he was without "Marlowe's mighty line," and probably the wit-combats between him and "rare Ben Jonson" were not without influence in moulding the minds of both dramatists. In other words, Shakespeare cannot be understood without some knowledge of his predecessors and successors, and the more the age in which he lived is regarded from every possible point of view, the more complete and full will our comprehension of his genius be.

I cannot help thinking that the writers of the present Handbook have chosen the best method of reconciling these apparently contradictory requisites, which I may perhaps be allowed to call the intensive and extensive lines of study. They have given a detailed account of the life and writings of thirty-eight English authors, with critical estimates of their merits, while in the General Sketch they have shown their relations to other authors, and assigned them their places in the great army to which they belong.

No manual can, of course, render the careful study of the authors themselves unnecessary. But it can facilitate and illuminate such study. And I venture to claim for the compilers of the present work, who, no doubt on account of our previous connexion in India, have asked me to write an introduction to it, the merit of having solved the difficult problem before them with considerable success.

Mr. Webb is well known to all students and teachers of English literature by the works which he has written and edited, solely, or in conjunction with the late Mr Rowe. Of his own poetical gifts and refined taste his *Indian Lyrics* and translations from Martial furnish unmistake-

able proof. Mr. Aldis's long educational experience both as Principal of an important Indian College and as Headmaster of an English High School forms an admirable equipment for the task in which he collaborates.

If I might venture to select any one part of the following work for special commendation, I should desire to draw attention to the section dealing with Lord Tennyson. Mr. Webb's careful study of Lord Tennyson's works has enabled him to describe his character as a man and a poet most lucidly. I doubt if his special position in the literary world has ever been so clearly and accurately fixed. "Tennyson's character as a man may be summed up in one sentence; he represents at its best the cultured nineteenth century English gentleman." This sentence and the remarks which follow, will, I think meet with the cordial approbation of Tennyson's admirers, who are still a body not to be despised, though to the present century some of his mannerisms in thought and expression may appear obsolete or obsolescent.

While the authors of the present Handbook have had the pupils of Indian colleges primarily in view, they have by no means restricted themselves to the requirements of Indian students. I think, however, that there is much less difference between the Indian and the English student than is supposed in some quarters. Indian students cannot it is true, be expected to be familiar with Greek and Latin literature, but apparently this familiarity cannot be now presumed in the case of many English students. Nor indeed is it indispensable as an introduction to English literature. Numerous examples show that even Milton can be enjoyed, in spite of his all-pervasive classicalism, by persons who have not busied themselves with classical studies. In the last resort, a reference to a few transla-

tion, to which some hold that Shakespeare was principally indebted for his learning, will redress the balance. I am therefore inclined to think that we are destined to see English literature more and more take the position of an independent subject in education. In any case, I am persuaded that the present work will prove an acceptable aid to education in every part of the world in which English literature is read and appreciated.

CHARLES H. TAWNEY.

GENERAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

PRE-ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE (670—1550).

MODERN English is a blend of many languages; but in radical value and in historic growth it is one of the great Teutonic family, of which German is now the most important example. Before the Norman conquest it was a highly inflected language; but with the ultimate absorption of Norman-French after the fusion of the two races these inflections were nearly all dropped, while the vocabulary was almost doubled by the influx of Norman-French words, slightly modified in form. It is obvious therefore that books by English writers before the Norman Conquest will seem to us to be written in an almost foreign language; especially as their ideas of the forms of poetry were so widely different from our own. For their poetic form depends upon recurrent stress or emphasis, marked out by alliteration, not on the number of syllables; nor does it employ rhyme. The metre of Coleridge's *Christabel* or of Longfellow's *Hiawatha* is the nearest approach to it in modern English. Of these pre-Norman poems the chief are :—CAEDMON'S *Paraphrase* (of the book of Genesis), written about 670. An unlearned rustic, he had something of Bunyan's genius, and was encouraged by Hilda, Abbess of Whitby, to turn Bible stories into popular song. *Beowulf* (about 690) by an unknown writer, is an almost Homeric epic on the adventures of a legendary chief of that name, who, single-handed, delivered his friend, a Danish king, from a horrible marsh monster, and its more hideous mother; and was at last killed while fighting a dragon. In the middle of the eighth century we find the religious poems of CYNEWULF, based upon Latin hymns or Papal homilies. ALFRED THE

Pre-Norman
Literature.

GREAT was the first important writer of English prose ; he translated the histories of Orosius and of Bede ; the *Consolation of Philosophy* of Boethius ; and Gregory's *Pastoral Rule*. THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH (937 ?) is an epic fragment, which Tennyson has modernised.

The immediate effect of the Conquest was to degrade English into the mere spoken tongue of the common people. The literature of the English under Norman rule is in French or Latin. The only gleams of national spirit, Celtic rather than Saxon, shine out in the development of the legends of King Arthur, embodied by GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH in his *History of Britain* (1147); and spiritualised in more poetic forms by the Welsh-born WALTER DE MAP. But it is not till the reign of King John that, in the *Brut* of LAYAMON (1205), an adaptation of the French history of England by Wace, English verse reappears, in form scarcely altered from the poetry of Caedmon. John's loss of Normandy, his misrule and tragic fall, brought about the gradual fusion, both social and political, of the two races, until in 1350 English was used in school-teaching, and in 1362 it became the language of the law-courts. About 1215-20 we meet with the *Ormulum*, a series of metrical homilies by an Augustinian monk ORM. This poem discards the old alliterative versification, and thus marks the transition to our modern poetic forms.

The Norman Conquest modified our language rather than our literature. But a far-reaching influence soon made itself felt, and for long largely dominated our literature : *viz.* the influence of Italian poets and story-tellers. The great Italian republics, especially that of Florence, became the leaders of Europe in art and literature ; Dante (1265-1321), Petrarch (1304-1374), and Boccaccio (1313-1375) were directly or indirectly the teachers of Chaucer, Surrey, Shakespeare, and Milton ; and a residence in Italy was recognized as essential to the education of an English gentleman. Dante, with his vision of Hell, Purgatory, and Heaven, was the pioneer of Milton ; from Petrarch we derived the Sonnet, especially in its strict Miltonic

form ; while Boccaccio's narrative verse, and the hundred prose stories of his *Decameron*, formed the ground-work of much of Chaucer's poetry. In 1566 William Paynter translated from the *Decameron* his *Palace of Pleasure*, from which Shakespeare took so many of his plots.

The *Travels* of SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE, once regarded as the first original English prose, are not only largely apocryphal, but the English version of the French original is no doubt a translation by an unknown writer early in the fifteenth century. CHAUCER. LANGLAND'S *Vision of Piers the Plowman* (1362-1380) is a popular satire on the corruptions of the Church : its poetic form is strictly alliterative and pre-Norman. JOHN BARBOUR, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, wrote *The Bruce*, a rhymed Scottish chronicle of the adventures of King Robert I. WICLIF (1324-1384), the 'Morning Star of the Reformation,' by his Sermons and his translation of the Bible, became the real 'Father of English prose,' as Chaucer is of English poetry. GEOFFREY CHAUCER (1340-1400), the son of a well-to-do London vintner, was in his youth in the household of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, and throughout his life held offices, either important or lucrative, under the Crown. He served in France under Edward III, and was employed on important diplomatic missions in Italy, France, and the Netherlands. Thus he was familiar with society of every kind, and his life was one of wide and varied experience ; while he was, as he tells us, before all things a lover of books, and familiar with literature, French and Latin. Boccaccio and Petrarch were his personal friends, and Dante was his ideal poet. In Chaucer's early work, *The Complaint unto Pity*, and his (partly lost) translation of *the Roman de la Rose*, French influence was paramount. So is it in *The Book of the Duchess*, a largely conventional elegy on the Duchess Blanche of Lancaster ; and in his mythological *Complaint of Mars*. *The Parliament of Fowls* is an allegorical poem, probably written in honour of the marriage of Richard II with Anne of Bohemia. Italian influence is first clearly shewn in *Troilus and Cressida*, based upon the *Filostrato* of Boccaccio ; and *The House of Fame* is

largely inspired by Dante. The unfinished *Legend of Good Women* was Chaucer's first attempt at a collected 'Cabinet of Tales,' such as we have in the *Decameron*. In the *Legend* Chaucer employs for the first time the French heroic couplet. The poem is a stately tribute to the moral dignity of womanhood, and replies to the false charges brought against women in such poems as *Troilus* or *The Romaunt of the Rose*. In contrast with the monotony of this poem is the wide variety of interest contained in Chaucer's immortal work, *The Canterbury Tales* (1373-1393), with which English literature, as we understand it, may be said to begin. This too was left, in a sense, unfinished; as several details mentioned in the Prologue were afterwards set aside. But *The Parson's Tale*, which is really a pious sermon, was obviously intended for a seemly close to the whole poem. Thus it is intrinsically a complete work of art; it embraces every type of literature then extant; it portrays with great dramatic skill all the different types of English character in the society of the time; and it gives free play to the rich variety of the poet's genius. The great merit of the poem is that in an age of allegory and romance the writer is thoroughly realistic and goes direct to nature, depicting it with a skill and a humour that are beyond praise. Here is part of his portrait of the Prioress:—

'She was so charitable and pitous
 She wolde wepe, if that she saw a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed.
 But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte;
 And al was conscience and tendre herte.

Chaucer had Burn's simple love of life's common things, and something of Shakespeare's tolerant sympathy with all sides of human character; certainly he had a Shakesperean capacity for appropriating and improving upon the literary work of others. Like Shakespeare too he instinctively avoids burning questions, whether religious or political.

He has none of the fiery passion of *Piers Plowman*; nor indeed does he make any approach to Shakespear's spiritual depths. He died October 25, 1400, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

THE 'Moral' JOHN GOWER (1325-1408), as Chaucer styled him, was Chaucer's intimate friend. He wrote *The Lover's Confession* (1393), a tedious half-allegorical, half-ecclesiastical dialogue on love, illustrated by a variety of stories. Two inferior poets OCCLEVE and LYDGATE (about 1370-1450) followed Chaucer's poetic mechanism with nothing of his spirit; the latter wrote *Troy Book* and *The Falls of Princes* founded upon Boccaccio. To JAMES I (1394-1437) of Scotland has been attributed *The King's Quair* (=King's Little Book) in the Chaucerian seven-line stanza, thenceforward called the 'rhyme roval.' In it he describes how, while in captivity at Windsor Castle, he had seen from his window, and fallen in love with, the Earl of Somerset's daughter, whom he afterwards married. The homely ballads, *Peebles to the Play*, and *Christ's Kirk of the Green* are probably from his pen. ROBERT HENRYSON (about 1430-1506), a Dunfermline schoolmaster, wrote *The Testament of Cressida*, a sequel to Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*. His *Moral Fables* are full of wit and descriptive power. SKELTON (1460-1529) wrote some powerful satires against Wolsey in a rough short-line metre of his own. GAVIN DOUGLAS (1474-1522), Bishop of Dunkeld, translated Virgil's *Aeneid*; and WILLIAM DUNBAR (1460-1530), author of *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, has been called the 'Chaucer of Scotland.'

PECOCK and FORTESCUE (about 1395-1480) wrote excellent prose: the former against the Lollards, the latter on law and monarchy. The PASTON LETTERS (1422-1509), between members of a good Norfolk family, throw an interesting sidelight upon the state of society during the Wars of the Roses. In 1477 the introduction of Printing by William Caxton opened up a new era for literature. His translation of *The Recuyell* (=Collection) of the *Histories of Troye* was the first English book ever printed; while his

Chaucer's
successors.

Prose writers.

patron's book, Earl River's *Sayings of the Philosophers* was the first book printed in England. The most important fruit of the new art was SIR THOMAS MALORY's great work, *Morte D'Arthur* (1476), a mine of wealth to subsequent poets and romancers. SIR THOMAS MORE (1478-1535) wrote in English prose *The Life of Edward V* (printed, 1557); and in Latin his famous *Utopia* (= Nowhere), a description of an imaginary common-wealth in an unknown island, in which More's own political ideals are set forth, and the vices of existing society satirised with a subtly penetrating humour. This book was translated into English in 1551. TYNDALE and COVERDALE by their translations of the Bible prepared the way for the Authorised Version, and helped forward the intellectual and moral births of the Elizabethan age; as also did LATIMER and CRANMER (1485-1556) by the homely vigour of their sermons and homilies.

CHAPTER II.

ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE (1550-1625).

THE term 'Elizabethan Literature' may be used to cover that specially fruitful period which began with Surrey and Wyatt, and was ended by the political troubles of the reign of Charles I; Milton being its last belated representative, surviving in the solitude of an alien age. The earlier part of that period is chiefly distinguished by its poetry, which culminated in Spenser; the middle by the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; and the latter part by the prose of Hooker and Bacon. It will be convenient to follow this division; though some of the writers excel in more than one of these three kinds of literature.

The predominance of the drama in Elizabethan literature is due, as a recent writer has well pointed out, to three main reasons: (1) 'The drama alone was remunerative. (2) It appealed to a larger public than any other branch of literature possibly could; in fact it was the only literary means of reaching a great mass of people. Books were still comparatively rare and dear; the proportion of people who could read was small; there was no class of studious readers. (3) The times themselves were dramatic; life abounded in dramatic elements and situations; and a great literature always stands in close, intimate, direct relations to the life amid which it is created.' We shall see later how, as the first and the second of these reasons lost their force, the drama was superseded by the novel.

(1) **Poetry.** *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557) placed before the public at Elizabeth's accession poems which had been written for private circulation by Wyatt, Surrey, and others. Among the less known writers was LORD VAUX, who contributed the verses adapted for the

Predominance
of the drama.

Spenser's pre-
decessors.

grave-digger in *Hamlet*. The book itself was what Slender in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (1. i. 105-6) depended upon for his second-hand wit in company. Its two chief contributors, SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503-1542), and HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY (1517-1547) between them naturalised the sonnet in England, and re-established the metrical verse-structure which Chaucer had introduced; and Surrey, in his translation of the *Aeneid*, first introduced blank verse. The most important difference found in their sonnets was the substitution of genuine feeling for the conventional make-believe of mediaeval love-literature. More important than the *Miscellany*, was the *Induction* and *The Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham*, contributed by THOMAS SACKVILLE, LORD BUCKHURST (1536-1608), to *The Mirror for Magistrates* (1555-1587), a series of poems on the misfortunes of princes. Sackville's two poems are of high merit, and inspired some of Spenser's best work. He was also in part the author of *Gorboduc* (1561). GEORGE GASCOIGNE (1535-1577) is believed to have written the first English prose comedy, *The Supposes* (from Ariosto); the first regular verse satire, *The Steel Glass*; the first prose tale (from Bandello); the first translation from Greek tragedy, *Jocasta*; and the first critical essay on poetic form, his *Instructions*. Of these *The Steel Glass* is the only instance before Milton of a long English poem of any merit in blank verse. Its title points to the accuracy of a 'steel' mirror, as contrasted with the deceptions of 'crystal':—

'Lucretius this worthy man was named,
 Who at his death bequeathed the Crystal Glass
 To such as love to Seem but not to Be;
 But unto those that love to see themselves,
 How foul or fair soever that they are,
 He gan bequeath a Glass of trusty Steel,
 Wherein they may be bold always to look,
 Because it shows all things in their degree.'

Sir Philip Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* sonnets are highly praised by Charles Lamb; but they could have had no influence on the development of Spenser's genius.

Spenser's poetic career is separately described (pp. 98-107).

Spenser's Successors.

With him and Sidney came an astonishing development of the fashion, almost a craze,

for sonnetteering, which culminated in Shakespeare (1564-1616, see pp. 119-121), and soon afterwards died out. The lesser poets who followed Spenser have considerable merit, though dimmed by his greater light. MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563-1631) is immortal through his *Ballad of Agincourt*; and his fairy-poem *Nymphidia* has a singularly sprightly grace. He was a hardworking historical poet, and his *Mortimeriados*, afterwards (1603) enlarged into *The Barons' Wars*; his *Polyolbion*, a geographical description of Britain; and his best long poem, *England's Heroical Epistles*, are inspired with a lofty patriotism, and though tedious from their length and detail, yet contain much vigorous and masterly work. SAMUEL DANIEL (1562-1619), a writer of sweet and dignified verse and of much excellent prose, is best known by his *Delia* sonnets, and his prose *Defence of Rhyme*, in which he demolished the absurd cult of classical metres so prevalent in his day. He also composed a beautiful Masque, *Hymen's Triumph*. THOMAS TUSSER (1515-1580) wrote in popular verse *A Hundred Good Points of Husbandry*, enlarged afterwards (1573) to *Five Hundred Points*; a book widely read at the time and often referred to now. WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585-1649), wrote some exquisite sonnets; he and SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER (1580-1640), though Scotsmen, drew all their inspiration from the English Elizabethans. Besides some beautiful pieces by the minor poets of the time, there is a whole treasury of poetic gems scattered throughout the plays of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists.

(2) **The Drama.** The Drama in England gradually

'Miracle plays'
and 'Mysteries.'

developed itself from the 'Miracle plays' and 'Mysteries,' which at first were mere

adjuncts to the services of the Catholic Church. Like pictures, they were 'the books of the unlearned.' Some miraculous incident in the life of the patron saint of a particular church would be acted in character and costume,

taking the place of a reading from the Bible. In like manner the chief events of Bible history were placed before the eyes of unlettered congregations. When the themes of these plays were the events in which the 'mysteries' of Christian doctrine are centered, such as the Nativity or the Resurrection, these dramatic representations were called 'Mysteries.' In the twelfth century we find that these 'Mysteries' were beginning to be removed from the interior of the Church to the Church steps and graveyard outside; a three-stage scaffolding, representing Heaven, Earth, and Hell, being built for the accommodation of the actors. Gradually the production of these plays passed from the exclusive control of the clergy into that of the trade-guilds in the great towns; and the plays were presented at convenient open spaces where the procession of the players, with their scaffold-theatre on wheels, came to a halt. The final establishment in 1311 by Pope Clement V of the popular festival *Corpus Christi* greatly strengthened the influence of the laity in the management of 'Mysteries'; for on this festival the clergy and the laity walked together in public procession; and the procession itself was made as dramatic as possible by carrying banners, pictures, and images, or by having Scripture characters in costume to take part in the show. In an age when faith was robust and unquestioned, people were not afraid of blending mirth with serious thought. Thus in the miracle plays, Noah's obstinate wife, who had to be thwacked and pulled into the ark at the last moment, was one of the stock comic characters. This blending of fun with earnest, a deep-rooted national feature which culminates in Shakespeare's dramatic characterizations, was most prominent in the *Shepherds' Play*, apparently introduced from the Netherlands. For in these representations of the Shepherds at the Nativity, rough horseplay and coarse local jests were intermingled, without any sense of incongruity, with the chanting of the angelic song, 'Glory to God in the highest,' and the adoration of the Babe of Bethlehem. There are many references in both Chaucer and Shakespeare (1564—1616) to these miracle-plays; and they continued to be acted, at Chester until 1577, and at Coventry till 1580.

The closely allied 'Morality plays' were rather the offspring of the Reformation than of the Catholic Church; they show a more advanced stage of the gradual emancipation of the 'Mysteries' from the control of the clergy. They and the 'Interludes,' which were originally short dramatic performances introduced in the intervals of festivities in a nobleman's hall, were freely used by Protestants to satirize the vices of the Catholic Church; nor were Catholics slow to retaliate. The old-fashioned drolleries were imported into these Morality plays in the shape of the dragon-Devil, who was belaboured by the 'Vice' with his wooden dagger. The *dramatis personæ* in a Morality play were abstract virtues and vices personified; and the moral was worked out as the climax of a regular dramatic plot. Plays of this type were first introduced in the reign of Henry VI. Of the earlier ones the most important were the *Magnificence* of the satirist Skelton (1460-1529), and *The Three Estates* of SIR DAVID LINDSAY (1490-1555), a friend of James V of Scotland, and one of the 'Reformer before the Reformation.' This latter play is a powerful and plain-spoken denunciation of the vices of the clergy and the nobility. JOHN HEYWOOD (1500-1580), a court wit and favourite with Queen Mary, wrote many Interludes, especially *The Four P's* (Palmer, Pardoner, Potycary, and Pedlar), and by introducing real persons instead of abstractions paved the way for English Comedy. Somewhat similar to the Interlude was the 'Masque,' in which allegorical or romantic characters were assumed, with appropriate dresses, by players (usually chosen from among the guests) disguised with masks, to provide amusement at a festival, or to compliment some distinguished personage. Ben Jonson was the foremost writer of masques. They came to an end with Milton's masterpiece, the masque of *Comus* (1634, See pp 208-11).

These different forms of dramatic production were collateral growths rather than direct ancestors of the drama proper. They fostered and gave expression to the national genius. The same dramatic instincts among the learned professional bodies, the Universities and the Inns of

The Drama
proper.

Court, gave rise to translations or adaptations of the Latin comedies of Terence or Plautus and the tragedies of Seneca—a practice of which there has been a revival in modern times. It became a matter of social ambition with the great nobles to keep under their own patronage companies of actors capable of producing these plays with good effect on such occasions as a visit from Royalty. Of these the Earl of Leicester's company, which Shakespeare joined (p. 114; the date about 1587), was the most important. Such companies had to keep themselves well practised in their art: they used therefore to make the tour of the large towns in their own district, giving their entertainments in town-halls or other convenient places, and usually obtaining the patronage of the town corporation and the Mayor. Inn-yards were frequently chosen as convenient sites for a temporary theatre, the stage being extemporised at one end; while the common people took their places on the yard-floor, and the visitors sat in the balconies that ran round the yard. These arrangements still survive in the pit, with the boxes and the upper circles, of the modern theatre. There was no attempt at scenery; a printed placard announced the place of action as 'a Wood near Athens,' 'The Duke's Palace,' and so on. At the back of the stage there was always a balcony raised on pillars, and certain parts of a play were performed on this balcony. Thus in Shakespeare's *King John* the men of Angiers speak from this place, as representing the top of their walls, to the English besiegers below. One peculiarity of the arrangements was that aristocratic patrons and fine-gentlemen critics used often to taken their stools on to the stage, and from that prominent position, bandy repartees with the audience, or criticise the play itself. Beaumont and Fletcher's (Beaumont, 1586-1616, Fletcher, 1576-1625) comedy, the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, makes admirable dramatic use of this custom; the chief fun of the play being centered in the perpetual criticisms and irresponsible interference of two such outsiders, a self-important citizen and his absurdly fussy wife.

The earliest English comedy was *Ralph Roister Doister* by NICHOLAS UDALL (1505-1556), then Headmaster of Eton. It was no doubt acted by the boys of the College. Ralph is a coxcomb and a gull, who is egged on by his mischief-making parasite, Matthew Merrygreek, to make love to Dame Christian Custance, a wealthy widow ; and is thus led into all sorts of ludicrous scrapes. It is well written and full of genuine merriment. Next, both in date and merit, comes *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, by JOHN STILL (1543-1607), Vice-Chancellor of the University of Cambridge, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells. It is rather a farce than a comedy ; the fun turning on the tricks of Diccon the Bedlam, and the search for a lost needle which the goodman Hodge finds at last in his breeches by sitting upon its point. The defect of this play is the coarseness of its dialogue ; but it contains one of the best of English drinking-songs. Broadly contrasted with these two plays, both alike genuinely national, is the first tragedy, *Gorboduc* (1561), written in collaboration by Sackville (Thomas, afterwards Lord Buckhurst and Earl of Dorset, 1536-1608) and NORTON (1532-1584), both members of the Inner Temple, for a Christmas entertainment in the Temple, and soon afterwards acted before the Queen in Westminster. Norton was one of the translators whose work appears in Sternhold and Hopkins's metrical Psalms which were added to the Prayer-Book in 1562. *Gorboduc* was not authoritatively published till 1571, and then under the title of *Ferrex and Porrex*, the two sons of King Gorboduc, who, Lear-like, divided his kingdom between them, and thus brought about the destruction of his family, himself, and his country. This tragedy is merely classical, a stiff imitation of Seneca : with the curious exception of the dumb-shows between the acts, which form a link of connexion with the national miracle-plays, pageants, and masques. We find survivals of these dumb-shows in the *Hamlet* and *Pericles* of Shakespeare.

The most remarkable feature in the growth of the English drama is our instinctive rejection of the classical ideal which for so many centuries enslaved

Rejection of the classical type.

French dramatic art. The combined influence of the Court, the nobility, and the Universities, never succeeded in popularizing either Seneca himself, or Seneca as developed later by Corneille and Racine. For some time after *Gorboduc*, our national drama was blindly feeling about both for an ideal form and for a suitable type of verse. Fourteen-syllable lines and a careless doggerel (such as survives here and there in Shakespeare's earlier plays) gradually give place to a tame ten-syllable line; and then we suddenly come upon the occasional lightning-gleams of poetry which afterwards brightened into the full blaze of Shakespeare's verse. These gleams of inspiration we find first in the 'University Wits' (*i. e.*, clever writers educated at either Oxford or Cambridge); then among the actor-writers who culminated in Shakespeare.

Of the "University Wits" the following were the chief.

The University Wits. GEORGE PEELE, of Oxford (1558-1598), wrote *David and Bethsabe*, full of poetical beauties; and a Court play, *The Arraignment of Paris*. ROBERT GREENE, of Cambridge and then of Oxford (1560-1592), lived a dissipated life, and produced plays and numerous pamphlets; his best play being *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, the 'Margaret' of which is almost worthy of Shakespeare. He is remembered chiefly for his spiteful attack on Shakespeare (In his pamphlet "Groats worth of wit," 1592, where he refers to Shakespeare as an "upstart Crow." See p. 116), which is one of many illustrations of the keen jealousy then existing between actors and scholars. THOMAS LODGE of Oxford (1558-1625), a physician as well as a writer, wrote indifferent plays, with the exception of *The Looking Glass for London*, in which he collaborated with Greene. From his prose novel *Rosalynde* Shakespeare borrowed the plot of *As You Like It* (p. 158). THOMAS NASH of Cambridge (1567-1601) is better known for his prose than his dramatic works. As a satirist he had considerable talent, especially in his controversy with Gabriel Harvey, Spenser's ill-advised critic (1545-1630). JOHN LILLY of Oxford (1554-1606) hardly belongs to this set; he was the idol of a fashionable literary clique; but

he had a great influence on Shakespeare's development. His dramas are little more than the masques of a Court poet. One of them contains the well-known gem, 'Cupid and my Campaspe played.' But his fame rests upon his invention of 'Euphuism' set forth in his *Euphues; the Anatomy of wit* and *Euphues and his England*. The two leading features of Euphuism were laboured antithesis and far-fetched similes. In his followers these were complicated with the introduction (or the coining) of out-of-the-way, fanciful words and phrases. This bastard Euphuism is ridiculed in *Love's Labour's Lost* (in many of the prose passages, esp. Act I sc. i, I ii, IV i, IV ii.); but genuine Euphuism is more truly illustrated in the tongue-fence between Benedick and Beatrice in *Much Ado About Nothing* (Act I sc. i, IV i, V iii). The following is a passage from the Letters of Euphues:—

'There be many meats that are sour in the mouth and sharp in the maw, but if thou mingle them with sweet sauces, they yield both a pleasant taste and wholesome nourishment. Divers colours offend the eyes, yet having green among them, whet the sight. I speak this to this end, that though thy exile seem grievous to thee, yet guiding thyself with the rules of Philosophy, it shall be more tolerable. He that is cold doth not cover himself with care but with clothes, he that is washed in the rain drieth himself by the fire not by his fancy, and thou which art banished oughtest not with tears to bewail thy hap, but with wisdom to heal thy hurt'.¹

THOMAS KYD (about 1550-1600) would certainly belong to this group, could we be sure of his having been at either University; for he lived and wrote as one of the set. He produced two very popular plays, *Hieronimo* and its sequel *The Spanish Tragedy*, both alike full of blood-curdling horrors and vulgar rant. Yet here and there we find passages of lofty poetry. But the most important of the whole group, and the one who influenced Shakespeare's development most, was CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, of Cambridge (1564-1593). His chief plays are *Tamburlaine*, *Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*. He collaborated with Shakespeare in the second and third parts of *Henry VI*. Shakespeare's youthful

¹ Cf. *Richard II*. i. 3. 236, 278—303.

veneration for the master of the mighty line is shown in the whole structure and idea of his *Richard III.* (p. 138) ; and the tenderness with which he cherished his memory is strikingly shown by an apposite quotation from him in *As You Like It* (iii. 5. 82-3). His *Edward II* no doubt influenced Shakespeare in creating *Richard II.* Marlowe's great merit lay in the life and vigour he gave to the wooden and nerveless ten-syllable line of his predecessors ; he discovered and called into life that blank verse which Shakespeare perfected. Though, as Swinburne says, he 'created the modern tragic drama', he was not himself a great dramatist : he had no touch of humour and no sense of artistic proportion ; in straining after the vast and the awful, he sometimes degenerated into bombast. But a large proportion of his work has a force and poetic beauty not even surpassed by Shakespeare ; and his two poems *Hero and Leander* and *The Passionate Shepherd* rank only below the very greatest in the roll from Spenser to Shelley.

These University Wits were for the most part men of loose lives and reckless habits. Playwriting was profitable ; they made money easily and spent it freely. Debt, drink, and debauchery brought most of them to an untimely grave. Their work is thus characterized by Saintsbury :—'In all we find the many-sided activity of the Shakespearean drama as it was to be, sprawling and struggling in a kind of swaddling clothes of which it cannot get rid, and which hamper and cripple its movements. In all there is present a most extraordinary and unique rant and bombast of expression which reminds one of the shrieks and yells of a band of healthy boys just let out to play. The passages which (thanks to Pistol's incomparable quotations and parodies of them) are known to every one, are scattered broadcast in their originals, and are evidently meant quite seriously throughout the work of these poets. Side by side with this is another mania, the foible of classical allusion. The heathen gods and goddesses, the localities of Greek and Roman poetry are put in the mouths of all the characters without the remotest attempt to consider propriety or relevance... On the other

Their characteristics.

hand the merits, though less evenly distributed in degree, are equally constant in kind. In Kyd, in Greene still more, in Peele more still, in Marlowe most of all, phrases and passages of blinding and dazzling poetry flash out of the midst of the bombast and the tedium.' Contrast the following rant from *Tamburlaine*,

'Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia.
 What ! can ye draw but twenty miles a day,¹
 And have so proud a chariot at your heels,
 And such a coachman as great Tamburlaine ?'

with these lovely lines from *Dr. Faustus* :

'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
 And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?

... ..
 Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air
 Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars !'

Of the second set, the actor-playwrights who preceded Shakespeare, we know very little. They worked in groups, not individually, for the benefit of their respective companies. Since they depended primarily on the worse-paid art of acting for their livelihood, and since an actor must work hard and keep his memory clear and his brain active, he cannot afford to be a loose liver or a drunkard. Thus we find the members of the actor group of whom we know anything, to have been men more or less of the Shakespeare type ; self-controlled successful men, who made the best of their opportunities. The work they contributed was the creation of drama, rather than of poetry. They made the characters and the plot develop each other, acting and reacting on each other as organic parts of a living whole, instead of using the plot as a series of pegs on which to hang splendid speeches, or, as in Marlowe's case, a mere background to throw out in lurid light the hero's all-devouring egotism.

Shakespeare's dramatic work is described elsewhere (pp. 108-137). Of his contemporaries, four were especially connected with him by personal ties or by the character of their work : viz.,

Shakespeare's
 contemporaries :
 Ben Jonson.

¹ Cf. *2 Henry IV*, ii. 4. 178-9.

Jonson, Chapman, Marston, and Dekker. BEN JONSON (1573—1635) made his name (through Shakespeare's good offices, it is said) by *Every Man in his Humour* (1596). He wrote many plays, the chief being his two Roman plays. *Sejanus* and *Catiline*, which are genuinely Roman but deficient in human interest; *Volpone*, *The Silent Woman*, *The Alchemist*, and *Bartholomew Fair*. Others of his works are *Cynthia's Revels* (1600); a large number of Masques; the fragmentary *Sad Shepherd*, in which alone he shows a tender pathos; and some of our best songs, as 'Drink to me only with thine eyes.' He sometimes reveals a wonderful sweetness of lyrical expression, witness the following stanza from *A Celebration of Charis*:—

'Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
 Before rude hands have touched it?
 Have you marked but the fall o' the snow
 Before the soil hath smutched it?
 Have you felt the wool of beaver?
 Or swan's down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the bud o' the brier;
 Or the nard in the fire?
 Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!'

As a writer of epitaphs he is unrivalled. He was bearish and quarrelsome, a learned but pedantic scholar; and he cherished a scholar's contempt for the common people. He had a keen eye for the characteristic foibles of men and women, and a wide range of observation. His plays thus exhibit every variety of wit, subtle character-analysis, and knowledge of the world. Jonson's genius, however, was too unsympathetic to make him a perfect master of the drama; we admire his plays and study them; but his *dramatis personae* do not come home to our hearts as Shakespeare's do. Of his genuine goodness we have a sufficient proof in the close friendship that subsisted to the end between him and Shakespeare, and the devotion with which he was worshipped by the younger dramatists over whom he exercised a literary dictatorship.

GEORGE CHAPMAN (1559—1634) was a close friend of Jonson's, and much resembled him both in personal character and literary skill. He had the chief hand in writing the satirical play, *Eastward Ho*, containing an alleged libel on the Scots, for which he, Jonson, and Marston were imprisoned. He completed Marlowe's unfinished poem, *Hero and Leander*, with considerable success. His best comedy is *All Fools*; his best tragedy *Bussy d' Ambois*, one of a group of five* based upon recent historical events in France; and his best poem is *The Tears of Peace* in honour of his patron Prince Henry. But his great work was the Translation of Homer (1611). His dramatic work is far inferior to Jonson's, except in occasional passages. JOHN MARSTON (1575—1634) wrote several plays, the earliest and best being *Antonio and Mellida*; his best comedy, though based upon an improbable and unpleasant plot, is *What You Will*. In spite of blood-curdling bombast there are fine passages in his plays. Later he became a benefited clergyman and gave up play-writing. THOMAS DEKKER (1570—1637), a hack writer, but with real genius both for prose and poetry, did a large amount of dramatic work, chiefly in collaboration with others. He has written some exquisite lyrics, especially 'Art thou poor and hast thou golden slumbers?' and he approaches Shakespeare far nearer than any of his contemporaries in pathos, and in the delineation of womanhood.

Among Shakespeare's successors the first place is due to the pair whose work brackets them together, Beaumont and Fletcher. FRANCIS, BEAUMONT of Oxford (1584—1616) formed a literary friendship with Ben Jonson soon after 1602; and between 1607 to 1616 he lived and worked with Fletcher. JOHN FLETCHER of Cambridge (1579—1625) was son of the Bishop of London. In this partnership with Beaumont, he probably supplied the initiative and the dramatic faculty; Beaumont, the balance of a wiser judgment and the dignity of a more poetic style. Between them they wrote more than fifty plays, all of considerable

*Chapman, Marston, Dekker.

*Shakespeare's successors.

merit, both in style and dramatic construction. But in their general tone, and in their looser versification they show the beginnings of the Restoration decadence. Of their tragedies the best are *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaster*, *The False One* (from which Hazlitt quotes one passage of high tragic power), and *Valentinian*; of their comedies (or tragi-comedies), *A King and No King*, *The Scornful Lady*, *The Humorous Lieutenant*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*; lastly, the beautiful pastoral, *The Faithful Shepherdess*. THOMAS MIDDLETON (1570-1627) did not take to dramatic work till about 1600; he got up pageants for the City of London, and in 1620 was made city chronologer, a post next held by Ben Jonson. He usually collaborated with others. In his humorous comedies his lively dialogue with bustling action carries the reader away; and the romantic tone of his *Spanish Gipsy* makes it a charming comedy. He spoiled his best tragedies by using Rowley's ill-fitted comic underplots; but there is high tragic power in *The Mayor of Queenborough*; and there are scenes in *The Changeling* inferior to none but Shakespeare's. The villain of the latter play may be ranked beside Iago. His *Witch* is of interest in connexion with *Macbeth*; the resemblances being probably due to a common source in Reginald Scott's *Discovery of Witchcraft* (1584). His *Women Beware Women* handles a repulsive theme with almost Shakespearean power. But he was careless in his work; and his moral tone is lax. JOHN WEBSTER (1602-1624) was a hardworking collaborator in writing plays to order. He is known by four original plays: *Appius and Virginia* and *The Devil's Law Case*, both partial failures; and two of the highest merit, *The White Devil or Vittoria Corombona* and *The Duchess of Malfi*. The former is an admirably constructed drama; and both are full of passages of fine poetry and dramatic touches of vivid realism. THOMAS HEYWOOD (died about 1650, not to be confounded with JOHN HEYWOOD [1497-1565; see p. 11]) has been called 'a prose Shakespeare' by Lamb; meaning that he had Shakespeare's sympathy with common humanity, though not Shakespeare's power of poetically painting it. He wrote or collaborated in two hundred and twenty plays. In this.

wide range he shows great ability rather than genius: his chronicle plays are the weakest; his classical and allegorical pieces, such as *The Golden Age*, are tedious. But in his *A Woman Killed with Kindness* there is a simplicity of pathos and a depth of passion which rises almost to the Shakespearean level. CYRIL TOURNEUR (died about 1626) in his tragedies *The Atheist's Tragedy* and *The Revenger's Tragedy* exaggerates the worst faults of Marlowe and Kyd; but these plays contain isolated passages of magnificent poetry. JOHN DAY (died before 1640) collaborated in twenty-one plays: his best known are *The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, written with Chettle, and the dramatic allegory or masque, *The Parliament of Bees* (1607), immortalized in one of Swinburne's sonnets.

Three dramatists remain to be noticed in the closing
 The decadents. decadence of Elizabethan drama: Massinger,
 Ford, and Shirley. PHILIP MASSINGER (1583-
 1640) either wrote or had a share in thirty-eight plays; of
 which the *Unnatural Combat*, and *The Duke of Milan* are his
 most remarkable tragedies, but marred by glaring improbabilities
 in motive and action. *The Roman Actor* is considered by
 Saintsbury to be his best tragic effort; and *The Fatal Dowry*, a
 romantic tragedy, partly written by him, was afterwards appropri-
 ated by Rowe in his well-known *Fair Penitent*. Perhaps Massinger's
 masterpiece is *A New way to Pay Old Debts*, and the 'Sir Giles
 Overreach' of that play is his one great creation. It has been
 conjectured that the spiteful trick by which Sir Giles is ruined,
 suggested the 'Brass and Quilp' denouement of Dickens's
Old Curiosity Shop. JOHN FORD (1586-1639), a gentleman of
 independent means, was for thirty years a playwright. Of comedy
 he was incapable; but he collaborated in several popular plays,
 notably *The Witch of Edmonton*. The most successful of his
 own tragedies depend for their interest on what Hazlitt calls
 'unfair attractions'; his leading characters are often unnatural
 to the point of insanity. But, according to Saintsbury, his
 delineations of reckless, all-sacrificing passion have no equal
 in English, save in *Romeo and Juliet* or *Antony and Cleopatra*, in spite

of his comparative weakness in both execution and design. But, decadent as he was in moral tone, he kept up the tradition of Elizabethan blank verse, and in his lyrics, though inferior to Shirley, he excels Massinger. JAMES SHIRLEY (1596-1666) wrote about forty plays. The splendid lyric, 'The glories of our blood and state,' comes from one of his later and inferior plays, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. His best tragedy is *The Traitor*; but his strength lies rather in half-humorous, half-romantic drama, such as his *Lady of Pleasure* (1635), which set the fashion to a long series of post-Restoration plays on the caprice and extravagance of fine ladies. His versification is occasionally lax, but it never degenerates into the decasyllabic prose of his younger contemporaries. It was the felt worthlessness of this slipshod blank verse, so universal after Shirley's time, that drove our dramatists into their twenty years' sojourn in the wilderness of French classicalism and the heroic couplet.

(3) Prose. The cultivation of English prose as a literary art begins no earlier than ROGER ASCHAM
 its Latinism. (1515-1568), tutor to Elizabeth, and Latin Secretary during both her reign and her sister Mary's. He composed *Toxophilus* (1545), a treatise on archery; and, at the end of his life, his famous *Schoolmaster* (1568), both written in simple, pure, and vigorous English. The following passage is from his Preface to *Toxophilus*:—

'For this purpose I, partly provoked by the counsel of some gentlemen, partly moved by the love I have always borne towards shooting, have written this little treatise; wherein, if I have not satisfied any man, I trust he will the rather be content with my doing, because I am (I suppose) the first which hath said anything in this matter (and few beginnings be perfect, saith wise men); and also, because if I have said amiss, I am content that any man amend it; or if I have said too little, any man that will to add what him pleaseth to it.'

In the same Preface he says: 'Although to have written this book either in Latin or Greek had been easier, I have written this English matter in the English tongue for Englishmen.' This statement explains how the art of prose-writing

came to be then in its infancy. For up to that time, whenever an educated Englishman had anything of importance for publication, he wrote it in Latin as a matter of course; just as, later, Sir Isaac Newton wrote his epoch-making *Principia* in that language. To men of that age, while their mother-tongue was the natural language of imagination and emotion, and therefore of poetry; Latin was the language in which they instinctively thought and reasoned, and was therefore the language of their prose. So strong was this tendency in the ultra-classical Milton, that, while he expressed a half-conventional sorrow in the English of *Lycidas*, when his heart was really wrung by the death of Charles Diodati, he could give sorrow words only in the Latin hexameter (p. 214). RICHARD HOOKER (1554-1600), the author of the famous *Ecclesiastical Polity*, has such a passion of earnestness about him that, in spite of his Latin idioms, he rises from time to time, as the argument allows it, into passages of sublime or exquisite beauty.

Two causes however greatly helped to cure this Latinism.

Cured—(a) by
Euphuism and
Sidneyism.

The craze for Euphuism (p. 15) at least had this merit, that it compelled attention to the cultivation of style for style's sake; and it weaned prose writers from the classics by infecting them with a mania for a diction and imagery that were partly Spanish, partly French, and largely Oriental. The work thus commenced by Lyly was carried on in a different direction by SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586), whom Drayton praises for having purged England of the follies of Euphuism. Sidney's prose consists of his *Arcadia*, a somewhat tedious pastoral romance, and his *Defence of Poesy*. The argument of the latter is radically unsound, for he strenuously defends the Unities, and deprecates the intermixture of tragedy and comedy; which means that, could he have had his own way, he would have destroyed the whole Elizabethan drama, and have given us instead the barren frigidities of the Restoration. And in both books his vices of style are extreme and mischievous. He replaced the disease of Euphuism by popularising

the disease of what we may call 'Sidneyism,' which consisted in saying the simplest thing in the most abstruse possible manner, and in heaping clause upon clause till grammar and sense are alike confounded. And whereas Euphuism was a disease which cured itself by its own folly, Sidney's writings are so full of incidental beauties that Sidneyism too long held its ground.

The other influence which fostered the development of a vernacular style was the prevalence of pamphleteering, which in those days formed an imperfect substitute for modern journalism. As burning questions arose, some one would write a trenchant pamphlet on one side; the other side would issue its counterblast; then, as other champions rushed into the fray, there would ensue a general *mêlée*. In such a warfare it is obvious that what was needed was, not so much learning, as a nimble wit joined with a pungent vernacular style. Beside these controversial pamphlets there were others made up of telling satire, of stories of adventure, or of chronicles of the latest scandal; and in these again a piquant vernacular was obviously indispensable. The "University Wits" distinguished themselves in pamphleteering of either kind, quite as much as by the drama. Of Greene's voluminous pamphlets the only ones commonly known are his *Groat's Worth of Wit* for its violent attack on 'Shakescene' (p. 116), and *Pandosto*, because it supplied the plot of *A Winter's Tale*. Lodge in like manner supplied the materials for *As You Like It* (p. 158). Dekker's best pamphlet is *The Gull's Hornbook*. But the crowning glory of pamphleteering was reserved for the Martin Marprelate controversy (1588-1593) between the Puritans and the Anglican Bishops. The authorship of the Martinist tracts is unknown. Thomas Cooper, Bishop of Winchester, published the official reply, *An Admonition to the People of England*. This produced a rejoinder in the cleverest of all the tracts, *Hay any work for Cooper?* which is in parts not unworthy of Swift. Regrettable as the whole dispute was, it undoubtedly helped greatly to the development of English prose. This controversy was

revived on a larger scale in 1651, with Salmasius and Milton as the protagonists.

The remaining prose writers of this period that call for notice may be briefly enumerated. SIR WALTER RALEIGH (1552-1618) during his imprisonment by James I wrote a *History of the World*, which on the whole is dull and ill-arranged, but is studded with passages of peculiar beauty. He wrote but little verse, most of it of high merit. BACON's literary work is described elsewhere (1561-1626; pp. 191-199). ROBERT BURTON (1577-1640), Rector of Seagrave, Leicestershire, and Fellow of Christchurch, Oxford, wrote a monumental treasury of quaint conceits, illustrated by endless quotations, called *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book which was Lamb's greatest delight. THOMAS FULLER (1608-1661), also a clergyman, but a much more prolific writer, is best known by *The Holy and Profane State*, *The Worthies of England*, and *A Church History of Britain*. All his writings quaintly illustrate his own adage that 'an ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace, will serve God farther than a pound of sadness.' But the prose monument of this period is the Authorised Version of the Bible by a company of translators. Perhaps its chief merit, a hundred years hence, will be found in the fact that it is an enduring and lifegiving bond between the literature of England, with its immemorial past, and the youthful literature of America, which has its heritage in the future.

Other Prose
Writers. The
Bible.

CHAPTER III.

THE AGE OF MILTON AND DRYDEN (1625-1700).

The chief characteristic of this period in our literature is its its decadence ;
four causes. decadence in literary form and still more in moral tone, a decadence which reaches its climax in the comic dramatists of the Restoration. The immediate cause of this decadence was no doubt a reaction from a State-enforced Puritanism. But that Puritanism itself was merely a copy on a new pattern of the state-enforced Catholicism of the middle ages. and the State-enforced Anglicanism of Parker and of Laud ; the only difference being that this one lent itself more easily and infallibly to a violent reaction. Besides this first, there were four main causes : (1) a decline in religious belief and a corresponding relaxation of moral tone, due chiefly to the predominant influence of France both in politics and in literature ; (2) the decline of patriotism through the prevalence of civil strife ; (3) the servile loyalty to a king whose court was thronged with drunkards, poisoners, and pimps—a loyalty which made the condonation of Royal profligacy one of the duties of the State religion ; (4) the unfortunate coincidence of a great improvement in the performances of the reopened theatres, *viz.*, the rendering of female parts by women actors, with the supremacy of Charles II's dissolute Court over the Stage. (This reform in acting was brought over from France, along with scenery and orchestral music, by Shakespeare's godson, Sir William Davenant). For thus it came about that the Stage, which in Shakespeare's day was a school of wit, became from the restoration of Charles II to the death of George IV a school of immorality.

In one respect, however, this period is one of progress, or rather of the initiation of progress. Charles The new Science. II had an amateur enthusiasm for Science ; and his founding of the Royal Society marked an era of

incalculable importance in our national development. Modern Science was born. And prose, the natural language of science, inevitably shared in this new life.

To go back in actual time to the origin of what Johnson inappropriately called the 'Metaphysical School' of poets, we come to JOHN DONNE (1573-1631), described by Ben Jonson as 'the first poet of the world in some things'; and by Carew as one who 'ruled the universal monarchy of wit.' Even Dryden, the head of an opposite school, admitted that he was 'the greatest wit of the nation'; though Dryden strongly condemned the roughness and inaccuracy of much of his versification. Donne was a man of the world, of varied experiences and accomplishments, who wrote satires, lyrics, and meditative or philosophical poems. Brought up in a Roman Catholic family, in later life he became a strong Anglican, and was made Dean of St. Paul's in 1623 by King James I. In spite of all the eccentricities of his School his poems are full of such exquisite touches as mark the following lines from his *Anatomy of the World* on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury:—

'Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought.'

But the voluptuousness of some of his poetry, in which bad peculiarity his followers exceeded him, is one of the clearest foreshadowings of the Restoration decadence.

This School should rather be called the Euphuistic School; its faults of strained conceits, far-fetched analogies, verbal quibbles, and outlandish phraseology are precisely those of prose Euphuism. Thus RICHARD CRASHAW (1613-1649) tells us in his *The Weeper* that when 'Heaven will make a feast' for some guest newly arrived among the stars,

'Angels with their bottles come
And draw from these full eyes of thine
Their Master's water, their own wine.'

Crashaw, however, has a fine, ecstatic style of his own, seen in such a description as this of the nightingale's song:—

'Then starts she suddenly into a throng
 Of short thick sobs, whose thundering volleys float
 And roll themselves over her lubric throat
 In panting murmurs stilled out of her breast,
 That ever-bubbling spring, the sugared nest
 Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
 Bathing in streams of liquid melody.'

From an emotional Anglican Crashaw became a Roman Catholic. His poetry is nearly all religious. His quaint poem on the 'Not impossible She' (*Golden Treasury*, LXXIX) has the wealth of an epigram with the beauty of a cameo. Another feature of this School much resembles the craze for topiary gardening which once clipped yew or box trees into peacocks, apes, or plumed banners. In the same way we find in George Herbert's poems verses whose lines are so arranged as to make a rough picture of an altar, a pair of wings, or a tree. Similarly we find acrostics and anagrams, with various freaks of rhyme, such as poems in which each line is rhymed with a significant echo of the last syllable, as :—

But are there cares and business with the pleasure ?

Echo.

Leisure.

Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere ?

Echo.

Ever.¹

The besetting sin of the 'metaphysical' poets was that they loved imagery for its own sake, not for the effects that it could produce ; they toyed with it as a mistress, instead of using it as a handmaid ; so that, from being a means to an end, it became for them an end in itself.

The principal poets of this time of Donne's supremacy may be briefly noted. Poets of the Donne period. GEORGE WITHER (1588-1667) was educated at Oxford, but from Loyalist turned Republican. He is author of *Philarete* and *The Shepherd's Hunting* ; known by the song 'Shall I wasting in despair' ; and is highly praised by Lamb for his metrical skill and spontaneous felicity of phrase. Some of his

¹ *The Temple ; Heaven.*

descriptive work anticipates the picturesqueness of Keats, though he too often degenerates into doggerel. ROBERT HERRICK (1591-1674) wrote *Noble Numbers* (sacred), which are at once sincere and beautiful, and *Hesperides* (secular), which contain some of the loveliest songs in our literature, as 'To Anthea, who may command him anything.' THOMAS CAREW (1598-1639), one of the Court poets, excels in perfection of lyrical form, and his fanciful conceits are controlled within the range of credibility. His elegy on Donne is full of virility, both in thought and expression; but his work is too often marred by gross sensuality. 'Holy' GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1633), just referred to, the uncrowned laureate of the English Church, wrote *The Temple* in verse; *The Country Parson* and *Facula Prudentum* (a collection of proverbs) in prose. *The Temple* is a mine of poetic beauty for devout Christians, and some of its gems, especially *Virtue* ('Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright'), are in every collection of choice poetry. With George Herbert we naturally associate HENRY VAUGHAN (1622-1695) who is the author of *Silex Scintillans* (Divine sparks from the flint of the heart) in Herbert's style. His beautiful *Retreat* (*Golden Treasury*, LXXV) contains the germ of Wordsworth's Immortality Ode. FRANCIS QUARLES (1592-1644), Archbishop Usher's secretary, wrote in verse *Divine and Moral Emblems*, illustrated with grotesque woodcuts, and in prose *Enchiridion* a book of pious aphorisms. WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605-1654), a Roman Catholic gentleman, married Lucy, the daughter of Lord Powis, and celebrated her virtues in his *Castara* (*Casta Ara*=Chaste Altar), a poem distinguished by a Catholic Puritanism. RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658) and SIR JOHN SUCKLING (1609-1642) were both wealthy Cavaliers, ruined by their loyalty to the King. The former is immortalized by two priceless lyrics, *To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars*, containing those inimitable lines, 'I could not love thee, dear, so much, Loved I not Honour more,' and *To Althea, from Prison* (*Golden Treasury*, LXXXIII, XCIX, the latter by his graceful and sparkling *Ballad upon a Wedding*. Both had a genteel indifference to accurate versification, which

allowed them often to write sheer doggerel ; while Suckling has the further demerit of occasional indecency.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687), of a Royalist family and a nephew of John Hampden, shifted his sails to Waller's School. the successive changes of the political wind. Thus he wrote a fine panegyric on Cromwell ; plotted against the Parliament, and saved himself by betraying his accomplices. He was a complaisant Court poet after the Restoration, and softened the too severe morality of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy* by some ingenious alterations, which made it acceptable to Charles II, whom at its close he thus compliments :—

'Long may he reign that is so far above
All vice, all passion but excess of love.'

Waller's chief work was the restoration of the heroic couplet, first used in English by Chaucer (in his 'A Legend of Good Women' and the greater part of "The Canterbury Tales" ; probably in imitation of his favourite French Poets), to sole if temporary supremacy in English song. He wrote *The Battle of the Summer Islands*, but his best poetry is contained in his lyrics such as 'Go lovely rose' and *On a Girdle (Golden Treasury, LXXXIX, XCV)*. Seldom has happy idea been more happily expressed than in his lines on *Old Age* :—

'The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks which time has made :
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.'

Waller's first disciple was SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615-1668), who wrote a panegyric on the River Thames as seen from *Cooper's Hill* : a poem extravagantly praised by Dryden. Four lines of it have been often quoted :—

'O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear : though gentle, yet not dull
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full.'

ABRAHAM COWLEY (1618-1667), wrote a series of elaborate love-conceits, *The Mistress*; a sacred epic, the *Davideis*; and a fine elegy on Crashaw. He set a new fashion, which lasted till the time of Gray (1716-1771; see pp. 278-282), with his *Pindarique Odes* (1656), in an irregular go-as-you-please form, adapted loosely from Corneille. SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT (1606-1668) became a convert to Waller after 1650, and published an epic, *Gondibert*, once much admired. But his chief work was connected with the stage (see below). We now come to DRYDEN, whose life-work is discussed elsewhere (pp. 246-254).

Dryden's forty years' reign is almost barren except for his own poems and those of Milton, whose work is separately treated (pp. 203-235), and who, while in the Restoration period, was emphatically not of it. Four, however, may be mentioned as in one way or another above the low surrounding level. SAMUEL BUTLER (1612-1680) lampooned the Puritans in a long octosyllabic poem, *Hudibras*, distinguished by coarse, rancorous wit and clever rhymes; the latter often as audacious as Robert Browning's. Charles II's Court went into ecstasies over it. A very different man was ANDREW MARVELL (1621-1678), the last of the great lyrical poets of the Romantic School. He was tutor to Mary Fairfax, assistant secretary to Milton, and Member of Parliament for Hull after the Restoration. In his *Ode to Cromwell* he pays a fine tribute to the stately fortitude of Charles I on the scaffold. Under the Restoration he lashed in his *Satires* the vices of Charles II with such wit that the monarch sought earnestly, but in vain, to bribe him by Court favours. His *Thoughts in a Garden* (*Golden Treasury*, CXI) is one of the loveliest lyrics in any language. JOHN WILMOT, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), a dissolute Court nobleman, wrote some of the best songs of the Restoration period, and LORD DORSET'S (1637-1706) were of considerable merit. JOHN PHILIPS (1676-1709) is author of *Cider*, a poem in imitation of Vergil's *Georgics*, but is best known by his *Splendid Shilling*, in which he parodied the style of *Paradise Lost*. JOHN POMFRET (1667-1702) wrote *The Choice*, in praise of a retired life in the country.

Poets of Dryden's period.

The failure in 1629 of Ben Jonson's play, *The New Inn*, produced by him after a long absence from the stage, marks the beginning of the Drama's decline. Sir William Davenant (see above), poet-laureate and playwright, is a connecting link between the Elizabethan and Restoration dramatists. During the active life of Jonson and Dekker he published plays of considerable merit, though the blank verse is very slipshod. Worse still is the versification of Sir John Suckling's dramas. *Dryden* wrote for the stage only under the compulsion of necessity. SIR GEORGE ETHEREDGE (1634-1691) was the first writer of modern English comedy; he had studied the art successfully under Molière. His plays portray the fashionable life of the man about town and are disfigured by the license of the age. THOMAS SHADWELL (1640-1692) was by no means the blockhead that *Dryden* paints him (in *Absalom and Achitophel*, 1681); his comedy of *Epsom Wells* has real merit. SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1722) helped to extend the influence of French comedy upon the English stage. WILLIAM WYCHERLEY (1640-1715) brought out *Love in a Wood* in 1672, followed by *The Country Wife* and *The Plain Dealer* in 1675 and 1677. These mark the zenith of his fame. The most interesting part of his life is his friendship with the youthful Pope (1688-1744) which brightened its close. THOMAS OTWAY (1651-1685) wrote two tragedies *The Orphan* and *Venice Preserved*. His command of pathos and sense of humour ally him rather to the post-Shakespearean than to the Restoration dramatists. THOMAS SOUTHERNE (1659-1746) studied Shakespeare both for style and for business-like success. Otway was his model and in his tragedies, *The Fatal Marriage* and *Oroonoko*, he attained some real merit. NATHANIEL LEE (1655-1692) was a 'vulgar Marlowe.' He assisted *Dryden* in some of his plays. His own best plays are *The Rival Queens* and *Mithridates*. He died miserably of profligacy and madness, as Otway before him had died of starvation. ELKANAH SETTLE (1648-1724), the 'Doeg' of *Absalom and Achitophel* (1681), outranted Lee in *The Empress of Morocco*, his one great success. MRS. APHRA BEHN (1640-1689),

the 'Astraea' of Pope's satire,¹ wrote clever but very coarse comedies. She was the first woman who made a livelihood by literature. All these heroic plays were cleverly satirized by the Duke of Buckingham in *The Rehearsal*.

We now come to the 'Orange' or Hanoverian school of dramatists. WILLIAM CONGREVE (1670-1729) the wittiest, most brilliant, and most cynical of the group, wrote the comedies, *The Old Bachelor*, *The Double Dealer*, *Love for Love*, a perfect stage play, and *The Way of the World* (containing the remarkable character of 'Mrs. Millamant'), and one tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, of which the first line, 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' has become proverbial. Captain JOHN VANBRUGH (1672-1726), more English and realistic than Congreve and a clever humorist, wrote ten comedies, of which *The Confederacy* is the best. COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757), actor, dramatist, and poet-laureate, wrote some thirty plays, and adapted Shakespeare's *Richard III* and *King Lear* to the degraded taste of his age. His own plays have no great merit, but are comparatively free from the cynical licentiousness of his contemporaries. GEORGE FARQUHAR (1678-1707), actor, army-captain, and dramatist, more wholesome than Congreve, if not much more decent, is best known by his *Recruiting Officer*, and *The Beaux' Stratagem*. It is somewhat strange that Macaulay in his well-known Essay never once lays his finger on the real fault of these dramatists. Their vileness does not consist merely in their being either indecent or immoral. Hamlet is indecent on occasions; but his indecency is dramatically appropriate and inevitable. His loose talk to Ophelia in the play-scene shows that her shallow falsehood has killed his love, and that henceforth he treats her simply as a gay and accomplished woman of the world. Again Byron's *Don Juan* is profoundly immoral, but it will always be read as a masterpiece of social satire. A conscienceless, hypocritical time-serving was the cancer of the Restoration age. Wycherley, Congreve, and their compeers were vile be-

1 *Satires*, V. 290.

cause they were utterly insincere ; because they were indecent and immoral simply for the sake of making money and of being in the fashion.

This unclean monster of Restoration Comedy was killed by a prose-writer, JEREMY COLLIER (1650—1726), a High Church bishop, who had refused to take the oath of allegiance to William III, and who, therefore, having the sympathy of the old-fashioned Royalists, incurred none of the odium which would have neutralized the protests of any Puritan writer. *His Short View of the Profaneness and Immorality of the English stage* (1628), in which, as Macaulay says, he 'distributes his swashing blows right and left among Wycherley, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, treads the wretched D'Urfey down in the dirt beneath his feet, and strikes with all his strength full at the towering crest of Dryden,' made a great sensation. For it expressed the real conviction of the nation, as opposed to the mere fashion of Court gallantry. There were weak points in Collier's argument, but conscience made cowards, or rather fools, of his opponents. Dryden alone bowed his head in the dignity of penitence. Congreve, Vanbrugh, and the lesser fry, blustered and blundered, and laid themselves easily open to Collier's crushing rejoinder. The battle was won ; and thenceforward the English stage became at least conventionally decent.

Among the earlier prose-writers of this period we have THOMAS HOBBS (1588--1679), who wrote *The Leviathan*, and greatly helped the development of prose by the simplicity, directness, and clearness of his style, his writings being very popular with the cultivated classes of his day. 'Leviathan' is a metaphorical name for the State, which Hobbes considered to be supreme, even as regards questions of religious doctrine and worship. Opposed to Hobbe's monarchical theories is the *Oceana* (=England) of JAMES HARRINGTON (1611--1677) in which he pictures a model republic, which is governed on philosophical principles and even includes voting by ballot. Bishop JEREMY TAYLOR (1613--1667), perhaps the most eloquent of Anglican divines,

among many other works, is chiefly known by his *Liberty of Prophesying* and his *Holy Living and Dying*. His style is florid and ornate, the sentences often ill-managed and confused; but there is throughout a vein of poetic feeling which makes us forget his inaccuracies and mannerisms. SIR THOMAS BROWNE (1605—1682) settled as a doctor in Norwich; though a steady royalist, he was not disturbed during the Commonwealth. He wrote *Religio Medici*, a sort of confession of faith, though by no means confined to religious matters; an *Enquiry into Vulgar Errors*; *Hydriotaphia or Urn Burial*, 'a magnificent descant on the vanity of human life, based on the discovery of certain cinerary urns in Norfolk;' and *The Garden of Cyrus*, a curious disquisition on quincunxes and the mystic properties of the number five. *Urn Burial* closes with the following fine apostrophe:—

'O eloquent, just, and mighty death, whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none have dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.'

Browne's *Christian Morals* appeared after his death. His style is remarkable for imaginative exuberance and for a quaint and happy use of Latinisms; and it is to his influence that the *Essays of Elia* (p 368) owe much of their charm of manner and style. EDWARD HYDE, Earl of Clarendon (1609-1674), wrote a monumental *History of the Great Rebellion* (1625-1644), in which he portrays the characters of the men of the time with great skill and penetration. His style is dignified, but occasionally disfigured by cumbrous and ill-balanced sentences. IZAAK WALTON (1593-1683) wrote *Lives of Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson*. He still charms us by the prose-poetry of his *Complete Angler*, which was supplemented, as regards trout and grayling, by CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687), who also wrote verse. One of his poems is quoted with high praise in Lamb's *Essay on New Year's Eve*.

About the year 1660 the style of English prose changed noticeably; the interminable sentences, with their complications of parentheses and their redundant imagery, were replaced by a terser, simpler style. **The new prose.** The first writer of this more modern type was JOHN WILKINS, (1614-1672), Bishop of Chester, one of the founders of the Royal Society, who wrote curious treatises on astronomical speculations, and anticipated in imagination the inventions of telegraphy and of the modern flying machine. His successor in his bishopric, JOHN PEARSON (1612-1686) wrote a standard *Exposition of the Creed*. RICHARD BAXTER (1615—1691), a Nonconformist divine of great learning and piety, is still popular with his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and his *Call to the Unconverted*. Cowley (p. 30) is really more important as a writer of prose than as a poet. His *Essays* are graceful and delicate, and well worth perusal. JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706), a voluminous and learned writer, is best known by his *Diary*. BUNYAN has a separate notice (p. 242). SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE (1628-1699) was a notable statesman and essay-writer. He is chiefly memorable for his share in originating the 'Phalaris' controversy, in which the great classical scholar Bentley (p. 46) exposed the ignorance of those Oxford scholars who supported the shallow sciolism of Temple's essay, *Of Ancient and Modern Learning*.¹ GEORGE FOX (1624-1690), the great Quaker, wrote an impressive *Journal*. ISAAC BARROW (1630-1677), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, and JOHN TILLOTSON (1630-1694), Archbishop of Canterbury, wrote sermons and theological treatises; the style of the latter was highly praised by Dryden. That writer's prose work is discussed separately (p. 252).

Of prose-writers after Dryden the most eminent in thought, though with little charm of style, is JOHN **Prose after Dryden.** LOCKE (1632-1704). He wrote *Treatises of Government* and a *Letter on Toleration*; but his great work is

¹ Bentley proved that the supposed *Epistles of Phalaris* (on which the Temple-Boyle party relied) were spurious.

An Essay concerning Human Understanding. SAMUEL PEPYS (1633-1703), Secretary to the Admiralty, kept a private diary in cipher for over nine years. It was deciphered and published by Lord Braybrooke in 1825; and is invaluable for the insight it gives, in simple, unaffected style, into the life of the upper classes under Charles II. DR. THOMAS BURNET (1635-1715), a Yorkshire divine, is the only instance in this period of a writer of imaginative sublimity. The close of his *Sacred Theory of the Earth* is described by Addison as a 'funeral oration over this globe.' The wild picturesqueness of his description reminds us, in poetry, of Christopher Smart's wonderful *Song to David* (p. 43). DR. ROBERT SOUTH (1633-1699) and DR. WILLIAM SHERLOCK (1641-1707) were noted preachers and controversialists, highly esteemed in their day. GILBERT BURNET (1643-1715), a most successful preacher, had the courage to rebuke Charles II for his vices, and was consequently obliged to retire to Holland. There he became chaplain to William III, and was made Bishop of Salisbury after the Revolution. The most interesting of his numerous works is his posthumously published *History of my own Times*, a lively, gossiping narrative, written in a somewhat slovenly style. ROBERT BOYLE¹ (1627-1691) was greater as a scientist and philosopher than as a writer of English prose. He founded the 'Boyle Lectures' for defending the claims of Christianity by the exposition of its evidences, philosophical and historical.

¹ To be distinguished from Charles Boyle, the hero of the 'Phalaris' controversy (p. 36.).

CHAPTER IV.

THE AGE OF POPE, SWIFT, AND JOHNSON (1700-1785).

This period in our literature is characterised by the pre-
Characteristics of the period. dominance of Pope's highly polished artificiality in poetry, reaching its self-refutation in the unintended parodies of Erasmus Darwin; though interrupted for a space by the nascent naturalism of Thomson, Gray, and Collins. The hardness of the age, which was one of political strife and dishonesty, of unblushing materialism, and of rationalistic philosophy, is reflected in its literature, with its entire lack of passion or enthusiasm, its limited range, its cold perfection of form united with extreme poverty of ideas. 'Literature appeared,' says Shairp, 'like a well-bred, elderly gentleman in ruffles and peruke, of polished but somewhat chilling manners, who met all warmth of feeling with the frost of etiquette, and whose conversation, restricted to certain subjects, touched but the surface of these, and even that in set phrases.' With a few exceptions, the poetry of this period, writes Wordsworth, 'does not contain a single new image of external nature, and scarcely presents a familiar one from which it can be inferred that the eye of the poet had been steadily fixed upon the object, much less that his feelings had urged him to work upon it in the spirit of genuine imagination.' In the much abused writers of this age there were, however, three of the great virtues of literature—clarity, breadth, and force; and to some extent their indifference to Nature has been exaggerated. Nature in her wildest moods and most awe-inspiring forms they could not understand; but Nature in its more human phases, as shown in the social life of men, appealed to them, and this measure of human sympathy they bequeathed to the Romantic poets. But Pope's 'study of mankind' was rather the study of the humours of men than of mankind as a whole; it is the study of classes of men and not

of the Universal Man, rising above all distinctions of caste and race, an idea which did not exist in Pope's time and which we owe to the French Revolution. The drama lay almost dormant, but latterly revived the wit, while excluding the corruption, of the Restoration, in Goldsmith's masterpieces and in the brilliant comedies of Sheridan. But the great distinction of this period is the birth of the modern novel, perhaps the most powerful instrument of existing literary art, and the gradual elevation of English prose to the pure and stately excellence it attained in the hands of Addison, Gibbon, and Burke.

Two poets may be mentioned as intermediate links between the verse of Dryden and that of Pope. Pope and his successors. SIR SAMUEL GARTH (1660-1719) wrote *The Dispensary*, a mock-heroic poem to satirise the apothecaries who opposed the charitable work of the College of Physicians among the poor. His didactic verse has considerable merit. ANNE FINCH, Countess of Winchelsea (1660-1720), has the great merit of direct study of external nature. Wordsworth praises her *Nocturnal Reverie*. Her line 'We faint beneath the aromatic pain,' is imitated and improved upon by Pope (*Epp.* I. 200). His life-work is detailed separately (p. 263). Three lesser lights shine near him, yet each with some measure of individuality. MATTHEW PRIOR (1664-1721), poet and diplomatist, wrote graceful lyrics with an easy charm, and an epic entitled *Solomon*. JOHN GAY (1685-1732) had a somewhat wider range: he made a small fortune with his *Beggar's Opera* and its officially prohibited continuation, *Polly*; his *Shepherd's Week*, written for Pope in parody of the *Pastorals* of AMBROSE PHILIPS (1675-1749), has survived by its own merits; and his *Trivia* is of interest for the humour with which it describes the London streets. His *Fables* have had considerable vogue, but his best work is his charming songs and ballads. THOMAS PARNELL (1679-1718), Archdeacon of Clogher, wrote *The Hermit*, and two admirable Odes, *The Night Piece* and the *Hymn to Contentment*. Pope's influence is seen more in the form than in the substance of these poems, for he has more imagination and spiritual power than his

master. THOMAS TICKELL (1686-1740), like Philips, was a friend of Addison, on whose death he wrote a beautiful and touching elegy, telling how his friend

'Taught us how to live ; and oh ! too high
The price for knowledge, taught us how to die.'

In Scotland the dawn of naturalism in poetry was heralded by ALLAN RAMSAY (1686-1758), who helped to prepare the way for Burns, more by publishing the ballads of others than by his own verse. In England EDWARD YOUNG (1681-1765), a clergyman, who vainly sought to be made a bishop, wrote three fairly successful tragedies, and a series of popular satires ; but his great work was *The Complaint, or Night Thoughts*, in nine books of blank verse, written when he was over sixty years old. This poem had an immense reputation ; it contains many dignified and powerful passages, and abounds in shrewd reflections and grave apothegms, such as—

'Procrastination is the thief of time.'
'All men think all men mortal but themselves.'
'Man wants but little, nor that little long.'

The last was borrowed by Goldsmith (p. 290). JOHN BYRON (1692-1763) was author of the famous epigram—

'God bless the King, I mean the faith's defender ;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender ;
But who Pretender is, and who is King,
God bless us all !—that's quite another thing.'

JOHN DYER (1699-1758), originally a painter, shows a keen eye for landscape and natural beauty in *Grongar Hill*. His didactic poems, *The Ruins of Rome* and *The Fleece*, are almost forgotten, though Wordsworth and Gray had a high opinion of his genius, and the former addressed a sonnet to him. ROBERT BLAIR (1699-1746) wrote *The Grave*, a poem of the same type as Young's *Night Thoughts*, but shorter and more vivid, though less ornate. His expression, 'visits, like those of angels, short and far between,' anticipated Campbell (1777-1844).

The most influential writer of this early naturalist school was JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748). In 1725 Thomson. he came to London, and soon made his reputation, first by his blank verse poem *Winter*, and afterwards by the other parts, forming as a whole his well-known *Seasons*. The great merit of this poem lies in the clear-cut fidelity to Nature of his descriptions of rural scenes with which his boyhood spent in Roxburghshire had made him familiar. He modified and enlarged the poem from time to time. He produced several respectable tragedies, and in conjunction with his friend Mallet a masque, *Alfred*, in which we find the well-known *Rule Britannia*. But his best work is *The Castle of Indolence*, an allegorical poem in the Spenserian stanza, characterised by a quaint mixture of mirth, melancholy, and playful satire, and pervaded by that dreamy music of which perhaps the supreme example is found in Tennyson's *Lotus-Eaters*. One stanza may be quoted :—

‘ Was nought around but images of rest :
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,
 From poppies breathed ; and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 And hurled everywhere their waters sheen ;
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.’

Of Thomson's successors, RICHARD GLOVER (1712-1785) is remembered, for his fine ballad, *Admiral Hosier's Ghost*, and for his *Leonidas*, a fly embalmed in the amber of Lamb's sketch of *Captain Jackson*. WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714-1764), our principal master of the artificial-natural style in poetry, is a connecting link between Thomson and Goldsmith. He wrote the graceful *Pastoral Ballad*, and *The Schoolmistress* in half-playful Spenserian stanzas. His praise of inns has become almost proverbial :—

Shenstone ; Col-
 lins.

'Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.'

The career of WILLIAM COLLINS (1721-1759) was cut short by ill health ending in insanity; but he left enough work to prove that he was a poet of the highest genius. His longer poems, the *Persian Eclogues* and *On the Superstitions of the Highlands*, are of unequal merit, but contain passages of great beauty. His expressive ode, *The Passions*, in which Fear, Anger, Despair, etc., successively try their skill on Music's lyre, is well-known, as are his *Verses to the Memory of Thomson*. His *Ode to Evening* has a Grecian perfection of form, the more marked for its unrhymed severity; and it is pervaded by something of the haunting music and the intense Nature-sympathy of Tennyson's similarly unrhymed 'Tears idle tears.' As S. Brooke has well said, 'the landscape and the emotion of Collins interpenetrate each other, so that a pleasure made up of both blended into one impression is given to the reader.' The following is the last stanza of Collins's lovely *Dirge for Fidele* :—

'Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
And mourned till Pity's self be dead.'

GRAY'S poetic career is described elsewhere (pp. 278-282). Two more poets may be mentioned here: CHARLES WESLEY (1708-1788), the younger brother of John Wesley, the founder of Methodism, and ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748), both of whom wrote some of the finest hymns in the language. Among the latter's free versions of several of the Psalms are poems of the highest sublimity.

MARK AKENSIDE (1721-1770) inaugurates the decadence of the poetry of this period. He wrote *Pleasures of the Imagination*, which were Shaftesbury's *Characteristics* (1711) explained in blank verse. CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722-1770), for a time Fellow of Pembroke College,

Poetic
decadence.

Cambridge, is the author of a satire, *The Hilliad*, directed against Dr. Hill, who had severely criticised his poems. In 1763 he had to be placed in Bedlam, where he wrote his *Song to David*, containing magnificent poetry obscured by the incoherencies of insanity. We have treated elsewhere (pp. 285-289) of Goldsmith, who as a poet represents a reversion to Pope's style. CHARLES CHURCHILL (1731-1764) a dissipated clergyman, wrote *The Rosciad*, a clever satire on actors, and *The Ghost*, an attack upon Johnson and his circle. Though showing a kind of savage strength, he was a degenerate in his choice of poetic forms.

The downward course of English poetry was briefly interrupted by THOMAS PERCY, Bishop of Dromore, Percy's 'Reliques'; Warton. who by his *Reliques of English Poetry* (1765) roused the interest of the public to the treasures of lyric song hidden in our old ballads THOMAS WARTON (1728-1790), Professor of Poetry at Oxford, and afterwards poet-laureate, did good work in reviving the national taste for our ancient springs of song by his *Observations on Spenser* and his *History of English Poetry*. Such studies as these led to WILLIAM FALCONER'S too technical *Shipwreck* (1762); and to JAMES BEATTIE'S *Minstrel* (1771-4), written in the Spenserian stanza. WILLIAM MICKLE'S ballad of *Cumnor Hall* inspired Scott's *Kenilworth* (1821); while to MICHAEL BRUCE or JOHN LOGAN (probably in part to both) belongs the honour of creating the beautiful lyric, *To the Cuckoo*, of which one stanza may be quoted:—

‘Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!’

The low-water mark of English poetry of this date is reached in ERASMUS DARWIN (1731-1802). Darwin; Chatterton; Macpherson; Fergusson. Son of a physician at Lichfield, he reigned supreme over a literary clique in that city. He was twice married. By his first wife he became the grand-

father of the celebrated Evolutionist, Charles Darwin (1809-1881) and by his second he became the grandfather of another eminent scientist, Francis Galton. Darwin himself in two prose treatises on biology and agriculture to some extent anticipated the life-work of his greater grandson Charles. But he is best known by his *Botanic Garden*, the heroic couplets of which are even more polished than Pope's. The second part of that poem, *The Loves of the Plants*, is immortalised by Canning's clever parody, *The Loves of the Triangles*, in the 'Anti-Jacobin' (1799-1801). THOMAS CHATTERTON (1752-1770) throws a meteoric gleam on the waste of this period. His uncle was sexton of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol, where the 'marvellous boy'¹ studied and began to imitate the mediæval parchments stored in its muniment-room. This enabled him to puzzle the literary world by the forged antiques of his *Rowley Poems*, full of flashes of immature genius. Half-starved and despairing, he poisoned himself in his solitary attic. Less interest attaches to the more enduring puzzle of the *Ossian* of JAMES MACPHERSON, a Highland schoolmaster (1738-1796). Scotland, however, during this time (1740-1774), through the successors of Allan Ramsay and the precursors of Burns, especially the ill-starred ROBERT FERGUSSON (1750-1774), was giving to the world the almost Chaucerian *Helenore*, and many lyrics as immortal as those of Burns; such as *Tullochgorum*, *Ca' the Yowes*, *Auld Robin Gray*, *And are ye sure the news is true?* and *Hallow-Fair*. But, save for these half-foreign exceptions, English poetry died of its own artificiality before the Romantic School of Cowper, Crabbe, Wordsworth, and Coleridge had begun to emerge.

The drama almost collapsed under Collier's savage but well-deserved onslaught. NICHOLAS ROWE
 The drama. (1673-1718) adapted *The Fair Penitent* from Massinger (p. 21) and wrote *Jane Shore* (1714). JOHN HOME (1724-1808) wrote the tragedy of *Douglas*, with its well-known lines 'My name is Norval etc.' for which harmless dramatic

1 Wordsworth, *Resolution and Independence*, 43.

indiscretion the Scotch presbytery practically compelled him to resign his benefice. SAMUEL FOOTE (1720-1777), an actor-playwright, was little better than a 'merry-andrew' of the stage. But DAVID GARRICK (1716-1779), besides being the greatest of actors, wrote some excellent plays, as *Miss in her Teens*; collaborated with GEORGE COLMAN the elder (1730-1794) in *The Clandestine Marriage* (almost superior to Goldsmith); and put on the stage *The Suspicious Husband* (1774) of BENJAMIN HOADLY (son of Bishop Hoadly), and the amusing *High Life below Stairs* (1759) of the REV. JAMES TOWNLEY. HUGH KELLY (1739-1777) wrote sentimental comedies. CHARLES MACKLIN (1690-1797), an actor-playwright, produced *The Man of the World*, with the famous character of 'Sir Pertinax MacSycophant.' But the crowning glory of this decade is the artificial comedy of RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN (1752-1816), politician and dramatist, whose plays, *The Rivals* (1775) and *The School for Scandal* (1777) attract crowded audiences to-day; while his *Critic* is perhaps more brilliant than *The Rehearsal*, which it half imitates, half parodies. Mr. Puff's 'Lord Burleigh's nod' from this extravaganza has become proverbial. Three other comedies of this decade have considerable merit: RICHARD CUMBERLAND'S *West Indian* (1771); ARTHUR MURPHY'S *Three Weeks after Marriage* (1776); and Mrs. Cowley's *The Belle's Stratagem* (1700; reproduced 1874).

Two writers who had considerable influence upon Pope may be mentioned before passing to Swift. Prose writers: ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, (1671-1713), third Earl of Shaftesbury, published in 1711 his *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*, in three volumes; the first two being reprints of his earlier works. Gosse describes him as a sort of Ruskin of the Augustan age. But for him Pope's *Essay on Man* would probably not have been written; though the philosophy of that poem was drawn from the writings of HENRY ST. JOHN (1628-1751), Viscount Bolingbroke, whose *Patriot King* so greatly influenced George III. JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745) was as great a power among the

prose-writers of his time as Dr. Johnson became later on. He was born and brought up in poverty; and was too reckless to profit much by his stay at Trinity College, Dublin. Being related to Sir William Temple (p. 36), Swift succeeded in obtaining employment, after the Revolution of 1688, as his amanuensis; but the servitude proved most irksome, and twice he threw up his post, and twice returned. In the end the two came to a better understanding, and Swift remained with his patron from 1696 till the latter's death in 1699. During this time he began his career as an original author with *The Tale of a Tub*, an allegorical satire in which Roman Catholicism, the Church of England, and Nonconformity are respectively personified and satirised as 'Peter,' 'Martin,' and 'Jack.' This satire shows Swift's characteristic style at its best; but its irreverence and occasional foulness hopelessly damaged his prospects of clerical promotion. He had before this written some worthless 'Pindarique' odes, and afterwards occasionally wrote verses, some of them not without merit; but it was in ironical satire that his strength lay. In his *Battle of the Books* he took the side of Temple against Bentley (p. 36). From 1708 he became a political and religious pamphleteer; and under the pseudonym of 'Isaac Bickerstaff' with the help of Steele, Congreve, and Prior, amused himself by mercilessly ridiculing an astrologer named Partridge. This led subsequently to the production of the *Tatler*. In politics he first sided with the Whigs; but, disappointed in them, he went over to the Tories, and became a person of considerable importance. In 1713 he was made Dean of St Patrick's, Dublin. But the death of Queen Anne ruined his political hopes. Thenceforward he identified himself with Irish political interests, and caused serious trouble to the Government by the white-hot fury of his *Drapier Letters* against Walpole's proposal to compel the Irish to accept the copper coinage, a patent for which had been given to one William Wood. Swift in consequence became the national idol. Soon afterwards he joined with Pope and Arbuthnot to form the 'Martinus Scriblerus Club,' which was to be the terror of literary dunces. Swift's own

share in this venture took the shape of his celebrated *Gulliver's Travels*. The savagely cynical closing section of that book, 'the Voyage to the Houyhnhms' in which horses are masters and men are represented as bestial Yahoos, was probably written after his brain had begun to give way through the shock of Stella's fatal illness. An impenetrable mystery hangs over his relations with two women, 'Stella' (Esther Johnson, whom he had known at Sir William Temple's house), and 'Vanessa' (Esther Vanhomrigh, whom he had met in London). He is said to have been secretly married to the former; he certainly was on terms of endeared intimacy with her throughout the three years of his 'Journal to Stella.' A strange brain-disease, which began in 1689, tormented him more or less until his final insanity and death.

Swift's immediate successors were two. Dr. JOHN ARBUTHNOT (1667-1735) a poor Scotchman, settled in London and rose to be Physician Extraordinary to Queen Anne. After 1711 he came under Swift's influence, and developed a positive genius for pamphleteering, his greatest success being *The History of John Bull*. He was a leading member of the Scriblerus Club, and was the chief contributor to the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*. BERNARD DE MANDEVILLE (1670-1733), a young physician from Holland, settled in London and published in eight-syllable verse *The Grumbling Hive*, which he afterwards enlarged with prose explanations into *The Fable of the Bees*. He was a vulgar and vicious satirist; Shaftesbury (1671-1713, author of *Characteristics*) was his special aversion.

RICHARD STEELE (1672-1729), born in Dublin, was a school-fellow of Addison's at the Charterhouse; after a short career at Oxford, he became a trooper in the Life Guards; his first poem, an elegy on Queen Mary, brought him a captain's commission. To check his own gay tendencies he wrote his *Christian Hero*, which made him unpopular with his military mess-mates. To mend matters he produced a successful comedy, *The Funeral* (1702); two other comedies were 'damned for their piety.' His four comedies have

no great merit except their propriety. Steele was one of the earliest members of the Kit-Cat Club, a Whig Club, so called from Christopher Cat, a noted mutton pieman, at whose tavern they met. Jacob Tonson, Dryden's publisher, had helped to found it. From 1707 Steele became regularly associated with Addison, and both were much influenced by the genius of Swift. The story of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* is told elsewhere (p. 257). Addison and Steele between them wrought almost a moral miracle. They reversed the evil work of the Restoration comedy, and made morality and decency as essential to the character of a gentleman as before they had been held inconsistent with it.

Some theological writers, personally associated with Addison, Steele, and Swift, may be referred to here.

Theologians.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE (1675-1729), a Low Church divine, and an advocate of Newton's novel ideas, published the Boyle lectures (p. 37) in 1704 and 1705, on the nature of God and the evidences of religion. He was however severely censured for his supposed unorthodoxy. DR. BENJAMIN HOADLY (1676-1761) in spite of being more heterodox and unpopular than Clarke, whose writings he edited, was early made Bishop of Bangor, and was raised in succession to the sees of Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester. One of his sermons started the stormy 'Bangorian Controversy'. But the most eminent both in philosophy and literature was GEORGE BERKELEY (1685-1753), of Trinity College, Dublin, afterwards Dean of Derry and Bishop of Cloyne. He began as a disciple of Locke and a Platonist, but gradually developed his own philosophy of the non-existence of matter, which he believed to be an irrefragable argument against the deists and the atheists. He was an energetic social and educational reformer; but his plan of founding an ideal University in the Bermudas was foiled by Walpole. He wrote *A New Theory of Vision*; a volume of Platonic dialogues, *Hylas and Philonous*; *Alciphron*, an attack on materialistic atheists, the 'minute philosophers'; finally his extraordinary *Siris*, a mixture of Platonic deals and the praises of his universal medicine, tar-water-

Gosse affirms his style to be 'distinguished as well for dignity and fulness of phrase, without pomposity, as for splendour and delicacy of diction, without effeminacy.' WILLIAM LAW (1686-1761), an ascetic High Church divine, wrote the *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*, which greatly influenced John Wesley. He has a considerable command of style, and his typical characters are sketched in a way that is both witty and convincing.

In modern life the novel has usurped the place which in the Elizabethan age was held by the drama. Its cheapness and accessibility have made it the vehicle of popular amusement, and the readiest instrument for moral satire or for any startling social or religious propaganda. The first origin of the novel is to be traced back to DANIEL DEFOE (1661-1731), a Nonconformist pamphleteer, who gained the favour of William III by his satire on the popular dislike of Dutchmen, *The True-born Englishman*. In 1702 he published *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, recommending their removal by banishment or death with such realistic irony that for a time it was believed to be a genuine Anglican Tory manifesto. For this hoax Defoe was put in the pillory and imprisoned. After his release he became a Government spy and secret agent. He used his genius largely as a means of gulling and mystifying the world. His great novel, *Robinson Crusoe*, his second best, *Roxana*, and *The Memoirs of a Cavalier* were palmed off as genuine histories. A remarkable skill in the delineation of minute, lifelike detail was his main characteristic as a writer. But he had no historic sense, and completely failed to realise any other surroundings than those of his own time. Other works of his are *Captain Singleton* (a tale of piracy), *Colonel Jack*, and *The Plague Year*.

The romances of Defoe are simply romances of incident; those of Swift are veiled satires; ROBERT RICHARDSON'S (1697-1767), story of *Peter Wilkins*, a shipwrecked sailor who discovers a world inhabited by flying men and women, is a highly fanciful compound of Swift and Defoe. Only in one of Aphra Behn's (1640-1689) novels do we

find any emotional character-drawing, which is the foundation-work of the novels of today. Matter of this kind begins with SAMUEL RICHARDSON (1689-1761) of Derbyshire, who in his boyhood was a confidential writer of love-letters for the girls of his neighbourhood. From a compositor and printer he became Master of the Stationer's Company. A publishing firm asked him to draw up a Letter-writer for the guidance of illiterate persons. This soon developed into *Pamela* (1739), the story (told in consecutive letters) of a virtuous maidservant who converts her libertine master to morality and marriage. This novel had an amazing success. In 1748 he published *Clarissa*, the story of a virtuous lady who comes to a tragic end through the gentleman-villain Lovelace. This story set all England and half France weeping. 'Clarissa' is commonly allowed to be the most lifelike of all literary heroines. Finally in 1754 Richardson published his portrait of the ideal gentleman, *Sir Charles Grandison*, sketched in a series of letters, with a more elaborated story, but a very unconvincing hero. This was his last novel.

Henry Fielding (1707-1754) is by many held to be the greatest of English novelists. Educated at Fielding. Eton and Leyden, he came to London in his twenty-second year; wrote for the stage; practised law; and then, disgusted with the obvious faults of the recently published *Pamela*, he began to burlesque it; but soon turned his burlesque into an original story, *Joseph Andrews* (1742). His next novel was the gloomy satire of *Jonathan Wild* (1743), the life-story of a rascal who is hanged at Newgate. His sister Sarah published in 1742 her only work, *David Simple*, a novel of considerable merit. In 1749 Fielding produced his greatest novel, *Tom Jones*, a breezy, wholesome story, not over-refined, nor very strictly moral. There is less exuberance of animal spirits in his *Amelia* (1751), but more refinement. He had not so much skill in plot-construction as Richardson, nor so much insight into the character of women; but his knowledge of men is much more extensive, and his grasp of the elementary passions of humanity far more varied and forceful.

TORIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT (1721-1771), educated in Dumbartonshire, was left an orphan at nineteen; failed in his first attempts as a dramatist in London; became surgeon's mate on a man-of-war; married in Jamaica; then returned to London, and in 1748 published his *Adventures of Roderick Random*, largely autobiographical, and full of vivid sketches of seafaring life. His next novel, *The Adventures of Peregrine Pickle* (1751), is more unequal, but has finer passages than its predecessor; in both the hero is repulsive. His next, *Count Fathom*, was a failure. Translation-work, satires, an imprisonment for libel, and the writing of a *History of England* filled up his time till his health gave way and his doctors sent him abroad. But the flame of his genius burned up clear at the end in what is on the whole his best novel, *Humphrey Clinker* (1771)—best because in it for the first time he rises above coarse, satirical caricature to the power of appreciating normal human nature. Smollett is said to have inspired Dickens, as Fielding did Thackeray.

LAURENCE STERNE (1713-1768), a country parson, when he was forty-six years of age became famous by publishing the first two volumes of *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy Gent.* (1760). Ill health compelled him to travel to the South of Europe; and *Tristram Shandy* was continued in successive volumes from time to time, until it was closed with the ninth volume in 1767. His *Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, by Mr. Yorick, appeared in 1768. Dowden describes Sterne as a modern ultra-self-conscious 'Jaques': he would have been more wholesome if there had been a Touchstone to save him from his prurient, skin-deep sentimentalism. But 'Uncle Toby', 'Corporal Trim', and the 'Widow Wadman' are among the immortals. An imitator of Smollett's was CHARLES JOHNSTONE, with his pessimistic *Chrysal, or the Adventures of a Guinea* (1760). Johnson's *Rasselas* came out in 1759, and HORACE WALPOLE started the fashion of mediæval romance in 1764 with the *Castle of Otranto*. HENRY BROOKE'S *Fool of Quality* and the *Vicar of Wakefield* (p. 286) appeared in 1766, and HENRY MACKENZIE followed

Sterne in his *Man of Feeling* (1771). With the exception of *Evelina* (1778) by Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay), novel-writing henceforward died out till a new era was inaugurated by Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott.

JOSEPH BUTLER (1692-1752), educated as a Nonconformist, corresponded with Clarke (p. 48), who thought so highly of him that he published Butler's letters along with his own. Soon afterwards Butler became an Anglican, went to Oriel College, Oxford, and was appointed Preacher at the Rolls Chapel. Some of the *Sermons* there delivered, published in 1726, have become a philosophico-theological text-book for Cambridge undergraduates. The same fate has befallen his great work, *The Analogy of Religion Natural and Revealed to the Constitution and Course of Nature* (1736). This book led to his elevation to the episcopate, first at Bristol, and finally at Durham. He is the chief glory of the Church of England; 'the most patient, original, and candid of philosophical writers'. Gosse says of his style that it is unequal, but always studiously unadorned; and that 'at his driest, he is seldom quite so wooden as Locke. His method in argument has been ingeniously compared to that of a chess-player'.

The Scotch metaphysician, FRANCIS HUTCHESON (1694-1746) in his *System of Moral Philosophy* is a link between Shaftesbury and Adam Smith (1723-1790 author of 'The Wealth of Nations,' 1776); CONYERS MIDDLETON (1683-1750), Librarian of Cambridge University, and author of an eloquent *Life of Cicero* (1741), paved the way for Hume's scepticism by his *Free Inquiry into Miraculous Powers* (1747). THOMAS AMORY (1691-1788), an ardent Unitarian, published an eccentric romance, *The Life of John Bunclé, Esq.* (1756-66), who is represented as marrying seven wives in succession, all Unitarians. Charles Lamb (*Essay on Imperfect Sympathies*) calls it a 'healthy book.' It is a storehouse of miscellaneous information, quaint and witty. WILLIAM OLDYS (1696-1761), the antiquarian, wrote valuable biographies, and edited the

Philosophers and
historians : Butler.

Hutcheson to
Warburton.

Harleian Miscellany. PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE (1694-1773), fourth Earl of Chesterfield, is remembered for his *Letters* on polite behaviour, addressed to his natural son; and still more for Johnson's savage criticism of the book, and for his scathing rejection of that nobleman's belated patronage (p. 275). WILLIAM WARBURTON (1698-1779), Bishop of Gloucester, is famous for his *Divine Legation of Moses* (1738-1741), and for his bullying assumption of literary dictatorship. What he pretended to be, Dr. Johnson actually became.

Among philosophers it is enough here to name DAVID HARTLEY (1705-1757), the founder of associational psychology; and THOMAS REID (1710-1796), whose philosophy combines the views of Clarke and Shaftesbury. But incomparably greater was DAVID HUME (1711-1776) in his threefold eminence as philosopher, essayist, and historian. He was born in Edinburgh, and after making himself known by successful *Essays* (1741-2) and books on religion, morals and politics, he was appointed Advocates' Librarian, and settled at Edinburgh to write his *History of Great Britain* (1754-1762), interesting in style, but inexact, and deformed by his slavish reverence for royal authority. His *Natural History of Religion* appeared in 1757. When the *History* was completed, he went to reside in France as secretary to the Embassy in Paris; returned to England as Under-Secretary of State till 1769; and lived the rest of his life at Edinburgh. His style is clear, but rather monotonous, and his cold, critical attitude has naturally made him unpopular. His *Essay on Miracles* is known only through Paley's refutation of its main thesis. The Scotch rhetorician DR. HUGH BLAIR (1718-1800), with his discourses on literature and his *Sermons*, is noteworthy only for the extraordinary but undeserved popularity that they gained.

The REV. GILBERT WHITE (1720-1793) of Oriel College, Oxford, became curate of his native parish of Selborne in Hampshire, and devoted his whole life to its interests. In 1789 he published his *Natural History of Selborne*, and followed it later with the

White; Robert-
son; Adam
Smith.

Antiquities of Selborne. The first book is full of interest, and will always remain a charming classic both for men of science and for lovers of literature. WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1721-1793), a Scotch clergyman, made his name in 1758 by his *History of Scotland*. In 1769 he produced the *Reign of Charles V*, the opening chapters of which inspired Carlyle with a passion for history. Robertson closely resembles Hume in style and method, but is superior in historic grasp. ADAM SMITH (1723-1790) of Kirkcaldy, educated at Balliol College, Oxford, was appointed to the Chair of Logic, and subsequently to that of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow, and as the outcome of his lectures there produced a popular *Theory of Moral Sentiments* (1759). Resigning this post in 1764, he retired in 1766 to Kirkcaldy, and ten years later published his immortal classic, *An Enquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations*, a book which laid the foundation of Political Economy. As L. Stephen says, 'He was the first writer who succeeded in so presenting the doctrine of Free Trade as to convince statesmen in its favour.'

SIR WILLIAM BLACKSTONE (1723-1780), a great lawyer, gave up poetry for the bar, and in his voluminous *Commentaries on the Laws of England* (1763-69) succeeded in investing the driest of subjects with the charm of literary style. SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (1723-1792), first President of the Royal Academy, delivered in his official capacity annual and biennial *Discourses* on art subjects, which were collected and published after his death. They are still valued by the profession, and have high literary merit, as was natural in the case of one who was so closely associated with Johnson, Goldsmith, and Burke. Goldsmith's influence on our prose literature is discussed later (p. 286-289).

EDWARD GIBBON (1737-1794) came of a good family, and had sufficient means to enable him with few interruptions to devote himself to his great life work. He learned little at Oxford; but having become a Roman Catholic, he was sent to a Swiss pastor at Lausanne, by whom he was reconverted to Protestantism, and imbued with a

Blackstone;
Reynolds.

Gibbon; 'Letters
of Junius.'

zeal for classical learning. In 1758 he returned to England, joined the militia and threw himself into his military duties as Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers with an enthusiasm which afterwards bore good fruit in the military descriptions involved in his historical work. He returned to the Continent in 1763, journeyed through France and Switzerland to Italy, and while at Rome, musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, he first conceived the idea of writing *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*. He began it in London in 1772 and finished it at Lausanne in 1787. Freeman says of him that 'he remains the one historian of the eighteenth century whom modern research has neither set aside nor threatened to set aside.' Bagehot declares that 'there is no more solid book in the world than Gibbon's history. Laws, dynasties, churches, barbarians, appear and disappear. All through the long period his history goes on with steady consistent pace, like a Roman legion through a troubled country.' The only blot in the book is the contemptuous tone which disfigures the closing chapters of the first volume, towards ecclesiastical Christianity, if not indeed Christianity itself. The majestic march of the style is admirably suited to the grandeur and magnificence of the whole conception. The History may be roughly divided into three parts: (1) The picture of the Roman Empire; (2) The narrative of the barbarian incursions; (3) The story of Constantinople.

JAMES BOSWELL (1740-1795) was the first writer who created the model of modern biography, and his *Life of Samuel Johnson* is by universal consent admitted to be a masterpiece in its own department of literature. EDMUND BURKE is treated of elsewhere (pp. 291-301). In connexion with him may incidentally be noted the undiscovered personality who wrote (1768-1772) in Woodfall's *Public Advertiser* those masterpieces of invective entitled *The Letters of Junius*. The secret of this pseudonym was safely kept, though Woodfall was severely punished for publishing the *Letters*, and to this day no one knows for certain who their author was. Macaulay has made it highly probable that he was SIR PHILIP FRANCIS (1740-1818), at that time First Clerk in the War Office.

CHAPTER V.

THE AGE OF WORDSWORTH, BYRON, AND SCOTT.
(1785-1835).

Among the external forces which moulded the literature of this period the most remarkable was the great crisis of the French Revolution. That crisis however was only a conspicuous illustration of a widespread movement which had long influenced European life and literature. The Renaissance of Romantic poetry in England was the inevitable return to nature of the healthy instincts of the people as opposed to the fashionable artificialities of a ruling class. Thomson and Gray began what Cowper continued; and although Wordsworth, the great apostle of the new movement, was roused to his life-work by the trumpet-call of a newborn France, the abiding inspiration of his song was the simple dignity of the Cumbrian dalesman—primitive man face to face with the solitudes of Nature. Indeed Pope himself pronounced the condemnation of his own school when he penned his protest against. 'The enormous faith of many made for one¹. And Professor Raleigh has recently pointed to the latent influence of Romance even in the leaders of the Classic school, Addison and Pope having both openly avowed their liking for Milton and Spenser, 'warmed with poetic rage.' Both Dyer (p. 40) and Thomson (p. 41) carried poetry out of the metropolis, where Pope and Prior had housed it, into the quiet country-side. In Dyer there is a simpler, less mythological Miltonian spirit that finds its happiest moments when it is able 'in the open fields to stray'; Thomson in his *Castle of Indolence* gives utterance to one of the most Romantic lines in English poetry, where he describes the lonely Hebrid shepherd, 'placed amid the melancholy main', who from strange, distant sounds peoples the air with vague memories

¹ *Essay on Man* Ep. III. 242.

and visions of supernatural powers; this proneness to find a divinity in sound being typical of the Romantic spirit. The French Revolution did no doubt largely inspire Byron and Shelley; but its chief effect was their withdrawal from the main currents of English thought. On Keats it had little influence; and Keats is the spiritual father of the modern poets from Tennyson to Swinburne. This leads us to the differences between the Classical and Romantic schools of poetry which have been finely summarised by Herford: 'Classicism opposes to the arbitrariness of fancy a pervading rationality; to the mysterious the intelligible; to the unpruned variety of nature the limitations of an eclectic art; to passion glorified and dwelt on, passion restrained and somewhat disparaged. Romanticism, on the other hand, makes prominent the qualities conspicuous in the youth of a nation; bright aimless fancy, awe of the unknown, eager uncritical delight in the abundance of nature; impetuous joy and sorrow, breaking forth into such free and instant tears and smiles as the Argonauts uttered or the comrades of Odysseus.' The method of Classicism was ordered, harmonious, restrained, cold and clear; Romanticism aimed at variety and contrast, and gave free play to the imaginative faculties.

Four poets mark the dawn of the Romantic Renaissance—
 Crabbe; Blake; Cowper, Crabbe, Blake, and Burns. Cowper's
 Burns. relation to the movement is separately described (pp.308-310). GEORGE CRABBE (1754-1832) published *The Library*, aided by Burke's judicious patronage; *The Village*; *The Newspaper*; and then after an interval *The Parish Register*; and finally his best work, *The Borough*. The early part of his life was a struggle with poverty, and his most convincing theme is always the grim, sordid reality of that tragic struggle. In its form his verse tends to the freer heroic decasyllable of Dryden rather than that of Pope. But though his range is limited, he always draws his inspiration from direct contact with Nature and with fact. He paints Nature with loving minuteness of observation and brings us face to face with humble life with all the blunt realism of a

Zola. An example of this sombre realism may be quoted from his *Peter Grimes* :—

‘Thus by himself compelled to live each day,
 To wait for certain hours the tide’s delay ;
 At the same time the same dull views to see,
 The bounding marsh-bank and the blighted tree ;
 The water only, when the tides were high,
 When low, the mud half-covered and half-dry ;
 The sun-burnt tar that blisters on the planks,
 The bank-side stakes in their uneven ranks ;
 Heaps of entangled weeds that slowly float,
 As the tide rolls by the impeded boat.
 When tides were neap, and in the sultry day
 Through the tall bounding mud-banks made their way,
 Which on each side rose swelling, and below
 The dark warm flood ran silently and slow ;
 There anchoring, Peter chose from man to hide,
 There hang his head, and view the lazy tide
 In its hot slimy channel slowly glide.’

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1828), poet, engraver, and ‘God-intoxicated prophet,’ opened his career in 1783 with *Poetical Sketches*, of very unequal merit, and to some extent marred, like his later work, by the influence of Ossian by Macpherson ; (p. 44) ; but nevertheless sparkling with lyrical gems worthy of Shakespeare or Fletcher. Blake himself printed from copperplates, and coloured by hand both the text and the illustrations of his best book, *Songs of Innocence* (1789), and *Songs of Experience* (1794) ; and in the same way he brought out his mystical ‘prophetic’ books, which are on the border-land between genius and insanity. He was too eccentric and too much of a mystic to influence the development of poetry in others. The following are two stanzas from his well-known *Tiger* :—

‘Tiger ! Tiger’ burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

... ..

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see?
 Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

ROBERT BURNS (1759-1796) wrote all his best work in the Scottish dialect, his mother-tongue. This is a genuinely literary language, with a historical continuity of its own; it is moreover largely a survival of words and idioms which formerly were used in England but have become obsolete. All Burns's lyrics are racy of the soil: they are redolent of Scottish wit, Scottish religion, and Scottish drink, and so do not appeal to the English reader who will not trouble himself to master their peculiarities. His lyrics are folk-songs, inspired by the primitive instincts of mankind; he has the intense passion of a primitive nature, and sings always in the open air, face to face with Nature. Even more unconventional and powerful are his satires and his quasi-dramatic sketches of contemporary life and manners in *The Jolly Beggars*, *Tam-o-Shanter*, and *The Holy Fair*.

The three 'Lake poets' come next: SOUTHEY (1774-1843), who is associated with the other two rather by the accident of neighbourhood and friendship than by any real literary affinity; WORDSWORTH (1770-1850), who was the strenuous defender, and the great prophet of the new movement; COLERIDGE (1772-1834), who supplied its most transcendental inspirations, and the sanest and most convincing criticism of its methods and aims. How the work of SCOTT (1771-1832), of BYRON (1788-1824), of SHELLEY (1792-1832), and of KEATS (1795-1821) influenced and developed the Romantic movement will be seen in the places referred to.

SAMUEL ROGERS (1763-1855), known by his conventionally classical *Pleasures of Memory* (1792) and *Italy* (1822), contrived by his wealth and social talents to be something of a literary lion in his day. A somewhat similar but better poet was THOMAS CAMPBELL, who is separately considered (pp. 375-378). THOMAS MOORE (1779-1852) was a poet of the same class as the two preceding; but unlike them he was a musician, with an

Minor poets:
 Rogers; Moore;
 Hogg; Bowles.

equally facile command of both music and words. Hence his great drawing-room reputation, which has rather obscured his real merits. Here is a passage from his *Oft in the Stilly Night*:—

When I remember all
 The friends, so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ;
 I feel like one
 Who treads alone
 Some banquet-hall deserted,
 Whose lights are fled,
 Whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed.

His friendship with Byron reflected great credit on his character for disinterested sincerity. His long poem, *Lalla Rookh* (1817), has more merit than Campbell's longer poems, though his last long one, *The Loves of the Angels* (1823), is inferior. He excelled as a satirist: his *Twopenny Post Bag*, a collection of lampoons on the Prince Regent, is exceptionally brilliant; and his *Fudge Family* is delightful. He was moreover a good writer of prose: his *Epicurean* is a remarkable romance; and he wrote excellent *Lives* of Byron, of Sheridan, and of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, though his *History of Ireland* is a failure. CHARLES WOLFE was a man of one poem, the famous *Burial of Sir John Moore*. LEIGH HUNT is treated of later (p. 67). JAMES HOGG (1772-1835), the 'Etrick Shepherd' of the *Noctes Ambrosianae* wrote second-rate novels, and very unequal verse, interspersed with many beautiful lyrics. LANDOR has a separate notice (pp. 370-373). WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES (1762-1850), a clerical sonneteer, had the merit of attempting to interpret Nature at first hand in the light of human emotions.

Other minor poets must be briefly noticed:— ROBERT Bloomfield; BLOOMFIELD (1766-1823), with his over-
 Proctor; Elliott; praised *Farmer's Boy*; JOHN CLARE (1793-
 etc. 1861), who wrote better poems of rural life,
 and who, like Bloomfield, died insane; JAMES MONTGOMERY
 (1771-1854), (not the Robert Montgomery whom Macaulay

pilloried), author of *The World before the Flood*, and of many excellent hymns; HENRY KIRKE WHITE (1785-1806), immortalized by Byron in his famous 'eagle' simile; BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall) (1787-1874), a writer of indifferent sea-songs; HENRY CARY (1772-1844) translator of Dante's *Divina Commedia*; REGINALD HEBER (1783-1826), Bishop of Calcutta, author of well-known hymns; EBENEZER ELLIOT (1781-1849), the 'Corn-Law Rhymer', disciple of Crabbe and Wordsworth, who had considerable poetic gift; the amiable FELICIA HEMANS (1794-1835), probably immortal through *Casabianca*; THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES (1803-1849), a half-insane, nightmare poet, with some vivid flashes of genius, especially in his Elizabethan play, *Death's Jest-book*; RICHARD HENGIST HORNE (1803-1884), with his epic *Orion*, and much other work of less value; LETITIA ELIZABETH LANDON ('L. E. L.') (1802-1838), a more inspired Mrs Hemans, very popular from 1824 to the advent of Tennyson; HARTLEY COLERIDGE (1796-1849), eldest son of the great Coleridge, who did good work as a journalist and whose sonnets are genuinely poetic; JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE (1769-1846), famous for his translations of Aristophanes, whose humorous satire, *The Monks and the Giant* under the pseudonym 'Whistlecraft', inspired Byron with the verse-form of *Beppo* and *Don Juan*; WILLIAM TENNANT (1786-1848), a Scotch professor, who was roused by the fun of *Peebles to the Play* (popularly ascribed to James I. of Scotland, 1394-1437) to write his *Anster Fair*, in which he anticipated the verse-form of *The Monks* and the wit of *Don Juan*; JAMES SMITH (1775-1839) and HORACE SMITH (1779-1849), who wrote those inimitable parodies on leading contemporary poets, *Rejected Addresses*, supposed to have been sent in for the official competition for an address to be spoken at the reopening of Drury Lane Theatre (1812) after its destruction by fire, the real address being by Lord Byron; EDWARD FITZGERALD (1809-1883), the friend of Tennyson, who in 1859 published a version of the *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*; and lastly, RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM (1788-1845), rendered immortal by the wit of the *Ingoldsby Legends*.

During this period the drama was at a low ebb. GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER (1762-1836) wrote many plays, among which were *The Heir-at-law* and *John Bull*. THOMAS HOLCROFT'S (1745-1809) *Road to Ruin* was revived in 1873, and translated into Danish and German. RICHARD CUMBERLAND (1732-1811) produced plays, essays and religious poems, and was caricatured by Sheridan in the *Critic* as 'Sir Fretful Plagiary.' JOHN O'KEEFE (1748-1833), a witty Irishman, wrote the 'wild farce' of *The Merry Mourners*, which, as interpreted by the actor Munden, helped to move Charles Lamb to a passion of hysteric laughter. All these were professional playwrights who did useful work in their day, but left nothing of literary value. JOANNA BAILLIE (1762-1851) wrote closet plays, a series of systematised studies of the passions, Love, Hatred, etc., one of which was successfully produced by Kemble; they are now mere literary curiosities. The chief dramatist of this period was JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES (1784-1862), actor and teacher of elocution, whose best tragedy was *Virginus*; his best comedy *The Hunchback* is still an acting play, though none of his dramas have any great merit as literature. SIR THOMAS NOON TALFOURD (1795-1854), judge, jurist, critic, and dramatist, wrote among other plays the classic tragedy *Ion* (1835), acted at Covent Garden in 1836. The revival of this play by Macready led to the production of Browning's *Strafford* (1837.)

But if the drama of this period is poor, the novels are abundant and of high quality; though only two names are prominent, those of Jane Austen and Sir Walter Scott. Among the former's predecessors we find Dr. John Moore (1730-1803), father of the hero of *Corunna*, who wrote, as an eyewitness, an account of the Reign of Terror in the French Revolution, and is often named from his best novel *Zeluco*, a book with much shrewd humour, but with an impossibly wicked hero. WILLIAM GODWIN (1756-1836), Shelley's father-in-law (p. 392), a revolutionary anarchist and sceptic, wrote several novels, the best known being *Caleb Williams* (1794), which is still popular. It was

unsuccessfully dramatised as *The Iron Chest* by George Colman the Younger.¹ THOMAS DAY (1748-1789) wrote *Sandford and Merton*, named from the two lads, types of the honest poor and the idle rich, whose tutor, Mr. Barlow, educates them by alternations of practical experience and moral tales. It is, or ought to be, a school-boy classic. The wealthy and eccentric WILLIAM BECKFORD (1760-1844) wrote *Vathek*, a novel with a unique combination of Oriental romance and supernatural horror. Partly the influence of this story, still more that of the more easily imitated *Castle of Otranto* (1764, by Horace Walpole; 1717-1797) led to the development of the blood-curdling romances for which ANNE RADCLIFFE (1764-1822), who composed *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and MATTHEW GEORGE LEWIS (1775-1818), author of *The Monk* and *Tales of Terror*, were mainly responsible. HANNAH MORE (1745-1833) wrote the celebrated novel *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, besides some dull tragedies, brought out through Garrick's friendly offices; also 'sacred dramas', 'moral essay', and many excellent tracts, among them *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain*. CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN (1782-1824), clergyman and dramatist, is known by his best novel, *Melmoth, the Wanderer* (1820), a powerful story whose interest centres in a compact between a human soul and the devil. MARIA EDGEWORTH (1767-1848), of a good family in Ireland, wrote two novels vividly depicting Irish life and manners, *Castle Rackrent* (1801) and *Ormond*; and very humorous *Essay on Irish Bulls*, besides educational books for children. Highly talented and almost a genius, she is a good story-teller, but with little power of invention. With her we reach the mother of the nineteenth century novel, JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817), just as Scott (1771-1832) is the father of the nineteenth century romance.

The student must not be misled by the kinship of the words 'romance' and 'romantic'. The latter epithet, as applied to the 'School of Shakespeare', or the 'School of Wordsworth', has

The 'romance',
and the novels.

¹ His disgust at this failure led him to adopt the eponym, *The Younger*, lest his father should be discredited.

scarcely anything in common with the word 'romance' as applied to Scott's stories. Still less has it to do with the adjective 'romance' as when we call French a 'Romance' language. Yet the latter word is really the parent of all its diverse modern applications. It was originally the title given to the Latin-formed language of the common people in France, Spain, or other parts of the extinct Roman empire, to distinguish those dialects from Latin proper, the language of the Law-courts. Hence the noun 'romance' (French *roman*) came to be applied to the popular ballads of Spain or France, and subsequently to the chronicles of chivalry such as *Lancelot*, or the heroic tales of the seventeenth century, *Polexandre Cassandre etc.* On the other hand we have taken the word 'novel' from the Italian *novella*, which meant originally a new jest, an after-dinner story, such as the *Hundred Merry Tales* (printed by John Rastell, 1525). Thus the names 'novel' and 'romance', as now used, are merely conventional terms, and it is impossible to draw an accurate line between the two. Broadly speaking, a story in which the interest is chiefly centred in wonderful adventures and unfamiliar situations or surroundings is called a 'romance'; a story which concerns itself with everyday people and everyday experiences, in which therefore the main interest is centred in the delineation of character, is called a novel. In this sense certainly all Jane Austen's stories are novels, and most of Scott's are romances, though all that is best in Scott's stories is really novel writing and not romance. For the true artist is the writer who introduces the most interesting situations and adventures possible, but always subordinates them to the development and delineation of character. Whether his incidents and situations be taken from the hovel or the palace, from the humdrum surroundings of a city clerk or the life-and-death intrigues of a Mazarin or a Richelieu, is perfectly immaterial. Hamlet is none the less human for being a prince, nor is the Fool in *Lear* less intensely tragic for being a clown. Wordsworth's 'Lucy' and the 'cottage girl' in *We are Seven*, belong to the Romantic School of poetry because in them we come

into direct touch with the living, throbbing heart of humanity.

A few novelists after Scott must be briefly mentioned.

Novelists after Scott. WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH (1805-1882) still charms schoolboys by his thrilling

historical novels, such as *Windsor Castle* and

the *Tower of London*. GEORGE PAYNE R. JAMES (1801-1860), a

voluminous author, is best known by his novel *Richelieu*. SUSAN

FERRIER (1782-1854), a friend of Scott, produced *Marriage,*

The Inheritance, and *Destiny*. MARY RUSSELL MITFORD

(1787-1855) wrote the charming rural sketches which make

up *Our Village*, a series of Artistic 'studies' for a novel rather

than a novel in itself. Somewhat similar are the Scottish

scenes in JOHN GALT'S (1779-1839) *Annals of the Parish*.

Captain FREDERICK MARRYAT (1792-1848) carried on the

tradition of Smollett's sea heroes in *Midshipman Easy,* *Jacob*

Faithful, *Masterman Ready,* and *Peter Simple*; as also did

MICHAEL SCOTT (1789-1835) in *Tom Cringle's Log,* and the

Cruise of the Midge, both of which first appeared in 'Blackwood's

Magazine' founded 1817.

This era in our literature is also distinguished by the rise

of a new force in literature, the multiple-

Periodicals: 'The Antijacobin.'

minded periodical or Magazine, which in some instances has wielded a more dictatorial power

than Dryden or Johnson. It has also done good work by

publishing books of permanent literary value in serial form,

such as Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* or Lamb's *Essays of Elia,*

which, but for their friendly aid, might never have been written.

The Anti Jacobin Review (1798-1821) was conducted mainly

by WILLIAM GIFFORD (1756-1826), the chief other contributors

being John Hookham Frere (1769-1846), and its leading spirit.

GEORGE CANNING (1770-1827) (p. 44) statesman and brilliant

verse-writer, famous for his *Needy Knife-grinder*.

The Edinburgh Review was started in 1802 chiefly by

Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sydney Smith. The

The Edinburgh Review.

editorship soon passed into the hands of

FRANCIS JEFFREY (afterwards Lord Jeffrey)

(1773-1850), who sentenced Wordsworth's *Excursion* with his

'This will never do.' The *Review* fully lived up to its Latin motto, 'The judge is condemned when the criminal is acquitted'; only it was judge and jury in one, and assumed its victims to be guilty until they could prove themselves innocent. SYDNEY SMITH (1771-1845), the wittiest of clergymen, perhaps of Englishmen, wrote the brilliant *Letters of Peter Plymley on Catholic Emancipation* (1808) and *Letters to Archdeacon Singleton* (1837-9). HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM (1779-1868) did little more than dabble in literature and philosophy; he belongs to the political world.

The Weekly Political Register (1802-1835) was started by WILLIAM COBBETT (1762-1835) as a Tory review, but in 1804 he became a Radical; and in 1810 suffered two years' imprisonment for his editorial strictures. His style was based on Swift's but he had the racy vernacular of Latimer and Bunyan. His chief merit lay in the encouragement he gave to reality and independence in journalism.

The Quarterly Review was founded in London in 1809 by the publisher John Murray, as a Tory rival to the Whig 'Edinburgh Review.' William Gifford (see p. 65) was its first editor, till in 1825 he was succeeded by JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART (1794-1854), Scott's son-in-law and biographer, who used his editorial power, fortunately in vain, to strangle Charlotte Brontë and Tennyson in their literary cradles. Scott and other writers in 'The Edinburgh', helped the *Quarterly* by their contributions. SIR JOHN BARROW (1754-1848), a self-made man, Secretary of the Admiralty, was a useful member of its staff; he was an authority on naval matters and geography. ISAAC DISRAELI (1766-1848), father of Lord Beaconsfield, and author of *Curiosities of Literature*, was also associated with the *Quarterly*.

Blackwood's Magazine, also a Tory periodical, introduced for the first time original contributions in addition to reviews; and thus started the growth of what now is one of the most influential forces in modern literature. William Blackwood, an

Edinburgh publisher, founded (1817) and edited it; but from the beginning it was practically in the hands of JOHN WILSON (1785-1854), better known by his pseudonym of 'Christopher North.' Wilson made his reputation chiefly by his series of imaginary dialogues that appeared in *Blackwood*, entitled *Noctes Ambrosianæ*. The speakers were Christopher North, James Hogg (1770-1835); he also contributed his poems to its columns), and an imaginary Timothy Tickler. These three discussed every subject that was likely to interest their readers in an altogether novel style of rhapsody, not unlike the elaborate dream-prose of De Quincey. Lockhart, before he edited the 'Quarterly,' was one of the most influential members on the staff of *Blackwood*; and he probably was responsible for its violent attack upon John Keats (1795-1821; the attack on the 'Cockney School' appeared in 1818). The brilliant but reckless WILLIAM MAGINN (1793-1842) was an important contributor, as also was Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849).

The Examiner was commenced in 1808 by LEIGH HUNT (1784-1859) and his brother. Hunt was a miscellaneous prose-writer and a poet: he started or contributed to or even wholly wrote several other periodicals, 'The Reflector,' 'The Indicator,' 'The Companion,' a new 'Fattler,' and his own special 'London Journal.' In 1812 he was fined and imprisoned for a libel on the Prince Regent in *The Examiner*. His verse, inspired by the old English classics and by the Italian poets, was both original and highly stimulating: *Abou ben Adhem* should be familiar to every one; and his sonnet, *The Nile*, is one of the best in the language, with its inimitable description of Cleopatra as

'The laughing queen that caught the world's great hands.'

In 1840 he produced a successful play, *The Legend of Florence*. He is said to have been the original of Dickens's 'Harold Skimpole' in *Bleak House*.

The London Magazine, a mildly Liberal Journal, was founded in 1820, and edited by John Scott, who was killed in a duel by a rival on the staff of 'Blackwood.' The greatest of its contributors was Lamb

(1775-1834), and another was De Quincey (1785-1859). A third, almost more important, was WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778—1830), in some respects one of the greatest of English critics, as well as a writer of admirable essays. But his best work is critical, on *The Characters of Shakespeare*, *The Elizabethan Dramatists*, *The English Poets*, and *The English Comic Writers*.

Among the historians of this period should be mentioned

Historians. SIR WILLIAM NAPIER (1786—1860), author of *The History of the War in the Peninsula*;

HENRY HALLAM (1778—1859), who wrote *A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, a *Constitutional History of England*, and an *Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the 15th, 16th, and 17th Centuries*; WILLIAM ROSCOE (1753—1831), who published a *Life of Lorenzo de Medici* and a *Life of Leo the Tenth*, which have become classics; WILLIAM MITFORD (1744-1827), whose *History of Greece*, written from an aristocratic point of view, is superior in literary style to those of THIRLWALL and GROTE, by which it has been superseded. JAMES MILL (1773-1836), father of the more celebrated John Stuart Mill, wrote a *History of British India*, besides other philosophical and political treatises. Lastly, SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH (1765-1832), controverted Burke's anti-Revolution fanaticism (see p. 301) in his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and wrote a fragment of English history, *On the Revolution of 1688*, which was published after his death.

Philosophers and Theologians. JEREMY BENTHAM (1748-1832), a 'Hobbes without his literary genius,' was 'a sort of prophet of the Whigs, and round his fundamental principle, borrowed from Priestley, of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' built up an English imitation of the popular philosophers of the French Revolution. THOMAS ROBERT MALTHUS (1766-1834) is well known for his *Essay on the Principles of Population*. DAVID RICARDO (1772-1823) published an important treatise *On the Principles of Political Economy and Taxation*. WILLIAM PALEY (1743-1805), Senior Wrangler in 1763, wrote the two works which have long been Cambridge text-books, *Evidences of Christianity* and *Natural*

Theology, in which the being of God and the Divine Mission of Christ are proved with mathematical precision. His *Horae Paulinae* will remain for all time an ingenious and admirable proof of the authenticity of the Pauline Epistles from obviously undesigned internal evidence. ROBERT HALL (1764-1831), a Baptist minister at Cambridge, was one of the most luminous and impressive of preachers; his published sermons are admitted to be models of pulpit eloquence. DR. THOMAS CHALMERS (1780-1847), an eminent Presbyterian divine was a voluminous and powerful writer on education, Christian evidences, and the philosophy of religion; his fervent pulpit oratory carried his hearers with him in spite of themselves.

CHAPTER VI.

MODERN LITERATURE (1835-1901).

The modern period may conveniently be closed with the end of Queen Victoria's reign, no literary movement of any importance having been inaugurated since then. Literature is the outcome of, and the index to, the highest intellectual, moral, and spiritual life of a nation. Of these three aspects of our nature, ordinary Prose may be said to correspond to the first; the Novel and the Drama to the second; and Poetry to the third. The highest literature of a nation, its poetry and drama, depend largely upon the existence of a harmony between its social, political, and theological environment. In Shakespeare's time this harmony was practically established; hence the literary splendour of the Elizabethan age. But even in Shakespeare can be discovered the 'little rift within the lute,' traced in the sad, if resigned, agnosticism of Prospero's outlook upon life. This age was followed by a time of violent conflict, political and theological; the nation thenceforth became split up into two warring camps both in sociology and in religion. Religion itself has been half-revolutionised by two great shocks. The first of these occurred when, in (1830-33) Sir Charles Lyell published his *Principles of Geology*, from which educated Englishmen learned the new doctrine that the gigantic power by which the Himalayas were upheaved to their icebound solitudes; the cataclysmal shocks by which vast forests of tree-ferns and of giant marestails had been submerged and slowly blackened into coal, are identical with those forces which have recently raised the estuary of the Clyde and are still deepening the peat-bogs of county Clare. How this book affected Tennyson and his compeers, and how the religious world received it, may be seen in the preface to *Morte D'Arthur* :

‘Half-awake I heard

The parson, taking wide and wider sweeps,
 Now harping on the church-commissioners,
 Now hawking at Geology and schism ;
 Until I woke, and found him settled down
 Upon the general decay of faith
 Right thro’ the world, “ at home was little left,
 And none abroad : there was no anchor, none,
 To hold by.” ’

Tennyson’s own religious autobiography, so far as relates to the controversy between Religion and Science, is told in detail in *In Memoriam*.

But a far more potent influence arose soon afterwards. In 1859 Charles Darwin published *The Origin of Evolution. Species*, which led Sir Charles Lyell in 1863 to produce his *Antiquity of Man*. Finally, in 1871, Darwin crowned his life work with *The Descent of Man*. Upon the far-reaching effect of these books upon religious belief we cannot here enter ; but there is no doubt that *The Origin of Species* slowly and surely transformed the thinking of the whole civilised world.

The two poets that dominate this period (as Shakespeare does the Elizabethan age) Tennyson (1809-1892), and Browning (1812-1889), have yet another peculiarity in common with him. Like him they are great, because they embody a strong faith ; and like him they herald an inevitable decadence, because, with the age they represented, they had outgrown the intellectual belief in which they had been nurtured, without finding and embodying, though giving themselves to much speculative enquiry, a better one for themselves. Hence we shall not expect to find any great genius as we pass onwards from these two.

Of the poets of this period that are not separately discussed elsewhere, we can here give little more than the names and most noticeable compositions. SIR HENRY TAYLOR (1800-1886) wrote *Philip Van Artevelde*, a drama. WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED (1802-1839) composed light, society verses, such as *A Letter of Advice* and

Poetry: Tennyson
 and Browning's
 relation to their
 age.

Hood ; Clough ;
 Mrs. Browning.

The Vicar. THOMAS HOOD (1799-1845) wrote the humorous poem, *Miss Kilmansegg*, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, *The Song of the Shirt*, and *The Bridge of Sighs*. Four lines may be quoted from his tender lyric, *The Death-bed*:—

‘Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.’

Macaulay's Lays are treated of separately (p. 411). ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819-1861) is the author of *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich*, composed in not very satisfactory hexameters, and *Dipsychus*. Saintsbury describes him as ‘a failure of a considerable poet’; but he had a passion for truth, and some of his shorter pieces, as *Qua Cursum Ventus* and ‘Say not the struggle nought availeth,’ possess a strange fascination. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING (1806-1861), like Wordsworth, wrote far too much, and her poems are often disfigured by bad rhymes. Many, however, of her lyrics are of high merit. Thus her *A Musical Instrument* is intensely beautiful and spiritually profound. The following is the final stanza:—

‘Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.’

Equally beautiful is *The Rhyme of the Duchess May*, though too much spun out. *Aurora Leigh* is a sociological romance; *Casa Guidi Windows* shows her passionate love for the redemption of Italy; and her *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, whose fictitious title, as Stedman remarks, ‘was a screen behind which the singer poured out her full heart,’ are some of the finest subjective poems in the language.

After Matthew Arnold, considered elsewhere (1820-1888; see pp. 478-482) we come to a group representing a renaissance of mediævalism, fostered no doubt by the ‘Oxford movement’ (p. 95), and connected with one another by artistic sympathy with the ‘Pre-

The Pre-Raphael-
ite poets.

Raphaelite Brotherhood' of painters. The organ of the group was the famous magazine named *The Germ*. For them beauty was the end and object of existence. 'The atmosphere of their works is the atmosphere of a dream, not of any real place or time; and their morality is the morality of dream-world.' DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI (1828-1882), also eminent as a painter, buried the MSS. of his early poems in his wife's grave in 1862, and exhumed and published them eight years later. His great works are *The Blessed Damozel*, Dante's vision of his celestial Beatrice rewritten, and the sonnet-sequence, *The House of Life*. He resembles Keats in his sumptuous colouring and rich imagery. The following are the first two stanzas of *The Blessed Damozel*:—

'The blessed damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven ;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even ;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift
For service meetly worn ;
Her hair, that lay along her back,
Was yellow like ripe corn.'

WILLIAM MORRIS (1834-1896), socialist, artistic decorator, printer, and book-binder, ranks high as a poet. Admirably lucid, in simple yet voluptuous diction with a tone of tender melancholy, he sets himself to show the world the beauty and health that might belong to life, when men should regain simplicity and should once more love the earth and the labour of their hands. His socialism was only the expression of his exuberant passion for the joy and grace of life—of revolt against the squalor and sordidness of the age of commerce and machinery into which he was born. He is the author of *The Defence of Guinevere*, *The Life and Death of Jason*, and *The Earthly Paradise*, a series of twenty-four tales. The first of

these reproduces the mediæval charm of Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* (printed 1485), a phase which Tennyson deliberately rejected; the title of the last perfectly expresses the range of his whole poetic art, which intentionally restricts itself to Nature and human life :—

'Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or being again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall you forget your tears,
Or hope again, for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.'

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1837-1909) was as completely pagan as Shelley, without his excuse; and, like Shelley, was not over careful of conventional morality. Like Shelley too he is a consummate master of the music of words. His *Atalanta in Calydon* challenges comparison with *Samson Agonistes* (1671, by Milton). The keynote of Swinburne's style is exuberance, as that of M. Arnold's is restraint. CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI (1830-1895), younger sister of Dante Gabriel, was the *antipodes* of Swinburne, being intensely religious. It is a matter of dispute whether she or Mrs. Browning is the greater poet. She certainly has no other superior; and to her musical and imaginative gifts she adds a saving sense of humour. Her best poems are *Goblin Market*, *Sleep at Sea*, and *The Prince's Progress*, all of which were illustrated by her brother. ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY (1844-1881) wrote *An Epic of Women* and *Music and Moonlight*; he was morbidly Pre-Raphaelite. JAMES THOMSON (1834-1882), a disciple of the atheist Charles Bradlaugh, and expelled from the army for insubordination, has written one splendid embodiment of hopeless despair in *The City of Dreadful Night*. He expresses, as Saintsbury says, 'the negative and hopeless side of the sense of mystery, of the Unseen, just as Christina Rossetti expresses the positive and hopeful one.' THOMAS WOOLNER (1826-1892), sculptor, wrote *My Beautiful Lady* and *Pygmalion*. FRANCIS THOMSON (1859-1907), author of *Sister Songs*, *Love in Dian's Lap*, should

perhaps be classed here. That he is 'Crashaw (1613-1649) born again, but born greater' is the conclusion of the first of his reviewers. Here is a fine picture from his remarkable *Hound of Heaven* :—

I daily guess what Time in mists confounds ;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity ;
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpsed turrets slowly wash again.'

The chief faults of the so-called 'Spasmodic School' were forced conceits and a certain grandiloquence of expression often combined with triviality of thought. The chief poets of this school were PHILIP JAMES BAILLY (1816-1902) author of *Festus*, a poem much admired by Tennyson ; SYDNEY DOBELL (1824-1874), who wrote *The Roman*, a drama, *Balder*, and *Sonnets on the War* (Crimean) ; ALEXANDER SMITH (1829-1867), who produced *A Life Drama*, *City Poems*, and *Edwin of Deira*. This school was satirized by PROFESSOR AYTOUN (1813-1866) in *Firmilian* ; but his own best work is to be found in *The Bon Gaultier Ballads*, chiefly clever parodies, written in collaboration with SIR THEODORE MARTIN (1816-1909), and in *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

To the industry of Bertram Dobell we owe the recent rescue from oblivion of THOMAS TRAHERNE (1636-1674), a fine poet and scholar, who ranges with Herbert, Vaughan, and Crashaw as a writer of mystical religious verse. In his insight into childhood's relations with the invisible and into the essentially spiritual nature of the external world, he anticipates all that is profoundest in Wordsworth and sanest in Blake. The following passages may be quoted in illustration :—

'A native health of innocence
 Within my bones did grow,
 And while my God did all his glories show
 I felt a vigour in my sense
 That all was Spirit. I within did flow
 With seas of life, like wine ;
 I nothing in the world did know
 But't was divine' (*Wonder*).

The Spasmodic
 School.

Bertram Dobell
 and Traherne.

'Where I once with blemished eyes
 Began their pence and toys to view,
 Drowned in their customs, I became
 A stranger to the shining skies,
 Lost as a dying flame' (*The Apostacy*).

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER (1810-1889) produced *Proverbial Philosophy*, which had immense vogue in its day and realized about £20,000, but has ever since been regarded with general ridicule. Its best line describes the death of an overwork horse :

'The struggle hath cracked his heart-strings, the
 generous brute is dead.'

FREDERICK TENNYSON (1807-1898) wrote *Days and Hours*. CHARLES TENNYSON FURNER (1808-1879 ; see p. 415), was the author of many beautiful sonnets.' The *Remains* of ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM (1811-1833), published by his father, should be read as a commentary with *In Memoriam*. Professor JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809-1895) translated Aeschylus and wrote *Lays of the Highlands*. LORD HOUGHTON (Richard Monckton Milnes) composed excellent drawing room songs, the best known being 'Strangers yet.' THOMAS COOPER (1805-:892), an imprisoned Chartist, produced in gaol *The Purgatory of Suicides*. FREDERICK LOCKER LAMPSON (1821-1895), wrote *London Lyrics*. LORD LYTTON ('Owen Meredith' ; 1831-1891), Viceroy of India and son of the novelist (Bulwer Lytton 1803-1873), would have risen to high merit, if he had not attempted too wide a range ; his best work perhaps is *Marah* and *King Poppy*. COVENTRY PATMORE (1823-1896) is well known as the author of *The Angel in the House*. EDWARD LEAR (1812-1888), artist and poet, is the inimitable writer of *Nonsense Verses* for children. CHARLES STUART CALVERLEY (1831-1884), the prince of verse-caricaturists, wrote *Verses and Translations*, and *Fly-leaves*. ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER (1825-1864), daughter of 'Barry Cornwall' (B. W. Procter, 1787-1874), composed *Legends and Lyrics*, and several notable songs (as *The Lost Chord*) and hymns. WILLIAM WATSON (b. 1858) wrote *Wordsworth's Grave* and *Lacrymae Musarum*, and is dis-

tinguished for his sonnets. He protested against England's inaction in regard to the Armenian massacres in his poem *The Year of Shame*. SIR LEWIS MORRIS (1833-1907) is the author of *The Epic of Hades*. RUDYARD KIPLING (b. 1865) produced *Barrack-room Ballads* and *The Recessional*. MRS HAMILTON KING was inspired by a love of Italy perhaps even more passionate than Mrs Browning's to write *The Disciples*, an account of Garibaldi's followers. WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (b. 1865), the poet of Ireland, is the author of *The Celtic Twilight*, *A Book of Irish Verse*, and *The Green Helmet and other Poems*.

The drama : changing conditions. altered from the year 1843, when the special privileges of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres were abolished, and free-trade in theatricals, subject only to the censorship, was established. This produced a great multiplication of the number of theatres, and made the competition between rival managers extremely keen. A still more important change took place when the 'stock companies' of the country towns were replaced by 'travelling companies' from London. The former system had prevailed from the Restoration onwards. Each large town had its theatre and its own stock company. Star actors travelled about, and produced new plays in each town, supported by the local company. But in 1867 Mr. and Mrs Bancroft of the Prince of Wales's Theatre organized a travelling company to take round to all the provincial towns an exact *replica* of their plays as performed in London. The Haymarket company under Buckstone followed suit, and the new plan was so successful that it soon drove the old one out of the field. Moreover the Bancrofts inaugurated another change. Up to that time the higher classes seldom patronized the theatre, partly because the plays produced were as a rule mere translations from the French, unreal and second-rate; partly because the theatres were ill-lighted and uncomfortable. The Bancrofts altered all this. The plays they produced were original, real, natural; and they made their theatre as comfortable as an aristocratic club. Society and the Stage were thus reconciled, and the 'Play'

became almost as fashionable as the 'Opera.' The result of all these changes was the 'long run' system. The cost of the mounting and accessories of a play was now so great, that one which did not 'run' for at least fifty nights would half ruin the manager. Again, those theatres were most successful that exploited the special talents of a particular actor, such as Sir Henry Irving or Sir Beerbohm Tree. Thus the 'actor-manager' system, combined with the necessity for long runs, has very much specialized the conditions under which plays can be produced. A play may have the highest merit, both literary and dramatic, and yet an experienced manager may not dare to bring it out, for fear the play should not prove popular enough to have a long run. Thus Sir Henry Irving at first declined to bring out Tennyson's *Becket* (1884). With the improvement of the drama came a growing tendency to regard the stage as a legitimate profession for people of good social standing, and at the same time, an increasing mitigation of the old Puritan antipathy to the theatre.

The earlier dramatists of this period may be briefly mentioned. Lord Lytton (the elder, 1803-1873) produced *Richelieu* and *The Lady of Lyons* in 1838 and *Money* in 1840, of which the latter two are still acted. **Early drama-**
tists. JAMES R. PLANCHE (1796-1880) was a most successful playwright, but his productions have no independent literary merit. In 1854 Charles Reade (1814-1884) brought out *Masks and Faces*, dramatised by himself and TOM TAYLOR (1817-1880), who is also the author of *The Overland Route* and *Our American Cousin*, in which Sothorn immortalized the character of 'Lord Dundreary.' Dion Boucicault (1820-1890), actor and dramatist, is known as the author of *The Colleen Bawn*. One of the foremost figures of this period is THOMAS WILLIAM ROBERTSON (1829-1871), who wrote *Caste*, *School*, *Ours*, *Society*, etc., which were produced by Mr and Mrs Bancroft. They are simple and natural plays, marked by Victorian propriety and sentiment, and still hold the stage. Curiously enough, by far the best of Robertson's dramas, *David Garrick*, which introduced Sothorn's most magnificent impersonation, is a translation from a French play,

Sullivan. Oscar Wilde (1856-1900), a writer of the most varied talents, made a striking success with *Lady Windermere's Fan*, followed by *A Woman of No Importance* and *The Importance of being Earnest*.

The first step towards the renaissance of dramatic writing in
 Dramatic rena- England at this period was the gradual disuse-
 issance. of French adaptations, which has been already
 alluded to. And simultaneously a new school of more thought-
 ful playwrights had arisen, swayed, in some instances insensib-
 ly, by the realistic, satiric drama of the Norwegian poet, Henrik
 Ibsen, which profoundly influenced all Europe. One of his
 plays, *A Doll's House*, first performed in England at the
 Novelty Theatre in 1889, roused a tempest of criticism; and, as
 other theatres followed suit, the new drama became a much-
 talked-of intellectual curiosity. But the turning-point of our
 dramatic renaissance was undoubtedly the production in May
 1893 of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* by SIR ARTHUR WING
 PINERO (b. 1855). Mr. Archer says: 'What *Hernani* was to
 the romantic movement of the thirties, and *La Dame aux*
Camelias to the realistic movement of the fifties, *The Second*
Mrs. Tanqueray has been to the movement of the nineties to-
 wards the serious stage-portraiture of English social life...The
 English acted drama ceased to be a merely insular product,
 and took rank in the literature of Europe.'

Prominent later plays are *The Case of Rebellious Susan*
 (1894) and *The Liars* (1897), by HENRY
 Later dramatists. ARTHUR JONES (b. 1851); *The Greatest of*
These (1896) and *The Debt of Honour* (1900) by SYDNEY
 GRUNDY (b. 1848); *The Little Minister* (1897) and *The Wedding*
Guest (1900) by JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE (b. 1860); and *The*
Ambassador (1898) by MRS CRAIGIE (John Oliver Hobbes)
 (1867-1906). STEPHEN PHILIPS (b. 1868) stands very much
 alone in the success of his sombre tragedy, *Herod* (1900). A
 striking personality of the period is George Bernard Shaw
 (b. 1856), who has produced *Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant*
 (1898), *Three Plays for Puritans* (1900), etc.

In novel-writing this period is dominated by two authors, Thackeray (1813-1865) and Dickens (1812-1870), almost as completely as in poetry it is dominated by Tennyson and Browning. Whether George Eliot (1800-1900) should be added, remains a debateable point with the critics. As regards the novel, however, this period is characteristically marked off from all preceding ones by an almost illimitable extension in quantity, due in a great measure to the vast increase in the reading public. The population has about doubled, and education up to the reading-point is now universal, whereas at the commencement of our period the working population was mostly illiterate.

We have already mentioned as a dramatist (p. 76) one whose proper place is here. Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, first LORD LYTTON (1800-1873) had a highly distinguished political career, and combined with this a literary productiveness greater than that of Macaulay or Beaconsfield. He was a poet of some merit, especially in his translations of Schiller; he was a critic and essayist of considerable ability; and he wrote novels of every imaginable kind, some of which are probably immortal. The best known are *Pelham*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, *Ernest Maltravers*, *The Last of the Barons*, *Harold*, and *Rienzi*; two weirdly supernatural ones, *Zanoni* and *A Strange Story*; *The Caxtons*, *My Novel*, *What will he do with it?*; and lastly his wonderful Utopian satire, *The Coming Race*. Very similar in their genesis were the novels of Benjamin Disraeli, EARL OF BEACONSFIELD (1804-1881). Greater than Lord Lytton in politics, he was inferior in literature. He produced no poetry or dramatic work; and his novels, though excessively clever, are thinner in quality, and too often (as *Lothair*) but scarcely disguised sketches of his contemporaries. *Ixion*, comparable with *Vathek* (1787), *The Infernal Marriage*, and *Poapanilla* are purely fanciful and satirical; *Vivian Grey*, *Coningsby*, *Tancred*, and *Sybil* are chiefly political, the last being a study of class-antagonisms—the love of a nobleman for a Chartist's daughter. *Henrietta Temple* is a love-story; *Venetia* deals with the

story of Byron; and his best, *Endymion*, is an autobiographical allegory centred in the fortunes of Napoleon III.

Two other names stand apart. THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK (1785-1866), whose novels, *Headlong Hall*, *Nightmare Abbey*, *Crotchet Castle*, and *Gryll Grange* are sharply satirical, was also a poet, and wrote some admirable songs. GEORGE BORROW (1803-1881), an irregular self-taught philologist, who associated with the gipsies, has told us about them in his half-autobiographical stories, *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye*. He became a colporteur to the Bible Society and wrote his experiences in *The Bible in Spain*, which is as interesting as a novel. To these may be added the unique horror of *Frankenstein* (1818) by Mrs. SHELLEY (1797-1851). The hero of this fantastic romance discovers the secret of life, and creates a monstrous manlike being, who thenceforth is the torment of his creator. This central conception is usually misquoted: Frankenstein is the name of the creator-hero, not of the created monster.

We now come to the predecessors of George Eliot, three sisters brought up by their father, a clergyman, among the solitary moors round Haworth, in Yorkshire: CHARLOTTE BRONTE' (1816-1855), EMILY BRONTE' (1818-1848), and ANNE BRONTE' (1820-1849). The first wrote the most popular and powerful of all their novels, *Jane Eyre*; *Shirley*, a sketch of her sister Emily, and a satire on her father's curates; *Villette*; and *The Professor*, embodying her educational experiences in Brussels. Emily wrote a weird and powerful novel, *Wuthering Heights*; and Anne two inferior ones, *Agnes Grey* and *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall*. All three published poems, of which Emily's have touches of real genius. M. Arnold (*Haworth Churchyard*) characterises her as one whose soul 'knew no fellow for might, Passion, vehemence, grief, Daring, since Byron died.'

Jane Eyre is enthusiastically praised by Swinburne. Its story is as follows. Mr. Rochester, the original type of the 'ugly hero,' so popular in later fiction, is married to a wife who is kept concealed,

being hopelessly insane. As governess to his daughter, he engages Jane Eyre, who falls in love with him, believing him to be a widower; and when the truth at last comes out, the struggle between conscience and passion begins. He supplies the element of sophistry and suggestion of evil; she solves the problem by quitting him abruptly, and, as she believes, for ever. But the novelist's Providence intervenes; the insane wife sets the house on fire; and Rochester in a heroic but vain attempt to save her life, becomes a blinded and solitary widower. Jane Eyre, by a semi-miraculous thought-transference, finds out his situation; bids an abrupt farewell to her host, a clergyman who wishes her to become his wife in order to help him in his religious work; and the widower and his ex-governess are happily married at last.

It has been pointed out that Jane Eyre is the first instance of the 'problem novel', which has tended since to become only too prominent in modern fiction. The 'problem novel' centres its interest in the vivid delineation of some 'hard case', in which the violation of a fundamental moral law is made to appear almost inevitable. But, to do Charlotte Brontë justice, it must be said that the reader is never allowed to be deceived by Rochester's sophistries; Jane Eyre's heart may be wrung, but her conscience is adamant, and the reader's sympathies are always kept on the side of virtue. From an artistic point of view, however, the merely conventional ending of *Jane Eyre* is a distinct weakness. The modern 'problem novel' differs from *Jane Eyre* chiefly in the exaggeration of forbidden passion, and the presentment and prolongation of scenes of acute temptation. It might loosely be described as a revised *Jane Eyre*, so written as to enlist all our sympathies on Rochester's side, and to put the established moral standards of society in an odious light. Every sound thinker must condemn such novels as morally pernicious and as essentially false art.

The 'problem novel' easily develops into the 'novel with a purpose.' This is a novel written to commend or to condemn some special practice or

The 'problem novel.'

The 'novel with a purpose.'

doctrine, whether religious, social, political, or artistic. Of this kind are many of Beaconsfield's novels. To use the novel as an engine for attacking established beliefs or customs in regard to the relations of sex is indefensible; and it is very doubtfully justifiable in regard to religion. Hence Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD'S (b. 1851) great novel, *Robert Elsmere* (1888), is scarcely legitimate, though if she could have contrived to murder her hero's orthodoxy behind the scenes instead of on the stage—if, instead of elaborating the theological argument, she had merely delineated its effects upon Elsmere's thought and action, her book would have been worthy to stand at least beside *Romola*. But in all other cases this use of novel writing is legitimate; though most critics consider the practice to be false, or at any rate inferior art.

We now pass on to five novelists who have a special claim

to be regarded as classics. MRS. ELIZABETH

Mrs. Gaskell;
Trollope; Reade;
Meredith; Hardy.

CLEGHORN GASKELL (1810-1865), author of a *Life of Charlotte Brontë* (1857), wrote many

novels, some of which have been translated into French. Her first, *Mary Barton* (1848), a striking picture of the war of classes in Manchester, was followed by *Ruth, North and South*, and *Sylvia's Lovers*. Her masterpiece is *Cranford*, an exquisitely humorous and sympathetic study of life in a little, old-fashioned country town (Knutsford, in Cheshire). Her admirable *Wives and Daughters* was left almost finished at her death. ANTHONY TROLLOPE (1815-1882) wrote a very large number of novels, dealing with English society. They are spiced with good-natured satire on clerical and other foibles, and exactly adapted to the taste of his age. The best are *The Warden*, *Barchester Towers*, *Doctor Thorne*, *Framley Parsonage*, *The Last Chronicle of Barset*, *The Three Clerks*, *Can You Forgive Her?*, *Phineas Finn*, and *Phineas Redux*, the last two dealing with politics. CHARLES READE (1814-1884), novelist and dramatist (p 78), a somewhat eccentric character but a true genius, wrote *Christie Johnstone* and *Foul Play*. His *It is Never too Late to Mend* is an indictment of our prison system; *Griffith Gaunt* is a study of jealousy. His

masterpiece is *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a mediæval romance, the hero of which is the father of the great scholar ERASMUS. GEORGE MEREDITH (1828-1909), a far greater writer than any of the three preceding, wrote poems of high merit, the charm of which appeals only to cultivated intellects. His chief novels are *Evan Harrington*, *Sandra Belloni*, *Harry Richmond*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *The Tragic Comedians* (historical), *One of our Conquerors*, *Lord Ormont and His Aminta*, *The Amazing Marriage*, and *Rhoda Fleming*, which is the easiest to understand. His best three are *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *The Egoist*, which is the hardest and most subtle, and *Diana of the Crossways*, the most ethically profound. His earliest story was a bizarre but powerful study, in the style of the *Arabian Nights*, entitled *The Shaving of Shagpat*. Meredith's style is 'so packed with concentrated thought' as to be often obscure. His great merit lies in his humour united with deep feeling, and in his delightful faculty of female portraiture. THOMAS HARDY (b. 1840) is also a fine poet as well as novelist, and has written a powerful drama, *The Dynasts*. His principal novels are *Under the Greenwood Tree*, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, *Two on a Tower*, *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *The Woodlanders*, *Tess of the D'Urberville's*, a 'novel with a purpose,' directed against the dual standard of morals for men and women. The other two classic novelists, who are attached to this group, KINGSLEY (1819-1875) and Stevenson (1850-1894), are separately discussed.

To give a complete classification of the vast multitude of modern novels within the limits available is obviously impossible. All that is attempted here is to make a selection of the best writers, and to specify one best-known or most characteristic work of each. In cases where more than one novel is attributed to an author, the appropriate letter showing the class to which it belongs is appended to such addition. Novels may be divided into six classes¹ :—

¹ These classes necessarily overlap one another: thus *The Heart of Midlothian* is both Historic and Domestic. The classification is according to the predominant character of the novel. Novelists previously mentioned are not included here.

- (A) The Domestic or Society novel, dealing with ordinary life ; as those of Jane Austen or Trollope.
- (B) The novel of Adventure : whether (1) possible, as *Robinson Crusoe* ; or (2) merely imaginary, as *Peter Wilkins*.
- (C) The novel with a Purpose (pp. 82-83).
- (D) The Utopian novel ; as Harrington's *Oceana* (p. 87).
- (D) The Satiric novel ; as *Gulliver's Travels* (p. 87).
- (F) The Historic novel ; as most of Scott's (p. 87).

(A) :—*Ten Thousand a Year* (1841), by Samuel Warren ;
 (A) The Domestic novel. *Lost Sir Massingberd* (1864), by James Payn ;
A Daughter of Heth (1871) by William Black ;
The Heir of Redclyffe and *The Prince and the Page* (1884)
 (F), by Charlotte M. Yonge ; *The Woman in White* (1860),
 by William Wilkie Collins ; *Guy Livingstone* (1857), by George
 Alfred Lawrence ; *John Halifax, Gentleman* (1857), by Mrs.
 Craik (Miss D. M. Mulock) ; *Frank Fairleigh* (1850), by
 Francis E. Smedley ; *Tom Brown's School Days* (1856), by
 Thomas Hughes ; *Verdant Green* (1853), by Edward Bradley
 ('Cuthbert Bede') ; *The Golden Butterfly* (1871), by James Rice
 and Sir Walter Besant ; *The Autobiography of Mark Rutherford*
 (1885), by William Hale White ; *Kate Coventry* (1856), by
 G. J. Whyte Melville ; *East Lynne* (1861), by Mrs Henry
 Wood ; *Lady Audley's Secret* (1862), by Mrs Maxwell (Miss
 Braddon) ; *Ask Mamma* (1858), by Robert S. Surtees ; *The
 Lord of the Harvest* (1899), by Miss Betham Edwards ; *A
 Window in Thrums* (1889), by J. M. Barrie ; *The Deemster*
 (1888), by Hall Caine ; *The Simple Adventures of a Mem Sahib*
 (1903), by Mrs Everard Cotes ; *The Choir Invisible* (1897), by
 J. Lane Allen ; *The Secret of Narcisse* (1892), by Edmund
 Gosse ; *The Lilac Sunbonnet* (1894), by Samuel Rutherford
 Crockett ; *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* (1894), by the Rev.
 John Watson ('Ian Maclaren') ; *The Delectable Duchy* (1893)
 and *Dead Man's Rock* (1887) (B1), by A. T. Quiller Couch ;
A Bride from the Bush (1890), by Ernest W. Hornung ; *To
 London Town* (1899), by Arthur Morrison ; *The New Grub*

St. (1891), by George Gissing; *Children of the Ghetto* (1892), by Israel Zangwill; *Little Novels of Italy* (1899) and *Richard Yea and Nay* (1900) (F), by Maurice H. Hewlett; *The Inimitable Mrs. Massingham* (1900), by Herbert E. Compton; *The Wages of Sin* (1891), by Lucas Malet (Miss Harrison, daughter of Charles Kingsley); *Concerning Isabel Carnaby* (1898), by Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler; *Aunt Anne* (1893), by Mrs. W. K. Clifford; *An Open Question* (1898), by *Elizabeth Robins* (Mrs. C. E. Raimond) (Amer.); *Irish Idylls* (1892), by Miss Jane Barlow; *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1886), by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett; *The Cigarette-maker's Romance* (1890), by Marion Crawford (Amer.); *Ships that Pass in the Night* (1893), by Miss Beatrice Harraden; *The Insane Root* (1901), by Mrs. Campbell Praed; *Richard Carvell* (1899), by Winston Churchill (Amer.); *The Silence of Dean Maitland* (1886), by Maxwell Gray (Miss. M. A. Tutiett); *Red Pottage* (1899), by Miss Mary Cholmondley; *Children of the Mist* (1896), by Eden Philpotts; *By Moor and Fell* (1900), by Halliwell Sutcliffe; *The Sowers* (1896), by Henry Seton Merriman (Hugh Stowell Scott); *Mr. Smith* (1845), by Mrs. L. B. Walford.

(B1):—*Lorna Doone* (1869), by Richard D. Blackmore;

(B1) The novel of *The Scalp Hunters* (1851), by Mayne Reid; Adventure (real.) *The Cruise of the Cachalot* (1857), by Frank T. Bullen; *God and the Man* (1881), by Robert Buchanan (also a poet and a dramatist); *Confessions of a Thug* (1839), by Meadows Taylor; *Robbery under Arms* (1888), by Rolf Boldrewood (F. A. Browne) (Australian); *The Prisoner of Zenda* (1894), by Anthony Hope (A. H. Hawkins); *In Royal Purple* (1899), by William Pigott; *Sherlock Holmes* (1892), and *Micah Clarke* (1888) (F), by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; *Siren City* (1899), by Benjamin Swift (Mr. W. R. Paterson); *The Last of the Mohicans* (1826), by James Fenimore Cooper (Amer.); *Paved with Gold* (1858), by Augustus Mayhew; *The Broom-Squire* (1896), by S. Baring-Gould; *The Secret in the Hill* (1903), by Bernard Capes; *Over the Border* (1903), by Robert Barr; *A Welsh Witch* (1901), by Allen Raine (Mrs. Beynon Puddicombe).

(B₂):—*She* (1887), by Henry Rider Haggard; *The War of the Worlds* (1898), by H. G. Wells; *Vice Versa* (1882), by F. Anstey (Thomas Anstey Guthrie); *Alice in Wonderland* (1865), by Lewis Carroll (Charles L. Dodgson); *The Beleaguered City and Chronicles of Carlingsford* (1862-6) (A), by Mrs. Margaret Oliphant; *The Marble Faun* (1860), by Nathaniel Hawthorne (Amer.); *At the Back of the North Wind* (1870), and *Robert Falconer* (1868) (A) by George Macdonald; *Mopsa the Fairy* (1869), by Miss Jean Ingelow (also a poetess of merit).

(C):—*Uncle Tom's Cabin* (1852), by Harriet Beecher Stowe (Amer.); *All Sorts and Conditions of Men* (1882), by Sir Walter Besant; *The True History of Joshua Davidson* (1872), by Mrs. Lynn Linton; *No. 5, John Street* (1899), by Richard Whiteing; *The Heavenly Twins* (1893), by Madame Sarah Grand (Mrs. MacFall); *The Story of an African Farm* (1883), by Olive Schreiner (Mrs. Cronwright Schreiner); *The Mighty Atom* (1896), by Marie Corelli.

(D):—*Erewhon* (= 'Nowhere' transposed), by S. Butler; *News from Nowhere* (1891), by William Morris (1834-1896); *The Crystal Age; Looking Backward* (1888), by Edward Bellamy (Amer.); *A Traveller from Altruria* and *A Foregone Conclusion* (1874) (A), by W. D. Howells (Amer.)

(E):—*Dodo* (1893), by E. F. Benson; *The Green Carnation* (1894), *Flames* (1897) (B₂), and *The Garden of Allah* (1904) (B₁), by Robert Hichens; *The New Republic* (1877), by William H. Mallock; *Uncle Remus* (1880), by Joel Chandler Harris (Amer.).

(F):—*Under the Red Robe* (1894), by Stanley J. Weyman; *A Monk of Fife* (1896), by Andrew Lang (1844); *The Dilemma* (1876), by Sir George Chesney; *Jack Hinton* (1841), by Charles Lever; *On the Face of the Waters* (1896), by Mrs. Flora Annie Steel; *The Forest Lovers* (1898), by Maurice Hewlett; *Forest*

(B₂) The novel of Adventure (imaginary).

(C) The novel with a Purpose.

(D) The Utopian novel.

(E) The Satiric novel.

(F) The Historic novel.

Days (1843), by G. P. R. James; *The Gathering of Brother Hilarius* (1901), by Michael Fairless; *Prince and the Pauper* (1880), by Mark Twain (S. L. Clemens) (Amer.); *The Sents of the Mighty* (1896), by Sir Gilbert Parker; *Clementina* (1901) and *A Romance of Wastdale* (1895) (B1), by A. E. W. Mason; *A Mediæval Garland* (1897), by Madame J. Darmesteter (Mary F. Robinson); *Citoyenne Jacqueline* (1865), by Sarah Tytler.

Fraser's Magazine was started in London, about 1830, chiefly by WILLIAM MAGINN (1793-1842), who gathered round him a brilliant staff, including such eminent writers as Carlyle, Hogg, Coleridge, Thackeray, and Southey. FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONEY (1804-1866) a witty Irishman, educated for the priesthood, which he relinquished for journalism and poetry (his *Bells of Shandon* is a well-known piece), contributed under the pseudonym of 'Father Prout.'

The genesis of the weekly journal in *Household Words* and its successor, *All the Year Round*, by Dickens is described elsewhere (p. 443). By means of these periodicals Dickens trained up a staff of young journalists, who caught something of his style and manner of treatment; chief among them being Wilkie Collins. But *The Saturday Review*, started in 1855, and *The Spectator* in 1828, have become more permanent and influential. The former maintains a reputation for a satirical intolerance of everything shallow or sentimental; its tone is independently Conservative. The latter made a great mark under the editorship of the brilliant essayist, RICHARD HOLT HUTTON (1862-1879), and has always been admired for its thoughtfulness and honesty.

The next step in the popularization of literature was the introduction of cheaper magazines, to do the work of *Blackwood* and *Fraser* for one shilling instead of half-a crown, and, with a less decided political bias, to appeal to a wider class of readers. These were *The Cornhill Magazine* edited by Thackeray (1813-1865 see p. 438) and *Macmillan's Magazine*, commenced about a month before the former. *The Cornhill*, says Morley, began the fashion of introducing

Periodicals 'Fraser's Magazine'.

'The Saturday Review'; 'The Spectator.'

Cheaper magazines.

illustrations, which has since become very popular. The profusely illustrated *Strand Magazine* (1891) for sixpence, with a host of others some at cheaper rates, is the modern outcome of this popularizing process.

The lighter style of these magazines, which excluded weighty articles such as used to appear in the old *Quarterlies*, probably led to the publication of monthly Reviews of a type midway between the two. *The Fortnightly Review* was founded by G. H. Lewes (1817-1878) on the model of the French *Revue des Deux Mondes*; it soon however became monthly, though it retained its old title. *The Contemporary Review* and *The Nineteenth Century* (1877) followed; the latter having now necessarily changed its title to *The Nineteenth Century and After*. All three are sold for half-a-crown. They do not necessarily exclude fiction. *The Westminster Review* is referred to elsewhere (pp. 458-469).

Of non-political weekly periodicals the oldest is *The Athenaeum* (1828). *The Academy* followed in 1869, on more modern lines, especially as regards the signing of review articles. *The Times* newspaper publishes a literary supplement every Thursday; and most of the better class daily papers contain special columns devoted to critical notices of new books. These are often signed, and are usually by writers of established reputation.

One of the most remarkable results of cheap paper and printing has been the creation of the half-penny daily paper. This was started in 1896 by *The Daily Mail*, and several of the other daily papers followed suit. The ultimate effect on literature of this cheap journalism is hard to predict. In order to win popularity, its tendency is to appeal to the passions rather than to the reason of its readers, and it is tempted to sacrifice truth to sensationalism; on the other hand it gives a wide circulation to literature of considerable merit. For these papers often contain signed articles by men of mark in the literary world, descriptions of current events, criticisms of books, or Nature-studies.

One result of this development of periodical literature has been to encourage rising young men of talent to devote themselves to critical and reflective work. They have thus in modified forms carried on the traditions of Addison and Johnson. Among these we may note—**PROSC** **criticism.** **GEORGE BRIMLEY** (1819-1857), Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge, who helped to make Tennyson known to the thoughtful public; **HENRY H. LANCASTER** (1829-1875), an Edinburgh lawyer, who did much the same good office for Thackeray; **WALTER BAGEHOT** (1826-1877), a banker, economist, and general critic; **DR. JOHN BROWN** (1810-1882), an Edinburgh physician, author of *Horæ Subsecivæ*, in which appeared the delightful *Rab and His Friends* (1859), a study of dog life; **SIR ARTHUR HELPS** (pp. 478-483); **MATTHEW ARNOLD** (pp. 478-483). **JOHN RUSKIN** (pp. 474-476); **JOHN RICHARD JEFFERIES** (1848-1887), a Nature-observer of wonderful delicacy, whose best-known books are *The Game Keeper at Home* (1878), and *The Amateur Poacher* (1880). Among later critics may be mentioned **RICHARD GARNETT** (1835-1906), translator, verse-writer, and biographer; **JOHN CHURTON COLLINS** (1848-1908), who wrote *Illustrations of Tennyson* (1891) and *Essays and Studies* (1895); **THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON** (b. 1832), author of *Aylwin* (1898); **HARRY BUXTON FORMAN** (b. 1842), who has edited Shelley's works; **EDWARD DOWDEN** (b. 1843), author of *Shakspeare, his Mind and Art* (1875) and *Studies in Literature* (1878); **ANDREW LANG** (b. 1844), a voluminous writer on historical subjects and a graceful poet.

Under the combined influences of Arnold and Ruskin there arose a new school of criticism, at one literary and æsthetic, of which the two earliest and most influential examples were **WALTER HORATIO PATER** (1839-1894), whose best and most characteristic work is *Marius the Epicurean*; and **JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS** (1840-1893), a profuse writer both of prose and verse. **WILLIAM MINTO** (1846-1893) Professor of Logic and Literature at Aberdeen, less 'æsthetic' in his outlook and less florid in his style, did good critical work as editor of *The Examiner*, and con-

Æsthetic
school of
critics.

tributor to *The Daily News*. This school may be said to have reached its fullest development in OSCAR WILDE (1855-1900).

The revolutionary influence upon our literature of the two great scientific lights, Lyell and Darwin, has been already referred to (p. 71). Some lesser lights, who had however more literary merit, may be briefly adverted to. ROBERT CHAMBERS (1802-1871), the younger of the two celebrated Edinburgh publishers, brought out anonymously *The Vestiges of Creation*, a half-poetical, popular anticipation of the Evolution theory of Darwin. HUGH MILLER (1802-1856), a Cromarty stone-mason and practical geologist, took the field against him as champion of orthodoxy. His *Old Red Sandstone* is his most scientific and interesting work; but his *Testimony of the Rocks* is historically more important, being an exposition of the 'six days' creation of Genesis as six prophetic visions seen by Moses, each corresponding to a separate geologic period of incalculable length; an explanation which was accepted as Biblically sound. Widely different were the two great champions of purely scientific thought, Tyndall and Huxley, who followed, as the last mentioned pair preceded, the rise of Darwinism. JOHN TYNDALL (1820-1893) was a hard-working, scientific discoverer, and a useful lecturer at the Royal Institution. His lectures on *Sound* are a typical example of a vast amount of literary work at once popular and accurately scientific. THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895) was an eminent biologist, a writer of brilliant monographs and essays, and a stalwart defender of the theory of Evolution.

The following are the chief historians of this period.

History. PATRICK FRASER TYLER (1791-1849) wrote a *History of Scotland* which is still authoritative. SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON (1792-1867) composed a diffuse *History of Europe* in ten volumes. HENRY HART MILMAN (1791-1868), Professor of Poetry at Oxford, wrote *The History of Christianity to the Abolition of Paganism*, but his masterpiece is *The History of Latin Christianity*. THOMAS ARNOLD (1795-1842), Headmaster of Rugby, and Regius Professor of

Modern History at Oxford, is author of a scholarly *History of Rome*. HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802-1876) wrote several books of travel and a *History of England during the Thirty Years' Peace, 1816-1846*. CHARLES MERIVALE (1808-1894), a minor poet, ranks high as a historian with his *History of the Romans under the Empire*. ALEXANDER KINGLAKE (1811-1891), author of *Eothen*, a brilliant book of Eastern travel, brought out a lengthy and strongly partizan, but vividly written *History of the Invasion of the Crimea* (1863-1887). JOHN FORSTER (1812-1876) wrote *Lives of Goldsmith, Landor, and Dickens*, and historical studies of the Rebellion; his best being *The Arrest of the Five Members*. HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE (1833-1862) produced two volumes of a projected but incomplete *History of Civilisation in Europe*. Though stimulating and vigorous, it is not of much permanent value. EDWARD AUGUSTUS FREEMAN (1823-1892), Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, devoted himself chiefly to the study of early English history, which bore fruit in *The History of the Norman Conquest*, his most important work. JOHN RICHARD GREEN (1837-1883) was Freeman's best pupil, and like his master wrote frequently for 'The Saturday Review.' His *Short History of the English People* is admirable both for its charm of style, and still more for the stress he lays upon the social and industrial aspects of history. PHILIP HENRY, 5TH EARL STANHOPE (Lord Mahon) (1805-1875) wrote *The War of Succession in Spain* and a still more important *History of Europe from the Peace of Utrecht to the Peace of Versailles*. GOLDWIN SMITH (1823-1910) is the author of *Three English Statesmen* and *Lectures on the Study of History*. JAMES BRYCE (b. 1838) is well-known as a writer for his *Holy Roman Empire*. JUSTIN HUNTLY MACARTHY (b. 1830), an Irish politician, has written a *History of Our Own Times* and a large number of novels. Macaulay (pp. 409-413), Carlyle (405-407) and FROUDE (pp. 461-463) are separately treated.

Of the philosophic writers after Bentham in this century,

Philosophy and
Theology; Mill;
Hamilton.

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873) stands undoubtedly first, for the combination of clear-

ness of statement with exactitude of reasoning. His chief work is a *A System of Logic*, and next to it his *Political Economy*. Lastly, his *Examination of Sir William Hamilton's Philosophy* completes the cycle of his philosophical teaching. But his shorter essays on *Liberty* and on *Representative Government* are of more popular value, and his *Subjection of Women* is a landmark in the history of a subject of great and growing importance. His *Autobiography* is an interesting revelation of the struggles of a really poetic and religious soul with the hampering environment of an education that deliberately excluded everything but the merely intellectual and materialistic. SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON (1788-1856), was Professor of Logic and Metaphysics at Edinburgh. He has a great reputation as advocate of the 'Philosophy of the Conditioned,' a development of the 'Scotch philosophy' of Reid, to some extent on the lines of Kant, the great German philosopher, author of the *Critique of the Pure Reason*. Hamilton carried on systematically the work, begun by Coleridge and De Quincey, of familiarizing English thinkers with German metaphysics. But unfortunately his style is against him. He must not be confounded with Sir William Rowan Hamilton, astronomer and mathematician, who invented Quaternions.

Professor THOMAS SPENCER BAYNES (1823-1887), a journalist, a Shakespearean scholar, and editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; and JAMES FREDERICK FERRIER (1808-1864) who wrote the *Institutes of Metaphysics*, were both disciples of Hamilton. But his most distinguished follower was HENRY LONGUEVILLE MANSEL (1820-1871), Dean of St Paul's, who wrote some important metaphysical works, but made his mark chiefly by his Bampton Lectures on *The Limitations of Religious Thought*, which were regarded as the profoundest defence of orthodoxy since the publication of Butler's *Analogy* (1736). The most noteworthy attempt to produce a system of philosophy which should harmonise with the entire range of the doctrine of Evolution is to be found in the life work of HERBERT SPENCER (1820-1903). His chief productions are *First Principles*, *Principles*

Baynes ; Ferrier ;
Mansel ; Spencer.

of *Biology*, of *Sociology* and of *Ethics*. His books on *Education* and *The Study of Sociology* are interesting studies.

WILLIAM ARCHER BUTLER (1814-1848), with his scholarly

Minor writers. *History of Ancient Philosophy*, and GEORGE

HENRY LEWES (1817-1878) with his more popular *Biographical History of Philosophy*, did good work on the literature of this subject. RICHARD WHATELY (1787-1863), Archbishop of Dublin, best known by his *Logic* and *Rhetoric*, was strongly Liberal in religion as in politics. But he was fundamentally orthodox, and his *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* cleverly caricatured Rationalistic assaults on the authenticity of Biblical records. He was succeeded in the archbishopric by RICHARD CHEVENIX TRENCH (1807-1886), a minor poet and theologian, author of thoughtful and well-written treatises on the *Miracles* and the *Parables* of the Gospels, as well as a suggestive book, *The Study of Words*. WILLIAM WHEWELL (1794-1866), Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, wrote the *History of the Inductive Sciences*, and afterwards their *Philosophy*; a Bridgewater treatise on *Astronomy and Physics in Reference to Natural Philosophy*; and, what is most important in its bearings on theology, *Plurality of Worlds*, in which, in opposition to the then popular theory of 'myriads of adoring inhabitants in every planet and round every star', he showed that all accurate scientific analogies are against that belief. This special study has been carried on in accordance with the most advanced astronomical knowledge, but from a non-religious standpoint, by ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE (b. 1822) in *Man's Place in the Universe* (1903) and *Is Mars Habitable?* (1907). Wallace independently discovered the epoch-making theory of Natural Selection along with Darwin. We close the list with JAMES HINTON (1822-1875), chief aural surgeon at Guy's Hospital, London, who gave up a lucrative practice to devote himself to philosophic thought. His fundamental work is *Man and his Dwelling-place*, in which he maintains that, contrary to our sense-impressions, the material universe is really spiritual, its assumed deadness being merely the projection outwards of our own spiritual death.

Wordsworth anticipated Hinton without knowing it, and Tennyson has concisely summed up this doctrine in *The Higher Pantheism* (1869). Another smaller book of Hinton's, *The Mystery of Pain*, is valuable and suggestive.

The great theological movement of this century is sometimes called the 'Oxford movement' from its place of origin; sometimes the 'Tractarian movement' from the machinery for its propaganda, *Tracts for the Times*; and sometimes the Catholic revival from its Catholic tendencies. Its great leader was EDWARD BOUVERIE PUSEY (1800-1882) Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford, who published *Sermons*, and an *Eirenicon* in support of the union of England with Rome on a non-papal basis. The poet-laureate of the movement was JOHN KEBBLE (1792-1866), an earnest country clergyman whose famous *Christian Year* (1827) led to his appointment as Professor of Poetry at Oxford. In 1846 he brought out another book of poems, *Lyra Innocentium*. As a writer of sacred verse he ranks with George Herbert and Christina Rossetti. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801-1890), poet and theologian, was the boldest of the Tractarians; but in 1845 he entered the Church of Rome and in 1879 was made a Cardinal. His finest poem is *The Dream of Gerontius*. His best-known prose work is his remarkable *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, which was the outcome of his controversy with C. Kingsley (pp. 464-466). Newman is one of the great masters of style. Those who wish to appraise the real worth of his subtle dialectics should study *Philomythus* by EDWIN A. ABBOTT (b 1838). The history of the Oxford movement has been sympathetically written by DEAN CHURCH (1815-1890).

The opponents of the movement in Oxford itself were the following. ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (1815-1881), Dean of Westminster, a pupil of Arnold and like him latitudinarian, is author among many other works of *Sinai and Palestine*, and of *The Life of Dr. Arnold*, one of the great biographies of the language. MARK PATTISON (1813-1884), Rector of Lincoln College, at first belonged to, but

afterwards deserted, the movement. He contributed to the famous *Essays and Reviews* (an important volume of theological contributions by different thinkers, publ. 1860), and wrote the *Milton* volume in the 'English Men of Letters' series. BENJAMIN JOWETT (1817-1893), Master of Balliol College, Oxford, and Regius Professor of Greek, also contributed to *Essays and Reviews*, but did better work by his scholarly translations of Plato, Thucydides, and Aristotle.

A later renaissance of the 'Catholic Revival' with strong views on the need of social reform began with
 Modern theologians : Maurice ;
 Gore ; Adderley ;
 Seeley ; Drummond.
 FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE (1805-1872), one of Coleridge's disciples, and an intimate friend of both Kingsley and Tennyson.

CHARLES GORE (b. 1835), Bishop of Birmingham, who edited and contributed to *Lux Mundi*, a collection of essays setting forth the doctrines of this school, is its most representative leader. JAMES ADDERLEY (b. 1861) has published *Catholicism of the Church of England*, and several 'novels with a purpose' (pp. 82-83), as *Stephen Remarx*, *Behold the Days Come*, in which his views are made very readable. SIR JOHN ROBERT SEELEY (1834-1895) brought out anonymously in 1866 his *Ecce Homo*, which made a great sensation in the religious world, and, in 1882, *Natural Religion*, an attempt to make Christianity independent of miracles. HENRY DRUMMOND (1851-1897) created a somewhat similar sensation by his *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* (1883), a book in which he presupposes an absolute break of continuity between the organic and the inorganic world—a presumption which no real Evolutionist would admit. His later work, *The Ascent of Man*, forms an admirable complement to Darwin's half-truth, *The Descent of Man*.

Other theological writers.
 HENRY PARRY LIDDON (1829-1890), Canon of St. Paul's, was an able and eloquent preacher, who unsparingly denounced *Lux Mundi*. His chief work is the Bampton Lectures on *The Divinity of Our Lord*. HENRY ALFORD (1810-1871) Dean of Canterbury, poet and editor of *The Contemporary Review*, produced an excellent

annotated edition of the Greek Testament. BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT (1825—1901), Bishop of Durham, in his *Gospel of the Resurrection*, and DR. WILLIAM SANDAY (b. 1843) in *The Fourth Gospel* and *The Oracles of God*, have ably defended the claims of supernatural Christianity. Among Free Churchmen two names may be mentioned, each typical of a special stream of tendency. CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON (1834—1892), a Baptist minister, and the greatest preacher of modern times, wrote *The Treasury of David*, *John Ploughman's Pictures*, and his *Plain Talk*. His *Sermons* were published weekly, and are still read all over the world. He was a strenuous opponent of Modernism in theology. ROBERT WILLIAM DALE (1829—1895), Congregational minister, is author of a valuable work on *The Atonement*, and of perhaps the most convincing book ever written on Christian evidences, *The Living Christ and the Four Gospels*.

SPENSER (1552—1599).

EDMUND SPENSER, the first great English poet after Chaucer, was born in London about 1552. His father, who was a poor man, apparently a clothmaker, was a distant relation of the Spencers of Althorp, a noble family, to one of whom both Milton and Spenser dedicated important poems.* Spenser's branch of this family came from Burnley in Lancashire, and there are traces in his poems of familiarity with a Northern dialect. He was a 'poor scholar,' partly dependent on the Founder's charity at the Merchant Taylors' School, and he went in 1569 as a Sizar to Pembroke Hall (as it was then called), Cambridge, a college which was closely connected with that school. He did not distinguish himself at the University, but made a good acquaintance with Greek and Latin literature, and took his M. A. degree in 1576. One important result of his Cambridge life was his friendship with Gabriel Harvey, one of the Fellows of the College, an eccentric and arrogant man, best known as the butt of the dramatist Nash's satire. Harvey for a time infected Spenser with his own mania for writing English verses in the classical metres, a difficult and useless feat.

After leaving Cambridge he appears to have stayed with his relations at Burnley, where he fell in love with the lady who figures as the heroine Rosalind of one part of his *Shepherd's Calendar*. In 1578 he went to London, and was introduced by Harvey to Sidney and Leicester; and in 1579 this poem was published anonymously, but dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, and copiously annotated by 'E. K.' (Edward Kirke). It at once gained him

*Lady Strange, daughter of Sir John Spencer of Althorpe, afterwards Lady Egerton; to her Spenser dedicated his *Tears of the Muses*, and Milton his *Arcades*.

widespread fame, for it was undoubtedly the best work that had appeared since Chaucer's day. In it Spenser set his face against the fashionable affectations and diction introduced from Italy, and boldly avowed Chaucer as his model. Still more bold was he in his denunciation of the luxury and pride of the clergy; for under a transparent pseudonym ('Algrind' for 'Grindal') he praises the Apostolic simplicity and truth of the Puritan archbishop whom Elizabeth had disgraced and silenced, while he unsparingly denounces (under the pseudonym 'Morrell' = 'Ellmor' = 'Elmer' = 'Aylmer') the Bishop of London, to whom the Queen had transferred much of the archbishop's authority. Yet for all this, Spenser was, and to the last remained, her devoted worshipper: and she no doubt had wit enough to appreciate the poet and the courtier, however much she may have disliked the Puritan. She never gave him what he desired, a place in her court at home; but allowed him to go to Ireland (1580) as private secretary to Lord Grey, who had just been sent there as the Queen's Lord Deputy.

Here he lived an exile. He detested the country and the people, and they returned his hatred with interest. Spenser went to Dublin with his chief; received a succession of political employments; and finally settled at Kilcolman Castle, in Country Cork, on an estate which was part of the forfeited lands of the Irish rebel, the Earl of Desmond (1588 or 1589). There is evidence to show that he was somewhat high-handed in his dealings with his Irish neighbours; and we know from his posthumous prose work, *A View of the Present State of Ireland*, that he upheld the policy of stern repression.

Spenser had begun the great work of his life-time before he left England; for we know that Harvey found 'Faery Queen.' serious fault both with the style and the treatment of so much of the poem as Spenser had submitted to his friendly criticism. In 1586 he explained to some of his friends in Ireland the kind of poem he was engaged upon, and that he had 'already well entered into it.' The first three books were finished when Sir Walter Raleigh came to visit him at

Kilcolman. Sir Walter was delighted with them; took him to London and again presented him to Queen Elizabeth, who conferred upon him a pension of £50. This opening part was published in 1590, and at once secured the highest reputation for its author.

The success of *The Faery Queen* led to the publication of other poems of his, some recently written, 'Complaints.' others of earlier date. The volume thus formed was published in 1591, under the title of *Complaints*. It included among other poems *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, a story in Chaucer's style of a fox and an ape who went through the world to make their fortunes—a covert satire upon the Army, the Church, and the Court; *Virgil's Gnat*; *Muiopotmos, or the Tale of the Butterfly*, an original allegory; the *Ruins of Time*; and *Tears of the Muses* (see foot-note, p 98). In most of these poems, there is a vein of melancholy happily combined with a delight in emblematic allegory. But *Mother Hubbard's Tale* proves that its author could, had he not been better employed upon the *Faery Queen*, have easily out-distanced even Dryden as a satirist.

Spenser in his *Shepherd's Calendar* had taken from Skelton's poem the name of 'Colin Clout' as typical of an honest Englishman zealous for reform in Church and State. This name he afterwards used as a poetical pseudonym for himself. On his return to Kilcolman he dedicated to Raleigh a poem called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* (1595). It is an account of his visit to London, and of what he saw in the metropolis and in the Court of Elizabeth. Among other incidental references to great politicians or poets, he gives high praise to Shakespeare, under the name of 'Action,'—the 'Eagle' of song,

'Whose Muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
Doth like himself heroically sound,'

the last line being a play on the name 'Shake-spear.'

After his return to Ireland he married (1594) a lady named Elizabeth, supposed to be Elizabeth Boyle, a relative of the Earl of Cork. It was a genuine love match, which inspired him to write a series of love-sonnets, *Amoretti*, published in 1595, of which she is the heroine, and also to give to the world his *Ephithalamion* or 'Nuptial Song,' which is universally allowed to be the most beautiful poem of that time that has ever been written. So deep an impression was made upon him by the happiness of married life that he even introduces his wife as a fourth Grace, and rapturously describes her excellencies, in the tenth canto of the sixth book of *The Faery Queen*. In 1596, when he had finished the second part of his great poem (Books IV, V, and VI), Spenser came to England and stayed with the Earl of Essex for a time, during which he composed what is probably his last poem, a *Prothalamion* or 'Spousal Verse,' in honour of the marriage of two daughters of the Earl of Worcester. He also published two *Hymns of Heavenly love and Heavenly Beauty*, which he added to his earlier *Hymns of Love and Beauty*.

Some lines in the *Prothalamion*, bemoaning his 'friendless case', and his 'fruitless stay in Prince's Court,' show that he had hoped, but hoped in vain, to obtain preferment in England. Disappointed in this, he returned to Kilcolman in 1597. In the following year a fresh insurrection broke out in Ireland. Spenser was a marked man; and one of the first acts of the insurgents was to set fire to his castle. He and his family (except it is said, one child, an infant) only escaped with their lives—a disaster which forms the subject of *Essex and Spencer*, one of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations.' He returned to England, and took a lodging in a tavern near Westminster, hoping no doubt to obtain at Court some compensation for his losses. But in vain; he died on January the 13th, 1599, in great distress, if not actually, as Ben Jonson affirms, 'for lack of bread.' He was buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of Chaucer, whom he had always revered as his master in song.

Marriage;
'Ephithalamion';
'Prothalamion.'

Flight from
Ireland; death.

Of Spenser's character we know almost less than we do of Shakespeare's. From his poems we learn that he was of a deeply religious temperament ; his religion moreover being one of a lofty and spiritual nature. He had more than Milton's richness of imagination, and was quite as fearless in his devotion to the simplicity of the primitive Christian faith. Indeed there is a close parallelism between the 'Algrind' eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* and the 'Pilot of the Galilean lake' episode in *Lycidas*. It is clear that Spenser's admiration for Queen Elizabeth was based on genuine loyalty ; to him she was the incarnation of Protestant truth triumphing over the corruptions of the Papal Antichrist. No doubt but for his fearless and outspoken Puritanism he might easily have lived at ease at home, a well-placed Court favourite. But he never paltered with his conscience, and like his model, Archbishop Grindal, he 'chose rather to offend the Queen's earthly majesty than to offend the heavenly majesty of God.' We know too that Spenser both held and practised the highest ideal of married love ; his *Amoretti* might in this respect almost be compared with Mrs. Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*. In sweetness of disposition he seems to have resembled Shakespeare ; he evidently possessed a personal charm, for he won the cordial friendship of one so highly gifted and chivalrous as Sir Philip Sidney. He had the melancholy but none of the proverbial irritability of the poetic race ; witness his good-natured patience with Gabriel Harvey's silly criticisms on the opening stanzas of *The Faery Queen*. He was indeed harsh and unsympathetic towards the Irish ; but that was the fault of the age and of the political situation.

Spenser's position in literature is perhaps best summed up in the phrase 'the poets' poet'. He is one of the great poets himself, and he was the teacher and inspirer of song to Shakespeare, Milton, and more or less to every one whose name is in the roll of poetic fame. No poet ever had a more exquisite sense of the beautiful : 'He excels', writes Hallam, 'Ariosto in originality

His character :
1) as a man.

(2) As a poet

of invention, in force, and variety of character, in depth of reflection, and, above all in that poetical cast of feeling which discerns in everything what common minds do not perceive.' Drayton considers him in his special province the greatest of poets since Homer; and Pope delighted in him. Spenser's great merit lies in his luxuriant spontaneity of imagination, emotion, and musical rhythm; his very faults, it has been said, 'came from the wanton redundance of power, rather than from the constraint of insufficient or inflexible diction.' Campbell, using a metaphor from the painter's art, has not inaptly called him 'the Rubens of English poetry.'

Spenser's great work, *The Faery Queen*, sums up all his distinctive excellencies. If Milton's lesser poems were destroyed, he would lose a great part of his title to fame; but were Spenser's shorter poems lost, he would lose only in quantity, not in quality. *The Faery Queen* is a religious and moral allegory. An allegory is an expanded metaphor, just as a parable is an expanded simile. It is the veiled presentment of moral or spiritual truth through some imaginary story. Real persons, as well as abstract ideas may be allegorically represented, though in its stricter form, the latter alone should be personified. It is obviously difficult, if not impossible, to keep up a consistent allegory to any great length; as a rule, therefore, the shorter an allegory is the better. This is the great defect in *The Faery Queen*: its great length and the want of central unity. From the earliest times allegory has been a favourite vehicle for conveying instruction. Thus in the Bible the eightieth Psalm compares Israel to a vine, and under that semblance shadows forth her spiritual destiny. Plato in his *Phædrus* has written an allegorical description of the human soul as a charioteer drawn by two horses, one white and one black, representing the good and the bad inclinations. The classical story of the Belly and the members (*Livy*, II, 32) reproduced by Shakespeare in his *Coriolanus* is a humble and familiar type of allegory. Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, Addison's *Vision of Mirza* (see p. 261) in the *Spectator*, and

'The Faery Queen':
its allegory.

Thomson's *Castle of Indolence* are well-known modern allegories. Perhaps the best of all, in point of artistic construction, is Milton's allegory of Sin and Death in Book II of *Paradise Lost*. But on the whole the most perfect allegory in the language as regards form and unity of design is Bunyan's *Holy War*; for his *Pilgrim's Progress* is only half allegorical. Indeed it is almost inevitable that the more strictly allegorical an allegory is, the duller must it be. Perhaps the highest praise of an allegory is when it is so written that we can forget, as we read, that it is intended to be one. That highest praise belongs alike to *The Pilgrim's Progress* and to *The Faery Queen*.

The complete idea of Spenser's allegory is as follows.

its scheme.

From the court of Gloriana, Queen of Faeryland, twelve knights are sent forth on perilous adventures. The six books extant give the adventures of the six knights representing Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy. One of the unwritten books on Constancy is represented only by fragmentary Cantos on Mutability. In addition to the twelve books actually planned, Spenser intended to write twelve more books on the 'political virtues,' to supplement the first twelve 'private moral virtues.' King Arthur, he takes as the personification or embodiment of all the virtues. He has explained his whole plan in a prefatory letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, in which he says that he considered it inartistic to commence with a description of the Court of Gloriana, reserving this for the twelfth book. He accordingly begins with the adventures of the Red Cross Knight of Holiness, the champion of the Virgin Una with her milkwhite lamb. In the second book he similarly describes the conflicts of the Knight of Temperance with violence, with anger, and with the temptations of riches and sensuality. In the following books the story becomes less and less distinct, and loses itself in a tangle of subsidiary adventures, suggested by historical or personal allusions. King Arthur, inspired by his passion for the Faery Queen, comes to the help of the other knights as a symbolic representation of Divine Grace.

In the twelfth book, which would have explained and harmonised the teaching of the whole allegory, Spenser had intended to bring all his twelve knights with their mystic King back to the Court of Gloriana after the completion of their adventures. As it is, the allegory was left unfinished, and the elucidation must be looked for, not in the poem itself, but in the poet's prefatory letter.

The Faery Queen is more intensely Puritan and anti-Romanist than *Paradise Lost*, and contains its political bearings. far closer reference to the political events of the time. For Spenser, during the whole time that he was writing, was associated with the men who made English history; Milton, when he wrote *Paradise Lost*, was merely a survivor of a lost cause. In the three later books of *The Faery Queen* the doings of Lord Grey of Leicester, and of Raleigh are more or less clearly described under allegorical veils; while in the same allegorical vein, only much more unmistakably, in the ninth and tenth cantos of Book V he argues out the whole case for the prosecution, and justifies the execution, of Mary Queen of Scots. Thus we continually find a double allegorizing: Duessa is Roman Catholicism in the abstract, and Mary Queen of Scots in the concrete; King Arthur is sometimes the ideal Christian Faith, and sometimes the Earl of Leicester; while Queen Elizabeth herself is glorified under three types—as the Faery Queen Gloriana, as Britomart, representing Chastity, and as the fair huntress, Belphœbe, representing her womanly attributes.

Spenser has borrowed largely from Chaucer; and the old romances, such as the *Morte d' Arthur* and *Sir Bevis of Hampton*, supply much of the machinery of his poem. Many of his creations, as Archimago and Duessa, are taken from the Italian of Ariosto and Tasso, to both of whom he is much indebted, especially the former poet. 'He may sometimes,' says G. W. Kitchin, 'take a scene from the classical poets, as, for example, the bleeding trees; and he may draw upon the classical mythologies for his furniture of illustration; but he treats these subjects in an

independent and romantic, rather than in a classical manner.'

Spenser's diction may be said to be one of his own invention, and one that on the whole accords well with his subject matter. As Johnson said, he 'affected the ancients,' and is fond of borrowing words from earlier authors—words which he often uses incorrectly; and in some instances he goes so far as to coin old-fashioned words of his own. The fact is, as Saintsbury says, there was no 'Queen's English' in Spenser's day. 'Every writer more or less endowed with originality was engaged in beating out for himself, from popular talk and from classical or foreign analogy, an instrument of speech.' And with all his learning, his archaisms, his classicisms, and his Platonisms, 'hardly any poet smells of the lamp less disagreeably than Spenser.'

It is unnecessary to attribute to the *ottava rima* of Ariosto the origin of the Spenserian stanza. By a happy stroke of metrical genius Spenser created it by adding an Alexandrine to the stanza of Chaucer's *Monk's Tale*. And it is one great merit of Spenser that he not only invented a new metrical form, but made that form as flexible, as varied, and as perfectly adapted to every variety of mood and expression as Milton's own blank verse. Indeed it has been maintained, and it is probably true, that the Spenserian stanza is the true analogue of the Homeric hexameter. Worsley's scholarly translation of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* has been written as a practical exemplification of this belief.

QUOTATIONS.

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field:
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdainng to the curb to yield;
 Full jolly knight he seemed and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

Faery Queen, I. i.

A bold bad man. *Ib.* I. i, 37.

Her angel's face
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.

Ib. I. iii. 4.

And is there care in Heaven? And is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?
There is: else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts.

Ib. II. viii. 1.

Dan Chaucer, well of English undefiled,
On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed.

Ib. IV. ii. 32.

Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

Ib. VI. i. 42.

What more felicity can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
To reign in the air from earth to highest sky,
To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature.

The Fate of the Butterfly, 209—13.

A sweet attractive kind of grace,
A full assurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of gospel-books.

Astrophill (doubtful).

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide:
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy princess' grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

Mother Hubbard's Tale, 895—906.

SHAKESPEARE (1564—1616).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon
Birth. April 22nd or 23rd, 1564. In his birth he

was richly dowered as regards—(a) parentage,
(b) place, and (c) time.

From his father, John Shakespeare, a self-made man, he
(a) Parentage. inherited the sturdy enterprise of the Saxon
yeoman, and the perfervid imagination of the
Celt. His mother, Mary Arden, gave him the proud patriot-
ism, the honourable traditions of an ancient Saxon lineage,
with the refinement and the courtesy of Norman blood. His
father, dissatisfied with the dull routine of a village farm, came
to push his fortunes as a tradesman in Stratford, dealing in
all kinds of farming gear. Energetic, venturesome, and
public-spirited, he worked his way upwards till he became a
gentleman of fortune, and when his son was four years old,
was chosen Mayor of Stratford.

His birth-place was in the heart of the Midlands—‘with
(b) Place. shadowy forests and with champains riched,
with plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads’;¹
amid fruitful farmlands, historic castles, and all that serene
beauty of deer-haunted forest glades which he has idealised in
As You Like It. The destined author of dramas which hold up
so perfect a mirror to universal humanity was born, not like
Wordsworth amid bare mountains and wild glens, but where
Nature is fairest and most perfectly at one with man. As
a boy he seems to have been more active than imaginative;
but there would be times when, flinging himself down ‘under an
oak whose antique root peeps out Upon the brook that brawls
along this wood,’² he would give himself up to happy
dreamings that grew into a part of his own being. It was

¹ *Lear*, i, 1. 65-6.

² *As You Like It*, ii. 1. 31-2.

probably not till his father's business failures in 1579 that the moods of tragedy began to overshadow the songs and sunshine of his youth, and he first learned the truth about the world.

“ Ah,” quoth Jaques,
 “ Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens ;
 'Tis just the fashion : wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there” ? ¹

Like Sir Walter Scott, Shakespeare passionately loved the haunts of his boyhood, and even in his busiest days as dramatist and actor-manager, he seems never to have missed his annual visit home. All through his hard-working career his one central thought was how he might amass a fortune so secure that he, and his heirs for ever might realise the perfect life that combines woodland reverie and healthy field-sports, with the joys of home and the honourable activities of influential citizenship.

Shakespeare was equally fortunate in the date of his birth.

(c) Time. The regular sequence of his historical plays

(a priceless boon to Englishmen) exhibits to

us, as Gairdner tells us, ‘not only the general character of each successive reign, but nearly the whole chain of leading events from the days of Richard II to the death of Richard III at Bosworth. Following the guidance of such a master mind, we realise for ourselves the men and actions of the period in a way we cannot do in any other epoch.... During the Wars of the Roses we have very few contemporary narratives of what took place ; and anything like a general history of the time was not written till a much later date. But the doings of that stormy age—the sad calamities endured by kings—the sudden changes of fortune in great men—the glitter of chivalry and the horrors of civil war—all left a deep impression upon the mind of the nation, which was kept alive by vivid traditions of the past at the time that our great dramatist wrote.’ Shakespeare's boyhood was thus alive with the stately pageantry of the past ; a past distant enough to

¹ *Ibid.* 54-7.

gain the glory of imaginative colouring and poetic haze, and yet not so distant that the boy poet may not have chatted in the inglenook with some village patriarch whose father had fought at Bosworth, or have handled the very bow with which that patriarch's great-great-grandsire had helped to rout the French cavalry at Crecy. Had Shakespeare been born fifty years earlier, his career would have been impossible. Surrey and Marlowe had to go before to prepare the mould of blank verse in which the molten gold of his dramatic imagination could alone find its true form; and but for James Burbage, who built the first theatre in 1576, Shakespeare's genius would have pined, a houseless wanderer. Had he been born fifty years later his 'native wood-notes wild' could have found no place amid the stern clash of civil war, and the fierce bigotries of prelatist and Covenanter.

Shakespeare seems to have inherited from his mother that fine balance of faculty, that steadfast moral purpose, without which his genius would have made the same inglorious shipwreck as did that of his predecessors, Marlowe and Greene. As a lad he had the run of many rural farmsteads—his grandfather's, his uncle Henry's, the cottage of the Hathaways, and the substantial dwellinghouse with its gardens and orchard of the Asbies at Wilmcote, of which, through his mother, he was the prospective heir. Thus Shakespeare grew up in year-long familiarity with the varying interests of rural life and village festivities. The education of one all-important experience he gained through his father's high municipal position. He appears to have been the first Mayor that ever invited a company of players to Stratford; and following the usual custom, he paid the expenses of their opening (free) performance in the Guild-hall. His son was then seven years old. From two years after that date until Shakespeare left Stratford for London, a succession of the best theatrical companies in the kingdom constantly visited his native town. He must also have occasionally gone to see the 'mysteries' or 'miracle plays,' for which Coventry had so high a reputation. Herod and Pilate, Cain and Judas, Termagaunt

with his turbaned Turks, the nimble Vice with his dagger of lath, and the ramping, roaring Devil,¹ all these were doubtless familiar to him. It appears probable that his father took him, when eleven years old, to witness the splendid pageantry with which the Earl of Leicester entertained Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth Castle. In this pageant there was a Triton in the likeness of a mermaid, and Proteus sitting on a dolphin's back. Within the body of this sham dolphin was hidden a band of musicians; and, as usual, fireworks and rockets closed the entertainment. Of this boyish memory there is probably a glorified reminiscence in the well-known lines where Oberon describes how—

‘Once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.’²

Shakespeare was educated at the ‘King's New School’ at Stratford, and attended it apparently for six years. No doubt he had ‘a good sprag memory’,³ but it is very unlikely that a boy so fond of field sports⁴ was a bookworm. Rather we may believe that he described himself, and indirectly testifies, like Cowper,⁵ to his mother's fond and scrupulous care, in the lines—

‘And then the whining schoolboy, with his satchel,
And *shining morning face*, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.’⁶

He has given us an interesting description of his lower-form lessons, and a pretty clear hint that he too shared the discipline so familiar to budding dukes and earls at Eton—‘If

¹ *Hen. V.* iv. 4. 75-7; *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 15-16.

² *Mids. N. Dr.* II. i. 149-154, 158, 163-4.

³ *M. Wives of W.* iv. 1. 84 (and whole scene).

⁴ *Merchant of V.* i. 1. 140-4.

⁵ *Receipt of My Mother's Picture*, 62-3.

⁶ *As You Like It*, iv. 7. 145-7.

you forget your *quies* and your *quaes* and your *quods*, you must be preeches' (*i. e.*, *breeches*; short for 'deprived of that garment while being birched'). In this way Shakespeare acquired what the learned Ben Jonson described as 'small Latin and less Greek'. It was not till he was taken in hand by the stern tutors, Poverty and Necessity, that he became a real student.

Shakespeare appears to have left school somewhat prematurely owing to his father's money difficulties.

His father's
bankruptcy.

Probably he was thus 'kept rustically at home,'¹ to make himself useful in his father's

business. John Shakespeare was a careless, unmethodical man, fond of display and lavish hospitality; and after being made Mayor, he applied (though vainly) to the Herald's College for a grant of arms. And now, but for his son's filial devotion, John Shakespeare, who had moral strength to bear up under misfortune, would have sunk into hopeless bankruptcy, and become a despairing misanthrope. Long years afterwards the world's great dramatist idealized on a heroic scale and with a less happy ending his father's life story in the terrible tragedy of *Timon of Athens*.

During this waiting time at Stratford Shakespeare is said to

Legal knowledge.

have been for a time a schoolmaster. It has also been inferred that he worked in a lawyer's

office, chiefly from the exactitude of the legal references found in his dramas. But all external evidence is against this latter supposition; and it might as well be argued that he had been a gardener, a sailor, or a physician. Shakespeare was an observant man, with a keen eye for details; and the real sources of his legal knowledge lay, first in his father's unfortunate familiarity with debts and mortgages, and later in his dinners at cheap London taverns, which Dekker tells us were much frequented by thrifty attorneys, who monopolized the conversation with legal matters. But during this time at Stratford two important events happened which together led to the great step that gave Shakespeare his opportunity to the world incalculable gain.

¹ *As You Like It*, i. 1. 1-22; see also 62-3.

The first was his marriage in December 1582 with Anne Hathaway, daughter of a neighbouring farmer recently deceased, who appears to have been formerly on specially friendly terms with John Shakespeare. William Shakespeare was eighteen years old, and Anne was twenty-six. The ceremony was performed without the regular publication of the banns; and the sole document extant implies that Shakespeare's parents were not consulted about the marriage. A daughter, Susanna, was born towards the end of May, 1583. There is good reason to think that the marriage was unhappy as well as imprudent.¹ Before Shakespeare left Stratford two other children, the twins Hamnet and Judith, were born (1585). There were no more children of the marriage; and apparently he had no communication with his family for eleven years.

The other event was Shakespeare's 'deer-stealing' escapade. In a humorous reminiscence of this in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (i. 1.) Sir Thomas Lucy is good-naturedly satirised in the character of Justice Shallow. There are two traditions about this incident. The older represents Sir Thomas's own park of Charlecote as the scene of the adventure, and thus makes Shakespeare both a poacher and a deer-stealer. The later places the scene in the adjoining Fulbrooke Park, at that time escheated to the Crown and left to run waste. This makes Shakespeare 'a village Hampden,' asserting the rights of the people of Stratford against the encroachments of a high-handed game-preserve. He is also said to have ridiculed Sir Thomas in a stinging lampoon² affixed to his own park-gates. Sir Thomas was a fanatical Puritan; some of Shakespeare's mother's relatives had been arrested, and one had been hanged for complicity in the Popish plots against Queen Elizabeth Shakespeare's

¹ *Twelfth N.*, ii. 4. 29-32; *Temp.* iv. 1. 15-22; *All's Well*, ii. 3. *Meas. for Meas.*, i. 2. 149-60.

² Shakespeare's lampoon is lost. The one attributed to him, with the refrain, 'If Lucy is lousy as some folk miscall it, then sing lousy Lucy whatever befall it,' is certainly a forgery.

family was thus doubly odious to Sir Thomas both as undoubted patrons of the stage, and as possibly Jesuitical recusants; and Sir Thomas appears about this time to have begun to exercise a paramount influence over the Stratford town-councillors. Anyhow Shakespeare deemed it expedient to leave Stratford and to keep aloof from it for a time. He quitted the familiar fields with a dumb rage in his heart, which afterwards became articulate :—

‘ You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate
As reek o’ the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you !

... ..

There is a world elsewhere.¹

Another reminiscence of the bitter experiences of these closing years at Stratford is doubtless to be found in the lines—

‘ For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes ?²

Between 1585 and 1587 Shakespeare went to London and joined the Earl of Leicester’s company of actors. They played principally at The Theatre, Shoreditch (the first built), or at The Curtain Treatre, Moorfields, the only two theatres in existence at that date. Richard Burbage, the foremost actor of the time, who afterwards popularized all Shakespeare’s great characters, was in this company, as were also Heming and Condell, who after his death brought out the first edition of his plays. All three became his life-long friends. Shakespeare, having thus definitely chosen his profession, set to work to make himself perfect in

Goes on the stage.

¹ *Coriol.* iii. 3. 120-135.

² *Hamlet*, iii. 1. 70-74.

every detail. Apparently he began as a 'call-boy,' whose duty it is to see that each actor is ready to step on the stage the moment his part begins. Another tradition, probably founded on fact, relates that Shakespeare first gained his London livelihood by taking care of the horses of the fashionable frequenters of the theatre; and that he organised a regular service of boys for this business. From the first he made himself useful in every possible way; and the care of horses would be a congenial task to one accustomed to them from childhood. Shakespeare loved horses, and knew all their points as perfectly as a farrier.¹

But it was in theatrical business proper that he chiefly busied himself. He was a good all-round actor; the Ghost in *Hamlet*, and the old man Adam in *As You Like It* being his best characters. At first no doubt he made himself useful by taking any part that happened to be vacant, and thus acquired a perfect mastery of stage-business. But it was as an adapter and improver of old plays that he early found the best scope for his genius. *Titus Andronicus* and the *First Part of Henry VI* are examples of this kind of work; bombastic and blood-curdling, but yet showing premonitions of the master-craftsman's hand.²

Love's Labour's Lost (1588—1590) was Shakespeare's first original production. Dowden describes it as 'a satirical extravaganza, embodying Shakespeare's criticism upon contemporary fashions and foibles in speech, in manners, and in literature.' But it is far more. Shakespeare embodies in it his whole philosophy of life; the one maxim by which he steadfastly guided his own steps—'Do not live in a fool's paradise of your own creation, even though it may tempt you under the guise of Religion or Philosophy. Take human life as a whole; look its facts honestly in the face; and act accordingly.'

¹ *Ven. and Ad.*, 265—318; *Mid. N. Dr.*, ii. 1. 45—6; *Rich. II.*, v. 5. 78—94.

² *Hen. IV.*, i. 1. 9—11 and 36—48; *Hen. V.*, iii. 7. 3—31; *Hen. VIII.*, i. 1. 132—4.

There is good reason to believe that during Shakespeare's apprenticeship to the stage he worked hard, among other things, at Italian and French, under the great teacher of those languages, John Florio. He drew, later on, most of his plots and characters from Italian romances. Many of these, it is true, were accessible in English versions, but the story of *Othello* had not been translated. Italian allusions are scattered broadcast through his plays. As for his knowledge of French, it is obvious to all readers of the historical dramas.

Shakespeare's reputation as an actor, a dramatist, and a poet, was now firmly established. In September 1592 his predecessor Greene on his deathbed wrote *A Groat's-worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, warning his fellow-authors against piratical actors:—'Yes, trust them not; for there is an upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers, that with *his tyger's heart wrapt in a player's hide*,¹ supposes he is as well able to bumbaste out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute "Johannes Factotum" (Jack-of-all-trades), is in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in the country.' Chettle, Greene's publisher, apologised in the December following for this attack:—'Myself have seen his (Shakespeare's) demeanour no less civil, than he excellent in the quality (*i. e.* skill as an actor) he professes: besides divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious (*i. e.* felicitous) grace in writing, that approve his art.' The expression 'divers of worship' indicates that people of good social standing recognised Shakespeare's honourable character as a man and excellence as a writer. His poems *Venus and Adonis* (1592) and *The Rape of Lucrece* (1593), both dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, had taken the town by storm. The great Spenser eulogized him as Willy in *Tears of the Muses* (The identification is somewhat doubtful,

¹ Parodied from *3 Hen. VI.* i. 4. 137. Greene or Marlowe, or both, are supposed to have written the original play which Shakespeare improved into *3 Henry VI.*

however) and he twice received a royal command to perform before the Queen at Greenwich (1594).

To this period belong Shakespeare's Early Comedies. 'Comedy of Errors.' *Love's Labour's Lost* was followed by the *Comedy of Errors* (1589-91), his sole imitation of the old Roman Comedy. It represents the farcical adventures caused by a man's being mistaken for his twin brother, and was probably derived from an English translation of the *Menoechmi* of Plautus. A single experiment satisfied Shakespeare that farcical subjects were not his province, for he never returned to them. He has however, as usual, improved upon his original by heightening the boisterous fun with the serious half-tragic background of a father seeking his lost children, and in his direst extremity unrecognised by his (supposed) son.

In *Two Gentlemen of Verona* Shakespeare experimented in the region of romantic love and friendship, and sketched those graceful types of womanhood to be amplified later in *Rosalind*, *Viola*, *Portia*, and *Imogen*—characters which have this peculiarity in common, that a woman, for some urgent reason, dresses herself as a man, and pretends to be one, and yet remains even more womanly than ever in her disguise. Incidentally this play proves that Shakespeare knew Italy only from books or hearsay, since he makes Valentine travel from Verona to Milan by sea. Similarly in *The Tempest* he makes Prospero embark on a sea-voyage from the gates of Milan; and in *The Winter's Tale* the King's outcast child is abandoned on the sea-coast of Bohemia! This play is moreover noteworthy as introducing in the person of Launce the first of Shakespeare's richly humorous and profoundly human clowns; a series which leads up to the inimitable Falstaff. But, as a whole, the play is somewhat artificial in its elaborate antitheses—character balanced against character; men against women; gentle folk against clowns.

Shakespeare's first original tragedy, *Romeo and Juliet* (1591-3), if the nurse's statement¹ is taken literally, must have been written in 1591,

¹ *Rom. and Jul.* i. 3. 23.

eleven years after the earthquake of 1580. The plot is taken from a mediæval story, translated into English verse by Arthur Brooke in 1562, and into prose by Paynter in his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567. Shakespeare chiefly followed Brooke, but made the characters of Mercutio, the hero's witty friend, and the heroine's garrulous nurse almost wholly his own.

During these ten years Shakespeare's company like all others, regularly went on tour during the summer and early autumn months, its visits being recorded at most of the important towns south of the Midlands. Stratford was not one; the Stratford town-council absolutely prohibited all theatrical companies, largely through Sir Thomas Lucy's influence. This Puritan hatred of the stage was just as strong in London, where all the theatres had to be built outside the City boundaries. Respectable people of that day looked upon theatres as more disreputable than beerhouses. No decent woman ever went to a performance, unless attended by male friends; and even then she always wore a mask. There were no women-actors; boys took all female parts. No wonder that at times Shakespeare felt his surroundings to be most uncongenial.¹ Strangely enough it is in a Scottish town, Aberdeen, that we first find proof of stage-players being held in Public honour. In the town-council registers we find that Lawrence Fletcher, the King's comedian, with several others all described as knights or gentlemen, was admitted to the freedom of the borough on Oct. 22nd. 1601, having thirteen days previously been paid 32 marks by the council for the services of himself and a company of players. English records show that Shakespeare's company did *not* give their usual performance before Queen Elizabeth between March 3rd, 1601 and Dec, 26th, 1602. Thus Shakespeare *may* have been one of Lawrence Fletcher's company at Aberdeen. Furthermore on James's accession to the English crown, in his license given to the Lord Chamberlain's company (1603), he speaks of the document as given to 'Fletcher, Shakespeare, and others;' whereas Richard Burbage was the acknowledged head of the company, and

¹. *Sonnets*, CX. CXL.

would naturally have been named first, had not Shakespeare as well as Fletcher been personally known to the new sovereign. The inference is thus very strong that Shakespeare had been associated with Fletcher in visits to Scotland and performances before the Scotch court. This would account for the minute and life-like accuracy of the scenery in *Macbeth*.

Most of Shakespeare's *Sonnets* (excluding 40-42 and 127-154) were written probably in 1594. They were published in a pirated edition in 1609 by Thomas Thorpe, who prefixed a dedication, 'To the only begetter (= procurer) of these ensuing sonnets, Mr. W. H.' It has recently been shewn that the attempts to identify 'Mr. W. H.' either with Henry Wriothsley, Earl of Southampton, or with William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, are beside the mark. 'Mr. W. H.' was William Hall, a successful pirate publisher, in league with Thorpe; so that 'only begetter' is really equivalent to 'thief.' There are in all 153 sonnets: 125 addressed to a man (with a sextet of couplets as *Envoy*), and 28 to a woman. If we take them in their natural sense, the former group are the record of the writer's passionate friendship with some one of higher rank than his own, almost certainly the Earl of Southampton. The latter group imply that Shakespeare had become entangled in an intrigue with a married woman, who subsequently left Shakespeare for his friend, causing a temporary alienation between them. That Shakespeare did actually go through some such inward tragedy seems probable from the great spiritual gulf which separates the bright and happy early dramas, culminating in *Henry V* and *As You Like It*, from the dark, spiritual abysses revealed in *Hamlet*, *Timon*, *Measure for Measure*, and *King Lear*. That he wholly recovered from its ill effects, and learned through it a larger wisdom and a more benign serenity is evidenced by the closing cycle of his plays, aptly named the 'dramas of Reconciliation.' Another interpretation is that after the publication of Sir Philip Sidney's sonnets in 1591 this form of composition became a fashionable craze, with love and friendship for its sole themes. Full of passionate protestation, extravagant hyperbole, and far-fetched conceits, no

one took them seriously ; and since Shakespeare's *Sonnets* contain all these elements, they may have been meant merely as an imitation of the literary vogue of the time. But in his hands the sonnet becomes a new and living thing. With few exceptions Shakespeare's are as far superior to all other Elizabethan sonnets as his dramas are to those of Marlowe or Greene. Milton and Wordsworth are his only rivals, while if we take the *Sonnets* as the embodiment of a real inward history, Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is the nearest literary parallel. Shakespeare's collaboration with Marlowe in writing the Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI*, and his subsequent creation of *Richard III* while still under Marlowe's predominating influence, all fall in with the time during which the *Sonnets* were chiefly produced ; as also do *Richard II* and *King John*, historical plays in which Shakespeare began to develop his own proper genius. Still more spontaneous and original is *The Midsummer Night's Dream*. These three plays are separately noticed.

A brief sketch of the Sonnet in English literature may be given here. Sir T. Wyatt's sonnets have ingenuity and grace, but, with the Earl of Surrey's, are but respectable commonplace. Sir P. Sidney rises above this dead level. His work, as Lamb says is 'stuck full of amorous fancies,' but these conceits are humanized. Spenser is somewhat disappointing as a sonneteer, but has one good sonnet, 'One day I wrote her name upon the strand.' Drummond of Hawthornden has exquisite keenness and sensibility, and reflected passion. George Macdonald calls him a 'veiled voice of song.' Raleigh, Chapman, Greene, Drayton, Donne, Browne give us few sonnets that repay their study, except that fine one of Donne's beginning, 'Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,' and another of Donne's on Death. Shakespeare is a class by himself ; the great mark of his sonnets is intellectualised emotion. Milton's are unequal in conception, but there is a majesty, a splendour, a vastness about them all. One of William Roscoe's and one or two of Cowper's are worthy of

The Sonnet in
English
Literature.

remembrance. Considering both quality and quantity, Wordsworth is perhaps the greatest of English sonnet-writers. Milton overshadows us, Wordsworth makes us feel with him. All his effects are explicable and calculable; he has no natural magic. But in the sonnet he is never diffuse; his style is at its finest; nervous, sinewy, compact, yet always clear and fluent. Coleridge is inferior; and Hartley Coleridge is superior to his father. Charles Tennyson-Turner has one perfect sonnet, *The Lattice at Sunrise*. Byron's are few, but good. Keats's are exquisitely musical, but also few. The same may be said of Shelley. Leigh Hunt has one on the Nile, in which he bore the palm from Shelley and Keats. Hood's *Silence* and *Death* are rich and delicate. Lamb, Procter, Clare, Talfourd, Beddoes, Blanchard follow as sonneteers, with Blanco White's magnificent sonnet on *Night*. Finally, Elizabeth B. Browning and D. G. Rossetti have written excellent sonnets; but this form of verse seems to have been unsuited to the genius of Robert Browning and Tennyson.

About 1596 Shakespeare returned to Stratford. He relieved his father from all money difficulties, which up to that date had been unceasing and urgent. His own wife had been forced to borrow money from her father's shepherd—a debt which Shakespeare first heard of from the executor of the shepherd's will in 1601. He was now a man of substance, a favourite at Court, one who would soon be able to 'write himself *Armigero* in any bill warrant, quittance, or obligation,' for he eventually succeeded in obtaining a hereditary coat-of-arms for his father in 1599. His attempt to include his mother's family in this heraldic distinction was foiled, apparently through the jealousy of the Warwickshire Ardens of Park Hall. In May, 1597, Shakespeare took the first step towards becoming a landed proprietor by the purchase of New Place, the largest house in the town, with two barns and two gardens attached. But through the death of his only son and heir, Hamnet, in 1596, his

Returns to
Stratford.

cherished ambition of founding a county family now hung on the chances of either daughter's marriage. The elder, Susanna, in 1607 married Dr. John Hall, a successful physician. She had one daughter Elizabeth born in 1608, who was twice married but left no children. The younger daughter, Judith, in the year of her father's death, married Thomas Quiny, a vintner, and had three sons, all of whom died young. New Place itself was sold out of the family, and afterwards pulled down; and in 1864 the site was turned into a public recreation ground. Thus the one ambition that Shakespeare deliberately made the object of his life proved a complete failure; while the thing he never once thought about, his immortality both as dramatist and poet, is an assured fact to-day.

To this period belongs the almost farcical comedy of *The Taming of the Shrew* (1596-7) which is an improvement by Shakespeare of a previous play, *The Taming of a Shrew* (1594), by another author. Only parts of it, however, are by Shakespeare's own hand. It is a play within a play. In the *Induction* a drunken tinker, Sly, found fast asleep by a lord, is taken to the lord's palace, drest in fine clothes, put to bed, and awakes to find himself a (supposed) nobleman who for fifteen years has been mad, imagining himself a tinker. To complete his cure, a company of travelling players enact before him an amusing kind of history, *The Taming of the Shrew*. The boisterous element in the play is made to suit the intellectual level of Sly, and as Shakespeare had no further use for him, he is quietly ignored at the end (contrary to the original play, in which Sly awakes at the alehouse door from 'a most marvellous dream'). Shakespeare's part in the comedy lies in his artistic delineation of *Katharina*, the shrewish daughter of a rich gentlemen of Padua, and of *Petruchio*, a gentleman of Verona, who by exuberant animal spirits, joined with strength of will and un-failing good humour, makes Katharina accept him as a husband, and at last turns her into a pattern of docility. The story of the transformed tinker can be traced back to the

Arabian Nights, and to a story told of Philip the Good of Burgundy. Sly is a typical Warwickshire peasant; he is so like a first rough sketch of Bottom that possibly the play may have first been written in 1591, and afterwards improved. There is strong internal evidence that *The Taming of a Shrew* was written by Greene (cf. his *Orlando Furioso* and *Alphonsus, King of Aragon*); if so, one can understand his anger at Shakespeare's adaptation.

The Merry Wives of Windsor (1595) is another play of this period. The date usually given '1598-9' seems impossible, as the humour of the play is so characteristically inferior to that of *Henry IV* or *Henry V*, and bears obvious marks of the prentice hand. The Falstaff of the *Merry Wives* has hardly any relationship to the real Falstaff; the same may be said of Nym, Pistol, and Mrs. Quickly. Dennis in 1702 recorded an ancient tradition that the play was written in fourteen days at Queen Elizabeth's special command, and all internal evidence favours this tradition. To this Rowe afterwards added the unwarranted assertion that Queen Elizabeth's motive was that she might see Falstaff in love (this makes it follow *Henry IV*). Two internal points almost prove the date. An early version was published in quarto (1602), and an altered version in folio (1623). In the later version Falstaff refers pointedly to the gold of Guiana, a reference not found in the quarto, which therefore was presumably written *before* Raleigh's return from Guiana (1596). Again the earlier version has the curious phrase 'cozen garmombles' (iv. 5. 78), obviously coined from Count Frederick of *Mompelgard*, who had visited Windsor in 1592, had been authorised to take post-horses *gratis*, and had been promised the Garter. Queen Elizabeth afterwards took a dislike to him, and refused him the Order when he applied for it in 1595. The touch of contempt implied in the word 'garmombles', and the joke on his free post-horses, exactly fit in with 1595 but the jest had grown stale later, and the phrase was altered to 'cozen-germans.'

The better known plays, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Henry IV* (in two parts), *Henry V*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth Night*, *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet*, will be subsequently noticed in detail. The four last in this list were all closely connected with the next important step in Shakespeare's life, his settlement at the theatre which is usually associated with his memory. In 1599 the Burbages demolished The Theatre, Shoreditch, and with the materials built the Globe Theatre on the Bank-side. It was octagonal in shape, and may have suggested the 'wooden O' of the opening chorus of *Henry V*. Henceforward it was Shakespeare's professional home and the chief source of his profits. The Blackfriars Theatre was made out a dwelling-house in 1596 by the actor Burbage's father, and was leased out to the boy-actors known as the 'Queen's Children of the Chapel'. It was not used by Shakespeare's company till after his retirement from the stage. These boy-actors were wonderfully popular for a time, and, led by Ben Jonson, maintained a professional war, against the older companies. This theatrical rivalry is referred to in *Hamlet* (ii. 2. 354-375). Ben Jonson, however, bore striking testimony to Shakespeare's kindness and impartiality in the dispute.

Shakespeare was equally prudent in regard to political controversies. The deposition scene in *Richard II* was omitted in deference to Queen Elizabeth's susceptibilities, when that play was first published. It seems therefore impossible that the *Richard II* played by Shakespeare's company on behalf of the Earl of Essex's followers in 1601 should have been Shakespeare's play. Evidence was given at Essex's trial that this was 'an old play, so long out of use that nobody would care for it': in fact the actors were paid forty shillings to cover their loss. Essex was executed, and Shakespeare's friend Southampton was imprisoned; but nothing was done to the players, a sufficient proof that they were in no way privy to the plot. Possibly however the Queen's harshness to

Southampton may have been one reason why Shakespeare, though solicited to do so, wrote no elegy on her death. King James proved a more appreciative and liberal patron. He released Southampton from prison, an event commemorated in *Sonnet* CVII. He is repeatedly complimented in Shakespeare's plays; that of *Macbeth* is almost a deliberate panegyric, though the praise is subtly hidden under a dramatic veil.

We now come to the more mature group of Shakespeare's dramas: the great tragedies and the tragical comedies. In *All's Well that Ends Well* the story of Helena and Bertram is one which in other hands might have proved repulsive. Shakespeare has suffused it with spiritual beauty, and transformed it as completely as he did the old *Taming of a Shrew*. This play, with its successors, introduces us to new types of womanhood. Instead of the emotional grace, the defiant cleverness, or the intense passion of Shakespeare's earlier heroines, we have now women 'distinguished by some one element of peculiar strength,' and contrasted with them 'types of feminine incapacity or ignobleness.' Helena (*All's Well*), Isabella (*Measure for Measure*), and the wife of Brutus (*Julius Cæsar*) are opposed to Ophelia and Gertrude (*Hamlet*) and Cressida (*Troilus and Cressida*). Portia, in the *Merchant of Venice*, stands as a connecting link between the earlier and the later types. The two keynotes of Helena's character are strength of will which never degenerates into unwomanliness, and inflexible pursuit of a fixed aim. Her unswerving love is the guarantee of Bertram's final salvation.

Measure for Measure (1603) certainly belongs to Shakespeare's later stage of saddened experience. The clear reference to the King James's dislike of crowds (i. 1. 68-73; ii. 4. 24-29) so prominently noticeable at his accession to the English crown, and a probable reference to his law (1604) punishing with death the remarriage of divorced persons whose partners were living, almost fix the date. In this play Isabella stands out as the embodiment of Conscience and Religion. She alone of

'All's well that ends well.'

'Measure for Measure'

Shakespeare's heroines has her life centred in the invisible world. Unlike the Pharisaic ascetic Angelo, she makes the body the servant of the spirit. Her religion is so real, so intense, that even the coxcomb Lucio holds her as 'a thing ensky'd and sainted.' In this play Shakespeare comes nearer than in any other to a statement of his own religious and ethical ideals, Isabella being his mouthpiece, seconded by the Duke. It contains many of the best-known proverbs and poetic jewels. Mariana in her 'moated grange' is the theme of one of Fennyson's most vivid and musical word-pictures; and the solitary stanza 'Take, O take those lips away!' is perhaps Shakespeare's most pathetic gem. The story is taken from Whetstone's play *Promos and Cassandra* (1578) and from his prose version of the same story in the *Heptameron of Civil Discourses* (1582). This is itself taken from the Italian *Hecatommithi* of Giraldi Cinthio. But the Duke's disguised presence, and the Mariana episode, both ethically all-important, are Shakespeare's own.

Troilus and Cressida (1603-1609) is a peculiar and a difficult play. There is great uncertainty about its date; and parts, especially Hector's last battle, appear to be by another hand. It is a 'comedy of disillusion.' Troilus, young and inexperienced, is deceived by the shallow and sensual Cressida. The Greek heroes who fought against Troy are pitilessly ridiculed. Thersites is coarser than the half-brute Caliban of the *Tempest*. Ulysses represents mere worldly wisdom; and in the end Troilus, after his agony of despised love and disenchantment, finds in Hector's death the motive for heroic energy. Shakespeare derived the plot from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creseide*; Caxton's translation from the French, *Recuyles, or Destruction of Troy*; and (possibly) Lydgate's *Troy Boke*: Thersites probably from Chapman's *Homer*. The characters of Cressida and Pandarus are deliberately degraded from Chaucer's ideal.

The chief of the group of dramas forming the Later Tragedy, and of the closing comedies, will be discussed separately. The rest may be briefly

noticed here. *Othello* (1604) is the tragedy of a man of noble and unsuspecting nature, prone to extremes of violent passion, who is deliberately deceived by an incarnate fiend. The hero, Othello, is a Moorish general of the Venetian Republic, who has secretly and against her father's will, married Desdemona, the daughter of a Venetian senator. Cassio has just been appointed Othello's lieutenant, a post which Iago had hoped to obtain. In revenge Iago poisons Othello's mind with doubts about Desdemona's loyalty, until at last he believes that she has been guilty of an intrigue with Cassio. In a fit of mad fury he kills her, only to discover how utterly he has been deceived, upon which he kills himself in a passion of hopeless remorse. Desdemona represents the tragedy of woman's gentle timidity and submissive love, forced by man's unreason to take refuge occasionally in petty falsehoods. Her father's tyranny makes her deceive him about her marriage; her husband's mad jealousy drives her to equivocate about the incriminating handkerchief; and her selfless love and loyalty force her to die with the falsehood on her lips that she has killed herself. 'Iago is the serpent,' the liar and murderer in one; an embodiment of mere intellect which has deliberately chosen evil for its good. Shakespeare in this one instance has succeeded in producing a perfect portraiture of the Evil One, where Milton in *Paradise Lost* has failed in almost every element except that of vastness and sublimity. We can feel sympathy for Satan, but not for Iago.

Antony and Cleopatra is the climax and completion of *Julius Caesar*. In the latter play we see Mark Antony at his ablest and best, with glimpses of his sensuous weaknesses. In this play we find him in the toils of Cleopatra. Under the witchery of her beauty and her wiles he becomes false alike to domestic and political honour; till too late he realises her falsehood and his own hopeless failure. The end is suicide, alike for himself and his temptress; but it is not the bold warrior-like suicide of Othello; a touch of effeminate cowardice is artistically suggested in each case. Of Cleopatra Mrs.

• Antony and Cleopatra.

Jameson well says: 'She is a brilliant antithesis, a compound of contradictions; of all that we most hate with what we most admire.' The terse, candid, commonsense of Enobarbus, Antony's faithful friend, serves at once as a 'Chorus' to the play, and as a foil to the folly and duplicity of the other characters.

Pericles (1608) was really a joint-stock piece of stage-craft.

'Pericles.' Shakespeare wrote only the part in which

Pericles searches for his daughter Marina. Her mother Thaisa was supposed to have died at her birth during a storm at sea. The sailors insist on having the dead body thrown overboard; she is carefully enclosed in a chest which is found by some fishermen. The climax of the play is the happy reunion of Pericles with his long-lost wife and child.

In the *Winter's Tale* (1610-11) we have a study of womanly endurance under crushing and undeserved wrong. Queen Hermione, irrationally suspected of infidelity by King Leontes, is imprisoned, and her prison-born babe is ruthlessly exposed in Bohemia. Hermione is supposed to die of grief, but really is kept in secret by a noble lady Paulina. Sixteen years later we see Perdita, the lost child of Hermione, brought up among rustic surroundings. Florizel, the young prince of Bohemia, wins her love; to escape his father's anger, he and Perdita travel to the court of Leontes, where the mystery of Perdita's birth is cleared up; and through Paulina's good offices Leontes recovers his wife as well as his child. The rogue Autolycus, one of Shakespeare's happiest creations, is almost as supreme in the latter half of this play as Falstaff is in *Henry IV*.

The play of *Two Noble Kinsmen* (1609) was only in part written by Shakespeare; for most of it Fletcher was responsible. Shakespeare's share is the main plot, taken from Chaucer's *Knight's Tale* of Palamon and Arcite (cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream**). Fletcher's part is of little worth; Shakespeare shews the

* Where a similar "Story of love rivalry" is associated "with the state and pageantry of the court of Theseus"—(Lloyd.)

master's hand only in the force of its diction and imagery ; it has little dramatic power.

Another joint production of Shakespeare and Fletcher is 'Henry VIII.' *Henry VIII* (1612-3). As it stands, there is no dramatic unity in it ; it is rather a historical masque than a real drama. It was probably patched up by Fletcher from some unfinished first draft of Shakespeare's, and hurriedly got ready for the stage in honour of the Princess Elizabeth's marriage, February 1616. The 'bluff King Hal', Shakespeare's embodiment of the national character ; Queen Katharine, a beautiful study of patient suffering and forgiveness ; and Cardinal Wolsey, an equally fine study of the ruin of a noble nature by unscrupulous ambition, are the leading characters. The ill-fated Buckingham has a pathetic speech, which has sometimes made a rising actor's reputation. Wolsey's 'farewell to all his greatness' (III. 2. 350-372) has been regarded as one of Shakespeare's masterpieces : yet the best critics declare that these lines are undeniably Fletcher's. Either Shakespeare imitated Fletcher's style in order to smooth over the joining of his collaborator's work with his own, or Fletcher for once caught something of Shakespeare's inspiration.

It was probably about 1611 that Shakespeare finally left the stage and retired to live the life of a country gentleman at Stratford. But he still kept up his interest in the stage, and his associations with his actor friends. One of the chief of these, Augustine Phillips, had died in 1605 ; the other three, Burbage, Heming, and Condell, were intimate with him to the end. Documentary evidence proves that he accumulated a considerable amount of real property (land and houses) and took an active part in the municipal and parliamentary affairs of his native town. He accepted philosophically, as inevitable, the steady growth of Puritanism in his own neighbourhood ; indeed the creator of *Lear* and *Macbeth*, the 'fellow' of the greatest tragedians and comedians of the day, would hardly regret the banishment of second rate travelling companies from the Guild Hall ; and he seems to have accepted with equal equanimity having a

Gospel preacher billeted upon him for one Sunday at New Place.

John Shakespeare had died in 1601; Shakespeare's eldest and favourite daughter's marriage in 1607 has been referred to above (122); at the close of the same year his youngest brother Edmund, an actor, died in London, aged 27. The poet was careful to keep up all customary ceremonies of grief, and paid twenty shillings for a 'forenoon tolling of the great bell.' In September 1608 his mother Mary died. His youngest daughter's marriage (122) preceded by about two months his own death on April 23rd, 1616. His widow Anne survived him for seven years and a half. She was buried near him in the chancel of Stratford parish church; but, in spite of her wishes, not in the same grave. That grave, seventeen feet deep was guarded by a superstitious dread. On the stone were engraved these words, traditionally ascribed to Shakespeare himself:—

'Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.'

But for this curse the sexton would, according to his custom, have removed Shakespeare's remains later to the adjacent charnel-house.

Shakespeare soon attained a reputation higher than that of any other English dramatist. Ben Johnson, whose classical tastes somewhat prejudiced him against Shakespeare's revolutionary genius, nevertheless wrote of him, 'He was not of an age, but for all time.' Fourteen years after Shakespeare's death, Milton in a fine sonnet addressed him as the—

'Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lifelong monument.'

Towards the end of that century Dryden declared that

Shakespeare was held in as much veneration among Englishmen as Aeschylus among the Athenians, and that 'he was the man who of all modern and perhaps ancient poets had the largest and most comprehensive soul.' Goethe said of him, 'Shakespeare is a being of a higher order than myself, to whom I must look up and pay due reverence.' His fame is now world-wide. No book except the Bible, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the *Imitation* has been translated into a greater number of languages.

Shakespeare himself, however, seems to have had no idea of his own dramatic greatness. Those passages in his *Sonnets* in which he predicts the immortality of his verse are mere poetic conventionalities. He looked upon his plays as the stock-in-trade of the Globe Theatre; and like other dramatists of the period did all he could to prevent their publication. Fortunately for us this was no easy task. Pirate-publishers sent their agents to take notes of every popular play; they begged, borrowed, or stole the actors' MSS; and in this way managed to print very imperfect and garbled renderings. The poet in self-defence was thus sometimes driven to tolerate the printing of his plays from a correct stage-copy. These early editions, whether pirated or authorised were all printed in QUARTO form. Each Quarto, containing a single play, sold in Shakespeare's time at sixpence. Most of the Quartos were republished; and some attained to five editions before Shakespeare's death. The first edition in FOLIO form of Shakespeare's plays was published in 1623 by his fellow-actors, Heming and Condell. The Folio contained all Shakespeare's works. Successive and improved editions were subsequently printed: the *Second Folio* (1632), *Third Folio* (1663), and the *Fourth Folio* (1685). The Quarto editions often furnish useful evidence in regard to the date of a play; see *Hamlet*, Date and Period.

The plays themselves, however give clear evidence of the Period to which they belong—(1) by their Style and Verse Tests. (2) by Verse Tests. The earlier plays are characterised by elaboration of the expression rather than

by importance of the thought. In the middle period thought and expression perfectly balance each other. In his later period thought predominates over expression; sentences are close packed with rapid and abrupt changes of thought. In the early plays, as distinguished from the later, Shakespeare indulges in far-fetched conceits, verbal quibbles, doggerel verses, frequent classical allusions, and over-wrought rhetoric; there is also a larger proportion of rhymed lines to blank verse and a comparative absence of prose. But the most important differentiation lies in the Verse Tests. These are:—(a) The proportion of *end-stopped* to *run-on* lines. In the early plays the breaks and pauses of speech come almost always at the end of the line; later, Shakespeare increasingly avoids this mechanical stop, and makes his pauses in varying places in the line itself. (b) The presence of *light* or *weak endings*. When a line closes with an unimportant monosyllable such as 'am,' 'could,' 'does,' 'had,' on which the voice can for a moment dwell, it is said to have a light ending; but when the monosyllable is one which, both in sense and pronunciation, is carried on to the next line, such as 'and,' 'if,' 'or,' it is said to have a weak ending. Weak endings are wholly absent from the earliest plays; few light endings appear till we reach *Macbeth*; nor weak endings till we reach *Antony and Cleopatra*. (c) The presence of *double* or *feminine endings*. Normally a line of blank verse ends on one accented syllable; a double or feminine ending is when the normal line has an extra unaccented syllable added to it by such words as 'cabin,' 'distinctly,' etc. These double endings are rare in the earlier, and numerous in the middle and later plays.

Shakespeare as a man seems to have been of a singularly kindly, well-balanced, harmonious nature.

As a man.

That he had strong passions, felt keenly, and loved intensely, can be doubted by no one who reads his plays and poems with sympathetic insight. But the most marked feature of his character was systematised self-control, and the habit of always looking on the bright and beautiful side of things. Thus by middle-age he attained to a calm serenity

of sympathetic wisdom which made him universally trusted and beloved. It has been well said that he had the capacity for musing solitude combined with that of observing mankind. A certain constitutional though latent melancholy is essential to such a nature. This in the exceptional characteristic in Shakespeare. In short, he was a man full of natural sensibility, taking a keen interest not only in the general and coarse outlines of objects, but in their minutest particulars and gentle gradations. A typical story of Shakespeare's personal life has recently been unearthed from the Record Office. We find that from 1598 to 1604 he lodged in Silver Street,¹ with the family of a Frenchman, Christopher Mountjoy, a maker of fashionable head-dresses and wigs. Hence perhaps Shakespeare's noticeable allusions to false hair, as well as the life-likeness of his French dialogues. He had known the family apparently for several years before he lodged with them. With their apprentice, Stephen Bellot, their only daughter Mary fell in love. She confided her secret to her mother; and her mother entrusted Shakespeare with the delicate mission of wooing by proxy—a sort of prose version of the Viola episode in *Twelfth Night*. Shakespeare was successful, and the young people married and lived happily ever afterwards. For one such recorded act of sympathetic kindness on Shakespeare's part we may well infer hundreds more which have passed away into the unknown. Tennyson has no doubt struck the keynote of Shakespeare's character and Shakespeare's life in one pregnant phrase, when apostrophising his lost friend Hallam, he says—

‘I loved thee spirit and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.’

The most marked feature in Shakespeare's genius is his universality. The whole range of human life, the deepest and most intricate recesses of the soul, lay before him as an open book and have been

¹ Ben Jonson in the *Silent Woman* describes a lady thus:—‘All her teeth were made in the Blackfriars; both her eyebrows in the Strand, and her hair in Silver Street.’

illuminated in every part. With keen dramatic instinct he has balanced all life's contrasts and harmonised its contradictions; his sympathetic insight draws out the salient characteristics of men and women of almost every type and social grade; and by the same sympathetic insight he reveals the latent force of personality even in the most obscure or stunted specimens of humanity. Nor has any writer faced with more fearless gaze the mysteries of that vast unknown by which our little lives are shrouded in impenetrable darkness. And in his plays, all these diverse elements are rounded into a perfect dramatic whole by the supreme control of some dominating passion.

In the Elizabethan drama mere dialogue held a less important position than it does to-day. The stage was than recognised as the appropriate place for a large amount of declamation, philosophising, or satire, which was introduced for its own sake rather than because it expressed the speaker's situation or personality. And Shakespeare's plays furnish passages of this kind. But in the art of making dialogue the natural and inevitable outcome of the speaker's inmost self responsive to its environment, Shakespeare has no equal. His plays abound in natural touches which make his characters live before us.

It has been questioned how far Shakespeare's self is revealed in his characters. All critics allow that Hamlet is probably the nearest approach to the unveiling of Shakespeare's soul; and Prospero's personality seems to have been consciously intended as a deliberate verdict on his own life work as a dramatist, upon taking his farewell of the stage. Taine, again, maintains that the poet pictured himself in the character of Jaques (159). But the inimitable Falstaff was in some respects the truest embodiment of that Shakespeare who was the life and soul of the 'wit combats' at the Mermaid's Tavern. While, however, we may amuse ourselves with such speculations, the general truth remains that he, the 'myriad-minded,' was too great to step down from his beings height and merge his own personality in the

His mastery
of dialogue.

Is he in his
characters.

passions of his characters. He 'beheld the tumult and was still'.

It must, however, be admitted that Shakespeare had his limitations. It is a remarkable fact and one not easy to account for, that, though he was twenty-four years of age and had been in London for certainly more than a year when the nation was all aflame with excitement over the Spanish Armada, yet he has not written a line that shows the slightest impress on his own mind of that epoch-making event. There is, too, little, if any trace in his plays of personal contact with the master-spirits of his time, the Raleighs, the Drakes, or the politico-Burleighs, whom he must have seen and met at Court. The mere man of action, the mere politician or adventurer he took little interest in, and when any approach to such a type is necessarily prominent in his plays, as Henry V or Julius Cæsar, we feel that in such delineations he is working against the grain. As Mr. Frank Harris has pointed out, Shakespeare never drew a miser, a fanatic, or a reformer; he 'never conceived a man as swimming against the stream of his time'; his Jack Cade is a mere caricature, and in his Joan of Arc, for which he must be held at least editorially responsible, he entirely failed of that sympathetic insight which makes his portrait of Shylock rise so marvellously above the prejudices of his age. Lastly, he never studied and never understood the Puritan middle classes of his own day, the men from whom Cromwell drew his Ironsides, and of whom Milton was at once priest and poet.

The following list of Shakespeare's plays and poems will be convenient for reference. With some deviations, it follows the general order given by Dowden and Furnivall. The double dates (*e.g.* 1590-2) imply an uncertain date lying between those limits.

<i>Earliest Plays</i>	<i>Written</i>	<i>Published</i>
Titus Andronicus	1588	1600
1 Henry VI	1590-2	1623
<i>Poems</i>		
Venus and Adonis	1592	1593

Lucrece	1593	1594
Sonnets (the majority)		...	1593-5	1609

Marlowe-Shakespeare History

2 & 3 Henry VI	1591-2	1623
Richard III	1593	1597

Early Comedy

Love's Labour's Lost		...	1588-90	1598
Comedy of Errors	1589-91	1623
Two Gentlemen of Verona		...	1590-3	1623
Midsummer Night's Dream		...	1593-4	1600

Early Tragedy

Romeo & Juliet	1591-3	1597
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Middle History

Richard II	1593-4	1597
King John	1595	1623

Middle Comedy

Merry Wives of Windsor		...	1595	1602
Taming of the Shrew		...	1596-7	1623
Merchant of Venice...		...	1596	1600

Later History

1 Henry IV	1596-7	1598
2 Henry IV	1597-8	1600
Henry V	1599	1600

Later Comedy

Much Ado About Nothing		...	1598-9	1600
As You Like It	1599-1600	1623
Twelfth Night	1601	1623

Middle Tragedy

Julius Cæsar	1600-1	1623
Hamlet	1602-3	1603

Tragical Comedy

All's Well that Ends Well		...	1601-2	1623
Troilus & Cressida (revised 1607?)		...	1603	1609
Measure for Measure		...	1603	1623

<i>Later Tragedy</i>			<i>Written Published</i>	
Othello	1604	1622
Lear	1605	1608
Macbeth	1605-6	1623
Antony and Cleopatra	1606-7	1623
Coriolanus	1607-8	1623
Timon (part)	1607-8	1623
<i>Romances</i>				
Pericles (part)	1608	1609
Two Noble Kinsmen (part)	1609	1634
Cymbeline	1609-10	1623
Winter's Tale	1610-1	1623
Tempest	1610-1	1623
<i>Latest History</i>				
Henry VIII (part)	1612-3	1623

SPECIAL PLAYS.

RICHARD III.

There is little direct evidence of the date of this play
Date and period. (1593-4). It was first printed in 1597, and is possibly alluded to in Weever's *Epigrammes* (1599). As regards its period the internal evidence is conclusive. 'In point of literary style,' says W. A. Wright, 'command of language, flexibility of verse, and dramatic skill, it is an earlier composition than *Richard II* and *King John*, and separated by no long interval from *3 Henry VI*. The diabolic energy, the all-dominating self-assertion of the hero is essentially 'Marlowesque,' as are its peculiarities of style. Shakespeare had worked with Marlowe in *2* and *3 Henry VI*; he carried on the character of Gloucester independently in this play, in which Marlowe's influence was still predominant. This influence is further shown by the comparative preponderance of blank verse over rhyme in so early a period of Shakespeare's dramatic career.

Richard, Duke of Gloucester (afterwards Richard III)
Plot. induces Edward IV to have their brother Clarence murdered in prison. He woos and wins Anne, whose husband he and Clarence had butchered after Tewkesbury. On Edward IV's death, with Buckingham's help he confines Prince Edward and his brother the Duke of York in the Tower; procures the execution of the late Queen's chief relatives, and of Lord Hastings; and is proclaimed king in London. He suborns Tyrrel to murder the princes in the Tower, discarding Buckingham for his unwillingness to aid in so infamous a deed; gets rid of his wife; and plots to marry his own niece the Princess Elizabeth of York. After Buckingham's arrest and execution he marches to oppose Richmond and is killed in the battle of Bosworth. Richmond is crowned and peace secured by his marriage with the Princess of York.

The main outlines of the plot are taken very closely from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, and from Hall's *Chronicle*; the latter was largely compiled from Sir Thomas More's *Life of Richard III.* Several minute details, peculiar either to Hall or Holinshed, prove that Shakespeare used both sources; and one historical mistake, 'at our mother's cost' (v. 3. 324), proves that he used the 2nd edition of Holinshed (1586-7). Shakespeare took a certain amount of dramatic license in using these materials. Thus the wooing of Anne is his own invention; and he freely introduces Queen Margaret in scene after scene, though she died in 1482, a year before Edward IV, and had lived either in prison or privacy after Tewkesbury (1471). The opening of Act I was really six years before Clarence's death, and twelve years before King Edward's death; these intervals are dramatically overlooked. The Satanic character of Richard comes from More, whom Hall copies closely.

One special difficulty in this play is the text. The first edition of the quarto text (1597) and the first edition of the folio text (1623) each contain essential passages not found in the other. The folio text also contains passages amplified from the quarto in Shakespeare's style; and unessential passages, also Shakespearean; and besides these, many insertions or alterations evidently non-Shakespearean. As to the relative authority of these two sources of the text eminent critics flatly contradict each other. Probably the quartos were an imperfect edition of Shakespeare's genuine early text; the folio embodies his own later amendments as well as unwarranted alterations by later actors and playwrights.

Queen Margaret, widow of Henry VI, hovers over the other actors like an incarnate spirit of revenge. Anne, Richard's wife, is described by Richard himself (I. 2. 231-255), much as Hamlet describes his mother, 'Frailty, thy name is woman' (I. 2. 137-156), though the frailty is merely of will and judgment, and not of moral nature. Elizabeth, Edward IV's widow, Richard has also

described in one line, 'Relenting fool and shallow changing woman' (iv. 4. 431), where her moral judgment, not her character, is censured. Both are womanly women, faultless as wives and mothers. The one out-standing character, Richard himself, is the gigantic personification of one overmastering idea; the will of a man who deliberately esteems God and man alike as of no account; the one inevitable thing being his own self-assertion in outward act. Pistol's brag 'The world's mine oyster, which I with sword will open'¹ is the serious creed of Richard's life. There is no subtle character-drawing in this play: two touches alone show Richard's kinship with humanity: his admiration for his father,² which is rather family pride than personal love; and his half-dreaming cry of fear, 'Have mercy, Jesu'.³ Nor is there any comic relief; and the murderer's description of the two princes asleep in their bed of death is almost the only touch of simple, pathetic beauty.

The supernatural element in this play is equally simple and primitive; a string of stage ghosts, who enter 'to point the moral and adorn the tale', before the drama ends.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

This play (1593-4) was published in quarto twice in 1600, first by Fisher, then by Roberts, each time so accurately as probably to have been taken from a genuine MS. It is mentioned by Meres, 1598. This external evidence fixes the date *before* 1598. Internal evidence from allusions is doubtful. It is obviously in form a masque (p. 11), and was probably not written primarily for the stage, but to grace the wedding of some noble friend or patron of Shakespeare. This could not have been Southampton, for he was not

¹ *Merry Wives of Windsor* ii. 2. 2-3.

² *Richard III.* i. 3. 263-5; *Henry VI.* ii. 1. 9-20.

³ *V.* 3. 178.

married till 1598 : nor has any other conjecture proved satisfactory. Again, the lines 'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death Of learning late deceased in beggary' probably contain a reminiscence of the title of Spenser's *Tears of the Muses* (1591, 100), and refer to Robert Green's death (1592 see 14) and the Nash versus Harvey controversy over Greene ('some satire keen and critical'¹); but, if so, the references are rather loose. Again, 'Titania's description of the weather'² fits in remarkably with that of 1594, except that the harvest of that year was but slightly injured.

There is clearer proof of the period. The rhyme-test is indeed inapplicable, since its masque-like character necessitates a predominancy of rhyme. But the regularity of the blank verse, the elaborate symmetry of the plot, the rural buoyancy of tone, and the comparative absence of characterisation point it out as belonging in the main to the same Early Group as *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; while the artistic finish and subtle humour of Bottom mark it as the climax of that group. Queen Mab³ in *Romeo and Juliet* (1591-3) is a first rough sketch of Titania; as Dromio's speech about fairies⁴ in the *Comedy of Errors* (1589-91) is a similar anticipation of Puck's drolleries.

The play opens with preparations for the marriage of
 Plot. *Theseus*, Duke of Athens, with *Hippolyta*, Queen of the Amazons. *Egeus* appears before the Duke to complain that *Lysander* has won his daughter *Hermia's* love, though he himself had chosen *Demetrius* for her husband. The latter had forsaken *Hermia's* friend *Helena*. *Lysander* and *Hermia* escape from Athens, and lose themselves in a neighbouring wood at night; whither *Demetrius* follows them in revenge, himself pursued by *Helena*. Bottom and his fellow-craftsmen meet at *Quince's* house and arrange to play the 'lamentable comedy' of *Pyramus and Thisbe* at the Duke's wedding feast. They agree to rehearse in the wood. Here Oberon,

¹ V. 1. 52-55.

² II. 1. 88-117.

³ I. 4. 53-95.

⁴ II. 2. 190-4.

the fairy king, and his jester Puck put an ass's head on Bottom and frighten away the other actors. By magic unguents they cause Titania the fairy queen to fall in love with Bottom, and bring about a perfect 'Comedy of Errors' among the engaged couples. Oberon sets everything right in the end : Demetrius pairs with Helena, Lysander with Hermia ; and Bottom's laughable play turns out a great success at the wedding feast. The action of the play begins on April 29th and ends after the midnight following May 1st, incorrectly reckoned by Theseus as 'four days.'

The main story is taken from Chaucer's *Knights Tale* ; but the incidents are placed before the marriage instead of after ; and Hippolyta's sister Emelie is transformed into Helena and Hermia, so as to make two happy couples, instead of the tragic rivalry of two lovers which forms the theme of the doubtful play of *Two Noble Kinsmen*. The Olympian deities who give supernatural guidance in the latter play, are here replaced by mischief-loving fairies. The May Day rites, and the delights of hunting are also taken from Chaucer. Oberon figures in Greene's play of *James IV* ; and his fairy realm is described in the mediæval *Huon of Bordeaux*, translated from French into English (1534). Titania (or Diana) is taken from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*,—the classical mythology being popularly identified with fairy-lore. There is in Chaucer a hint for Oberon's quarrel with Titania, and for his good offices to the lovers. Spenser's *Faery Queen* (1590) may have given some suggestions ; he mentions Sir Huon and King Oberon. The story of *Pyramus and Thisbe* Shakespeare found in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, one of his school-books, but perhaps better known to him through Golding's translation. It is also briefly alluded to in Chaucer's *Merchant's Tale*. We have seen (111) how the Kenilworth pageant suggested Oberon's 'vision' (ii. 1. 148-167) possibly the 'mermaid on a dolphin's back' may be a veiled reference to Mary, Queen of Scots, the Dauphin's (=dolphin) widow, and 'certain (shooting) stars' to the infatuation of the Duke of Norfolk and other nobles for her. The 'little western flower' has with less reason been allegorical-

ly identified with Lettice, Countess of Essex, with whom Leicester had an intrigue.

Theseus, in the sphere of romance, like Henry V in English history, is Shakespeare's ideal type of the successful man of action, who bends the world to his will. In him, as in Prince Hamlet, we find a gracious and sympathetic condescension to the actors, third-rate as these are. The closing interlude is a good-humoured satire on the masques or revels with which the tenantry used to honour their superiors, such as *The Nine Worthies* at the close of *Love's Labour's Lost*, and the schoolmaster's dancing-show before Theseus, Hippolyta, and Emilia in *Two Noble Kinsmen*. It gives an opportunity (as in *Hamlet*) for the Hero to utter some useful dramatic criticism, and, like the Chorus in *Henry V*, enables Shakespeare himself to apologise for the inevitable imperfections of scenery and stage management. The only other character of mark is Bottom. Dowden calls him 'incomparably a finer efflorescence of the absurd than any preceding character of Shakespeare's invention. Bottom and Titania meet—an undesigned symbol that Shakespeare's humour has enriched itself by coalescing with the fancy.' He stands about halfway between Sly and Falstaff, with a far wider range of ability and unconscious humour than the former, but with none of the keen wit or conscious predominance of the latter.

Supernatural
Element.

For the Supernatural Element see under this heading in *The Tempest*.

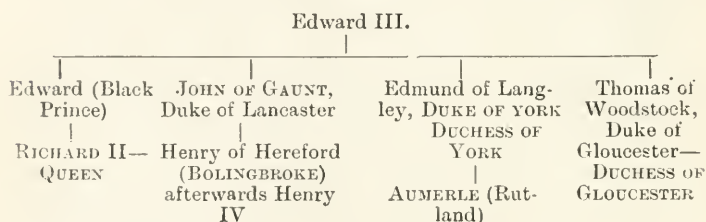
RICHARD II.

This play (1593-4) was first published in the quarto, 1597, with the omission of the deposition scene (iv. 1. 154-318); it was published complete in 1608. The deposition-scene was probably omitted for political

Date and
Period.

reasons, since Elizabeth's own deposition by her subjects was encouraged by the Pope and the Catholic sovereigns. In style and dramatic characterisation the play is obviously more mature than *Richard III*, though its frequent rhymed couplets and crude conceits show an early period, and traces of Marlowe's *Edward II* prove it to be not much later than *Richard III*.

It is difficult to understand the play without a clear knowledge of the relation in which Richard II stands to the chief personages of the drama. This is best shown by a genealogical tree:—



Bolingbroke accuses Norfolk before the King of treason, and especially of having compassed Gloucester's judicial murder. They fight a duel at Coventry; but the king stops the combat, and banishes Bolingbroke for a term of years and Norfolk for life. After Gaunt's death Richard seizes his estate and, leaving York as his deputy, goes to subdue the rebellion in Ireland. Bolingbroke returns to claim his rights; executes the King's favourites Bushey and Green; and places his demands before the King at Flint Castle. Richard follows Bolingbroke to London, where in full Parliament he is deposed and sent as a prisoner to Pomfret Castle. There in a fit of rage he fights his keepers and is killed. Bolingbroke crushes a conspiracy in which Aumerle had become entangled, and freely forgives him on his mother's intercession. Exton, through whose contrivance Richard had met his death, is banished, and the new king vows a penitential pilgrimage for his own sin in instigating Exton to the murder.

The plot is taken from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, the 2nd, edition, which alone records the withering of the bay-trees (II. 4. 8). But the Bishop of Carlisle's committal to the charge of the Abbot of Westminster (IV. 1. 152-3) and Bolingbroke's denunciation of his son's libertinism (V. 3. 1-12) are not in Holinshed. The play opens in 1398 and closes in 1400. There are several historical inaccuracies:—(1) Richard's queen (his second) was twelve when sent back to France; whereas Shakespeare represents her as a mature woman; (2) Aumerle's mother died in 1394, so that her intercession (V. 3. 87-136) is fictitious; (3) the Duchess of Gloucester died at Barking Abbey, not Plashy.

The chief interest centres in Shakespeare's characterisation of the two protagonists. On the one side we have the self-indulgent, sentimental, imaginative Richard, who makes a luxury even of his misfortunes, and alternates between hysterical rage and childish despair; and on the other the silent, self-contained Bolingbroke, who makes straight for his aim, submits to inevitable drawbacks, and succeeds by resolute will. He commands respect and fear, but wins no love; he lives in the world of mere external facts: whereas Richard wins our sympathy; he is a 'lovely' though a 'cankered' rose. Gaunt is the embodiment of indignant patriotism; York, a faithful subordinate, without energy or initiative. The women are but secondary personages: the Queen's affection is strong enough to serve as a foil to Richard's weakness; in the same way the Duchess of York's motherly passion sets off her husband's conscientious, non-natural loyalty.

The only approach to any use of the supernatural element in this play is the mention of the withered bay-trees, meteors, and a lunar eclipse (II. 4. 8-10,) supposed to foretell public calamities (cf. *Julius Cæsar*, I. 3; II. 2). The unobtrusive moral of the whole drama is the same as that of *Love's Labour's Lost* (see 115), the central idea of Shakespeare's whole life. Richard II lived in a fool's paradise of an imaginary 'divine right of kings': the drama points out its inevitable end.

KING JOHN.

This play (1595) is mentioned in Meres's *Palladis Tamia* (1598), and is clearly an improved form of *Date and period.* *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, which was printed in 1591, and probably written in 1588 by some imitator of Marlowe. Its date is further fixed by the phrase 'Basilisco-like' (l. 1. 244), an undoubted quotation from *Soliman and Perseida* (1592). Its regularity of metre, its frequent rhymes, verbal conceits, and classical allusions, and its character as an evident adaptation, mark it as belonging to Shakespeare's earlier plays; but in subtlety and vividness of characterisation it is as much superior to *Richard III* as it is inferior to *Henry IV*. It therefore belongs to the Middle Period of the historical plays.

King John, encouraged by his mother Elinor, defies Philip, King of France, who claims the crown for the
Plot. rightful heir, Arthur. John knights Philip Faulconbridge an illegitimate son of Richard I, and takes him to the ensuing war. Before Angiers they meet the French King, Lymoges, Duke of Austria, the Dauphin, Lewis, Arthur, and his mother Constance. The citizens suggest a compromise: accordingly regardless of Arthur's claims, Lewis is betrothed to John's niece, Blanch. But the Pope's legate Pandulph excommunicates John, and the war is renewed. Faulconbridge kills the Duke of Austria; John takes Arthur prisoner, and craftily suggests his murder to Hubert. Hubert, about to blind Arthur with hot irons, is dissuaded by his piteous entreaties; and Arthur is killed accidentally in an attempt to escape. His supposed murder so incenses the people that the nobles side with the Dauphin. John is driven to do homage to Pandulph for his crown, but is poisoned by a monk, and dies on hearing of a military reverse which Faulconbridge has sustained at the Wash. The young Prince Henry, now King, hears that Pandulph has arranged for an honourable peace; and the play concludes with an outburst of triumphant patriotism.

The plot is taken from the old play *The Troublesome Raigne*, which Shakespeare simply rewrote.

Source.

But he has practically made it a new play; its eloquence, poetry, and dramatic insight are all Shakespeare's. The changes from the old play are introduced for dramatic effect. Thus Arthur is an innocent boy instead of a young man—which is unhistorical, since he was 17 years old, and had served in a campaign. The bigoted Protestant prejudices of the original are replaced by lofty patriotism; while the craft, treachery, and cowardly weakness of John are vividly delineated. Constance is a deeply-wronged, suffering mother rather than an intriguing, ambitious princess. Both plays alike blunder in confusing Leopold of Austria with the Count of Limoges; for Leopold had died five years before this play begins. Hubert de Burgh was not a servant, but a high state official. Pandulph was not a cardinal, nor did he arrange the settlement between John and the French invaders. Nor, again, were cannon used at that date. Historical events are selected not for their importance (the epoch-making Magna Charta is not noticed), but solely for their dramatic suitability; and the sequence of time is shortened from some sixteen years to a few months.

John's mother, Elinor, is strong, ambitious, and unscrupulous; he depends upon her for statesmanship as he does upon the Bastard for active

Characters.

service in war or government. The latter is the real hero of the play; his character develops from a rough boyish humour to a shrewd far-sighted statesmanship and soldier-craft. He is the incarnation of unselfish patriotism. All the characters except Constance, Arthur, and the Bastard are more or less time-serving hypocrites; and the inevitable course of events shows that chaos alone can ensue from such moral rottenness.

The supernatural element finds little scope in this play.

Supernatural element.

Peter of Pomfret, a popular prophet, inflames the popular discontent by predicting that the King will deliver up his crown before the next Ascension Day. This prophecy is fulfilled by John's resigning his crown to the

Pope's legate. A portent of five moons is seen in the sky (iv. 2. 182-4). But neither prophecy nor portent has anything of the dramatic seriousness which their parallels have in *Julius Cæsar*. They might be omitted without loss; Shakespeare simply retained them from the original play.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

This play (1596) must have been written before 1598, because it is mentioned by Meres (1598), and
 Date. was entered in that year in the Stationers' Company's books. An imitation of the moonlight scene (v. 1.) occurs in *Wily Beguiled* (1596-7); and the incident of the knife-whetting (iv. 1. 121) in a Latin play, *Machiavellus* (1597). A 'Venetian Comedy' is mentioned as a new play, August 25th, 1594, by the manager of the Rose Theatre. This was probably Shakespeare's first rough draft, written hastily to meet the popular demand for an anti-Jewish play, occasioned by the execution of the Jew Lopez for an attempt to poison the Queen. Shylock's argument (iv. 1. 90-100) is taken from Silvain's *Orator*, which was not translated till 1596. But these lines may have been added later, or Shakespeare may very well have read this book in French.

In general character this play is intermediate between the
 Period. Early Group and the Later Comedy. With the former it is associated in its tendency to rhyme and occasionally to doggerel, and in its frequent classicalisms. The relations between mistress and maid, though inverted, recall those of *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; as Launcelot reminds us of Launce. But in depth and subtlety of characterisation it closely approaches the Later Group; while, as we have seen (125), Portia stands midway between the earlier heroines, and those of the Tragical Comedies. And the love-poetry of Act V, so gracefully interwoven with tender

fancy and mirthful *badinage* almost ranks with Orlando's courtship of the disguised Rosalind, or the brilliant and yet impassioned tongue-fence between Beatrice and Benedick.

Antonio, a rich merchant of Venice, lends money to his friend Bassanio to enable him to appear in

Plot. due style as suitor of Portia at Belmont.

Antonio has to borrow the money from Shylock the Jew; and incautiously signs a bond under which, if he fails to repay the debt, the Jew may cut off a pound of his flesh. Bassanio passes the ordeal of choice among three caskets, golden, silver, and leaden, and so wins Portia's hand; but immediately afterwards hears that Antonio's bond is forfeited. He and his friend Gratiano leave their newly-wedded brides, Portia and her maid Nerissa, and hasten to Venice. The two latter, disguised as lawyer and clerk, follow them, appear in Court, and catch the Jew in his own legal trap. They refuse any fee, but obtain the rings which their respective husbands had vowed never to part with. The clown Launcelot had been transferred by Shylock from his own service to that of Bassanio, and had thus helped Lorenzo to elope with the Jew's daughter Jessica. These two await at Belmont the return of the brides and their husbands; the comic tangle of the rings is happily cleared up, and Antonio recovers his lost wealth.

The story of the bond, of Antonio's deliverance by Portia's pleading, and of the rings comes from the old

Source. Italian tales, *Il Pecorone*, by Ser Giovanni of Florence (published 1558). The outline of this 'bond' story is found in the mediæval *Gesta Romanorum*, in *The Three Ladies of London* (1584), and in a thirteenth century Northumbrian poem, *Cursor Mundi*. The 'casket' story may be traced to the Greek romance, *Barlaam and Josaphat* (about 800); it occurs in two forms in the *Gesta Romanorum*; and is found in the English poet Gower, and the Italian novelist Boccaccio. The central character of Shylock was partly founded upon Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*; but still more upon Queen Elizabeth's Jewish physician Lopez, who had been in the Earl of Leicester's household before 1586; and while there

the Burbages had probably often come into personal contact with him. Shylock we know was one of Richard Burbage's greatest impersonations. Lopez had acted as interpreter to Don Antonio, a religious refugee from Spain; and Spanish agents in England bribed him to murder both Antonio and the Queen. Stephen Gosson (1579), in a criticism of the stage, mentions one play *The Jew*, acted at the Bull Theatre, as 'showing the greediness of worldly choosers and the bloody minds of usurers,' *i.e.*, combining the 'casket' and 'bond' stories. This play was probably the rough ore which Shakespeare refined into pure gold.

Shylock is the real hero, and Shakespeare accomplished what in his surroundings was almost a miracle :
 Characters. he created a Jew who successfully appeals to our common humanity, in spite of the hard crust of revengeful avarice which hides his better nature. Heine's criticism is perfect : 'At Drury Lane (theatre) a pale fair Briton, at the end of the Fourth Act, fell a-weeping passionately, exclaiming "The poor man is wronged." At Venice, wandering dream-hunter that I am, I found Shylock nowhere on the Rialto, but towards evening I heard a sob that could come only from a breast that held in it all the martyrdom that for eighteen centuries had been borne by a whole tortured people. I seemed to know the voice, and felt I had heard it long ago, when in utter despair it moaned out "Jessica, my child!"' Those who condemn Jessica for her want of natural affection should study George Eliot's *Daniel Deronda*, where the ethical problem of an artist-souled daughter and a stern Jewish father is fully discussed. To such a girl her home 'is hell' (II. 3. 2-3). In this Shakespeare was never truer to nature and to life. But Portia is the heroine, and in the fifth Act she rounds off the perfect humanity of the whole dramatic poem. She is life complete; whereas Shylock is a life wrenched and distorted by racial and religious bigotry. The other characters are necessary artistic accessories, but no more. Gratiano is a useful rattle, who serves to accentuate the justice and relieve the tension of the trial-scene.

1 & 2 HENRY IV.

These two plays (1596-8) were first published in quarto

Date. Feb. 25th, 1598, under the title of 'The History of Henry IV, with the Battle of Shrewsbury, between the King and Lord Henry Percy, surnamed Henry Hotspur of the North, with the Humorous Conceits of Sir John Falstaffe.' As first written, the 'fat knight' was throughout called Oldcastle. A pun on that name¹ and a historical reference² to the real Oldcastle, were overlooked by Shakespeare when he changed the name out of deference to Protestant versus Catholic prejudices (see Epilogue). Meres mentions this play (1598); and Ben Jonson alludes to 'Justice Silence' and to Falstaff's fatness in *Every man out of his Humour* (1599). The 'rise in the price of oats'³ refers to the year 1596.

Period. Shakespeare had passed the rudimental stage of his earlier histories. With perfect ease and full creative power he commingles the most serious historical situations with the broadest fun. Except perhaps the fool in *Lear*, Falstaff is Shakespeare's one unapproachable comic creation. The great proportion of prose lines to verse, and the avoidance of rhyme, all add to the internal proof that it belongs to the Middle period.

Plot. Mortimer, a distant cousin of King Henry IV, has been taken prisoner by the rebellious Welsh, and being abandoned by the king, he marries Glendower's daughter, and joins the rebels, as also does Harry Hotspur, son of Northumberland, encouraged by his uncle Worcester. Harry, Prince of Wales, is studying human nature, with Sir John Falstaff as tutor, Poins as companion, Gadshill, Peto and Bardolph as subordinates, and the Boar's Head Tavern as his academy. The rich humours of this life are curiously interwoven with the progress of the civil war, till the rebels are defeated at Shrewsbury; where

¹ I. 2. 47, (Pt. 1); ² III. 2. 28-9 (Pt. 2); ³ II. 1.13-14 (Pt. 1).

'Prince Hal' saves his father's life and kills Harry Hotspur. Thenceforward he keeps aloof from Falstaff, who vents his humours upon the Chief Justice, Pistol, Dame Quickly, Doll Tearsheet, Justice Shallow, Silence, and the recruits he picks up on his way to the wars. The rebellion is finally crushed in Yorkshire through Prince John's treacherous stratagems. The king on his death-bed is finally convinced of Harry's love and of the reality of his reformation. On receiving news of the king's death, Falstaff posts to London with his dupe Shallow, but is publicly disgraced, while his enemy the Chief Justice is promoted; and the play ends with this happy augury for the new king's honourable reign.

Shakespeare's two sources were Holinshed's (and Hall's)

Source. *Chronicles* and the old play, *The Famous*

Victories of Henry V. In some cases he has been misled by errors in the *Chronicles*; e. g. (1) he calls the Earl of Fife the son of Douglas (*Pt.* 1. 1. 71-2); (2) he confuses Edmund Mortimer, the Welsh prisoner and rebel, with his nephew, Edmund Mortimer, the true heir to the throne. For dramatic reasons Shakespeare has wrongly made Hotspur (who was more than twenty years the older) and the Prince of Wales of the same age: he has similarly made Hotspur fall at Shrewsbury in single combat with the Prince of Wales. But with a happy insight he has given us a far truer version of the Prince's character than either the old play or the historic *Chronicles* furnished. Instead of an unprincipled debauchee, we see the gradually developed humanity of one who has studied life sympathetically in all its aspects—a genuinely English hero; as contrasted with the cold, deliberate proprieties of Henry IV's pattern son, John of Lancaster. The name Oldcastle (p. 151) for the Prince's chief companion and a few details connected with him are taken from the old play; but the character of Falstaff is an entirely new creation.

Henry IV represents the calculating, unsympathetic politician, who lives in an atmosphere of suspicion and unrest. He cannot understand his eldest son, and learns to appreciate him only at the very last. Owen

Characters.

Glendower is a brave hot-tempered Welsh warrior, full of poetic superstition: Harry Percy (Hotspur) is practical, but impatient; his one idea is fighting. The other characters describe themselves in the plot. The female characters, the wives of Hotspur and Mortimer and Hotspur's mother, are unimportant. Mrs. Quickly is a richly humorous type.

HENRY V.

The date of *Henry V* is fixed—(1) *externally*, as after
 Date. 1598, because it is not in Meres's list of that
 year, and it followed 2 *Henry IV* (1597-8);
 and as before 1600, when the quarto edition was published:
 (2) *internally*, as April to June 1599, because the references
 to Essex's hoped-for victorious return from Ireland settles
 the time so far. For Essex left England March 27th 1599;
 by the end of June he was known to have failed, and he
 returned in disgrace Sept. 28th 1599. And the reference (*Prol.*
 to Act I, 13) to the 'wooden O' (if the octagonal Globe
 Theatre is meant) also necessitates 1599, when that theatre was
 first built and opened. The first quarto was a pirated and
 imperfect edition of an acting abridgement; it omits the
 Choruses and cuts down the number of *dramatis personae*.

The style and diction show it to belong to Shakespeare's
 Period. Middle period. There is still some use of
 rhymed couplets; but there are plenty of
 prose passages, as in *Much Ado* (1598-9), and *As You Like It*
 (1599-1600); and the blank verse runs more freely than in
Richard II, less so than in *Macbeth* or *King Lear*. Thought
 and form are perfectly balanced, whereas in the earlier plays
 the form predominates; in the later, the thought.

This play is more a warlike *epic* than a *drama*. The story
 Plot. is therefore chiefly told by a 'Chorus', a
 speaker who utters a descriptive prologue

before each act, and an epilogue to the whole. The Archbishop of Canterbury persuades Henry V to claim the French Crown, while the Dauphin sends a mocking challenge of a 'tun of tennis balls'. War is declared. Nym and Pistol make up their quarrel over Mrs. Quickly, and with Bardolph go to make profit out of the campaign. Meanwhile we hear of Falstaff's death. Before embarking, the king confronts and condemns the conspirators, Scroop, Cambridge, and Grey. Harfleur is taken, where we are introduced to the Welsh Captain Fluellen, the English Gower, the Scotch Jamy, and the Irish MacMorris, each a characteristic natural type. After a skirmish in which Exeter takes and holds an important bridge, and where Pistol is so tongue-valiant as to impose on Fluellen, we have the glorious victory of Agincourt, and a comic episode with a bluff soldier who had challenged his unrecognised king on the preceding night. The king goes home in triumph, and returns to win his bride, the French Princess Katharine. Fluellen exposes the cowardice of Pistol. The king's rough soldierly courtship and general congratulations on the peace concluded by this marriage form a happy ending to the play.

The story is taken from Holinshed's *Chronicles*. Some details—the tun of tennis balls, Pistol's capture of the Frenchman, and Henry's wooing—are from an old play, *The Famous Victories of Henry V*. The story is occasionally inaccurate. Thus the conspiracy was detected before the negotiations with France; the French king's offer of his daughter's hand and 'certain dukedoms' was made by a special embassy before the king left England, instead of after the king's landing in France; the Dauphin was not present at Agincourt, nor were Salisbury, Warwick, or Talbot; and Westmoreland and Bedford were at home. The union of the four nationalities under Henry is a dramatic invention; indeed *Act III. 2.* So to end appears to have been added to the play in 1605 to propitiate King James, who had been annoyed by stage caricatures of Scotsmen. In *Macbeth* (1605) Shakespeare shows the same tendency.

The central all-important character is the King's. We can see how this splendid national hero has been gradually evolved from the earlier 'Prince Hal.' His reserve and self-control in answering the Dauphin's rash challenge, are a repetition on a loftier scale of his victory over Hotspur. He is throughout severely conscientious and God-fearing; sternly checks all license in his own soldiery; has all the kingly attributes in perfection; and commands the heartfelt loyalty of all classes, from the noble Erpingham down to Nym and Pistol. His disguised conversation with the soldiers before Agincourt shows us how much practical commonsense he had learned in his Boar's Head experience; still more how supreme over every other feeling is that sense of kingly responsibility which banished the impossible Falstaff, and brought about the apparent miracle of his coronation reformation. From the dramatic point of view there is a loss: the humorous relief is slender; though Falstaff's reported death-bed scene is the most perfect comedy that Shakespeare ever wrote. Fluellen has a shrewd mother-wit: he is as entertaining as he is estimable; but he is too serious for comedy. As a drama, *Henry V* is inferior to *Henry IV*, though it is superior as a *quasi-epic* poem.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

This play (1598-9) is not mentioned by Meres, and so cannot have been written before 1598. It was entered on the Stationer's Register and published in quarto in 1600. There is no clear internal evidence of the date. Don Pedro's success in the wars (1. 1. 1-11) may refer to Essex's campaign in Ireland; if so, the play must have been written before the end of June 1599 (1593). The wide range and felicity of characterisation, the harmonious blending of grave and gay, of tragic intensity with grotesque humour,

all mark it as belonging to the Later Comedy. Verse tests and the liberal use of prose confirm this conclusion.

Don Pedro, Prince of Arragon, with Claudio and Benedick, pay a visit to Leonato, Governor of Messina, and there meet Hero his daughter and Beatrice his niece. Claudio becomes engaged to marry Hero; while Benedick and Beatrice, both professed misogynists, carry on their customary duel of wit. Don John, Pedro's bastard brother, with his attendant Borachio, suborn Hero's maid Margaret to personate her mistress and thus lead Claudio to disbelieve in her loyalty and openly to repudiate her at the wedding ceremony. Meantime the others had laid a cunning trap by which Benedick and Beatrice are made to believe that each is in love with the other. The wronged Hero swoons in church, is hid away, and reported dead. Dogberry's watchmen accidentally disclose Don John's villainy; Claudio in atonement for his rash judgment marries a veiled bride, Leonato's supposed niece, who turns out to be Hero; Benedick marries Beatrice, and all ends with a merry dance.

The 'Hero and Claudio' story is first found in Bandello's *Novelle* (No. 22), which was translated by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques*. The same story is found in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, translated by Harrington (1591); it had been dramatised and acted before the Queen in 1583. Jacob Ayzer had independently written a very similar play; and what is said later about *The Tempest* (p. 181) applies here. Shakespeare has changed all Bandello's names except Don Pedro and Leonato; while Ayzer has kept them all. But the real soul of the play, Benedick, Beatrice, and the immortal Dogberry, are Shakespeare's own, and are so cunningly interwoven with the other story as to make one perfect whole. It is Dogberry's thick-headed officialism that stumbles on the clue to Don John's villainy, and brings about the happy ending.

Claudio is a half-hearted lover, with no depth of feeling. His ready belief in Hero's disloyalty, and his equally facile acquiescence in a marriage of

Plot.

Source.

Characters.

atonement are a necessary imperfection in the plot. With a Romeo or any really high-souled lover in his place, the drama would have been impossible. Beatrice and the priest alone see the situation in its true light, and Benedick rather tardily follows Beatrice's lead. She is the real heroine, healthy and hearty, her sarcastic misogamy coming from a true insight into the self-centred shallowness of almost all men (abundantly justified in the play itself), not from any selfish egoism of her own (as is largely the case with Benedick). This is seen in her ready sympathy with her cousin's love-affairs, and in the passionate self-abandonment with which she falls into the trap so artfully set for her. Don Pedro, Leonato, and his brother fill their places with dignity. The lines in which the friar foretells how Hero's memory will haunt Claudio are perhaps the finest in English literature (iv. 1. 225-32). Dogberry is the 'Bottom' of Bumbledom; he alone would make the play a success. He is one of Shakespeare's immortals.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

This play (1599-1600) is entered on the Stationers' Register in 1600 'to be stayed', apparently not being then completed for publication; and it did not appear till the first folio (1623). Several inaccuracies in the text indicate that it was written hastily. The part of Hymen in the last scene is scarcely worthy of Shakespeare, and possibly was filled in by some one else. The date must be later than 1598, because the play is not in Meres's list; and it contains (iii. 5. 82-3) a quotation from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, first printed in 1598. The Globe Theatre (opened in 1599) bore over its entrance the inscription *Totus mundus agit histrionem* ('All the world's a stage'), so that this play may have been first performed at the opening. The style of the whole play both in blank verse and prose, the exquisite perfection in the

delineation of Rosalind's character, and the shrewd wit of Touchstone, so artfully set off by the sentimental cynicism of Jaques—all mark it as belonging to the Later Comedy.

Orlando, youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, deprived of his inheritance by his eldest brother Oliver, overcomes the usurping Duke Frederick's athlete Charles in a public wrestling-match. He thus wins the love of Rosalind, daughter of the Banished Duke, who is living in the Forest of Arden; he too is banished, and with his faithful servant Adam escapes to the forest. Rosalind is also banished, and goes there with her bosom friend Celia, Duke Frederick's daughter, and with the Court fool, Touchstone. They disguise themselves as brother and sister, and are courteously entertained by two shepherds Corin and Silvius. The latter is scorned by Phebe, a shepherdess, who falls in love with the disguised Rosalind. Orlando, to cure his love sickness, makes believe to woo the supposed Ganymede as Rosalind. Touchstone falls in love with a country wench Audrey, and has many verbal encounters with Jaques, the cynical wit among the banished Duke's followers. Oliver, banished by Duke Frederick, is saved by Orlando from a lioness. He falls in love with Celia. In the end Rosalind makes herself known, and all the lovers are happily married. Duke Frederick becomes a 'convertite' and reinstates the banished Duke and his followers.

The whole story is taken from a romance by Thomas Lodge, *Rosalynde, or Euphues' Golden Legacy* (1590). Some details in the wrestling scene and in Touchstone's humorous distinctions between differing types of the 'lie', were probably suggested by *Saviolo's Practice*, a manual of self-defence by an Italian fencing-master in the service of the Earl of Essex. But the two chief characters, Jaques and Touchstone, are original, as is also the wench Audrey, who serves to draw out Touchstone's humour at its best. All the names in the novel are changed, except Adam's; and the forest of Ardennes, becomes Shakespeare's own Forest of Arden, which is accurately described in detail,

but dowered by the novelist with olive trees (III. 5. 74; IV. 3. 78,) and by Shakespeare (III. 2. 186) with palm-trees (unless indeed he means the goat-willow, commonly called a palm, and used in churches on Palm Sunday); with poisonous green snakes (the only poisonous snake in England being the viper which is brown or slate-coloured and too small to twist round a man's neck); and with a lioness (IV. 3. 106-9 & 115-117). Shakespeare has made the two Dukes brothers as in *The Tempest*.

For Rosalind see 117, 149. Taine contends that Jaques represents Shakespeare's own personality. This is true in so far as he stands for a detached and critical spirit, who knows the whole range of life and the vanity of it; but wholly untrue as regards his sentimental cynicism. There is no trace of genuine feeling in Jaques; he simply amuses himself with his own emotional experiences. The Duke charges him with having been a sensual libertine (II. 7. 65-6), perhaps one instance among many of the inaccurate haste with which Shakespeare wrote this play; for the suggestion is out of keeping with Jaques's whole character, and inconsistent with the Duke's own delight in his society. It is significant that Taine has no word to say about Touchstone, who is of vital importance to the play. Steadfast loyalty is the backbone of his character (I. 3. 134), shrewd common-sense gained by long experience is the foundation of his wit. No one ever gets the better of him in a word-duel; Jaques serves as a mere foil in their encounters; and with characteristic want of insight attributes his own shallowness of nature to Touchstone in his farewell gibe, 'for thy loving voyage Is but for two months victualled' (V. 4. 197-8).

TWELFTH NIGHT.

The date of this play (1601) is very nearly fixed by the Diary of Manningham, who saw it performed at the Middle Temple, Feb. 2nd, 1602. It is

Date and period.

not found in Meres's list, and so was written after 1598; and the song (II. 3. 99), which is not Shakespeare's, was published in 1601. Thus the latter part of 1601 must have been the date. It was probably written for a performance before the Court at Whitehall on Twelfth Night, Jan. 6th. 1602. It was not published till the folio of 1623. The second title, *What You Will*, indicates the character of the piece—a combination of comedy and romance with some almost tragic touches of reality. An internal note of time is the reference to the 'new map' (III. 2. 84-6), first issued with Hakluyt's *Voyages* (1599 or 1600). A comparison with the Early Comedies shows an immense advance in dramatic power: e.g. Viola with Julia in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*; the wreck and the mistaken identities here and in *The Comedy of Errors*. The 'musical element' is more fully developed and pervasive than in *The Merchant of Venice*; while the happy blending of comic prose with the most exquisite poetry is an advance even on the Later History group. The verse tests corroborate this estimate of the period.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, loves Olivia, who rejects him,
 being devoted to mourning for her brother's
 death. Viola, the twin sister of Sebastian,
 saved like him from a shipwreck, disguises herself
 as a page (Cesario) and entering Orsino's service,
 falls in love with him. Orsino employs her in love-
 messages to Olivia, who becomes infatuated with the beautiful
 page, and at last avows her love. Sir Toby Belch, Olivia's
 uncle, and his dupe Sir Andrew Aguecheek, who hopes to
 marry Olivia's wealth, turn her house into a tavern with their
 revelry; checked only by Maria, the maid, and the puritanical
 steward Malvolio. Feste, the fool, makes himself useful by
 turns to every one. They all, except Olivia, detest Malvolio;
 and Maria feigns her mistress's hand in a love-letter addressed
 to him and left in his way. He falls into the trap and behaves
 so absurdly that Olivia allows him to be treated as a madman.
 Feste, disguised as a curate, tries to exorcise the devil from
 Malvolio, imprisoned in a dark room. Meantime Sir

Toby has embroiled the page, Cesario, in a duel with Sir Andrew; Sebastian returns and is taken by everybody for Cesario. Olivia is betrothed to him under this illusion; and similarly Sir Toby and Sir Andrew finish the interrupted duel by being well thrashed by him. The mistake is cleared up as soon as the brother and sister meet, and the play ends with a triple wedding, Sir Toby with Maria, Sebastian with Olivia, and the Duke with Viola.

The main plot is found in Barnabe Riche's *History of Apollonius and Silla*, which was taken from
 Source. Cinthio's *Hecatombnithi*, and that again from Bandello's *Novelle*. Manningham supposed it to be taken from one of two Italian plays (1562 and 1592), both entitled *Gl' In-ganni* (The Cheats). The second of these may have suggested the name 'Cesario.' Another Italian play, *Gl' Ingannati* (1537) is still closer to Shakespeare's, and in its *Induction* contains the name 'Malevolti,' whence possibly 'Malvolio.' We know that Shakespeare took Italian lessons from Florio (p. 116); very probably he read these plays with his tutor. But the vital part of this comedy—the Malvolio, Maria, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew underplot—is Shakespeare's own.

Viola is more delicately feminine than Rosalind, but has
 Characters. less intellect and strength of will than Portia; her masculine disguise suits her less than her two prototypes. A sweet humility and a deep, tender loyalty in love are her chief characteristics. Olivia is a gracious lady, with strong common sense and force of character; she has the pride of her rank, doomed to a fall in her meeting with Cesario. 'She is,' writes Lamb, 'particularly excellent in her unbending scenes with the Clown. She uses him for her sport, to trifle a leisure sentence or two with, and then to be dismissed and she to be the Great Lady still. Her imperious fantastic humour fills the scene...Malvolio is not essentially ludicrous. He becomes comic, but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and rather of an over-stretched morality. He might have worn his gold chain with honour in the service of a Lambert or a Lady Fairfax. But his

morality and his manners are misplaced in Illyria. He is opposed to the proper levities of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest. His quality is at the best unlovely, but neither buffoon nor contemptible. He has an air of Spanish loftiness; he looks and speaks like an old Castilian, starch, spruce, opinionated. When the poison of self-love, in his conceit of the Countess's affection, begins to work, you would think that Don Quixote himself stood before you.' Feste is at home in every kind of company; a professional jester, rather than a philosopher in motley, like Touchstone. His closing song gives the quintessence of Shakespeare's ideal clown. The Duke is almost as self-consciously sentimental as Jaques; but he has a capacity for affection and is free from cynicism. He recalls Richard II. Maria is admirably clever, but just meets her deserts in marrying Sir Toby. The same may be said of him. He is as little akin to Falstaff as is Parolles. Malvolio is the real hero of the play.

The supernatural element, properly speaking, has no place in any of the Later Comedies. But it is noteworthy that Pythagoras's philosophical doctrine of the transmigration of souls seems to have been much in Shakespeare's mind at this period. It comes out prominently in this play (iv. 2. 54-65), and incidentally in *As You Like It* (iii. 2. 186-8).

JULIUS CAESAR.

This, the first of the Roman plays, (1600-1) must have been acted before Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* (1601) was written, since the latter contains an indubitable reference to the speeches of Brutus and Antony (iii. 2). Drayton's *Barons' Wars* (1603), a revision of his *Mortimeriados*, has some new lines based apparently upon Antony's oration over Brutus (v. 5. 71-80). Hamlet (1602)

contains several references to the subject of this play, as if it were then fresh in Shakespeare's mind (I. I. 113-120; III. 2. 107-111; v. I. 235-8), and the unusual phrase "hugger-mugger," applied by the king to the funeral of Polonius (iv. 5.83-4) seems a reminiscence of a passage in North's *Life of Brutus*, 'Cæsar's body should be honourably buried, not in hugger-mugger.' It must have been written later than 1600, since the word 'eternal' is substituted for the proper word 'infernal' (I. 2. 160), as it is also twice in *Hamlet* and once in *Othello*. Similarly 'heaven' is substituted in later editions of Shakespeare's plays for 'God' in earlier editions. Obviously these alterations were a concession to the Puritan prejudices which led to the Act of James I. against abuses of the stage. Now the word 'infernal' occurs in *Much Ado*, 2 *Henry IV* and *Titus Andronicus*, all printed in 1600. Hence we arrive at the conclusion that 1600 and 1601 are the outside limits for the date. Its production in 1601 may have been intended as a wholesome corrective to Essex's rebellion in that year. The perfect balance of thought and form, the keen insight, wide range of conception, and delicacy of characterisation, combine to assign this play to the period of Shakespeare's matured art; while the verse tests, the comparative infrequency of 'light endings' and 'weak endings' (p. 132) shew it to be of a period distinctly earlier than *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus*. It was not printed till 1623 (in the folio).

JULIUS CÆSAR, who now shews signs both of bodily and mental infirmity, is almost, worshipped by the
 Plot. people and by the senate. But his growing power is dreaded by the tribunes Flavius and Marullus, and by Cassius, Brutus, and Casca. At the Lupercalia at which Cæsar is thrice offered (and refuses) a kingly crown the three latter initiate a conspiracy, afterwards matured in Brutus's orchard. They then repair to Cæsar's house. He has been persuaded to stay at home by his wife Calpurnia, who fears supernatural portents of his death. But Decius cleverly overpersuades him; he goes with the conspirators to the Capitol, and is assassinated. Mark Antony parleys

with the conspirators, and is allowed by Brutus to speak, after himself, in the Forum at Cæsar's funeral. In this speech, with consummate art, Antony wins over the populace to Cæsar's side, rousing them to reckless antagonism to Brutus and his associates. Antony, Octavius and Lepidus, now left masters of the situation in Rome, ruthlessly doom to death all their political enemies; while dissensions break out among the rebels, encamped near Sardis. Cassius and Brutus have a serious quarrel, which however, through Brutus's magnanimity, ends in a loving reconciliation. Cassius consequently yields to Brutus on military questions; an error which leads to fatal mistakes in their plan of campaign, and to their defeat in the battle of Philippi. Cassius makes his attendant kill him; and amid the ruin of all his hopes, Brutus falls on his own sword, acknowledging the triumph of Cæsar's imperial spirit.

The whole play is taken from *The Lives* of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony in North's translation of *Plutarch's Lives* (1597). Shakespeare rightly revered Plutarch, and as far as possible follows his very words. But he uses a dramatist's license: thus, (1) he makes Cæsar's triumph coincident with the Lupercalia; (2) he amalgamates the two battles of philippi; and (3) he makes the assassination, the funeral, and the arrival of Octavius happen on the same day. He also, contrary to Plutarch, follows Chaucer's *Monk's Tale* in placing Cæsar's death in the Capitol (as also in *Hamlet*; III. 2. 108-110). The all-important speeches of Brutus and Mark Antony are not in Plutarch: some hints for them may have been taken from Appian's *Civil Wars*, translated into English in 1578. Mr. Gollancz has shown that Brutus's speech is almost a translation, into what Plutarch describes as Brutus's laconic style, of Hamlet's lengthy justification of himself for the murder of his uncle (from Belleforest's *Hystorie of Hamblet*.)

Hamlet and *Julius Cæsar* seem to have filled Shakespeare's mind simultaneously for some time before either was written. The central idea

is the same in both: the tragic situation in each is that of a man who by habit and constitution is disqualified for a terrible duty laid upon him by fate. Thus Brutus is the real hero of the play, though the 'spirit of Cæsar' dominates it from first to last. With terrible dramatic irony we see how the conspirators, strong in the support of Brutus's high-souled but *doctrinaire* republicanism, set the man Cæsar free from his belittling infirmities, and through his death make Cæsarism immortal. Brutus is the perfect Stoic philosopher: sternly self-possessed under the crushing sorrow of his wife's death; tender as a woman towards his dependants, but adamant against every form of dishonour. In his speech at Cæsar's funeral, unlike Antony who appeals to the emotions, he characteristically appeals only to reason and the sense of right. Cassius hates Cæsar from personal jealousy, and uses the high reputation of Brutus to screen the petty motives which animate himself and his fellow-conspirators. He is not over-scrupulous; but he has a genuine love for Brutus, and is completely dominated by his moral greatness; so much so as to allow himself to be over-ruled by him in practical matters where Brutus has far less insight. Mark Antony is rather an artist-soul than a voluptuary; a born orator, imaginative and emotional, he rouses the passion of pity and love for the dead Cæsar which sweeps the Roman mob out of themselves into a *témpest* of destructive fury, while he himself unconcernedly uses that fury for political ends. Octavius is lightly touched, but we get a glimpse of the master-soul which hereafter will be the ruler of the Roman world. The female characters are subordinate; but Portia, the wife of Brutus, is in every way worthy of her husband. Theirs is a 'marriage of true minds'; the solitary instance of a perfect ideal marriage in the whole range of Shakespeare's plays or poems.

The element of the supernatural is chiefly confined to omens and portents which are introduced with singularly dramatic effect: (1) the sooth-sayers's prediction, 'Beware the Ides of March'; (2) a terrific thunderstorm and meteoric shower; (3) a slave with a burning

Supernatural
element.

arm, and men on fire; (4) a lion and lioness in the streets; (5) an owl in the market-place at noonday; (6) ghosts coming from opened graves; (7) Calpurnia's dream of Cæsar's bleeding statue; (8) war in the sky, drizzling blood; no heart found in a sacrificed animal. All these precede Cæsar's murder. Then we have (9) the ghost of Cæsar foreboding defeat to Brutus; (10) the omen of the eagles' desertion, and the advent of ravens, crows, and kites on the dawn of the last battle, which convert Cassius from his Epicurean philosophy; and (11) the coincidence of Cassius's birthday with the day of his death.

HAMLET.

This play (1602-3) appears to have been written as a rough draft, altered from an old play, about 1602; and afterwards revised to its present form about 1603. A pirated patched-up edition of the rough draft was published in the first quarto (entered 1602, printed 1603) and the real play in the second quarto (1604). Meres does not mention *Hamlet*, so that the old play was not Shakespeare's; and his play must be later than 1598. The folio edition (1623) and the second quarto supplement each other's infrequent omissions. A passage in the play (11. 2. 341-379) clearly refers to the war between the boy-actors and the regular companies (124), which began in 1600 and reached its climax in 1601, towards the close of which year Shakespeare's company was 'travelling'. Thus 1602 seems fairly fixed as the date of the first production of the play. We have already seen (163) that it belongs to the same period as *Julius Cæsar*.

HAMLET, Prince of Denmark, troubled at the marriage of his mother Gertrude two months after his father's death with his usurping uncle Claudius, learns from his father's ghost that Claudius had seduced his mother and poisoned his father. The duty

of revenge on Claudius is solemnly laid upon him. He determines to feign madness to avoid suspicion. Meantime Ophelia, whom he loves, has been warned by her brother Laertes and her father Polonius, to reject Hamlet's addresses. Two friends of Hamlet's youth, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, are employed by the King to investigate Hamlet's strange behaviour; and Ophelia lends herself to a like plot, in which her father and the king are eavesdroppers. The advent of some strolling players suggests to Hamlet that by presenting before the Court a play depicting his father's murder he may, by watching his uncle, gain clear proof of his guilt. The conscience-stricken king abruptly breaks up the entertainment, and subsequently kneeling in remorseful prayer, is spared by Hamlet lest he should send his soul to heaven. In a private interview with his mother, in which he awakens her remorse, Hamlet hears some one behind the arras, and, thinking it is the king, kills the spying Polonius. The king now sends Hamlet to England, with secret instructions for his execution. Ophelia, insane with grief, is accidentally drowned. Laertes, demanding satisfaction for his father's death, is persuaded by the king to join in a plot to kill Hamlet in a fencing-match. For Hamlet discovering the king's device, has returned, and by forging a fresh letter has sent Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to their deaths. Hamlet meets Laertes at Ophelia's funeral, where they have a violent scuffle, and are with difficulty parted. At the fencing-match the king, to make doubly sure, has prepared a cup of poisoned wine for Hamlet. The Queen accidentally drinks it; Hamlet is wounded by the poisoned rapier; in a scuffle the weapons are changed, so that Laertes is wounded with his own weapon, and in dying confesses his own and the king's treachery. Hamlet stabs the king, and dies shortly before the arrival of Fortinbras, who is destined to be the king of Denmark. Fortinbras is the hero of a political underplot (I. I. 70-107; II. 2. 59-80: & IV. 4), which gives Hamlet an opportunity for soliloquising upon his own over-scrupulous indecision.

The plot was taken from an old play, *Hamlet*, now lost, written apparently by Kyd and acted by

Source. Shakespeare's company in 1594; as is proved by an entry in the diary of one of the actors, Henslowe. It is referred to by Nash in a preface to Green's *Menaphon* (1589); and in terms which almost prove that Kyd was the author, and that the queen's platitude about death (i. 2. 72-3) is taken from it. Lodge in *Wit's Miserie* (1596) also quotes from it a line which certainly is not Shakespeare's. The first quarto is no doubt Kyd's play rewritten by Shakespeare. It is about half as long as the present play, and in it the queen avows innocence of all complicity in her husband's murder, and actively supports Hamlet's purposed revenge. The names Corambis and Montano are used instead of Polonius and Reynaldo. An independent German version of this old play survives, with Corambus instead of Polonius and with other peculiarities, all confirming the view that Kyd wrote the original. The story on which all the plays alike are founded is in the *Historia Danica* of Saxo Grammaticus, written towards the close of the twelfth century; and traces of the legend are found in Icelandic literature two hundred years before Saxo. Shakespeare probably read a French version of Saxo's story, given in Belleforest's *Histories Tragiques* (1570). We have seen (p. 164) how the speech of Brutus after Cæsar's death was taken from that book. Shakespeare may have read an English version, but the earliest translation extant was published in 1608, under the title of *The Hystorie of Hamblet*. All the names except those of Hamlet and his mother are different; the story is the same, except that Hamlet returning from England kills his uncle, burns his palace, and makes a speech to the Danes to justify himself (this Shakespeare leaves to Horatio); he then revisits England, marries two wives, by one of whom on his return to Denmark he is betrayed and so killed in battle. The time of the play is fixed by England's supposed subjection to Denmark (iv. 3. 60-7 & iii. 1. 177-8) in the ninth century. Shakespeare does not trouble himself about such anachronisms as the use of cannon at that date.

As regards the queens' complicity in her first husband's death, Shakespeare is silent in his finally amended drama. As she had been guilty of adultery during her husband's life, and as she and Claudius are always on terms of loving intimacy (iv. 7. 12-16 & III. 4. 181-8), we infer that she may have been an accomplice. But, comparing the king's secrecy about the poisoned rapier (iv. 7. 67-9) with the queen's obvious ignorance of poison in the cup (v. 2. 301-2), we may give her the benefit of the doubt. An unconquerable love for her son is her redeeming feature. Ophelia is affectionate and clinging; but she has no will of her own, and readily allows herself to be made a tool by her worldly associates. Polonius has a hoard of copy-book maxims (taken from Lyly's *Euphues*) which he signally disregards in his own life. He is a shallow worldling. Hamlet, a dreamy student, untrained in the activities of the world, with an intellect, an imagination, and an emotional nature that can find no scope in the little world which is his 'prison,' has his faith in womanhood slowly poisoned by his mother's marriage, by the terrible revelations of the ghost, and by Ophelia's shallow trickeries. Yet he has no proof—nothing to warrant definite action; and so drifts aimlessly onwards till the 'trap' of the players provides him with justification for a rational revenge, and chance puts the king at his mercy. That is the moral crisis of the drama. But his inveterate habit of weighing both sides of every question leads him, when the moment for action comes, to catch at an excuse for doing nothing, and the chance is lost. Thenceforward all goes wrong; and his vengeance is effected at last only by an accident, in which he himself and his mother are overwhelmed in one common destruction with the guilty king and his tool, Laertes. Horatio and Hamlet stand out alone against a background of universal shallowness, trickery, corruption, and crime.

In the Ghost Shakespeare has followed all the popular superstitions on that subject: its coming after midnight, and departure with cockcrow and

the dawn; its silence unless challenged by the right person or by some one who is a 'scholar.' But the ghost in *Hamlet* ranks far higher than do such apparitions in other plays. It is, like the ghost in *Macbeth*, only visible to those who are in spiritual sympathy with its warnings; it stands for the ever present yet elusive mystery of the Supernatural.

KING LEAR.

This play (1605) was performed before King James I on
 Date and period. Dec. 26th, 1606; the change of 'Englishman'
 to 'British man' in the nursery rhyme that
 ends Act III. Sc. 4, implies that it was written after his acces-
 sion in 1603. The names of Edgar's devils, and other details
 in the scene just quoted, are derived from Harsnett's *Declara-
 tion of Popish Impostures* (1603). Some probable allusions
 (1.2. 112, 148-153) to an eclipse of the sun in 1605, which
 quickly followed one of the moon, and a possible reference to
 the Gunpowder Plot (1. 2. 116-124) confirm 1605 as the like-
 liest date. In general characteristics of form and expression,
 supported by verse tests, it comes under the group of Later
 Tragedies.

LEAR, King of Britain, has three daughters: Goneril, wife
 of the Duke of Albany, Regan, wife of Corn-
 wall, and Cordelia, whose suitors, the King
 Plot. of France, and the Duke of Burgundy, are staying at Lear's
 Court. The aged king decides to divide his kingdom among
 his daughters in proportion to the love they bear him. The
 hypocritical Goneril and Regan receive each one-third; while
 the true-hearted Cordelia is disinherited, and her share is given
 to her sisters. The faithful Earl of Kent, for taking Corde-
 lia's part, is banished on pain of death, and the French king
 takes Cordelia with him to be his wife. Kent disguises himself
 as a servant, Caius, and risks the death-penalty, to protect
 Lear against his daughters. For gradually they give
 vent to the cruelty of their natures; till Lear, accom-
 panied only by his Fool quits them in wild rage and

braves the fury of a stormy night. They meet Caius and shelter in a hovel, where they find a Bedlam-beggar, really the disguised son of the Duke of Gloucester, Edgar, whom his bastard brother Edmund has supplanted. Next day Caius removes Lear to Dover ; then hastens to France, and persuades Cordelia to come with an armed force to reinstate him. In a pathetic interview the mad king half recognises Cordelia and implores her forgiveness. Meanwhile Gloucester, for his sympathy with Lear, has been blinded by Cornwall, but is affectionately cared for by his disguised son Edgar. Regan and Goneril are both in love with Edmund, who has usurped Gloucester's dukedom. Cornwall dies, wounded by his servant ; Albany and Edmund defeat Cordelia's forces and she and Lear are taken prisoners. Edgar now challenges Edmund as a traitor ; the latter falls in the combat, and confesses his guilt as Edgar reveals himself. Regan has been poisoned by Goneril, who commits suicide. Cordelia is found strangled in prison, and Lear dies with her in his arms. Albany is left to restore the fortunes of distracted Britain.

The main story was taken probably from Holinshed's Chronicle or from a dramatised version of that
Source. story (1593). The story itself is ancient : it is told by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Historia Britonum* (1130) ; by Layamon *Brut* (about 1200) ; by Higgins in the *Mirror for Magistrates* (1574) ; and by Spenser in the *Faery Queen* (1580-98). From Spenser Shakespeare took 'Cordelia' as the form of the heroine's name. The underplot of Gloucester and his two sons comes from Sidney's *Arcadia*. In the old story the French army is victorious and Lear is reinstated ; though after Lear's death, Cordelia is conquered by her sisters' sons, and hangs herself in prison. The tragic ending of *Lear* is Shakespeare's own. Nahum Tate restored the 'happy ending' and married Edgar to Cordelia (1680).

Lear is palpably insane at the outset ; he represents the wreck of a wilful, passionate, self-centred life.
Characters. But he has deep need of love, and a capacity for inspiring profound devotion in others, as in Kent, Glouce-

ster, and the Fool, to say nothing of Cordelia. His tragic misfortunes simply develop to the utmost alike the good and the evil in his nature ; he is a Richard II, drawn on a Titanic scale—a subtle study in moral insanity. Of Cordelia Mrs. Jameson says that besides all the other loveable and beautiful characteristics of Shakespeare's heroines she is distinguished by 'a natural reserve, a veiled shyness thrown over all her emotions, her language, and her manner, making the outward demonstration invariably fall short of what we know to be the feeling within.' Goneril and Regan are summed up in Milton's pregnant phrase, 'lust hard by hate.' Dowden regards Goneril as 'the calm wielder of a pitiless force, the resolute initiator of cruelty. Regan is a smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of malice. The tyranny of the elder sister is as little affected by tenderness or scruple as the action of some crushing hammer ; Regan's ferocity is more unmeasured, but less abnormal or monstrous,' Edmund, like Richard III, neither fears God nor regards man ; he has a callous contempt for his father's credulity, and uses it remorselessly to gain his own ends. But he shows a brave magnanimity in accepting a nameless challenger, and at the point of death strives to undo the treachery he had plotted against Cordelia. The Fool is one of the poet's masterpieces. He combines the shrewd wit, the ready tongue, the apposite jest of Shakespeare's other Fools with a tragic intensity of selfless devotion that is all his own.

MACBETH.

Since Dr. Forman saw *Macbeth* at the Globe Theatre in
 Date and period. 1610, it must have been written before then ;
 and earlier than 1607, if a passage in *The Puritan* of that year really refers to Banquo's ghost. The
 undoubted reference in *Macbeth* (iv. 1. 120,) to the union of the
 crowns under James I fixes its production as after 1603 ; the

prominence given to the 'witches' makes it probably follow James's Statute against Witchcraft (1604); and the central theme may have been suggested by the Oxford students who welcomed James I in 1605 with Latin verses based upon the prediction of the 'weird sisters' about Banquo and Macbeth. The supposed references (1) to the plentiful harvest of 1606 (11.3-5); (2) to the doctrine of 'equivocation' avowed by Garnet and other Jesuit conspirators at their trial in 1606, are only probable. A date between the limits 1605 and 1606 is generally allowed by critics. The verse tests, and general evidence of style and characterisation, shew that it belongs to the group of the Later Tragedies. The play was first published in the folio 1623; and its text is unusually defective and corrupt. Several passages, chiefly those about Hecate, and the scene of the bleeding soldier (1.2) are by many critics supposed to have been interpolated by Middleton.

Macbeth and Banquo meet on a lonely heath near
 Plot. Forres three witches, who hail Macbeth as
 thane of Glamis, as thane of Cawdor, and as
 King; Banquo is to be the father of kings, though not one
 himself. Macbeth's promotion to be thane of Cawdor follows
 immediately. Lady Macbeth, apprised of the witches' prophecy,
 encourages her husband in his ambitious imaginings. King
 Duncan arrives at Macbeth's castle; the same night he
 and his wife murder Duncan and his grooms, making it appear
 that the latter have been the assassins. Duncan's sons, Malcolm
 and Donalbain, take refuge in England. Macbeth is crowned
 king; but, distrustful of Banquo, he hires two murderers to
 despatch him and his son Fleance. At a banquet, to which
 Banquo has been invited, his ghost twice enters and sits in
 Macbeth's vacant place, visible only to him; and the feast is
 broken up in terror and confusion. Suspicious of the absence
 of Macduff from the banquet, Macbeth consults the witches,
 who shew him three apparitions. The first tells him to beware
 of Macduff; the second, that none of woman born can harm
 him; the third, that he is safe till Birnam wood comes to
 Dunsinane. Macbeth is then shown the long line of Banquo's

kingly issue. The witches vanish; and Macbeth, hearing that Macduff has fled, slaughters his wife and children. Macduff, with Malcolm and the English general Siward, marches against Macbeth through Birnam wood, where every soldier is ordered to cut down and carry a bough, so as to hide their numbers. Lady Macbeth, sick with remorse, which shows itself in a pathetic sleep-walking, dies in the castle of Dunsinane. Macbeth hears that Birnam wood is actually moving; but he still defies his enemies, till, confronted with Macduff, who tells him he was 'untimely ripped from his mother,' he finds this charm also is worthless. Macbeth, thus abandoned by heaven and hell, dies fighting desperately, and Malcolm is hailed as king of Scotland.

Shakespeare took the story from Holinshed's *Chronicle of England and Scotland* (1587); but he has skilfully interwoven with it many details from the murder of King Duffe, the great-grandfather of Lady Macbeth. There was an old play *Macdobbeth*, alluded to by Kempe in his *Nine Days' Wonder* (1600); and a 'ballad' on *Macdobbeth* was registered in 1596. For his witch scenes he may have studied Scot's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (1584), and more probably, King James's *Demonology* (1599). Shakespeare's chief departure from Holinshed consists in his version of Banquo's character. In Holinshed's *Chronicle* Banquo jests with Macbeth about the witches' prophecy, and with other nobles was privy to his killing the king. Also Macduff falls under Macbeth's suspicion because he refuses to take his share in building the castle on Dunsinane hill. The passage about 'touching for the evil' (iv. 3. 146) was introduced out of compliment to James I; it is taken from Holinshed's account of Edward the Confessor, whose supposed miraculous powers James believed he had inherited. Shakespeare's noteworthy accuracy in his descriptions of places and scenery may have come from personal observation (p. 119). The grim humour of the porter of hell-gate (ii. 3. 2-3) is a reminiscence of the old Morality plays (p. 11); the whole scene is thoroughly Shakespearean, and a necessary artistic relief after the horror of the murder. It

is so closely connected with the knocking heard in the previous scene (dramatically essential to that scene) that Coleridge's theory that the 'Porter scene' is an interpolation, is untenable.

Macbeth's character is the tragedy of a nature dowered with high gifts of imagination, sympathy, and loyal courage, which is slowly sapped and poisoned by yielding to 'supernatural solliciting' to evil, which obtains a firmer hold upon him through the reckless ambition of the wife whom he loves. One by one his finer characteristics are destroyed by the growth of a moral insanity, till at last nothing is left but the ferocity of a wild beast. The evil in Lady Macbeth's character, her remorseless ambition, we see full-grown at the outset (I. 5. 40-55). She is not hindered by her husband's imaginative faculty or honorable scruples; and since her ambitious designs are more for her husband than herself, she refuses to see any evil in them. Her punishment lies in being shut out from further active participation in his plans (III. 2. 45-6 & IV. 1. 146-8). We almost forget her crimes in the pathetic misery of her lonely remorse (V. 1. 47-8, 56-60). Even when she is at her worst, Shakespeare has put in the one redeeming touch of natural affection (II. 2. 13-14). The tall virago-like Lady Macbeth of stage-tradition is directly contradicted by Shakespeare's 'this little hand.' Bucknill has well said, 'we figure Lady Macbeth a tawny or brown-blond Rachel (the famous actress) with more beauty, with grey and cruel eyes, but with the same slight, dry configuration and constitution, instinct with determined nerve-power.' Banquo's character is beautifully drawn: his steadfast loyalty, his incorruptible honour, are all tersely summed up in one phrase, a reminiscence of Shakespeare's studies in Roman history—

'Under him

My Genius is rebuked; as, it is said,

Mark Antony's was by Cæsar'. (III. 1.....55-7)

This element is all centred in the 'weird sisters.' Holin-

shed calls them the 'Goddesses of Destiny.' Shakespeare clearly means them to be witches

(I. 3. 44.7) such as King James so passionately dreaded. The

Supernatural
element.

'beard' was the recognised Elizabethan characteristic of a witch (*M. Wives of W.*, iv. 2. 203-5). Everything that Shakespeare attributes to them was held to be done by witches, viz, foretelling the future; suddenly appearing and vanishing; creating storms; sailing in sieves, etc. These powers they were supposed to possess by virtue of familiarity with devils or evil spirits (iv. 1. 62-3 & v. 8. 19-22). The incongruity of introducing Hecate (Diana) with these witches is common to all Renaissance poets. Milton was not singular in his belief that the classical gods and goddesses were really devils. Even Bunyan introduces Cerberus. Alecto, and Tisiphone, in his *Holy War* along with the Scriptural Diabolus and Beelzebub (see also p. 183).

CORIOLANUS.

There is no external evidence for the date of this play
 Date and period. (1607-8); it was not published till the folio
 (1623). The verse tests and general style of
 composition indicate that it was written after *Antony and Cleopatra* (1607-7). On the other hand its tragic intensity places it before Shakespeare's closing period of the happy plays of 'Reconciliation' (1608 to 1611), and among the group of Later Tragedies (1604 to 1608).

Plot. The common people of Rome, rising in rebellion against the patricians, are ready to assassinate the haughty Caius Marcius. Another patrician, Menenius Agrippa, by his kindliness and shrewd mother-wit induces them to listen to reason; and they are further pacified by the grant of five tribunes to look after their interests. War with the Volscians ensues; the Romans march against Corioli, which after several repulses is taken through the bravery of Caius Marcius, hence surnamed Coriolanus. Recommended by the Senators for popular election to the Consulship, he is obliged, much against his will, to solicit the popular votes by

showing himself and his honourable wounds in the Forum. But before the election is confirmed, the tribunes Brutus and Sicinius craftily contrive to make his patrician pride break out in scorn of the people and threats of violence. He is banished from Rome; and in his bitter hatred of their fickle treachery he betakes himself to his former enemy, the Volscian general, Tullus Aufidius, who joyfully receives him. The two lead a Volscian army against Rome. The Senators are in despair: Cominius and Menenius vainly intercede with Coriolanus to share the city; till at last his mother Volumnia and his wife Virgilia, and her friend Valeria, break down his pride and he consents to make peace. He returns with Aufidius to Antium; where, smarting under the taunts of Aufidius, he turns the Volscians against him by his scornful invective, and is assassinated. When he is dead, their anger turns to remorse and he is honoured with a soldier's funeral.

In his story Shakespeare has followed as closely as possible North's translation of Plutarch's *Lives*.
 Source. Volumnia's speech (v. 3. 94-148) is simply a translation of North's rugged prose into the music of the most perfect blank verse. Indeed several corrupt lines (the text is very imperfect) can be confidently restored by comparison with North's original. The 'Fable of the Belly' (1. 1. 99-158), however, appears to have been taken from Camden's *Remains concerning Brittain* (1605). The character of Menenius, the one touch of comic relief, is Shakespeare's creation; Plutarch says no more than that he was one of 'the pleasantest old men' deputed to reason with the mob.

The tragedy of this play is the inevitable ruin of a man who, though noble, brave, pure-minded, and
 Characters. generous, and capable within the limits of his own class of strong loyalty and love, is yet dominated by one overmastering vice, the arrogant selfwill of the aristocrat. To him the common people are mere beasts of burden: that they should dare to claim any political rights simply maddens him. This narrow and contemptuous attitude towards outside humanity works itself out by the inexorable logic of facts, till

he becomes a 'lonely dragon of the fen, more feared and talked of than seen.' He makes himself into a god, and standing aloof from his kind, thus brings about his own ruin. Volumnia is the ideal Roman matron; with her, patriotism and military glory are supreme; nor does she shrink from the sacrifice of her own son, though she knows that if he spares Rome, it is at the risk of his own life. She has all her son's contempt for the common people, but her caste-pride is not insane like his; she recognises that it must be limited by considerations of prudence. Menenius, far inferior to Coriolanus in strength of character, has strong commonsense and shrewdness; above all, he has the saving grace of recognising a real human kinship between himself and the people.

CYMBELINE.

This play (1609-10) was seen by Dr. Forman at the Globe Theatre between 1610 and 1611. It was not published till the folio (1623). Some passages in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster* (1610-11) seem to have been suggested by it. There is no other trustworthy evidence for the date. But all the general characteristics, as well as the verse tests, point to it as one of the closing period of Shakespeare's art—the group between *Pericles* and the *Tempest*.

Cymbeline, King of Britain, has a daughter Imogen, whom he wishes to marry to the boorish Cloten, son of his second wife by a former husband. His two sons Guiderius and Arviragus (disguised as Polydore and Cadwal) had been stolen in infancy, and brought up as foresters by a banished lord Belarius (disguised as Morgan). Imogen has incurred the royal displeasure by marrying Posthumus Leonatus, a noble Briton. He is banished to Rome, where he foolishly boasts of his wife's peerless virtue.

One of his companions, Iachimo, wagers to corrupt her loyalty; and by a crafty device persuades Posthumus that he has succeeded. The maddened husband sends a trusty servant Pisanio, with strict orders to decoy her to Milford Haven, and kill her on the journey. Pisanio reveals the plot; disguises her as a page for the service of the Roman ambassador Lucius; and, returning to Court, makes Cloten believe that Imogen is with Posthumus in Wales. Imogen, losing her way, is hospitably entertained by Belarius and his supposed sons. Cloten, dressed in Posthumus's clothes, in search of Posthumus meets Guiderius, who kills him in self-defence. Imogen, feeling ill, takes a narcotic medicine given her by Pisanio, which makes her for a time insensible; she is laid out for burial with Cloten's headless body beside her. On awaking she swoons with horror, believing the corpse to be her husband's; is discovered thus by Lucius, and taken into his service. In the ensuing battle between the Britons and Romans, Cymbeline is rescued by the valour of Belarius and his two boys; the Romans are defeated; Lucius, Posthumus, and Imogen are brought before the king, who has just heard of the queen's death and of her treacherous plottings against Imogen and himself. Belarius restores to Cymbeline his long-lost sons; Posthumus and Imogen are reunited, and at her intercession even Iachimo is forgiven. Thus all ends in harmony and 'reconciliation.'

The plot is a combination of a fragment of British history told by Holinshed, and one of Boccaccio's stories in his *Decameron*. But the by-plot of Belarius, of his abduction of the king's sons, and of their life in Wales is Shakespeare's own, though Mr. Gollancz traces the 'Imogen' part of it to the German fairy tale of *Snow-white*, which Shakespeare probably knew in an English version now lost. This play contains one of Shakespeare's most beautiful lyrics. 'Fear no more the heat of the sun' (iv. 2. 258-281). The un-Shakespearian vision of Posthumus (v. 4. 30-122) is supposed to have been inserted by some stage hack, for the sake of spectacular effect.

The play, writes Dowden, 'is loosely constructed, and some passages possess little dramatic intensity; especially, the easy way in which Cymbeline receives the news of his wife's death and of her life-long treachery. The character of Cloten is not quite self-consistent; in the earlier scenes he is a mere fool (I. 3 & II. 1); but in the later he shews some manliness, and the King regrets the loss of his counsel (IV. 3. 7-8). Posthumus's ready credulity in the hands of Iachimo seems like a melodramatic imitation of Othello and Iago. But Imogen makes amends for all, especially in the forest scenes with her disguised brothers. Swinburne calls her 'the woman best beloved in all the world of song and all the tide of time'; S. Lee says: 'On Imogen, who is the central figure of the play, Shakespeare lavished all the fascination of his genius. She is the crown and flower of his conception of tender and artless womanhood.'

This is found only in the vision of Posthumus and in the oracle with its interpretation (V. 4. 133-145; 5. 443-452); neither of which is of any merit. The former indeed is about as worthless as the witch-songs which D'Avenant foisted into *Macbeth*.

THE TEMPEST.

This play (1610-11) was probably suggested by Sir George Somer's shipwreck on, and escape from, the Bermudas, 'the Isle of Devils; an account of this was published Oct. 1610. Many of Shakespeare's incidents are identical; and he speaks of 'the still-vexed Bermoothes' (Bermudas; I. 2. 229). The play was not written earlier than 1603, since in that year was published Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, from which Shakespeare has taken Gonzalo's ideal republic (II. 1. 147-56). It was acted in May, 1613 to grace the marriage festivities of James I's

daughter Elizabeth. Dowden points out that the whole tone of the play—its large, serene wisdom, its mellowed and refined imagination, its atmosphere of sunny reconciliation, in which all the harsh discords of life are happily resolved, its self-forgetful sympathy with the eager joys of youth—all mark it as one of the closing cycle of Shakespeare's plays. This is confirmed by the verse tests—the increased proportion of unstopped lines, of weak endings, and of feminine endings (p. 132).

Prospero, twelve years previously Duke of Milan, had
 Plot. been banished by his usurping brother Antonio, with the help of Alonso, king of Naples, and set adrift in a boat with his three-year old daughter, Miranda, but supplied with necessaries and with his magic books by a kindly Neapolitan, Gonzalo. They had landed on a desert island inhabited by a monster, Caliban, and an imprisoned fairy, Ariel, both of whom Prospero held in his service. By his magic arts he causes his enemies to be shipwrecked on this island. Alonso's son, Ferdinand, falls in love with and is betrothed to Miranda. Alonso's brother Sebastian, instigated by Antonio, plots to kill Alonso and Gonzalo. In a comic underplot Alonso's drunken butler Stephano and a jester Trinculo conspire with Caliban to murder Prospero. Both plots are defeated by Ariel's magic ministry, and all the culprits are brought before Prospero. Alonso is freely forgiven, and Antonio is compelled to restore his usurped dukedom. The play ends with their return to Naples and with Ariel's enfranchisement.

There is no extant source of the plot. It is, in the main,
 Source. identical with that of a German play, *Die schöne Sidea*, by Jacob Ayrer, of Nürnberg. An English company was on tour there in 1604 and 1606; so that Shakespeare perhaps got his outline from them. The name 'Setebos' comes from Eden's *History of Travaile* (1577). The names Prospero and Stephano both occur in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*, which Shakespeare recommended to his manager and in which he acted a part (1598). It is

remarkable that, whereas before that date Shakespeare (*Merchant of Venice*) wrongly pronounced 'Stepháno,' afterwards (*Tempest*) he rightly has 'Stéphano.'

The chief characters are—Prospero, much-enduring, wise, and benevolent; Miranda, a simple, guileless girl; Ferdinand, a frank, ingenuous youth; old Gonzalo, full of kindly honesty and commonsense; Alonso, rather weak than wicked, and capable of sincere repentance; Antonio and Sebastian, selfish, worthless plotters; Trinculo, Stephano, and the Boatswain, representing the comedy of low life. Ariel is a dainty, airy spirit, by whose agency Prospero works his magical but benevolent charms. Caliban is unique in Shakespeare's dramas. He is an 'imaginary portrait conceived with matchless vigour and vividness, of the aboriginal savage of the New World, descriptions of whom abounded in contemporary travellers' speech and writings, and universally excited the liveliest curiosity.' (Lee). The germ-idea of Caliban had pre-existed in Shakespeare's mind when (1603?) he wrote in *Troilus and Cressida*, 'He's grown a very land-fish, languageless, a monster' (III. 3. 264). But there is a metaphysical element in Caliban's character which makes him a genuine creation of Shakespeare's genius; he is infinitely more than the New World savage of travellers' tales. R. Browning (*Caliban upon Setebos*¹) pictures him in the light of a monster who imagines his god Setebos to be after his own likeness, a lazy spiteful being, created by a superior 'quiet,' and in turn creating this world to satisfy his own restlessness. The sudden advent of a thunderstorm ends these daring speculations.

The supernatural element in the *Tempest* is essential to the action. Caliban's magically enforced servitude alone enabled Prospero to bring up Miranda as a refined princess; and in the play itself hardly one scene would be effective without Prospero's art and Ariel's invisible

¹ A deity of the Patagonians, mentioned in Eden's *History of Travel*—additional evidence that Shakespeare had read books of American discovery.

ministry. Note that, throughout, all these powers are subject to Prospero's will, and act only for the service of man. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* the supernatural element effects the lovers only, besides adding one scene of exquisite comedy to the humours of Bottom. Oberon's arts bring about a half-humorous, half-serious tangle among the less important personages of the drama, and afterwards happily unravel it; but Oberon acts thus chiefly for his own purposes. The fairy folk subserve the creation of a world of ethereal beauty which sets off and accentuates the real world of heroic success and lovers' trials with which it is contrasted. But the fairy-folk are either sportive, or ludicrously mischievous especially Puck, the clown and jester of fairyland. In *Macbeth* the supernatural element affects inward motives alone; the action of the play could have dispensed with it wholly, provided a merely treacherous murderer had been substituted for the hero. But then the subtle tragedy of Macbeth's gradual moral degradation and final doom would have inevitably vanished. In *Macbeth* the supernatural is a secret power veiled behind the visible actions of history, a power unconquerable by man. So long as Macbeth follows his ghostly counsellors, he is triumphant against all the odds of chance; when he defies them and acts on his own initiative, from that moment he staggers blindly downwards to a craftily concealed destruction. This play is Shakespeare's humanized and credible version of the mediaeval legend so forcefully presented in Marlowe's *Faustus*. These supernatural powers are as inexorable and all-dominating as the Fate (or Destiny) of the Greek drama.

Of the numerous allegorical interpretations which have been given to this play the best is that suggested by Dowden. Prospero is Shakespeare; his island, the stage; Miranda, dramatic art in its infancy; Ferdinand, the youthful Fletcher to whom Shakespeare was about to resign his functions as dramatist-manager. Other interpretations are that Caliban represents—(1) The People; (2) Understanding apart from Imagination; (3) Primitive Man; (4) The missing link between Man and Brute; (5)

Allegory.

The powers of nature subjugated by the scientific intellect ; (6) The Colony of Virginia ; (7) The untutored early drama of Marlowe. However unwarrantable these fancies, few careful students who contrast Ferdinand with Ariel or Caliban, or compare the futile, half-jesting socialism of Gonzalo or the ridiculous fiasco of Stephano and Trinculo with the fixed, final resolve of the hero of the play, a resolve which Shakespeare himself carried out in act—few such students will deny that the unobtrusive lesson of the whole play is this : The only true freedom for man lies in willing, self-forgetful service.

QUOTATIONS.

She's beautiful and therefore to be woo'd ;

She is a woman, therefore to be won. 1 *Henry. VI.* v. 3. 77-8.

(*Cf. Tit. Andron.* 1. 2. 82-83).

Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.

2 *Hen. VI.* III. 2. 233.

He dies, and makes no sign. *Ib.* III. 3. 29.

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse. *Rich. III.* v. 4. 7.

The heavenly rhetoric of thine eye. *L. L. L.* IV. 3. 60.

Priscian a little scratched ; 'twill serve. *Ib.* v. 1. 31.

Thou art not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*.

Ib. v. 1. 44.

A jest's prosperity lies the ear

Of him that hears it. *Ib.* v. 2. 871-2.

When daisies pied and violets blue *etc.* *Ib.* v. 2. 904-939.

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.

Two Gent. of Verona 1. 1. 2.

How use doth breed a habit in a man. *Ib.* v. 4. 1.

But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd

Than that which withering on the virgin thorn

Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

Mid. Night's D. 1. 1. 76-8.

The course of true love never did run smooth. *Ib.* 1. 1. 134.

I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove ;

I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale. *Ib.* 1. 2. 84-6.

In maiden meditation, fancy-free. *Ib.* II. 1. 164.

I'll put a girdle round about the earth

In forty minutes. *Ib.* II. 1. 175-6.

A lion among ladies. *Ib.* III. 1. 31.

Bless thee, Bottom, bless thee ! thou art translated.

Ib. III. 1. 121.

The lunatic, the lover and the poet

Are of imagination all compact. *Ib.* V. 1. 7-8.

Gives to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name. *Ib.* V. 1. 16-7.

He jests at scars that never felt a wound. *Rom. & Jul.* II. 2. 1.

What's in a name ? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet. *Ib.* II. 2. 43-4.

A plague o' both your houses ! *Ib.* III, 1. 111.

Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops. *Ib.* III. 5. 9-10.

My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne. *Ib.* V. 1. 3.

A beggarly account of empty boxes. *Ib.* V. 1. 45.

My poverty, but not my will, consents *Ib.* V. 1. 75.

All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.

Rich. II. 1. 3. 275-6.

And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

King John. III. 1. 129.

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale

Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man. *Ib.* III. 4. 108-9.

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds

Makes deeds ill done ! *Ib.* IV. 2. 219-20.

'Convey' the wise it call. 'Steal !' foh ; a fico for the phrase !

Merry Wives. I. 3. 32.

Why, then the world's mine oyster.

Which I with sword will open. *Ib.* II. 2. 2-3.

I am Sir Oracle,

And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark. *M. of V.* I. 1. 93-4.

For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe. *Ib.* I. 3. 111.

It is a wise father that knows his own child. II. 2. 80-1.

The quality of mercy is not strained *etc.* *Ib.* IV. 1. 184-197.

A Daniel come to judgment *Ib.* IV. 1. 223.

The man that hath no music in himself *etc.* *Ib.* V. 1. 83-88.

How far that little candle sheds its beams ! *etc.* V. 1. 90-91.

If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, I would give no

- man a reason upon compulsion. *1. Hen. IV.* II. 4. 264-5.
 O monstrous ! but one half-pennyworth of bread to this
 intolerable deal of sack ! *Ib.* II. 4. 591-2.
 Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn ? *Ib.* III. 3. 93.
 The better part of valour is discretion. *Ib.* V. 4. 121.
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *2 Hen. IV.* III. 1. 31.
 We have heard the chimes at midnight. *Ib.* III. 2. 228.
 Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought. *Ib.* IV. 5. 93.
 Consideration, like an angel, came
 And whipped th' offending Adam out of him. *Hen. V.* I. 1. 28-9.
 His nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.
Ib. II. 3. 17-8.
 Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more *etc.*
Ib. III. 1. 1-34.
 From camp to camp through the foul womb of night *etc.*
Prologue IV. 4-47.
 There is a river in Macedon...and there is salmons in both.
IV. 7. 27-33.
 Sigh no more, ladies, *etc.* *Much Ado* II. 3. 64-76.
 The idea of her life shall sweetly creep *etc.* *Ib.* IV. 1. 226-232.
 For there was never yet philosopher
 That could endure the toothache patiently, *Ib.* V. 1. 35-6.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity, *etc.*
As You Like It. II. 1. 12 17.
 All the world's a stage, *etc.* *Ib.* II. 7. 139-166.
 Blow, blow, thou winter wind *etc.* *Ib.* II. 7. 174-190.
 It was a lover and his lass, *etc.* *Ib.* V. 3. 17-34.
 Your If is the only peacemaker. *Ib.* V. 4. 108.
 O mistress mine, *etc.* *Twelfth Night* II. 3. 40-53.
 She never told her love, *etc.* *Ib.* I. 4. 113-118.
 Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have
 greatness thrust upon them. *Ib.* II. 5. 157-8.
 Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.
Ib. V. 1. 385.
 Lowliness is young ambition's ladder *etc.*
Julius Caesar. II. 1. 22-34.
 When beggars die, there are no comets seen. *Ib.* II. 2. 30.
 Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears, *etc.*
Ib. III. 2. 78-234.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men, *etc.* *Ib.* IV. 3. 218-224.
 This was the noblest Roman of them all, *etc.* *Ib.* V. 5. 68-75.

O that this too, too solid flesh would melt, *etc.*

Hamlet. I. 2. 129-159.

These few precepts in thy memory, *etc.* *Ib.* I. 3. 58-80.

More honoured in the breach than the observance.

Ib. I. 4. 15-6.

There are more things in Heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy. *Ib.* I. 5. 166-7.

Brevity is the soul of wit. *Ib.* II. 2. 90.

What a piece of work is man ! *etc.* *Ib.* II. 2. 215-20.

To be or not to be, that is the question *etc.* *Ib.* III. 1. 56-88.

It out-herods Herod. *Ib.* III. 2. 15.

We must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.

Ib. V. 1. 149.

From her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring ! *Ib.* V. 1. 262-3.

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will. *Ib.* V. 2. 10-11.

That I should love a bright particular star.

All's Well. I. 1. 97.

He must needs go that the Devil drives. *Ib.* I. 3. 31.

A young man married is a man that's marred. *Ib.* II. 3. 315.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin..

Tro. and Cress. III. 3. 175.

Spirits are not finely touched But to fine issues *etc.*

Meas. for Meas. I. 1. 36-41.

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength : but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant. *Ib.* II. 2. 107-9.

Man, proud man,

Drest in a little brief authority *etc.* *Ib.* II. 2. 117-122.

That in the Captain's but a choleric word.

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy. *Ib.* II. 2. 130-1

The poor beetle that we tread upon *etc.* III. 1. 79-81.

Ay, but to die and go we know not where *etc.* *Ib.* III. 1. 118-32.

But I will wear my heart upon sleeve

For daws to peck at. *Othello* I. 1. 64-5.

Still questioned me The story of my life, *etc.* *Ib.* I. 3. 129-168.

I am nothing if not critical. *Ib.* II. 120.

To suckle fools and chronicle small beer. *Ib.* II. 1. 161.

O that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away
their brains. *Ib.* II. 3. 291-2.

Good name in man or woman, dear my lord, *etc.*

Ib. III. 3. 155-161

It (jealousy) is the green-eyed monster. *Ib.* III. 3. 166.

Farewell, Othello's occupation's gone. *Ib.* III. 3. 357.

One that loved not wisely, but too well, *etc.* *Ib.* v. 2. 344-356.

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is

To have a thankless child. *Lear* I. 4. 310-1.

A man more sinned against than sinning. *Ib.* III. 2. 59-60.

O, that way madness lies. *Ib.* III. 4. 21.

How fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low, *etc.* *Ib.* IV. 6. 11-22.

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices

Make instruments to plague us. *Ib.* v. 3. 170-1.

This even-handed justice

Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice

To our own lips. *Macbeth* I. 7. 10-12.

I dare do all that may become a man ;

Who dares do more is none. *Ib.* I. 7. 46-7.

Is this a dagger which I see before me *etc.* *Ib.* II. 1. 33-60.

'Macbeth does murder sleep,' the innocent sleep, *etc.*

Ib. II. 2. 36-43.

The labour we delight in physics pain. *Ib.* II. 3. 54.

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well, *etc.* *Ib.* III. 2. 23-26.

But now I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confined. *Ib.* III. 4. 24.

Give sorrow words, the grief that does not speak

Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

Ib. IV. 3. 209-210.

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased ? *etc.* *Ib.* v. 3. 40-47.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, *etc.* *Ib.* v. 5. 19-21.

My salad days, when I was green in judgment.

Ant. and Cleo. I. 5. 73-4.

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale

Her infinite variety. *Ib.* II. 2. 240-1.

Hark, hark ! the lark at Heaven's gate sings, *etc.*

Cymbeline II. 3. 21 30.

Weariness can snore upon the flint. *Ib.* III. 6. 34.

Fear no more the heat o' the sun *etc.* *Ib.* IV. 2. 258-281.

When daffodils begin to peer *etc.*

Winter's Tale IV. 3. 1-22 ; 132-5.

Daffodils that come before the swallow dares, *etc.*

Ib. IV. 4. 118-127.

Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie. *Tempest* I. 2. 101-2.
Come unto these yellow sands, *etc.* *Ib.* I. 2. 376-386 ; 396-404.
A very ancient and fish-like smell. *Ib.* II. 2. 27.
Like the baseless fabric of this vision *etc.* *Ib.* IV. 1. 151-158.
Where the bee sucks, *etc.* *Ib.* V. 1. 88-94.
Crabbed age and youth
Cannot live together. *Pass. Pil.*, 157.
When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past. *Sonnets* XXX. 1-2.
And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,
And captive good attending captain ill. *Ib.* LXVI. 9 ; II, 12.
My nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand. *Ib.* CXI. 6-7.
Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds. *Ib.* CXVI. 1-3.

BACON (1561-1626).

Francis Bacon, afterwards created Lord Verulam, and subsequently Viscount St. Albans, was the youngest son, by a second marriage, of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, one of Queen Elizabeth's favourite ministers. His mother was a woman of unusual ability, of strong character, and a decided Protestant. Her elder sister had married the great statesman, Lord Burghley, who was thus Bacon's uncle. There were in the family eight children in all, six by the first wife, and two by the second, Francis and his brother Anthony, who was the elder by two years. The mother's influence seems to have been paramount during his boyhood; indeed she continued her supervision of his health and household management even after he had entered upon public life.

The two brothers, Anthony and Francis, were entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, in April 1573, when Francis was but twelve years old. Queen Elizabeth took much notice of him, and used playfully to call him her 'young Lord Keeper.' Once when she asked him how old he was, with the instinct of a born courtier he promptly replied, 'Two years younger than your Majesty's happy reign.' The most permanent result of his life at Cambridge was a rooted aversion to the barren disputations of the Aristotelian philosophy then in vogue in all seats of learning, and a fixed resolve to replace it by something better.

He left Cambridge with his brother at Christmas 1575, and the two began to study law at Gray's Inn, in London, in the summer of 1576. In the following year Francis was sent to join the English Embassy in Paris, under Sir Amyas Paulet. But his father's death in February 1579, before any provision had been made for his youngest son, compelled Bacon to return home and take seriously to the law as a profession.

Birth and home training.

At Cambridge.

In Paris.

Bacon had formed the rudimentary idea of his philosophic system when at Cambridge, and his mind was now full of what to him was a sacred ambition. He felt himself called to a great world-revolutionizing life-work, just as, in their own spheres, did Milton and Wordsworth. But to prepare himself for that great work he must needs have a competence. Naturally therefore he turned to his uncle, the Lord High Treasurer. Lord Burghley however, jealous of his nephew's great abilities, and fearing they might interfere with his son Robert's success, left him to make his fortune for himself. Bacon accordingly threw all his energies into the pursuit of the law and of political success in Parliament. He was called to the bar in 1582, and became a bencher of Gray's Inn in 1586. In 1584 he was member of Parliament for Melcombe Regis; in 1586 for Taunton, and in 1593 for Middlesex.

Disappointed in his expectations from Lord Burghley, Bacon resolved to advance his interests through the Queen's favourite, the Earl of Essex. He seems to have really liked and admired his patron, and he certainly was most lavish of adulation and professions of esteem to the Earl and his partisans. Essex on his part worked hard with the Queen to secure Bacon's advancement. He tried, but in vain, to obtain for him the appointment successively of Attorney General, of Solicitor General, and of the Master of the Rolls. After failing to secure him a rich wife, the widow of Sir Christopher Hatton, Essex finally presented him with a landed estate, which Bacon turned into money. Bacon in return gave his patron advice of the most worldly kind as to the best ways of winning the Queen's favour, and warned him against those faults of temper and policy which afterwards brought about his ruin. When the Earl was tried in June 1600 for his ill success in putting down the Irish rebellion, Bacon took a subordinate part with the counsel for the prosecution, in order, as he said, to take advantage of any opportunity of helping his patron's cause. But when in 1601, Essex was tried for high treason after his

Takes up Law
and Politics.

The Earl of
Essex.

abortive attempt at rebellion, Bacon openly used all his personal knowledge of the Earl's affairs and his skill as a lawyer to secure a condemnation. He had repeatedly warned his patron; and now he easily persuaded himself that private friendship ought not to stand in the way of public duty. He received as his reward £1200 out of one of the fines levied on those implicated in the rebellion. This was the tragedy of Bacon's life from beginning to end—he had to act a double part. To gain a secure competence which might enable him to devote all his energies to the great work of the world's intellectual salvation, which he alone of men could accomplish, that was an imperious necessity. With that object before him, he humbled himself to the dust, and employed his vast intellectual powers in every detail of the trade of a time-server and a sycophant.

But he never forgot his divinely appointed mission. When he was twenty-five years old (1586) he had published a philosophical essay, which in the fervour of youthful enthusiasm he entitled *The Greatest Birth of Time*. In his application to his uncle he says 'I have taken all knowledge to be my province,' and it is clear that this was no empty boast. He worked hard all this time at collecting a treasury of literary lore in the shape of proverbs, quaint maxims, curious and telling phrases, which might furnish him both for speech or for writing. In 1597 he brought out the first edition of a book which perhaps beyond all others has laid a sure foundation for his literary, as distinguished from his philosophical reputation. This was his *Essays*, ten in number. A second edition containing thirty-eight essays, was published in 1612, and a third, considerably enlarged and revised, in 1625. It must be remembered that Bacon uses the word *essay* in its etymological sense of an experimental trial. The matters of which he writes are brought, as it were, to the test, and their constituents exactly ascertained and determined. The style of these brief essays as H. Morley remarks, in which every sentence was compact with thought and polished in expression until it might run alone through the world as a maxim,

The *Essays*.

had all the strength of euphuism and none of its weakness. The sentences were all such as it needed ingenuity to write; but this was the rare ingenuity of wisdom. Each essay, shrewdly discriminative, contained a succession of wise thoughts exactly worded.'

Bacon remained without promotion during the rest of Queen Elizabeth's reign, nor was he more successful during the early part of the reign of James I. He was however knighted, and was made a commissioner for the union of Scotland and England. In spite of all the good work he did in the difficult questions arising out of the union, Bacon's claims for preferment were continually passed over. Not till June 1607 did he receive the appointment of Solicitor General. In 1606 he married an alderman's daughter with a fortune. He had no children.

In 1605 Bacon published his first matured work in English prose, *The Advancement of Learning*, which forms the groundwork of his *Instauratio Magna* or 'Great Reconstruction of Science.' *The Advancement* was dedicated to King James, who however took little notice of it. In sending a copy to his friend Sir T. Bodley, he frankly confesses that he had been false to his own mission; he had allowed worldly business to take up the energies that ought to have been consecrated to the investigation of truth, though he was never really at home among his worldly ambitions; but now he has in this book returned to his true self. This sense of dwelling under compulsion in a world alien to his own spirit Bacon in this letter, and repeatedly afterwards, sums up in the Latin words of verse 5 of the 120th Psalm, *Multum incola fuit anima mea*, 'My soul hath long dwelt among them that are enemies unto peace.'

In the year 1608 the Clerkship of the Star Chamber at last became vacant, and Bacon obtained the post that had been promised him twenty years previously. In 1613 Coke was promoted to the Chief-Justice-ship and Bacon became Attorney General. When the King's favourite, Villiers, became the all-powerful Duke of Bucking-

ham, Bacon paid court to him with the utmost servility; and in a dispute which occurred between the Common Law Courts and the Chancery, he used his influence with the King and his subtlety as a lawyer to bring about the degradation and dismissal from office of his old rival Coke (1616). In the same year Bacon became a Privy Councillor, and in March 1617 through Buckingham's good offices he was appointed Lord Keeper. In 1618 he became Lord Chancellor and was raised to the peerage as Lord Verulam, a title taken from Verulamium, the Latin name of St. Albans, near which lay Bacon's estate of Gorbambury. In 1621 he was created Viscount St. Albans. In his appointment of Lord Chancellor he worked with unexampled assiduity, and does not appear to have seriously misused his judicial powers. But he allowed himself to be influenced by Buckingham in cases that came before his court; and he fell in with the usual custom of receiving presents from suitors. Probably nothing would ever have been heard of this but for the fact that he had all along, from the prosecution of Essex to the degradation of Coke, made a number of bitter personal enemies.

The House of Commons, led by Coke, first attempted to call Bacon to account for having pronounced
 His fall; death. in favour of the legality of numerous monopolies by which Buckingham had enriched his followers. But the King interfered and refused to sanction the enquiry. They next accused him of having received bribes, and sent up a statement to the Lords for their judicial decision. Bacon attempted no defence, but threw himself on the mercy of his peers. He was sentenced, April 1621, to a fine of £40,000, to imprisonment during the king's pleasure, and to banishment from Parliament and the Court. The next month he was released from the Tower, and retired to his family estate. In September he received a pardon from the king, but in spite of all his efforts to obtain employment or favour at Court he was left unnoticed. In travelling near London he caught a cold and a fever, and died April 9, 1626. He was buried in St. Michael's Church, St. Albans.

In 1608 Bacon occupied himself in writing a most intimate private diary with rules for his own conduct under all conceivable emergencies. It is interesting as showing that one of his ambitions was to make England 'the great monarchy of the West,' which Spain had falsely pretended to be. This ambition was foiled by James's petulant perversity. Had he given Bacon his unreserved confidence, England would no doubt have soon attained the position in Europe which she did afterwards attain under Cromwell, and that too by strictly constitutional methods.

Even while engaged in professional business, Bacon found time for thinking out and writing preliminary sketches of his new philosophy. In 1607 he sent to Sir Thomas Bodley his *Visa et Cogitata*, a first draft of the later *Novum Organum*. This great work, which he had been elaborating for thirty years, and which formed the second and most important part of his *Instauratio Magna*, was brought out in 1620. After his fall, he published in 1622 the third part, written in Latin. He published also the *History of the Reign of Henry VII.* In 1623 appeared in Latin his *History of Life and Death*, and in 1627 his *New Atlantis*, embodying his dreams of a philosophical millennium.

Some general idea of Bacon's philosophical system is needed on account of the references to it which we continually meet with in later authors; and indeed some of his special ideas, clothed in pregnant metaphors, have become part of the literature of thought. Bacon arranged his *Instauratio Magna* in six sections:—(1) A survey of then existing knowledge; to this belongs his *De Augmentis*, the Latin enlargement of his *Advancement of Learning*. (2) The *Novum Organum*, or 'New Instrument' of Philosophy, which is an exposition of the *Inductive Method*, the method of ascertaining general truths in nature by systematized observation and experiment, as contrasted with Aristotle's *Deductive Method*. All our modern sciences, and especially Astronomy, have grown up from the patient and persevering application of the Inductive method. Bacon of course did not

invent this method ; but he first popularised it among thinking people, and thus paved the way for the victorious progress of modern Science. (3) The Experimental History of Nature. In this division Bacon's most complete work was the *Sylva sylvarum*. His *History of Life and Death* is a part of this section. (4) The *Scala Intellectus* or 'Ladder of Understanding,' which leads up from experience to science. A preface is all that Bacon has written of this section. (5) The *Prodromi* or 'Anticipations of the new philosophy.' In this were to be collected such truths as had been obtained without the aid of the Baconian method, which were now to be tested by it. This section also is only represented by a preface. (6) *Philosophia Secunda* or 'Active Science,' the result of the application of the new method to all the phenomena of the Universe. Bacon himself speaks of this section as being beyond his strength and hope.

The keynote to Bacon's whole philosophy is that in the
 its keynote. kingdom of Nature we are to become little children. Whatever facts we find we must accept, and remodel our theories to fit the facts, instead of ignoring or overlooking them. And, as children, we are to keep ourselves from 'idols,' *i.e.*, those false notions by which hitherto men's minds have been so obsessed as to make the attainment of truth impossible. He classifies these idols into four sets :—
 (1) *Idols of the Market-place*, when we take things to be, not what they are, but what common talk makes them out to be ;
 (2) *Idols of the Theatre*, when we bow down to authority, and accept that as true which is affirmed by the great actors who are prominent on the human stage ; (3) *Idols of the Race or Tribe*, which are inherent in humanity generally, as for example the prejudice that opens men's minds to instances favourable to their own opinion and closes them to all opposing facts ;
 (4) *Idols of the Cave*, those individual prejudices which distort the facts of the universe, so that we are like men shut up in a cave who mistake the shadows thrown upon its walls by their own little fire for the realities which they should see in the clear sunlight of truth. Cowley in some well-known lines (*Ode to the Royal Society*) said of Bacon that he was like Moses who

led the people of God to the Promised Land, and saw it afar off from the top of Mount Pisgah, though he did not himself enter it. That simile very aptly expresses the relation in which Bacon stands to the vast empire of modern science and the mechanical triumphs of modern civilization.

The personal character of Lord Bacon (as he is always, though incorrectly called) is one of the standing enigmas of history. Pope's well-known couplet has perhaps rather less truth than most epigrams :

‘ If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined¹,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind.’

But Pope had not the materials to frame a just verdict upon Bacon's highly complex character. Even at the present day, it is hard to weigh him truly in the balances. His whole nature was apparently devoid of any strong enthusiasms or emotions, save only his all-absorbing passion for the inauguration of a true philosophy. Of a kindly disposition, he never seems to have been in love, for his marriage was mainly prudential; nor had he any love for dogs or horses or pets of any kind. He describes in one of his Essays (XIII) as an amusing incident the torture of a long-billed fowl by a waggish Christian, and he quite approved of the vivisection of animals for scientific purposes. Probably E. A. Abbott comes nearest to the truth when he says of the greatest blot on Bacon's life, his betrayal of Essex: ‘ It was a sin, but not a sin of weakness, or pusillanimity, or inconsistency: it was of a piece with his whole nature, not to be justified, nor excused nor extenuated, but to be stored up by posterity as an eternal admonition...how morally dangerous it is to be so imbued and penetrated with the notion that one is born for the service of mankind as to be rendered absolutely blind to all the claims of commonplace morality.’

Perhaps the most marked characteristic of Bacon's style is its condensation of thought, especially in his

(2) As a writer. *Essays*. ‘ He is,’ remarks Saintsbury, ‘ stimulat-

¹ *Essay on Man, Ep. IV. 281-2.*

ing beyond the recorded power of any other man except Socrates: he is inexhaustible in analogy and illustration, full of wise saws, and of instances as well ancient as modern. But he is by no means an accurate expositor, still less a powerful reasoner, and his style is exactly suited to his mental gifts, now luminously fluent, now pregnantly brief; here just obscure enough to kindle the reader's desire of penetrating the obscurity, there flashing with ornament which perhaps serves to conceal a flaw in the reasoning, but which certainly serves to allure and retain the attention of the student.' Taine brings out another aspect of his literary power: 'Francis Bacon, a great and luminous intellect, like his predecessors, was naturally disposed to clothe his ideas in the most splendid dress. But what distinguishes him from the others is that with him an image only serves to concentrate meditation. He reflected long, stamped on his mind all the parts and relations of his subject; he is master of it, and then, instead of exposing this complete idea in a graduated chain of reasoning, he embodies it in a comparison so expressive, exact, lucid, that behind the figure we perceive all the details of the idea, like liquor in a fine crystal vase.' In one respect Bacon was like Milton. He wrote in Latin as easily as in English, and indeed he would by preference have written exclusively in Latin, regarding it as the only sure passport to immortality. As it is, his Latin works now are read only by scholars, while the *Essays* and the *Advancement of Learning* will always be part of an English liberal education.

QUOTATIONS.

Words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment.
Advancement of Learning, Book 2.

It is in life, as it is in ways, the shortest way is commonly the

foulest, and surely the fairer way is not much about. *Ib.*

A dry March and a dry May portend a wholesome summer, if there be a showering April between. *Sylva sylvarum, 9, 807.*

It is no less true in this human kingdom of knowledge, than in God's kingdom of heaven, that no man shall enter into it 'except he become first as a little child.' *Valerius Terminus, Ch. 1.*

'What is truth,' said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. *Essay 1.*

A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. *Ib.*

It is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth. *Ib.*

Men fear death as children fear to go in the dark. *Essay 2.*

Revenge is a kind of wild justice. *Essay 4.*

He that hath a wife and children hath given hostages to fortune. *Essay 8.*

Men in great place are thrice servants. *Essay 11.*

As in nature things move violently to their place, and calmly in their place; so virtue in ambition is violent, in authority settled and calm. *Ib.*

Money is like muck, not good except it be spread. *Essay 15.*

The remedy is worse than the disease. *Ib.*

A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. *Essay 16.*

Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times; and which have much veneration and no rest. *Essay 19.*

Books will speak plain when counsellors blanch. *Essay 20.*

An ant is a wise creature for itself, but it is a shrewd thing in an orchard or garden. *Essay 23.*

It is the nature of extreme self-lovers, as they will set a house on fire, and it were but to roast their eggs. *Ib.*

It is the wisdom of the crocodiles that shed tears when they would devour. *Ib.*

He that will not apply new remedies must expect new evils; for time is the greatest innovator. *Essay 24.*

To choose time is to save time. *Essay 25.*

A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures. *Essay 27.*

This much is certain; that he that commands the sea is at great liberty, and may take as much and as little of the war as he will. *Essay 29.*

Age will not be defied. *Essay 30.*

Suspicious, among thoughts, are like bats amongst birds, they ever fly by twilight. *Essay 31.*

He that plots to be the only figure among ciphers, is the decay of a whole age. *Essay 36.*

Houses are built to live in, and not to look on. *Essay 45.*

God Almighty first planted a garden : and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures. *Essay 46.*

Read not to contradict and confute ; nor to believe and take for granted ; nor to find talk and discourse ; but to weigh and consider. *Essay 50.*

Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. *Ib.*

The arch-flatterer which is a man's self. *Essay 53.*

Hope is a good breakfast, but it is a bad supper. *Apophthegms, No. 95.*

For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations and the next ages. *Last will, Dec. 19th, 1625.*

MILTON (1608-1674).

Birth and parentage. John Milton was born in London, December 9, 1608, in Bread Street, Cheapside, where he lived for the first sixteen years of his life, in the very heart of the City. Milton's father was a successful scrivener, a man of high character and cultivated tastes. He was an accomplished musician, and taught his son to play on the organ, his house being frequented by musicians and people of artistic tastes.

Early education. Milton's father took the utmost pains with his son's education, and seems from the first to have determined that he should have every opportunity of making a name for himself. Milton's tutor at home was a Puritan, Thomas Young, afterwards Master of Jesus College, Cambridge. Later Milton went as a day-scholar to St. Paul's School, then under Alexander Gill. He worked only too hard, and seldom went to bed before midnight, in spite of frequent headaches and overstrained eyes. Before the close of his schoolboy days he had mastered Latin and Greek, had learned some Hebrew, and by his father's advice studied French and Italian.

Early poems. As a child Milton was fond of poetry. Spenser appears to have influenced him most. Another favourite of his apparently was Sylvester's quaint but poetical translation of Du Bartas's *Divine Weekes and Workes*, a religious book then much in vogue in godly households, and to us known chiefly by the quotations from it in Walton's *Complete Angler*. Milton seems to have amused himself and pleased his parents by versifying on his own account. Of these early efforts, however, nothing remains but paraphrases of Psalms cxiv and cxxxvi, written when he was fifteen years old. The second of these shows distinct signs of Milton's peculiar genius.

In 1625 Milton entered Christ's College, Cambridge, where he remained for seven years, though a passing personal disagreement with his College tutor led to a short rustication during the spring of his second year. This absence was allowed to count as vacation time, and on returning to College he was given the option of changing his tutor. Thus the incident, which Milton viewed with a haughty contempt, in no way interfered with the prescribed course of his University studies; he took his B. A. degree (1629) and afterwards his M. A. (1632) at the regular times; and there is clear proof that at the close of his College career he was held in the highest esteem both by the authorities and by his fellow-students. His popularity both in his own college and in the University, was evidenced by his success in carrying out the role of 'father' in the festive academic saturnalia of *A Vacation Exercise* (1628). Nor was he as yet consciously in opposition to the Established Church, for on each occasion of graduating, he professed his membership in that church by signing the Articles.

Besides the *Exercise*, Milton, during his undergraduate course wrote only one other English poem, *On the Death of a Fair Infant dying of a Cough* (1625-6). The infant daughter of Milton's elder sister Anne, who in 1624 had married Edward Phillips, had fallen a victim to the severity of the winter following the Plague of 1625. There is in this poem the same blending of classic mythology with the history and doctrine of the Bible which is so marked a characteristic of *Paradise Lost*. Several Latin poems of this period are preserved, which show his complete mastery of classical form. The most interesting of these is an Epistle, in elegiac verse, to Charles Diodati, his bosom friend and former school-fellow at St. Paul's. It gives an account, among other things, of the rustication referred to above.

But Milton's true genius first began fully to unfold itself after he had taken his B.A. degree. In the year following (1630) he wrote his *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, of which

University.
career.

'Death of A Fair
Infant' ; Latin
poems.

'Nativity Ode' ;
'On Shake-
speare,' etc.

Hallam says that it is 'perhaps the finest in the English language'; and Landor that 'it is incomparably the noblest piece of lyric poetry in any modern language that I am conversant with.' He attempted to carry on this theme, in a Spenserian sequel, an *Ode on the Passion* (1630); but, feeling dissatisfied with the attempt, he left it unfinished. Of more lasting merit are his well-known lines *On Shakespeare* (1630), commonly but incorrectly called a sonnet. In his *Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester* (1631) Milton tried his hand very successfully in the metrical and imaginative characteristics of Ben Johnson's style. The untimely death in child-birth of this beautiful and accomplished lady seems to have excited wide-spread public regret, and Cambridge apparently contributed a semi-official collection of verses of condolence on the occasion, in which Milton very naturally joined. A more spontaneous tribute is found in his two sets of verses *On the University Carrier* (1631). The beautiful sonnet, *On his having arrived at the age of 23* (1631), is perfectly Miltonic, an epitome and prophecy both of the poet and the man.

Throughout his college career Milton was, outwardly at least and in the main inwardly, in full sympathy with his surroundings. But on one point his mind had gradually been made up. He could not and would not take orders as a clergyman in the Church of England. This determination practically closed all possibility of a continued University career. Nor would he study for other learned professions, Law or Medicine. His father was disappointed at this resolve; but Milton was firm. He felt an inward call, to prepare himself by study and meditation for writing some poem which should mould the thought of mankind. What that poem might be, how or when it should be written, he knew not. All he knew was that his whole life, inward and outward, was a preparation for the destiny assigned him by the will of Heaven.

Choice of a
career.

Retires to
Horton.

Accordingly he betook himself to the quiet retreat of Horton, a country house in Buckinghamshire to which his father had retired after making his fortune. Here he spent a period of nearly

six years (1632-8) in the steady perusal of Greek and Latin authors, with occasional visits to London for the purchase of books or for opportunities of learning 'anything new in mathematics or music, in which he then took delight.' Nor was this retirement unfruitful. For here he wrote his better known lesser poems, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. Had he produced nothing else, these alone would have secured his immortality in English literature.

Of these poems the first two are companion pieces. They reflect the spirit of Milton's surroundings in his rustic retreat at Horton. Their typically English scenery is of course idealised and combined with reminiscences of other places, similarly transfigured by the poet's inspiration. But these twin poems are chiefly interesting as representing the two ideals set forth, as it were, for the poet's choice. Each poem enshrines a mood of feeling, with an appropriate setting of incidents and scenes. *L'Allegro* begins with the dawn, its hours passed in blameless social mirth; with rustic merry-makings during the noonday, with the Shakespearean stage or the madrigals of Lawes by night. *Il Penseroso* begins with twilight, leading to the solitary night-long vigil of a philosophic recluse. The day that follows is buried in woodland shades, its only point of contact with humanity being found in his listening, as an outsider not as a worshipper, to the stately organ music of a cathedral or college choir; and its great aspiration is for the serene wisdom of the hermitage. Johnson in his *Life of Milton* declares that there is some melancholy (Bagehot remarks that if he had said solitariness, it would have been correct) in the mirth of *L'Allegro*; and indeed its mirth is the cheerfulness of a student, not the hilarity of a worldling; there is a touch of pensiveness about it. It has been said that in these two poems Milton sums up, each at its best, the Cavalier and the Puritan ideal of life. A comparison of the two shows us plainly which side was Milton's final and deliberate choice. He chose to be the poet of heavenly mysteries, of the loftiest imaginings; prepared for his work by the ministries of Peace, Contem-

*L'Allegro & Il
Penseroso.*

plation, and 'spare Fast that oft with Gods doth diet.'

It was probably through the friendly offices of Henry Lawes, a Court musician and composer, that Milton
 The Masque. was led to try his hand at the Masque, a form of poetry for which his genius was specially adapted. In its origin the Masque was little more than a series of historical or legendary *tableaux vivants*; but since even the best grouping and stage-accessories would still leave room for verbal explanations, which could best be given by the actors themselves in these assumed disguises; and since furthermore one great object of these entertainments was to do honour to some distinguished personage before whom they were presented, complimentary speeches put into the mouths of the *dramatis personae* were almost inevitable. Thus the Masque became a kind of musical, semi-dramatic entertainment. Mythological incidents and classical allusions were the stuff of which it was chiefly made; nor was any subtle character-drawing at all necessary for the dialogue. It was precisely the form of composition which suited Ben Jonson best: his masques excel those of all his contemporaries, and would have remained unrivalled, had Milton never entered the field. Shakespeare attempted only one Masque, his *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but the dramatic instinct was too strong in him, and the evolution of Bottom's immortal personality presently changed his Masque into a play. Milton had only a slender dramatic faculty; but he had a richer fancy than Jonson, a more melodious music, and a loftier ideal. No wonder that his one complete masque (*Comus*) is supreme in that type of literature.

Milton's *Arcades* is but a fragment of a masque got up in
 'Arcades.' honour of Alice, Countess-Dowager of Derby, at her estate at Harefield, in Middlesex, where formerly Queen Elizabeth had been entertained with a kind of masque in the long avenue of elms leading to the house, ever afterwards called 'The Queen's Walk.' The venerable countess held a prominent position both in the social and the literary world; and in the year 1633 was the centre of a large group of high-born descendants and relatives.

They determined to honour her, perhaps on her birthday, with a masque. Henry Lawes, one of the King's musicians, and a teacher of music and singing in many noble families, was no doubt the stage-manager and director. But he had to find some one to write the words of the masque, and naturally selected his young poet-friend, John Milton, who subsequently dedicated to him Sonnet XIII (1646). Horton was only ten miles from Harefield. We can imagine the scene on the night itself. The Harefield grounds are brilliantly illuminated after a day of sports and festivity; the tenantry are all there as on-lookers; the Countess Dowager herself, seated on a throne of state is receiving the congratulations of the great company of her children, grandchildren, relatives, and friends; when suddenly a torch-lit band of nymphs and shepherds emerges from the surrounding trees, and in stately dance approach their Queen, 'sitting like a goddess bright, in the centre of her light,' and sing her praises as they wind and glide towards her. Next there emerges from the forest shades the Genius of the Wood (Henry Lawes) with his prepared speech, in rhymed heroics, addressed to the masquers, whose nobility of descent he recognises through their rustic disguise. Then, accompanying himself on his lute, he leads them with the second song to their hostess, and invites them 'to kiss her sacred vesture's hem': this done, they close with symbolic dance and choral song, with its echoing refrain—

'Such a rural queen
All Arcadia hath not seen.'

This brief fragment, for it is little more, is the *L' Allegro* of Milton's two masques; the other, *Comus*, is 'of a higher mood.'

The Earl of Bridgewater the Countess Dowager's step-son and son-in-law, had been nominated by Charles I. to the Viceroyalty of Wales. The official seat of this dignitary was Ludlow Castle in Shropshire. To this place, the Earl of Bridgewater betook himself in 1634 for the ceremonial of inauguration into his high office. He brought his family with him, including his youngest daughter, the Lady Alice Egerton, and her two younger brothers, Viscount Brackley

and Mr. Thomas Egerton. A large concourse of the neighbouring nobility and gentry came to do honour to their chief, and to share in the festivities which were prolonged day after day till they culminated on Michaelmas night in a masque. For at this time the Court and the aristocracy were 'masque-mad.' In the previous February the lawyers of the Four Inns of Court had given a magnificent production of Shirley's masque. *The Triumph of Peace*, before King Charles and his queen in the banqueting house at Whitehall. A fortnight later their Majesties themselves gave another masque, Carew's *Cælum Britannicum*, in which the King, fourteen of the chief nobles, and ten young sons of noblemen were the actors. For both these masques Lawes composed the music, and in the latter masque two of the subordinate parts were taken by his favourite pupils, two of the Earl of Bridgewater's family. Hence it was natural that they and their sister should persuade Lawes to arrange a similar entertainment at Ludlow Castle in honour of their father's induction into his new office; and that Lawes should again apply to his young friend John Milton to write the words for him to set to the music. The result was *Comus*.

Comus was a triumphant success; and Lawes was so
 its moral purpose. importuned for copies by admiring friends
 that at last in 1637 he published it with
 Milton's consent but without Milton's name. But while Milton had shown all the skill of a courtier in the complimentary setting of this poem, its moral purpose is as stern and intense as that of *Paradise Lost*. Milton was keenly alive to the danger of the times. In Church and State things were steadily going from bad to worse. In the Church, under Laud's undisputed autocracy, a sensuous ritual was benumbing the soul of the nation, and preparing it for a tame acquiescence in the most degrading spiritual despotism. And in the Royal Court a systematized and brilliant sensuality had cunningly allied itself to a desperate determination on the part of Charles and his unscrupulous minister Strafford to bring about the unchecked absolutism of the Crown. The majority of the courtiers were mere creatures of Royalty, whose patents of nobility dated no

further back than the accession of James I. They were a *Comus* rabble, drest up in the glistering robes of nobility, but with heads and hearts of bestial sensuality. The speeches of the magician are no caricature; they are a transcript of what might any day have been heard among the Court wits. To the real nobility of England, to families of the Bridgewater type, Milton turns for the salvation of the State. For them his masque is an allegory. They with a wise valour must overthrow the enchanter and seize his wand. Even if like 'the brothers,' they partially fail, Milton has a supreme faith in the ultimate triumph of Virtue :—

'She alone is free :
She can teach you how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime ;
Or, if virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.'

For greater effectiveness on the stage, Lawes made one change in the text of the masque. He knew that a fashionable audience will not sit patiently through a long epilogue; and he knew also that he himself could make a far more effective stage-entrance with a song than with a speech. Accordingly he altered line 976 from 'To the ocean now I fly' into 'From the heavens now I fly, and transferred it, with the thirty-five lines following, to the beginning of the piece, where it formed a song with which he made his aerial descent upon the stage, prior to delivering his opening speech (l. 93). Then after the 'presentation' song (ll. 966-975) he slowly ascended to the 'skies' singing the short epilogue (l. 1012 to end).

We have at least one proof that the merits of *Comus* were recognised by Milton's contemporaries. Early in 1638 he had formed the acquaintance of Sir Henry Wotton, his neighbour at Horton and a man of high culture and wide experience in the diplomatic service. In a letter to the poet, who had sent him a copy of the poem, he describes it as 'a dainty piece of entertainment, wherein I should much commend the tragical part (*i. e.* the dialogue), if the lyrical did not ravish me with a certain Doric delicacy in

Lawes's change
in the text.

Wotton's
criticism

your songs and odes ; whereunto I must plainly confess to have seen yet nothing parallel in our language.'

Three short poems, *At a Solemn Music*, *On Time*, and *Upon the Circumcision*, belong probably to Milton's retirement at Horton. All three are experiments in irregular metre. The first-named was written after *Arcades* ; and Milton's own manuscript copy, in the Cambridge collection, contains four drafts, and shows his habit of close and careful correction of his own work, revising, rejecting, and enlarging, until he had at length satisfied his own scrupulous taste. The second was intended as an inscription to be put on a clock-case. The last is an echo or afterthought from the *Ode on the Nativity*, but far inferior to it both in form and substance. The other two, and especially the first, contain some lines equal both in majesty and music to anything Milton ever wrote. The influence of his organ-loving father's home, and of his friendship with Lawes, is plainly perceptible in both.

In 1635 Milton was made M. A. of Oxford ; in 1637 he had to mourn his mother's death ; and later in the same year he heard of the tragic death of one of his Cambridge friends, Edward King, a Fellow of Milton's own College, and destined to become a clergyman in the Church of England. He had on several public occasions written complimentary Latin verses of no great merit ; but Milton appears to have had a very high opinion of his personal character. King was certainly very popular, both in Court society and in the University, and when the news came that, as he was returning to Ireland in the Long Vacation of 1687, the ship in which he was sailing had struck suddenly on an unknown rock, and had gone down with almost all on board, his Cambridge friends decided to draw up and publish a volume of commemorative verses. This was done : twenty-three pieces in Latin or Greek and thirteen in English were printed at the University Press ; the last and longest of the latter (six pages out of twenty-five) being *Lycidas*, signed with the initials ' J. M.'

The poem is primarily a commemorative pastoral, in which Milton bewails the untimely death of a college friend and companion. They had no doubt been on familiar and friendly terms; had shared the varied interests, social and literary, of University life. All this is set forth in the conventional phraseology of the pastoral form with wonderful beauty and finish. But the secondary interest of the poem really outweighs its primary object. King had devoted himself to the ministry of the Church; had he lived, he would no doubt have proved himself a clergyman after Milton's own heart. His sudden death was thus a loss to the Puritan cause as well as to the University; and this gives Milton an opportunity to launch out into a terrible denunciation of the ecclesiastical corruption of the times. The opening of the poem shows us that Milton had definitely determined to write no more verse till his powers had become mature; but the 'bitter constraint' of his friend's tragic death compelled him to break through this resolve and with 'forced fingers rude' to 'shatter' the as yet immature foliage of the poetic tree. And the closing lines (186-193) intimate quite as clearly that the first of the three acts in the drama of Milton's life is closed. The season for youthful poetry has gone, never to return. He has definitely donned the prophetic cloak, the 'mantle blue' of the Puritan faction, and is going forth to a new life—a life of strenuous toil and militant prose.

But before this second epoch in his life there was a short breathing-space. For some time Milton appears to have cherished the idea of a journey to Italy as an essential part of his poetical self-education. This plan seems to have been delayed for several reasons, partly through his father's reluctance. For a young man to visit Italy would, in the opinion of all sober, God-fearing Englishmen of that time, have been much the same as for the Lady of Milton's masque to have entered of her own accord the enchanted palace of Comus. Even Shakespeare had protested against the corruption of the manners and morals of our upper classes

Its inner
meaning.

Italian journey.

by Italian influences ; and to become 'Italianated' was a synonym for effeminate debauchery. But in 1638 his father's consent was gained, and he set out. His tour was almost a triumphal progress. At Paris, Florence, Rome, and Naples he was effusively welcomed and extravagantly praised by social dignitaries and learned literates. He repaid these compliments in kind, and 'rivalled his entertainers in flattery and fustian.' But he never swerved one hairsbreadth either in morals or in religion, and at some risk to himself he openly maintained his Protestant convictions even in Rome. From Naples he had intended to proceed to Sicily and Greece ; but news of the civil war imminent in Scotland made him change his plans : 'I thought it base to be travelling at my ease for intellectual culture while my fellow-countrymen at home were fighting for liberty.' For Scotland had abolished Episcopacy, and Charles was preparing an army in England and Ireland to punish such audacious revolt against Laud and himself. Apparently he received further news that the crisis was not imminent, for he made his return journey in the most leisurely fashion, spending two months in Rome in bold defiance of Jesuits and Papal police ; two months in Florence ; thence to Lucca, Bologna, and Ferrara ; a month in Venice ; thence by Verona and Milan to Geneva. There he passed two weeks in daily conference with Protestant theologians, specially Dr. Jean Diodati, uncle of his friend Charles ; thence to Paris ; and so, early in August 1639, back to Horton. The chief results of his tour, besides the broadening of his mental horizon, were two : he had come into living contact with the results of the Papal system in the person of the imprisoned Galileo ; and by close study of the strict Petrarchian model he re-created the English sonnet. The Shakespearean sonnet had been the perfect reflex of Shakespeare's own personality ; but in Milton's hands the sonnet became a new power, a war-trumpet, 'whence he blew Soul-animating strains—alas, too few !'¹

¹ Wordsworth, *Scorn not the Sonnet*.

Milton's return was saddened by the sudden death of his friend Charles Diodati. His bitter personal grief gave birth to the *Epitaphium Damonis*, a Latin pastoral, closely modelled on the most perfect classical precedents—Virgil, and the Greek elegies of Theocritus, Moschus, and Bion. Incidentally we learn from this poem that all through these years Milton's mind had been preoccupied with the project of an epic poem founded on British legendary history, and especially on the romance of King Arthur; and further that he had resolved to give up Latin, and betake himself to English as the medium of his poetic inspirations in future.

'Epitaphium
Damonis.'

Removes to
London.

Early in 1640 Milton removed to lodgings in Fleet Street. The Horton household was now broken up. His father and younger brother Christopher, with his wife and child, settled at Reading. His sister Anne became a widow in 1631, and subsequently married Thomas Agar. Of the two sons by the first marriage, Edward and John, the younger, nine years of age, went to live entirely with his uncle; while Edward had his daily lessons at his uncle's lodging. The poet schoolmaster thus spent his days in teaching, in literary work, and in meditating on the political situation of the time, which was growing serious. The Long Parliament was now sitting, and things were rapidly shaping themselves for the crisis of the Civil War. Milton however clung to the hope that Parliament could be trusted to bring about all necessary reforms in Church and State: he himself and his own life-work to accomplish. With this end in view he removed from Fleet Street to a pretty garden-house at the back of an entry in Aldersgate Street, a quiet retreat, large enough for his little household and his books, taking with him both his nephews, himself their teacher and their example in 'hard study and spare diet.'

For a time all went well. The Long Parliament, with almost absolute unanimity, had made a clean sweep of long-standing abuses; Strafford had met his doom, and Laud was in prison; the royal prerogative was

Political
controversy.

constitutionally defined and the rights of Parliament safeguarded. Next the Church had to be put in order. Hereupon fundamental divisions arose in Parliament itself and in the nation outside. Some wished to retain a modified and constitutionalized Episcopacy; others, root-and-branch Reformers, determined to abolish Episcopacy altogether. *Lycidas* has shown us how keenly Milton felt on this question. Accordingly he threw himself whole-heartedly into the fray. His poetic mission was laid aside; and the second act in the drama of his life, the epoch of strenuous political controversy, began. There is little doubt that his genius ripened best through this enforced suspension; just as, in another way, Shakespeare's did through his enforced subjection to the prosaic necessities of theatrical success. It was the Civil War undoubtedly that brought into full play all the special characteristics of Milton's nature and made the heroic splendours of King Arthur's Round Table gradually fade into insignificance before the mystic sublimities that centred in the Fall of Man.

Milton's first contribution to the popular debate was a pamphlet entitled *Of Reformation touching Church Discipline in England, and the Causes that have hitherto hindered it*, published in May 1641. On the High Church side of the controversy Bishop Hall published *A Humble Remonstrance to the High Court of Parliament*. A reply to this was brought out by five Puritan divines, under the pseudonym of *Smectymnuus*, a word coined from their initials (Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, and William Sparstow). A war of pamphlets ensued; Archbishop Usher and Bishop Hall leading the Episcopalians, Milton and the *Smectymnuans* opposing them on the Puritan side. Milton wrote five pamphlets in all: the one mentioned above, *Of Prelatical Episcopacy, Animadversions upon Hall's reply to Smectymnuus, The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, and an *Apology* directed against an attack upon the *Animadversions*. By the impassioned eloquence of these pamphlets, and especially by his scathing invectives against Bishop Hall, Milton became a

Five prose
pamphlets.

prominent man among the root-and-branch Reformers.

In may 1643 Milton entered into an ill-assorted marriage with Mary Powell, the seventeen-year-old daughter of a Royalist Justice of the Peace, of Forest Hill. The Powells were a genteel family in embarrassed circumstances, and it appears that Mary Powell's father had owed a debt of £500 to Milton's father for sixteen years past. On the part of the young people it was no doubt a genuine case of love at first sight. On the part of her parents it was simply a sordid speculation; they sold their daughter to evade a troublesome creditor. Some of the relatives accompanied the bride to Milton's house in Aldersgate Street and were feasted there for several days. After a month or two they wrote (perhaps with her connivance) begging Milton to allow his wife to pay them a visit for the summer. Leave was granted till Michaelmas, and the bride went back to her father's house. Michaelmas came, but she did not return; Milton's letters of expostulation were unanswered and his special messenger was dismissed. Hence for the next two years Milton lived in enforced bachelorhood.

In the year of Milton's marriage Parliament, having abolished Episcopacy, called together an Assembly of Puritan divines at Westminster to draw up the forms and creed of the future national Church. In September the Scots agreed to aid the English in the civil war, if both nations would agree to the Solemn League and Covenant, which bound them to have one common religion and one ecclesiastical polity. This was done; a Scottish auxiliary army entered England, and some Scottish divines took their places in the Westminster Assembly. In July 1644 the united armies won the battle of Marston Moor. But soon afterwards the prospect was clouded by religious and political dissensions. An overwhelming majority both of the clergy and the laity, wished to establish a Presbyterian national Church, which the Scottish faction would have made as rigidly intolerant as Laud himself could have wished his own Episcopacy to be. But a minority held that each

Presbyterians
and Independents;
'Areopagitica'.

Christian congregation ought to be self-governing, and subject to no external authority but that of Christ Himself. These, the Independents, gradually formed a distinct party, in both religion and politics. The Presbyterians wished to make terms with the king, and merely to coerce him into constitutional government; the Independents became more and more republican in their views, and were determined to bring the war to a speedy issue. The two men who in their respective spheres were the chief leaders in this Independent movement were Cromwell and Milton. The latter denounced, in lines marked more by insight and force than by poetic merit, their Assembly as worse than the Council of Trent—'New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large.'¹

Yet Milton, like the other Puritans in England, had subscribed to the Solemn League and Covenant. It was probably his unfortunate marriage more than anything else that opened his eyes to the dangers of the new spiritual tyranny. Immediately after his wife had left him (August 1643) he published an extraordinary pamphlet, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, in which he argued that radical incompatibility of temper or opinions was as good a reason for divorce as actual infidelity. Three other pamphlets speedily followed, *the Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*, *Tetrachordon*, and *Colasterion*. These pamphlets raised a tempest of indignation in the religious world, especially among the Presbyterians, who denounced Milton as an awful example of the ungodliness and immorality which would result from any scheme of toleration. In November 1644 Milton published his greatest prose work, the *Areopagitica*, or *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*. In this, perhaps the noblest plea for freedom of thought and speech that the world has ever known, Milton urged the Parliament to repeal an ordinance passed in June 1643 for the regulation of the press, by a staff of official censors. The *Areopagitica* and the *Doctrine of Divorce* between them, placed Milton in a position of irreconcilable hostility to the Presbyterians. Henceforth he

¹ *On the New Forcers of Conscience.*

regarded them as worse foes to God and man than either Laud or Charles I.

Milton meanwhile in his bachelor home in Aldersgate Street kept a select private school for his two nephews with the sons of a few friends. It was at this time (June 1644) that he published a very original pamphlet, the *Tract on Education*. It was an exposition of his ideas of a system of training which was to replace that in vogue at the Public Schools and Universities. Cromwell had now by tact and firmness secured the practical ascendancy of the Independents; had remodelled the Army; and finally on June 14, 1645 had crushed the King's forces at the battle of Naseby. This victory convinced Mr. Powell that the king's cause was hopeless; his daughter was sent to London; and Milton was inveigled into an interview, in which the repentant bride was forgiven and taken back to her husband's home.

At this time (1645) Milton, finding his house too small for his growing academy, took a larger one in the Barbican, where he lived for the next two years. His father lived with him, and after the surrender of Oxford to Fairfax in June 1646, Mr. Powell with part of his family came for shelter to his son-in-law's house. Here in July of the same year Milton's first child, Anne, was born, and a second daughter, Mary, in 1647. Milton's time was now mostly taken up with his pupils, teaching them on the methods advocated in his tract. The first edition of his minor poems appeared soon after. It included three sonnets written previously; the first, in anticipation of an assault on the City by the king's army; the second, *To a Virtuous Young Lady*; the third, *To the Lady Margaret Ley*. In the Barbican house he wrote the two sonnets on the *Tetrachordon* controversy; also one to Henry Lawes, and another to the memory of Mrs. Catharine Thomson. These two years must have been a time of some anxiety, with a triangular diplomatic duel going on between the King, the Scottish Presbyterians, and the Independent army. Milton was a

'Tract on Education'; reconciliation with his wife.

House in the Barbican.

marked man on the Presbyterian black list, and would have been the first to suffer had they gained the day. Fortunately Cromwell's Ironsides got the King into their own hands and took possession both of London and of the Parliament.

About October 1647 Milton removed to a smaller house in Lincoln's Inn Fields, a pleasant and airy neighbourhood. He gave up most of his teaching work, and busied himself with a *Latin Dictionary*, a *System of Divinity*, and a *History of Britain*. Here the sonnet to General Fairfax was written, with metrical paraphrases of nine of the Psalms. But external events had moved at a rapid pace. The King had escaped and been retaken; the Scots, invading England to place Charles on a strictly Presbyterian throne, had been crushed by Cromwell at Preston; Parliament was purged of Presbyterian traitors; the king tried and executed, and a Republic set up, governed by the Rump of the Long Parliament and a specially selected Council of State.

In February 1649, a month after the execution of King Charles I, Milton published a tract, *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, defending that action, and reflecting very severely on the late King's life and character. In March he was offered the post of Secretary for Foreign Tongues to the Council of State. This post he accepted, and so entered upon an active political life which was to last ten years and a half, until events had begun to shape themselves towards the Restoration. All literary business was naturally put into his hands, and one of the ironies of fate was that the author of the *Areopagitica* became actually for a whole year the official licenser of a Government newspaper, many of the leading articles of which were no doubt written by himself.

In virtue of his post, Milton now (November 1649) had a suite of rooms assigned him in Whitehall to be near his official duties. During the first three years of his Secretaryship he wrote practically no poetry. He drew up a State paper (May 1649)

House in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Enters political life.

Principal official writings.

in regard to the Marquis of Ormond's attempt to bring about a reaction in favour of Charles II in Ireland. More important was his *Eikonoklastes* (Image-breaker) published in October 1649, an official reply to the famous *Eikon Basilike* (Royal Image) or *Portraiture of His Sacred Majesty in his Solitudes and Sufferings*. This book was generally believed to have been written by King Charles I, and was cherished with almost religious reverence by all Royalists, so that Milton's pamphlet was of high political importance. The book was written by Dr. Gauden, though it had been submitted to Charles I, who expressly desired that it should not be published as his own composition. But Milton's most important State paper was his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano* (Defence of the English People) issued in April 1651, in reply to a defence of Charles I and a violent attack on the English people which in the previous year had been published in Holland by the celebrated Leyden professor, Salmasius, at the instigation of Charles II. for a fee of one hundred gold jacobuses. Salmasius (a Latinised version of *saumaise*) was then the most renowned scholar in Europe, and his attack on the Republic would have been a serious hindrance to Cromwell's foreign policy, had it been left unanswered. Milton therefore felt that to reply to it was a sacred duty; and he undertook it, though warned that it would cost him his eyesight. But he had his reward. The unknown Milton became even better known abroad than the 'wonderful' scholar whom by universal consent he had annihilated in argument, and, it must be added, fairly butchered with invective. Milton's own words in reference to his sightless eyes addressed to Cyriack Skinner (Sonnet xxii) were literally true:—

'What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overlid
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe rings from side to side.'

With Salmasius crushed abroad, and the Scotch army routed at home at Dunbar and Worcester, Cromwell easily secured the official recognition and respect of all the foreign

powers ; so that Milton's services as Foreign Secretary were more needed than ever. Owing to his blindness the work had to be done by dictation. Probably the habit of mental concentration acquired during the seven years of total blindness from 1652 to 1659 was an important part of the preparation for writing *Paradise Lost*. He had to listen to long interviews and discussions ; get a clear grasp of the whole, without the help of written notes ; and then deliver his reply, fully formed, to his amanuensis. Familiarity with all these details would facilitate the subsequent dictation of his great poems ; and the habit of inwardly visualising all the argumentative *pros* and *cons* of State controversies no doubt strengthened his powers of poetic vision.

Milton's next move in 1652 was from his official quarters to a pretty garden-house in Petty France, Westminster, opening into St. James's Park. Here he lived for eight years ; here his youngest daughter Deborah was born ; and here his wife died. The sonnets to Cromwell and Vane were also written in this year. Milton's attack on Salmasius naturally laid him open to retorts in kind. Of these the most important was *Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Coelum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos* (Cry of the King's Blood to Heaven against the English Parricides), published at the Hague late in 1652. It was really written by a Frenchman, Pierre Dumoulin, afterwards made a Prebendary of Canterbury, but professed to be from the pen of one Alexander More of Scottish extraction. Milton's reply was published in 1654, *Joannis Miltoni Angli pro Populo Anglicano Defensio Secunda* (Second Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for the English People) in which he repaid the scurrilous abuse that had been heaped upon himself with interest, after the fashion of the times. More rejoined in another attack, which Milton answered in his *Joannis Miltoni Angli pro se Defensio Contra Alexandrum Morum* (Defence of John Milton, Englishman, for himself against Alexander More.) These controversial pamphlets are of great interest for their incidental revelations of Milton's life and character.

Removes to
Westminster.

In 1656 Milton married a second time. His wife was Catharine, daughter of Captain Woodcock of Hackney. She died in childbirth fifteen months afterwards, her child dying too. We know of her chiefly through Milton's sonnet *On his deceased Wife* (1658), from which we may infer that those fifteen months were a brief oasis of domestic happiness in his otherwise troubled life, and that he tenderly cherished her memory.

Throughout Cromwell's career Milton was his devoted friend and supporter. He probably shared to some extent the abstract scruples of Bradshaw and Vane against any kind of single-person sovereignty, such as Cromwell undoubtedly exercised. But he looked upon Cromwell's personal government as being the closest possible approximation to an ideal republic that was possible in existing circumstances, and accordingly he supported it. But he differed from Cromwell permanently and irreconcilably on the question of a State Church. Cromwell succeeded in establishing with very considerable efficiency a Protestant Evangelical State Church. Milton was wholly opposed to any interference of Government with religion, or to any State payment for religious ministrations, a position clearly summed up in his two sonnets to Cromwell and Vane. Notwithstanding his divergence of opinion on this point, Milton was always most loyal to his chief; and no doubt threw himself heart and soul into the official correspondence with the Duke of Savoy and other European princes, which, supported as it was by the dread of Cromwell's proved military power, put an end to the horrible persecution of the Protestant Waldenses. Milton's Sonnet *On the Late Massacre in Piedmont* is a magnificent memorial of this episode. His Sonnet *On his Blindness* is an equally noble memorial of his own personal faith. The Sonnet to *Mr. Lawrence* and the two *Cyriack Skinner* show that the blind poet was no gloomy ascetic, but had his hours of cheerful mirth, and found solace in the devoted friendship of young men like-minded with himself.

Second marriage.

Milton and Cromwell; Sonnets.

Milton's political life came to an end during the troubles that preceded the Restoration. After Cromwell's death Milton hoped for a time that Richard Cromwell's protectorate might be strengthened by the adoption of an anti-Establishment policy, which he urged upon Parliament in a pamphlet published early in 1659. But after Richard's enforced resignation, and the subsequent dissensions of the Republican leaders, Milton's position was that of a drowning man catching at straws. The pamphlets were disregarded; the one thing that he dreaded, the restoration of the Stuart dynasty, to prevent which he was ready to go to almost any length in the way of compromise either in Church or in State, became more and more inevitable; until on May 25 1660 it was an accomplished fact, and the third act of Milton's life-drama began. Henceforth he was to be the blind poet, proscribed by authority, execrated by his countrymen, nursing in solitude and darkness the visions which he was to immortalize in song.

It is a marvel that Milton was not hanged. He had indeed a very narrow escape. He left his house in Petty France and was kept in concealment by a friend from May to August 1660. Charles II had desired a general amnesty for all persons not specifically excepted by name. A Bill of General Indemnity was accordingly brought into the Commons on May 9th; and for the next three months the two Houses were busily engaged in picking out prominent anti-Royalists who were to be proscribed by name. On June 16th the Commons passed an Order for Milton's arrest and indictment, adding a petition to the King that the *Eikonoklastes* and *Defensio* might be burned by the hangman, and Charles issued a proclamation to that effect. But Milton had powerful friends in Parliament, and when on August 29th the Bill of Indemnity finally received the Royal assent, his name was nowhere mentioned in it. Thenceforward he was therefore legally a free man. He was, however, arrested later in the year through the excessive zeal of the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons, but was soon released.

End of his political life.

His escape from Prosecution.

For some time after his release Milton lived in Holborn,
 near Red Lion Square, whence he removed to
 Jewin Street. In these two homes in succession
 he watched the speedy overthrow in England,
 Scotland, and Ireland of everything both in religion and
 politics that had been dearer to him than life itself, and
 the unchecked inroads of profligate debauchery in morals,
 manners, and literature. A few friends he had, young
 men such as Lawrence and Cyriack Skinner; more especially
 the young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, who deemed it a privi-
 lege to guide him in his walks, to read to him, or to write his
 dictation. His two nephews, the Phillipses, now earning their
 own living in London, occasionally dropped in. When no
 better help was available, Milton made his daughters read to
 him in Latin, Greek, Italian, French, Spanish, and Hebrew,
 languages of which they did not understand a word. They
 revenged themselves by frequently leaving him to shift for
 himself, and by conspiring with the maid-servant to cheat him
 in his marketings and to sell his books. Milton's friend Dr.
 Paget put an end to this deplorable state of things by getting
 him to marry (1663) one of his relatives, Elizabeth Minshull.
 She proved an admirable wife, and later on wisely arranged to
 have the daughters sent away from home to earn their own
 livelihood by embroidery. During these years in Holborn and
 Jewin Street Milton published nothing; but he was at work
 upon the Latin Dictionary and a Biblical Theology; and,
 above all, upon *Paradise Lost*.

Soon after his third marriage Milton left Jewin Street for
 the Artillery Walk, leading to Bunhill Fields.
 It was opposite the enclosure where the old
 London Trained Bands used to exercise; had
 a garden, and was in fairly open country; and
 was much more private and secluded than his previous home had
 been. Here *Paradise Lost*, begun in 1658, was completed. He
 took the finished MS to a country cottage at Chalfont St. Giles,
 which the young Quaker, Thomas Ellwood, had taken for him
 to retire to when the Great Plague broke out in 1665. Milton

Holborn and Jewin Street; third marriage.

Artillery Walk;
 'Paradise Lost';
 'P. Regained';
 'Samson Agonistes.'

returned to London the following year, the year of the Great Fire, which did not reach his new abode. In 1667 *Paradise Lost* was published. It won the hearty admiration and friendship of the poet Dryden, who was the acknowledged chief of the literature of the Restoration; and from that time onwards Milton's fame as the author of the greatest of epic poems gradually obliterated the memory of his Republican writings, and his society was sought after by distinguished visitors to an extent that he sometimes found inconvenient. In 1671 he published *Paradise Regained*, which he himself always regarded as superior in merit to its predecessor. He wrote it, he tells us, in consequence of a suggestion of Elwood's made after reading the manuscript of *Paradise Lost*. 'Thou hast said much here of *Paradise Lost*, what hast thou to say of *Paradise Found*?' To this suggestion Milton made no answer, but sate some time in a muse. In the same year he published *Samson Agonistes*.

The evening of his days was peaceful and untroubled, save for occasional fits of the gout, but for
 Death. which he used to say his blindness would have been tolerable. He passed his days in study, in dictating to his amanuensis, in walking in his garden or playing on the organ, and in cheerful converse with his friends. He attended no church, nor did he have any regular family prayers, apparently from a Quaker-like objection to all set religious forms. His religious views were embodied in his *Treatise on Christian Doctrine* which, with some of his State papers, was confiscated by the Government and left in the State Paper Office till 1823, when it was recovered and published in 1825. It proves him to have been a very original and speculative thinker on matters both theological and social, Milton died November 8, 1674, and was buried beside his father in the church of St. Giles, Cripplegate, being attended to the grave by 'all his learned and great friends in London, not without a friendly concourse of the vulgar'.

In personal character Milton closely resembled Wordsworth, but with differences. If for Wordsworth's living Nature we substitute the inflexible Bible, illustrated by the heathen classics; and if for the Church of England we substitute the doctrines of Independency, the parallel is nearly complete. Each was in the main a solitary, austere prophet, wrapt up in his own musings, and nobly scornful of the world by which he was surrounded. Each from early years was conscious of a divine vocation as a prophet and a priest of song. Of the two, Wordsworth was the more solitary, and more fully answered to his own description of Milton, 'Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.' For Milton loved a cheerful hour in the company of congenial friends, and was cared for with a filial tenderness by young men like Ellwood² and Marvell. His younger daughter Deborah, who certainly would not have flattered him, says: 'He was delightful company; the life of the conversation, not only on account of his flow of subject, but of his unaffected cheerfulness and civility'; and Dryden confirms the truth of her estimate. Milton and Wordsworth also closely resembled each other in the severe purity of their lives, and in the Spartan simplicity of their habits. Each moreover was unusually self-contained and impatient of external authority and restraint. Milton's rustication at College corresponds to Wordsworth's half-attempted suicide in a fit of boyish rebellion.

The aspect of Milton's character that repels us is his attitude towards womanhood. This may have been the result of a one-sided home life. Milton was a spoiled child, half-worshipped by his father, while of his mother we hear nothing. But mainly it was the outcome of his Puritan belief in the strict applicability of the Pauline teaching concerning the position of women to his own day. Milton's portraiture of Eve is in this one aspect wholly inspired by St. Paul's Epistles. 'He for God only, she for God in him' is the key to Milton's domestic life. We may, for instance, compare his behaviour to his daughters, whom he drilled into reading machines, with his

His Character :
As a man.

Attitude towards
Women.

behaviour to a young male friend in the same circumstances: 'For, having a curious ear', writes Ellwood, 'he understood by my tone when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages'. This defect in Milton's character is all the more striking when we contrast with it the far loftier and truer ideal of womanhood embodied in all Shakespeare's plays.

The chief characteristic of Milton's poetry is its majestic sublimity and its perfection of musical form.

(2) As a poet. 'Reading Milton' it has been said, 'is like dining off gold plate in a company of kings.' No poet ever had such a wealth of learning so completely fused into the stateliness of his song. Coleridge says truly that he is 'not a picturesque but a musical poet', and Hallam that 'the sense of vision delighted his imagination, but that of sound wrapped his whole soul in ecstasy.' Tennyson has aptly described him as the 'God-gifted organ-voice of England'. And Matthew Arnold has summed up Milton's distinctive merit in these words: 'If to our English race an inadequate sense for perfection of work is a real danger, if the discipline of respect for a high and flawless excellence is peculiarly needed by us, Milton is, of all our gifted men, the best lesson, the most salutary influence. In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction he is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction.' His sense of musical effect is wonderful. We recognize at once in his writings the musician as well as the poet. At the same time he is careful not to allow his harmony to degenerate into monotony. The sound is always an 'echo to the sense.' How well the line

'Can execute their æry purposes' (*P. L.* l. 430)

illustrates its meaning by the swift flow of its metre, while, when he describes the air as

'Brushed with the hiss of rustling wings' (*Ib.* 768).

we can almost hear, as we read, the rush and sweep of the

diabolic pinions. To prevent the monotony above alluded to, Milton not unseldom introduces an anapaest or a tribrach among his iambs, as in

‘For those rebellious ; here *their prison* ordained’ (*Ib.* 71).

The dramatic hypermetrical line is not common, as

‘The fellows of his crime, the followers rather’ (*Ib.* 606).

So perfect indeed, is the music of Milton’s lines that they can charm us even when little more than a string of names ; to some extent because he always uses names that carry with them subtle associations of scholarship or romance. Two examples may suffice out of a large variety of such cadences :—

‘From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of southmost Abarim ; in Hesebon
And Horonaim, Seon’s realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma, clad with vines,
And Elealé, to the asphaltic pool.’ *P. L.* l. 407-411.

‘Sleep’st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona’s hold.’

Lycidas, 160-2.

The defects of Milton’s poetry are chiefly those of limitation. He had no sense of humour, but fortunately was to some extent, aware of the fact. (b) Defects. This failing led to some of the worst blemishes in *Paradise Lost*, as, for instance, the ponderous jocosity of the rebel angels. He had, too, little dramatic power. This shortcoming, combined with the rigid dogmatism of the theology which he held in common with the puritans of his day, has left its mark on many parts of *Paradise Lost* and half justifies Pope’s sarcasm :—

‘Milton’s strong pinion, now not heaven can bound,
Now serpent-like in prose he sweeps the ground ;
In quibbles angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.’

Milton was born and brought up in the heart of London, and from childhood upwards books were his chief delight. He was twenty-four when his country life at Horton began. Moreover his

eyes were weak; and the one thing he would need to do in his walks would be to rest them. It could hardly therefore be expected that he should become in any special degree a poet of nature. We shall look in vain for those minute touches of imaginative nature-study which delight us in Wordsworth, in Keats, and especially in Tennyson. We get broad sweeps of landscape, and general effects of atmosphere and sky; but little picturesque detail beyond what is obvious and commonplace. But Milton's ear was very sensitive. And he is always most vivid in detail when there is some touch of *sound* associated with an open-air scene; as in the lines—

'Oft on a plot of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar';

He saw Nature chiefly through books: her aspects are pictured for the most part from reminiscences of the Greek and Latin classics. And here we may profitably contrast Milton's descriptions of flowers with those of Shakespeare. Shakespeare's experience was the exact reverse of Milton's: he lived an open-air life in the country, but little concerned with books till he left Stratford for the London stage about the age of twenty-two. Two passages enable us without difficulty to make a detailed comparison. Milton gives us a garland of wild flowers in *Lycidas* (142-151):

'Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose and the well-attired woodbine;
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.'

Compare with this Perdita's list of flowers in *Winter's Tale* (iv. 4. 115-127):—

‘Daffodils,
 That come before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes
 Or Cytherea’s breath ; pale primroses
 That die unmarried, ere they can behold
 Bright Phoebus in his strength—a malady
 Most incident to maids ; hold oxlip and
 The crown imperial : lilies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-luce being one.’

The two passages are perfectly parallel ; in the first the flowers are chosen as suitable to adorn the hearse of ill-fated Lycidas, ‘dead ere his prime’ ; in the second they are chosen as emblems of youth and hope for Perdita’s lover and her girl companions. There is far more of open-air reality about Shakespeare’s lines than Milton’s, although Shakespeare introduces three allusions from Roman mythology, against Milton’s single classicism in the shape of his ‘amaranth.’ It must, however, be allowed that Milton’s lines are of uniform merit, while Shakespeare’s are very unequal. From the first to the seventh line Shakespeare soars to a height of aerial imagination in which Milton could not even breathe ; but the last three lines are almost prosaic. Milton’s have throughout the finished delicate artificiality of a Japanese painting. Ruskin justly condemns Milton’s ‘well-attired woodbine’ (*i.e.*, the honeysuckle, with its beautiful head-dress of flowers), which he stigmatizes as a ‘vulgar fancy.’ He continues : ‘In Milton it happens, I think generally, and in the case before us most certainly, that the imagination is mixed and broken with fancy, and so the strength of the imagery is part of iron and part of clay. In Perdita’s lines the imagination goes into the very inmost soul of every flower, . . . and never stops on their spots or their bodily shapes, while Milton sticks in the stains upon them, and puts us off with that unhappy freak of jet in that very flower that without this paper-staining would have been the most precious to us of all. “There is pansies, that’s for thoughts.”’

Milton's attitude towards religion and political life has been largely illustrated in the details of his life. **Attitude towards Religion and Politics.** The narrow dogmatism of his theology and his political partisanship gained more and more hold on him as life advanced. Thus in *Paradise Regained* we find that he looks upon Greek philosophy and secular literature generally as unprofitable and even pernicious. And in both his great poems he is hampered rather than inspired by his theology. Hence Milton's popularity is to some extent factitious. He became the champion and the literary idol of his co-religionists as soon as they were so far emancipated from the narrowness of Puritanism as to appreciate literature for its own sake. But in the present day probably very few of his professed admirers have ever read his longer poems through. He is known chiefly by his shorter poems and by isolated lines or select passages of his epics.

The vague idea of this poem had floated in Milton's mind since about 1639; it was actually begun in 1658, when Marvell's appointment as his coadjutor in the Secretariat gave him more leisure; it was finished by the summer of 1665, and published in 1667. Its subject and scope are given by Milton himself at the outset. It covers the whole space of time from the declaration of the Son as the Father's vice-regent (v, 600-615), which led to the fall of Lucifer and so indirectly to the fall of man, up to the final consummation of all things in a new heaven and earth (xii, 545-551). Thus Ellwood's criticism (p. 225) was really uncalled for. *Paradise Regained* is not the sequel to *Paradise Lost*, it is merely the detailed amplification of one particular episode in the story. This age-long story is partly described by the poet himself, beginning immediately after Satan's fall from Heaven (l. 36-58) and ending with the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise (xii, 636-649); partly it is narrated by the 'sociable' angel Raphael to Adam and Eve in Paradise before their fall: while the rest is revealed by the archangel Michael to Adam before his expulsion from Paradise (xi, 423—xii, 551).

Incomparably the finest part of this poem is the story of Satan from his fall to his discovery of the newly created world (I and II). The explanation is simple. Milton had no dramatic power. The rest of *Paradise Lost* (and almost the whole of *Paradise Regained*) is in dialogue form, where Milton has mainly to depend on his perfection of diction and verse-form, or on adventitious sources of interest. But in describing Satan he was to a considerable extent unconsciously depicting his own feelings and situation. Though *Paradise Lost* was begun in 1658, it is clear from lines 500-2 of Book I, that the main part of it was written after the Restoration, when Milton was lonely, miserable, racked with pain, in darkness and despair amidst the ruin of all his hopes, and yet cherishing a spirit of relentless rebellion against the Sovereign power that had hurled him down. This personal application explains also the massive grandeur of *Samson Agonistes*, which is almost a veiled autobiography.

The great drawback to the poem is the slavish literalism with which Milton fits his poem to Biblical theology as interpreted by the Puritans. No true poet ever writes to prove a thesis, whereas Milton expressly tells us that he wrote *Paradise Lost* to 'justify the ways of God to men.' That is, he deliberately intended to preach a sermon in blank verse. To this extent he stands on precisely the same level as Pollok with his *Course of Time* (1827). Fortunately his poetic instinct overpowered the instincts of the schoolmaster and the divine. But his poem is immortal in spite of its avowed aim, not because of it. Furthermore, he attempted what is intrinsically impossible, *viz* : to dramatise the Deity. Here his theology itself is at fault. His Deity is not the Trinity worshipped by orthodox Christendom, Catholic and Protestant alike, but a mere Duality, Father and Son. Macaulay has rightly praised the element of dark indefiniteness which is so powerful a feature in Milton's description of Satan; but when Milton introduces the Almighty speaking, and the Son replying, it is hardly a caricature to say with Taine that we see only a magnified portrait of 'the theologian James I, very clever

Superiority of
Books I & II.

Defects.

at the *distinguo*, and, before all, incomparably tedious.' Bagehot points to this weakness when he says that Milton 'has made God *argue*. A train of reasoning in such a connexion is out of place, and there is a still worse error, that if you once attribute reasoning to Him, subsequent logicians may discover that he does not reason very well.' 'The defect' he continues, 'of *Paradise Lost* is that, after all, it is founded on a political transaction. We have a description of a court, and of an act of patronage which is not popular, and why should it have been? Both Satan's and Adam's offences are against arbitrary edicts.'

Satan himself is not so much a portraiture of the Spirit of Evil (127) as the embodiment of pride, vast ability, strong will, egotism. His character seems to grow with his position. He is far finer after his fall, in misery and suffering, with scarcely any resource except in himself, than he was originally in heaven; at least, if Raphael's description of him can be trusted. No portrait that imagination or history has drawn of a revolutionary anarch is nearly so perfect; there is all the grandeur of the greatest human mind, and a certain infinitude in his circumstances which humanity must ever want.

Paradise Regained, an epic in four books, was completed before April, 1667, and was published in 1671. Its title is a reminiscence of one of the opening lines of *Paradise Lost*.

Paradise Regained:
Date and Origin.

'Till one greater man,
Restore us, and *regain* the blissful seat.'

How its subject was suggested to Milton has been told already (p. 225). Ellwood's question, as H. Morley says, indicated to Milton that 'the average mind of a religious Englishman wanted yet more emphasis laid on the place of Christ in his religious system,' and hence he wrote this second poem to satisfy a religious want.

In *Paradise Regained* Milton's poetic form, the structure of his verse, his skill in description, and in the due balance of thought and expression, reaches its culminating point; and this is why critical

Its relation to
Paradise Lost.

experts, with Milton himself, rank it higher than *Paradise Lost*. But there is no doubt that it is less interesting to general readers, and even to devout believers it must be unsatisfactory. Milton's *Christian Doctrine* (p. 225) proves him to have been distinctly out of harmony both with 'Evangelical' and 'Catholic' theology. The one dominating idea of *Paradise Lost* is that salvation lies in obedience to law. Eden was lost by one act of disobedience; Eden must therefore be regained by the perfect obedience of the Second Adam. The temptation of Eve and Adam in the garden of Eden must be paralleled by the temptation of Christ in the wilderness. But the unanimous voice of Christendom contradicts this view. Paradise was regained in the mysterious Passion of Christ upon the Cross, to which the Temptation in the Wilderness was but a minor preparatory episode. A sublime and convincing poem might have been written had Milton confined himself strictly to the Temptation itself and written it in such a way that the Personality of the Tempter should have been wrapped in vague and awful obscurity, leaving it possible for the reader to interpret it either as a voice without or a voice within.

In recounting the Temptations, Milton overlooks one most significant point. He has taken the story from *Luke* iv. 1-13. Yet he assumes that the close of the three temptations connoted the final and complete overthrow of Satan; whereas Luke expressly says that the devil departed from him '*for a season,*' implying his return. Here Milton again contradicts the universal voice of Christendom, which declares that Satan's final defeat came in the Resurrection. Further, Milton's assumption that Christ miraculously stood, balanced on the tip of a pointed spire, (*P. R.* iv. 561) is not only ludicrous, it is based on a misconception¹, and is out of harmony with the whole tenor of the narrative. The account of the Temptation, as recorded in the Gospels, has the beauty of antique simplicity. As elabora-

¹ The 'pinnacle' of the Bible is misleading; the Greek word means a *turret* or *gable*, and the place was probably Herod's royal portico, (Alford).

ted by Milton, it becomes almost incredible. And he has gone out of his way to spoil the story; for while in *Paradise Lost*, as Milton planned it, the dramatisation of the Deity was inevitable, in *Paradise Regained* it is superfluous and indeed incongruous and absurd.

A fine piece of criticism by Lamb of two passages in *Paradise Regained* is worth quoting. Of the elaborate feast conjured up by Satan (II. 338-365) he writes: 'I am afraid the poet wants his usual decorum in this place. Was he thinking of the old Roman luxury, or of a gaudy day at Cambridge? The whole banquet is too civic and culinary, and the accompaniments altogether a profanation of that deep, abstracted, holy scene. The mighty artillery of sauces which the cook-fiend conjures up is out of proportion to the simple wants and plain hunger of the guest.' Of the dreams preceding this temptation (II. 260-278) Lamb says, 'Nothing in Milton is finelier fancied than these temperate dreams of the divine Hungerer.' It forms a curious comment on the absence of dramatic power in Milton's characterizations, that Taine (*Hist. of Eng. Lit.*) actually quotes six lines from Christ's speech describing his own boyhood (*P. R.* I. 201-6) as having been spoken by John the Baptist!

Samson Agonistes was published in 1671, and could hardly have been commenced before the completion of *Paradise Regained* in 1667. Milton himself has prefaced his poem with a description of the type of poetry to which it belongs, and has shown how it is carefully constructed on the severest models of Greek tragedy. The rigid forms of that drama, which would have been unendurable to Shakespeare, suit Milton's genius perfectly. They do not require, hardly indeed permit, any subtlety of characterisation. In the *Agonistes* the *dramatis personae* are few, and only two of them would call for any genius if acted on the stage. These two characters are Samson and Dalila. The former is largely Milton's own self; for the latter his own experiences with his first wife and with his mother-in-

Lamb's
Criticism.

*Samson
Agonistes.*

law (who was a thorn in his side all his life long, though he behaved with remarkable generosity and forbearance to her) would have deeply impressed him with memories which easily clothed themselves in dramatic form. Above all, the nature and the treatment of the subject saves him from the snare of introducing Divine or angelic personages; and the topic, being exclusively from the Old Testament, presents no theological pitfalls. The parallelism, too, of the political situation is almost perfect. Milton could thus throw his whole soul into the work. In writing this drama, he has indirectly conferred a unique benefit on English literature. *Samson Agonistes* alone, with perhaps the sole exception of Swinburne's *Atalanta in Calydon* (p. 74), enables an ordinary English reader to realize (as no translation of Aeschylus or Sophocles could enable him) what an Athenian felt when he was listening to one of those authors' immortal tragedies.

QUOTATIONS

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing heavenly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of Oreb or of Sinai didst inspire
 That shepherd who first taught the chosen seed
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of Chaos. *P. L.* 1. 1-10.

Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme. *P. L.* 1. 16.

What in me is dark

Illumine, what is low raise and support;
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men. *Ib.* 22-6.

Yet from those flames

No light, but rather darkness visible. *Ib.* 62-63.

The mind is its own place, and in itself
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven. *Ib.* 254-5.
 Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven. *Ib.* 263.
 Lust hard by hate. *Ib.* 417.

Anon they move
 In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
 Of flutes and soft recorders. *Ib.* 549-551.
 Thrice he assayed, and thrice in spite of scorn
 Tears such as angels weep burst forth. *Ib.* 619-20.

Let none admire
 That riches grow in hell : that soil may best
 Deserve the precious bane. *Ib.* 690-2.

From morn
 To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
 A summer's day ; and with the setting sun
 Dropt from the zenith like a falling star. *Ib.* 742-5.
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence. *P. L.* 11. 5-6.
 Oh, shame to men ! devil with devil damned
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of creatures rational. *Ib.* 496-8.

(Others) reason'd high
 Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
 Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute ;
 And found no end, in wandering mazes lost. *Ib.* 558-561.

(Satan) like a comet burned,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. *Ib.* 708-711.

Thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers. *P. L.* 111. 37-8.

Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine. *Ib.* 40-4.
 Dark with excessive bright. *Ib.* 380.

At whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads. *P. L.* IV. 34-5.
 Evil be thou my good. *Ib.* 110.

(The Fiend) with necessity,

The tyrant's plea, excused his devilish deeds. *Ib.* 393-4.

Imparadised in one another's arms. *Ib.* 506.

With thee conversing I forget all time. *Ib.* 639.

Not to know me argues yourselves unknown. *Ib.* 830.

Abashed the devil stood

And felt how awful goodness is, and saw

Virtue in her shape how lovely. *Ib.* 846-8.

So spake the seraph Abdiel, faithful found

Among the faithless, faithful only he. *P. L.* v. 896-7.

The world was all before them where to choose

Their place of rest and Providence their guide.

P. L. XII. 646-7.

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise,

His lot who dares be singularly good. *P. Regained* III. 56-7.

The childhood shows the man,

As morning shows the day. *P. R.* IV. 220-1.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts

And eloquence. *Ib.* 240-1.

See there the olive grove of Academe,

Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird

Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long. *Ib.* 244-6.

Deep versed in books and shallow in himself. *Ib.* 327.

O dark, dark, dark, amid, the blaze of noon !

Samson Agonistes. 80.

Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail

Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise or blame ; nothing but well and fair

And what may quiet us in a death so noble. *Ib.* 1721-4.

Calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,

And aery tongues, that syllable men's names

On sands, and shores and desert wildernesses. *Comus*, 207-9.

At every fall smoothing the raven down

Of darkness till it smiled. *Ib.* 251-2.

I was all ear,

And took in strains that might create a soul

Under the ribs of death. *Ib.* 560-2.

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise

(That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days. *Lycidas*, 70-2.

So sinks the daystar in the ocean-bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky. *Ib.* 168-171.

Under the shady roof

Of branching elm, star-proof. *Arcades*, 88-9.

Where perhaps some beauty lies,

The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes. *L'Allegro*, 79-80.

Then to the well-trod stage anon,

If Jonson's learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,

Warble his native wood-notes wild. *Ib.* 131-4.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,

Most musical, most melancholy. *Il Penseroso*, 61-2.

Such notes as, warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek. *Ib.* 106-7.

And storied windows richly dight,

Casting a dim religious light. *Ib.* 159-60.

They also serve who only stand and wait. *Sonnet XIX.* 14.

He who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well here-
 after in laudable things ought himself to be a true poem.

Apology for Smectymnuus.

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book : who kills a
 man kills a reasonable creature, God's image : but he who destroys
 a good book kills reason itself. *Areopagitica.*

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit
 embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. *Ib.*

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised
 and unbreathed, that never sallies out and seeks her adversary, but
 slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run
 for, not without dust and heat. *Ib.*

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation
 rousing himself like a strong man after sleep and shaking
 her invincible locks ; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her
 mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday
 beam ; purging and scaling her long-abused sight at the fountain
 itself of heavenly radiance. *Ib.*

Who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open
 encounter ? *Ib.*

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing
 most truly kept the law. *Tetrachordon.*

BUNYAN (1628-1688.)

John Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford, in November, 1628. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father being a 'brazier' or tinker. He learned reading and writing at an ordinary free school for the poor, and at an early age went into his father's business. At fifteen years of age he was drafted into the Army, and saw something of military service on the Parliamentary side in the Civil War; experiences which he has freely idealised in *The Holy War*. When the army was disbanded, Bunyan returned to Elstow, and there married a wife as poor as himself. She however had two books, *The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven*, and the *Practice of Piety*, which they read together, and which seem to have greatly influenced him. He became much attached to the outward forms of religion and especially to the services of the Church of England. But soon afterwards he went through a profound religious experience which he has fully described in his *Grace Abounding*. He then joined the Baptist community in 1653, and soon became distinguished among them as a preacher by his fervent enthusiasm and the racy vigour of his addresses. He also wrote a book, *Some Gospel Truths Opened* (1656), to controvert the special doctrines of the Quakers. His power and eloquence as a preacher gained for him such a reputation that the authorities determined to make an example of him. He was arrested, and as he refused to pledge himself to give up preaching, he was imprisoned for twelve years in Bedford County Gaol. Here he wrote *Grace Abounding* and several other religious works. After the Declaration of Indulgence in 1672 he was released, and became the regular minister of the Church in Bedford of which he was a member. In 1675 the Declaration of Indulgence was cancelled and his license to preach withdrawn. He was again arrested for preaching and was imprisoned for six months in the town gaol on Bedford Bridge. Here he wrote the first part of his immortal *Pilgrim's Progress*. It was published in 1678,

Life and writings.

and was afterwards modified and enlarged in subsequent editions. In 1680 he published *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*; in 1682, *The Holy War*; and in 1684, the second part of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, in which he tells how Christian's wife and children followed him on pilgrimage under the guidance of Mr. Greatheart. In 1688 he successfully undertook the mission of reconciling a father and son who had quarrelled, but on the return journey was caught in a soaking shower, took a chill, and died. He was buried in London in Bunhill Fields burying-ground.

Bunyan was remarkable for the union in his character of a
 His character : lovable childlike simplicity with the most
 (1) As a man. fearless conscientiousness and the sternest
 rectitude. In an age of intolerance and theological strife he was distinguished by the breadth of his charity. How deeply affectionate he was is best shown by his own words in reference to his imprisonment, when he thought of his poor blind child, who lay nearer to his heart than all besides. 'Oh the thoughts of the hardships I thought my poor blind one might undergo would break my heart to pieces.' However firm in rebuking error or sin, he was always tender and considerate to individuals.

Bunyan's great charm as a writer lies in his vivid inspira-
 (2) As a writer. tion, his childlike simplicity, and his unflinching
 command of a racy, vigorous vernacular. Above all, the intense reality of his religious belief stamps its impress on everything he wrote. He is absolutely sincere and in earnest, so that all his utterances ring true. Macaulay's praise is fully deserved; 'The style of Bunyan is delightful to every reader, and invaluable as a study to every person who wishes to obtain a wide command over the English language. The vocabulary is the vocabulary of the common people. We have observed several pages which do not contain a single word of more than two syllables. Yet no writer has said more exactly what he meant to say. For magnificence, for pathos, for vehement exhortation, for subtle disquisition, for every purpose of the poet, the orator, and the divine, this homely dialect was perfectly sufficient.' And he sums up by saying that 'during

the latter half of the seventeenth century there were only two minds which possessed the imaginative faculty in a very eminent degree. One of these minds produced *Paradise Lost*, the other *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Well does Isaac D'Israeli call Bunyan 'the Spenser of the people.'

Bunyan's greatest works are *The Pilgrim's Progress* and

*Pilgrim's Pro-
gress: Holy
War.*

The Holy War, which is, as an allegory, more perfect in detail than the former. The latter

describes the soul of man under the image of a city, surrounded by walls whose entrances and Eye-gate, Ear-gate, Feel-gate, etc. (the senses). The different faculties of the soul are personified as officials of the town; as, for instance, the conscience is 'Mr. Recorder.' Diabolus (Satan) gets possession of the city, which is afterwards delivered from his tyranny by the 'holy war' waged against Diabolus by the Divine Army. The allegory is kept up throughout, but as a story it is far less interesting than *The Pilgrim's Progress*. This is only half allegorical; a great deal, (especially the Second Part) is hardly allegorical at all. The one vein of allegory running through it is the scriptural comparison of the Christian life to a pilgrimage; of death to a deep river; and of Heaven to a glorious city beyond that river. Indeed the great charm of the book lies just in this, that Bunyan allegorizes as little as possible; and where he does allegorize he, like Langland, possesses the faculty of making his allegorical figures thoroughly human and lifelike. Most of the story might almost be described as a romantic religious novel; but, if so described, it is a novel the interest of which lies in its truth to nature and in the profound importance of the ideals which it clothes in living forms. M. Taine has admirably said: 'Bunyan has the copiousness, the tone, the ease, and the clearness of Homer; he is as close to Homer as an Anabaptist tinker could be to a heroic singer, a creator of gods; nay, he is nearer. Before the sentiment of the sublime, inequalities are levelled. The depth of emotion raises peasant and poet to the same eminence; and here also allegory stands the peasant in stead. It alone can paint heaven.'

QUOTATIONS.

(The pilgrims, Christian and Hopeful, prisoners in Doubting Castle).

Now a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech : What a fool (quoth he) am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty ! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the Castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too ; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail ; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Pilgrim's Progress, Part I.

One leak will sink a ship, and one sin will destroy a sinner.

Ib., Part II.

He that is down, need fear no fall,
 He that is low no pride ;
 He that is humble ever shall
 Have God to be his guide.

Ib. ib. (The Shepherd Boy's Song).

Some things are of that nature as to make
 One's fancy chuckle, while his heart doth ache.

Ib. ib. Preface.

Then read my fancies, they will stick like burs.

The Author's Apology.

DRYDEN (1631-1700)

John Dryden, a leading poet of the second rank, the greatest of English satirists and almost the founder of literary criticism, was born August 9th, 1631 at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, Northamptonshire. His father was the younger son of a baronet, Sir Erasmus Dryden; his mother was daughter of the Vicar of Aldwinkle. At twelve years of age he entered Westminster School, about 1642, and there had the great advantage of the judicious care of the great head-master of that century, Busby, who wisely excused him much of the usual classical drudgery, and encouraged him to translate Roman poets into English verse. Dryden cherished his master's memory with deep affection. In 1650 he entered Trinity College, Cambridge, and was in that year elected to a Westminster Scholarship there. It is recorded that on one occasion he was punished for some breach of the regulations, and showed a rebellious spirit. He took his B.A. degree in 1654.

Dryden's father died in 1654, and in consequence the future poet entered upon a small inheritance in his native county. But he did not reside there. Apparently he settled in London, hoping that his cousin, Sir Gilbert Pickering's influence with Cromwell might secure him some appointment, since the Drydens and the Pickerings (Dryden's mother's family) were strong Parliamentarians. In 1658 Cromwell died, and soon afterwards Dryden began his poetic career by publishing his *Heroic Stanzas on the Death of the Lord Protector* (1659).

After the Restoration, Dryden attached himself to the Royalist side, and welcomed the return of Charles II by his *Astræa Redux* (1660) his *Panegyric on the Coronation* (1661) and his *Epistle to the Lord Chancellor* (1662). These poems are laboured imitations of Waller, Denham, Cowley, and Davenant. In 1662

Birth and
Education.

A Parliamentarian.

A Royalist.

Dryden was admitted a member of the Royal Society, and soon afterwards wrote some verses showing his interest in those scientific pursuits which were patronised by Charles II. These verses are considered to be the first that show any original merit.

In December 1663, he married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Berkshire.

Marriage. There were three children of this marriage, which does not appear to have been a very happy one. But it must be remembered that the sarcasms on wedded infelicity so common in Dryden's plays and poems were a necessary part of the fashionable cant of the Restoration. Anything in the vein of Spenser's *Amoretti*, any delineations of real domestic affection, would have been regarded as detestable Puritan hypocrisy. Dryden half-heartedly swam with the polluted stream of Charles II's Court.

To earn a living Dryden found it necessary to write plays. He disliked the task, and was well aware that he had neither the humour nor the ready wit required for comedy. His first play *The Wild Gallant* (1663) fell flat. Pepys described it as the poorest thing he had ever seen. In his next play *The Rival Ladies* (1664) he succeeded better, and Pepys was much pleased with it. In the dedication to the Earl of Orrery, Dryden defended his use of rhymed verse in this play. His brother-in-law, Sir Robert Howard, entered into a controversy with him on the question, and this led to his *Essay of Dramatic Poesy* (1668), which was the first attempt in English literature at adequate literary criticism. In 1664 he assisted Sir Robert Howard in writing *The Indian Queen*, which was highly successful. Dryden had now found out the type of play that best suited his genius—the 'heroic play' in which 'love and valour' are the subject, while bombast and rhetoric take the place of passion and of dramatic characterisation. The chief merit of these plays lay in the opportunity they gave Dryden for carrying on elaborate arguments in rhymed dialogue. This was admirably adapted to his genius;

**Career as
Dramatist.**

for he had an unrivalled command of terse epigram and sonorous rhythm. Of these plays the best are *The Indian Emperor* (1665), *The Conquest of Granada* (1670) and *Aurungzêbe* (1675). When the theatres were closed on account of the plague, Dryden retired to his father-in-law's seat, Charlton Park, in Wiltshire, where he wrote his fine *Annus Mirabilis*, an epitome of the history of 1666, the year of the war with the Dutch and of the Fire of London.

In August 1670 Dryden was appointed Poet Laureate as well as Historiographer Royal. The former post appears to have exposed him to the attacks of rival wits. George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham (1627-1688), with some help from lesser poets of the day, concocted a witty burlesque, *The Rehearsal* (1671), in which Dryden himself, and Dryden's whole school of rhyming heroic plays, were mercilessly satirised. All London was convulsed with laughter over the actor Lacy's clever impersonation of 'Bayes', the central figure, in which Dryden was taken off to the life. The poet, however, wisely took no notice. Later he became involved in a quarrel with the Earl of Rochester, who had used his influence at Court to set up a wretched dramatist, Settle, as Dryden's dramatic rival. On this occasion Dryden fared worse, being cudgelled by masked bullies hired by the Earl.

Dryden tells us in his *Essay on Satire* that he greatly desired, instead of writing second-rate plays, to give the world some worthy heroic poem. The subject of King Arthur fascinated him, as it had done Milton.¹ But he still had to write for a livelihood. In his next plays, however, he changed his methods. *All for Love* (1677-8) founded on *Antony and Cleopatra* and avowedly written 'in the style of the divine Shakespeare', proved a great success. Still more successful was *The Spanish Friar* (1681), in which he gratified the popular passion over the supposed 'Popish Plot' by virulent attacks on the Roman Catholic clergy and the political faction which favoured the Duke of York's succession

¹ Cf. Scott, *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto I.

to the throne in spite of his being an avowed Catholic. His greatest tragedy, *Don Sebastian*, was produced in 1689. *Love Triumphant* (1694), an unsuccessful comedy, was his last contribution to the stage.

Though Dryden never attained real eminence as a dramatist, the skill he thus acquired in the composition of terse, vigorous, heroic rhyme stood him in good stead in his satires, in which his genius at last found its full scope. The excited condition of public political feeling gave him an admirable opportunity, resulting in the brilliantly successful poem, *Absalom and Achitophel*, the first part of which was published in November 1681, and the second part in the following November. *The Medal* (1682) was written (Tonson said) at the suggestion of Charles II, to satirise the Whigs, who had caused a medal to be struck in honour of Shaftesbury's acquittal by the Grand Jury of the charge of high treason. In *Mac Flecknoe* (1682), Dryden bitterly replied to a scurrilous attack by a Whig dramatist, Shadwell, who afterwards became Poet Laureate in 1689, when Dryden forfeited that post at the Revolution. *Religio Laici*, a religious poem, in which in a letter to a friend he defends the broad, liberal theology of the Church of England, appeared at the same time with the concluding part of *Absalom and Achitophel*.

At this time Dryden was very poor, and in bad health. An appeal to Rochester brought him the appointment of Collectorship of Customs in the Port of London (1683). In 1684 he began those translations from the classics which brought him later both fame and profit. His translation of the *Satires* of Juvenal and Persius was published in 1693, with the valuable *Essay on Satire* as a preface. Between 1693 and 1697 he translated the whole of *Virgil*, a version which has become as standard a book as Pope's *Homer*, and to which he prefixed his *Essay on Epic Poetry*.

Charles II died in February, 1685, and was officially lamented by Dryden as Poet Laureate in a conventional elegy. Eleven months after the

Satires.

Translations.

Conversion to Romanism.

accession of James II, Dryden publicly avowed his conversion to the Church of Rome by attending Mass with his two sons. Soon afterwards he became involved in a controversy with the Dean of St. Paul's, which subsequently led to the publication of his greatest poem, *The Hind and the Panther*, referred to below. The form of this poem easily laid itself open to satirical reply; and its author was much chagrined by a clever parody on it, *The Hind and the Panther Transversed*, produced immediately afterwards by two rising wits of the Whig party, Prior and Montague. There can be little doubt that Dryden was sincere in his conversion; he gained nothing by it, and indeed lost everything at the Revolution.

Soon after the publication of his *Virgil*, Dryden brought out his famous *Alexander's Feast* (1697), which is, however, inferior both to the earlier *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* (1687), and to the *Ode to the Memory of Mrs. Anne Killigrew*, who died in 1685. The last literary work of his life was a series of *Fables* for the publisher Tonson. In these he versified several of Boccaccio's stories, and freely reproduces and modernises some of the *Tales* from Chaucer. The preface to the book contains a valuable criticism on the style and character of Chaucer's poems, with candid references to his own critics. For these *Fables* Dryden received a very meagre remuneration. His eldest son Charles had to return home invalided from his post at Rome in the household of the Pope. This added to his anxieties, burdened as he was himself not only by straitened means but by a painful illness. He died May 1, 1700, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden personally appears to have been most amiable, a fond father and a good friend. When his eldest son came home, Dryden wrote to his publisher 'If it please God that I die of over-study, I cannot spend my life better than in preserving his.' His forbearance under the ridicule of the *Rehearsal* shows him to have been unusually self-controlled. Considering how opposed he was both in politics and religion to the Puritans, his friendship for Milton

Character: (1)
As a man.

and his prompt and hearty recognition of his genius proves him to have been singularly unprejudiced and free from literary jealousies. The sincerity of his attachment to Catholicism has been already remarked upon; and he showed a fine humility in acknowledging the justice of Jeremy Collier's savage attack on the indecency of many of his earlier comedies: 'If he be my enemy, let him triumph. If he be my friend, and I have given him no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance.'

Macaulay declares that as a satirist Dryden has rivalled Juvenal. 'As a didactic poet he might perhaps with care and meditation have rivalled Lucretius. Of lyric poets he is, if not the most sublime, the most brilliant and spirit-stirring. But Nature had denied to him the dramatic faculty.' Johnson's verdict is, 'perhaps no nation ever produced a writer that enriched his language with such a variety of models. To him we owe the improvement, perhaps the completion, of our metre, the refinement of our language, and much of the correctness of our sentiments.' Wordsworth remarked of him, with perfect truth, that there is not a single image from nature in the whole of his works. Add to this that 'He is,' as A. W. Ward says, 'without lyric depth and incapable of true sublimity—a quality which he revered in Milton. But he is master of his poetic form—more especially of that heroic couplet to which he gave a strength unequalled by any of his successors, even by Pope, who surpassed him in finish.' Gray's lines (*Progress of Poesy*, 105-6) describing this couplet are well-known:—

“Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace’

To this should be added the witness of Pope, who says (*Ep.* i. ii. 268-9) that—

‘Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.’

Lowell has pointed out one of Dryden's chief merits: 'To read him is as bracing as a north-west wind. He blows the

mind clear. His phrase is always a short-cut to his sense. He had, beyond most, the gift of the right word.'

Dryden claimed as a mark of his satire a 'fineness of railery' which he thought need not be regarded as offensive, since 'a witty man is tickled while he is hurt in this manner.' His satire indeed has not the venom of Pope's, who certainly never conceived of his victims, however 'wity,' as being 'tickled' by his poisoned rapier thrusts. Dryden's immense vigour of style and consummate ease of expression give his satirical portraits an intense vividness and a rounded completeness which Pope seldom attains. Dryden's satire has a broader application than Pope's; his character sketches may not be drawn with Pope's ingenious elaboration, but they are fitted to stand as types, while Pope's for the most part apply only to individuals. In Pope's attacks the reader feels the presence of a strong personal element; Dryden's strokes are more convincing and effective, because the satirist himself remains calm and cool. Dryden's satire is kept within due limits and appeals to the reason; Pope's is often exaggerated and appeals to the passions.

Dryden may almost be called the father of modern prose. (3) As a prose-writer. In the new style he was preceded by Tillotson and his compeers, but Dryden laid its foundations broader and deeper in his prose writings. He handed down to his successors the clear and measured sentence, free from involutions and qualifications and from those Latin constructions of which the writers of his age were so fond. He made the sentence, and not the paragraph, the unit of prose style.

Dryden's two great poems are *Absalom and Achitophel* and *The Hind and the Panther*. The first of these is virtually a political pamphlet, in which the author uses his most powerful weapon, his trenchant, epigrammatic heroic rhyme. It is a very thinly-veiled allegory, in which the exciting events of the time are described by an ingenious and apt scriptural parallel. A political crisis had come about which was almost as serious as that which had

led to the Civil War. The nation was wild with terror and suspicion engendered by Titus Oates's pretended 'Popish Plot'; Shaftesbury and the Commons were determined to bar James's succession to the crown by the 'Exclusion Bill'; and Charles's natural son, the Duke of Monmouth, was put forward as the Protestant heir to the throne. The King dissolved Parliament, sent Shaftesbury to the Tower to be tried for high treason, and with the secret help of France resolved to rule as despotically as Charles I. Dryden threw the whole weight of his ability upon the Court side. Charles is King David, whose first wife Michal (like Charles's Queen) had no children. But the 'man after Heaven's own heart had plenty of other wives and concubines, by whom he 'scattered his Maker's image through the land.' Chief among these is Absalom (the Duke Monmouth), who is urged by Achitophel (Shaftesbury) to aspire to the Crown. All the political leaders on either side are ingeniously fitted in to the scriptural story: thus Barzillai is the Duke of Ormond; Saul, Oliver Cromwell; Doeg, the poet Settle; Ishbosheth, Richard Cromwell; and Zimri, the Duke of Buckingham. Hebron is Scotland; Jerusalem, London; and the Jebusites are the Roman Catholics. Dryden's skill in satire is wonderful; every allusion stings. The poem as first issued is really complete, but Nahum Tate afterwards wrote a Second Part, to which Dryden contributed 200 lines out of 1140.

The Hind and the Panther, was written soon after his conversion to the Church of Rome, and probably in all sincerity as his own confession of faith. It is not an allegory, but a fable. In it he attempts to vindicate King James's claim to the dispensing power, which led to his famous 'Declaration of Indulgence,' and ultimately to the Revolution. Dryden's aim is to show that Romanism is identical with true Christianity, and to satirise the errors and divisions of Protestants. The Church of England is the Panther; the Church of Rome is the 'milk-white hind, immortal and unchanged....often forced to fly, And doomed to death, though fated not to die,' The 'bloody Bear' represents the Independents;

*The Hind and
the Panther.*

the hare, the Quakers; the ape, the Freethinkers; the boar, the Baptists; the fox, the Arians or later Socinians (Unitarians); and the wolf, the Presbyterians. The first part is taken up with a satirical description of these various animals; the second and third parts with a long argumentative discussion between the Hind and the Panther, in which Dryden endeavours to expose the futility of the spiritual pretensions of the Church of England. For wit and vigour of expression this satirical fable is unrivalled in controversial literature. In its versification Pope declared it to be the best of all Dryden's works. But undoubtedly its form is ill-chosen. An allegory becomes tedious if it be prolonged; and a lengthy argument partakes of the ridiculous when put into the mouths of animals. A fable cannot be too short, and serious reasoning is essentially inappropriate to it.

QUOTATIONS

None but the brave deserves the fair.

Alexander's Feast, 15.

Fought all his battles o'er again;

And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

Ib. 67-8.

A fiery soul, which, working out its way,

Fretted the pigmy body to decay,

And o'er—informed the tenement of clay.

Absalom & Achitophel, I. 156-8.

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,

And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

Ib. 163-4.

A man so various that he seemed to be

Not one, but all mankind's epitome:

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,

Was everything by starts, and nothing long;

But in the course of one revolving moon
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
 Then all for women, painting rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.

* * * *

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert,
 Beggared by fools whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.

Ib. 545-562 (of Buckingham).

And whistled as he went for want of thought.

Cymon and Iphigenia, 85.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
 Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
 The wise for cure on exercise depend ;
 God never made his work for man to mend.

Epistle to John Dryden, 92-5.

And kind as kings upon their Coronation day.

Hind and Panther, Part I. 271.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This universal frame began ;
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man,

Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 11-15.

Men are but children of a larger growth.

All for Love IV, 1.

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

Conquest of Granada, Part I, i. 1.

Forgiveness to the injured does belong ;
 But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong,

Ib., *Part II*, i. 2.

Till, like a clock worn out with eating time,
 The wheels of weary life at last stood still.

Oedipus, IV, 1.

ADDISON (1672-1719.)

Joseph Addison was born May 1st, 1672, at Milston Rectory in Wiltshire. His father was archdeacon of Salisbury and afterwards Dean of Lichfield, at which two places Joseph Addison received his first schooling. Then he was sent to the Charterhouse, where he formed a lifelong friendship with Richard Steele. Both went to Oxford; Addison first entered Queen's College (1687) and obtained a demyship at Magdalen, when Steele went up to Christchurch. He took his M. A. degree in 1693.

Early poems; is pensioned; travels in Europe.

Addison began his literary career with a poetical address to Dryden and an *Account of the greatest English Poets* in rhyme (1694); in which year he also translated the fourth book of Virgil's *Georgics*. Introduced through Dryden's publisher to Montague and Somers, by their advice he wrote in 1695 an *Address to King William* in which he adroitly praised William's chief adviser, Lord Somers. In 1697 he complimented Montague in some Latin verses on the peace of Ryswick. He thus secured Somers and Montague as his patrons, and through their influence he gave up all idea of the clerical profession, for which he had been educated, and received (1699) a pension of £300 a year to enable him to prepare by foreign travel for the diplomatic service. He travelled in France, Italy, Austria, Germany, and Holland; and from Italy he wrote his metrical Letter to Lord Halifax (Montague's title) and collected materials for his *Dialogues upon Medals*, published after his death. He returned to England in 1703. Queen Anne on her accession had removed Halifax from the Privy Council, so that Addison was now deprived of official patronage and thrown upon his College fellowship, which through Montague's influence in 1697 he had been allowed to hold without taking Holy Orders. The ministry, however, at Halifax's suggestion, asked Addison to celebrate the victory

of Blenheim, which he did in *The Campaign* (1704), 'a gazette in poetry,' as Warton called it. He had previously been appointed a Commissioner of Appeal in Excise by the Earl of Godolphin. Soon afterwards he published his *Remarks on Italy*, dedicated to Lord Somers.

In 1706 Addison became Under-Secretary of State. The same year he produced the English opera, *Rosamond*, which was a failure, in spite of its ingeniously staged compliment to the conqueror of Blenheim. 1707 he attended Lord Halifax on a political mission to Hanover. Subsequent changes in the ministry led to his removal to Ireland, as Lord Wharton's secretary. Through his influence Addison was elected member of Parliament for Malmesbury, but only once attempted (unsuccessfully) to speak in the House. In Ireland he became greatly attached to Swift, who ever afterwards cherished a warm feeling for him, though their friendship was interrupted by political differences.

In 1710 the Whigs went out of office, and Addison lost his post as Secretary; though through Swift's influence he was allowed to retain a minor appointment. Returning to London, he joined in the *Tatler*, a penny newspaper, enlivened by satirical or humorous articles, which was published three times each week, and which Steele had started on his own account in the previous year. Besides contributing to this paper, Addison brought out a short-lived Whig journal, *The Examiner*, which was given up towards the end of 1711. In the January of that year Steele discontinued *The Tatler*; and on March 1st brought out its successor *The Spectator*, in which Addison was his collaborator throughout, and wrote nearly half of the articles. It was a daily penny paper until August 1st. 1712; when in consequence of the Stamp Duty the price was raised to two pence. This reduced its sale, and it came to an end with No. 555 in December of that year. It was followed by *The Guardian* in 1713. In 1714 an unsuccessful attempt was made to revive the paper and eighty numbers were issued.

Addison purchased in 1711 the estate of Bilton near Rugby, his finances having by this time much improved. While travelling on the Continent he had written the greater part of a tragedy, *Cato*, which appeared to his friends to be likely to produce a political sensation in the existing state of violent party feeling. It was brought out accordingly at Drury Lane theatre in April 1713, with a prologue by Pope and an epilogue by Garth. Both parties applauded it, since it was a purely patriotic play, which either Whigs or Tories could interpret as favouring their own policy.

The commercial policy of the Treaty of Utrecht (1713) was attacked by Addison in a pamphlet. *The Late Party writings. Trial and Conviction of Count Tariff*. This piece of party service procured for him the appointment of Secretary to the Regency after Queen Anne's death. On the accession of George I, he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland under the Earl of Sunderland. The rebellion of 1715 in favour of the Pretender, and the consequent anxiety of the Ministry to secure Addison's services in defence of the Hanoverian succession resulted in his issue of *The Freeholder*, a newspaper which lasted from December 1715 to the end of the following June. Towards the close of that year he married the Countess Dowager of Warwick, and lived thenceforth at Holland House, in the centre of London fashionable society, a position for which he was naturally ill adapted, and inevitably found irksome. He had only one daughter who died unmarried.

In 1717 Addison was appointed Secretary of State in Sunderland's ministry, but ill-health compelled him to resign the office after eleven months, through he was able to defend the Cabinet against the political attacks of his old friend Steele, in the pamphlet war of *The Plebeian* against *The Old Whig*. He was, however, fast failing from asthma, on which dropsy supervened, and on June 17th 1719 he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His great friend, Tickell, wrote a fine elegy on his 'dear departed friend, who—

Secretary of
State; Death.

'Taught us how to live : and oh ! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die.'

The most obvious feature of Addison's personal character is a modest dignity, a scrupulous and delicate self-respect, and an incorruptible rectitude which secured for him the esteem even of his bitterest political opponents. Perhaps he did more than any man to introduce a tone of candour, moderation, and good breeding into the heated atmosphere of party politics. M. Taine says very truly of him : '*The Spectator*, *The Tatler*, and *The Guardian* are mere lay sermons. Moreover he put his maxims into practice. He possessed an innate nobility of character, and reason aided him in keeping it. He had made for himself a portrait of a rational creature, and he conformed his conduct to this by reflection as much as by instinct.' On the other hand, he appears to have been of a cold self-contained nature, and to have subserved his own self-esteem by surrounding himself with a clique of admirers, such as Tickell, Philips, and Budgell. Making every allowance for Pope's habitual spite towards everyone by whom he had been, or fancied that he had been slighted, there still seems reason to think that the terrible satire upon 'Atticus' had some foundation in fact. (See p. 270).

As a poet Addison was little more than a careful writer of conventional verse. He is entitled to the negative praise of never having prostituted his muse to ignoble ends, as Dryden did ; and in his treatment of the heroic couplet, by careful phrasing and judicious antithesis he led the way from Dryden's flowing freedom to the terse energy of Pope. But it is his prose which has made him immortal. This partly arose from the fact that in *The Spectator* he had the help of a writer whose genius was exactly complementary to his own, so that each called forth the best powers of the other ; and partly no doubt because Addison had the good fortune to come at a time in the history of English literature when his special services were most necessary and best appreciated. The nation was genuinely sick at heart of the long divorce which Cromwell and Charles II

Character :
(1) As a man.

(2) As a writer.

between them had brought about between religion and art, between decency and wit. 'He made,' as W. C. Russell well says, 'all that he wrote luminous with piety and fragrant with virtue. Writing in a day when blasphemy was accounted a high kind of wit, and obscenity a high kind of humour, he has transmitted almost nothing to which the most rigid female purist of our own most moral epoch could take the smallest exception.' Indeed Addison did much more than this: he succeeded in making morality, decency, and religion fashionable, and he introduced a higher standard for all the literature that followed. And the instrument by which he did this, his own inimitable prose style, was in its way as unique as Dryden's heroic couplet or Milton's blank verse. Johnson was right in saying, 'Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison.' Of his prose Macaulay writes: 'Never, not even by Dryden, not even by Temple, had the English language been written with such sweetness, grace, and facility. As a moral satirist he stands unrivalled. We own that Addison's humour is, in our opinion, of a more delicious flavour than the humour of either Swift or Voltaire.'

Addison's great work is no doubt his contributions to *The Spectator*. *The Spectator*. The first number of this paper explained its title: the journal was to maintain in all its criticisms of life and manners the attitude of a philosophic but sympathetic onlooker, on the proverbial principle that 'bystanders discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game.' In the second number were sketched the characters of those members of an imaginary Club, 'whose dissertations on various subjects, or whose personal adventures were to give life to the journal. These were Sir Roger de Coverley, the type of an English country gentleman; Will Honeycomb, the man of fashion; Captain Sentry, the Soldier; and Sir Andrew Freeport, the merchant; while Will Wimble, the poor relation who makes himself useful and agreeable to everybody, is an amusing figure among a crowd of life-like lesser personages. Of these Gosse says, 'We

delight in his (Addison's) company so greatly that we do not pause to reflect that the inventor of Sir Roger de Coverley and Will Honeycomb had not half of the real comic force of Farquhar or Vanbrugh, nor so much as that of the flashing wit of Congreve. Addison however stands higher than those more original writers by merit of the reasonableness, the good sense, the wholesome humanity that animates his work. He is classic, while they are always a little way over on the barbaric side of perfection.'

Among the serious and meditative papers which Addison contributed to *The Spectator*, the *Vision of Mirza*. *Mirza* is conspicuous (No. 159) as a perfect example of a prose allegory. In this story a devout Mussulman is supposed to have ascended the high hills of Bagdat for meditation and prayer, where in a trance-vision he beholds the stream of Time lost in the mists of Eternity, spanned by the ruinous bridge of Life in which are innumerable trap-doors through which the travellers suddenly fall and are lost. Taine quotes this vision almost in its entirety and says of it: In this ornate moral sketch, this fine reasoning, so correct and so eloquent, this ingenious and noble imagination, I find an epitome of all Addison's characteristics.'

QUOTATIONS.

'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it. *Cato*. 1, 2.
 The woman that deliberates is lost. *Ib.* IV, 1.
 For ever singing, as they (the stars) shine,
 The hand that made us is divine. *Spectator*, Vol. VI, No. 466.
 Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week.
Spectator, Vol. II, No. 112.

A woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding clothes. *Ib.* Vol. VII. No. 475.

He dances like an angel...He is always laughing for he has an infinite deal of wit. *Ib.*

Our disputants put me in mind of the cuttle-fish, that, when he is unable to extricate himself, blackens the water about him till he becomes invisible. *Spectator* Vol. VII, No. 476.

...an impudent mountebank who sold pills, which, as he told the country people, were very good against an earthquake.

Tatler, No. 240.

POPE (1688—1744)

Alexander Pope, the greatest poet and most brilliant satirist of his school, was born May 21, 1688, in Lombard Street, London. His father was a prosperous linen merchant; his mother came of a good Yorkshire family. His father had in his youth been placed with a merchant at Lisbon, where he became a Roman Catholic, in which communion the poet lived and died. Instead, therefore, of going to a public school he was taught by Catholic priests either at home or in private schools. He appears to have been to a great extent his own teacher, and had a precocious love of books; indeed his deformity and chronic ill-health seem to have resulted largely from excessive reading combined with want of exercise. Having made a fortune, his father retired to Binfield, near Windsor Forest. When twelve years old Pope wrote his first poem, an *Ode to Solitude*; and when about fourteen he made a verse translation of the first book of the *Thebais* of Statius, in which are signs of his special power in using the heroic couplet. Between 1704 and 1706 he wrote his *Pastorals*, which, though not published till 1709, were privately circulated among eminent critics, and procured for him the kindly consideration of the veteran Wycherley and the lasting friendship of Walsh.

Through Wycherley Pope was introduced to the society of the wits and poets of London, and made the acquaintance of Addison, Steele, and Swift. In 1711 he published his *Essay on Criticism*, which placed him in the front rank of the poets of his day. In this poem he follows Boileau in setting up the Latin writers of the Augustan age as the perfect models of style. Taine says of it, 'It is the kind of poem a man might write at the end of his career, when he has handled all modes of writing and has grown grey in criticism; and in this subject, of which the treatment demands the experience of a whole literary life,

Birth, Education, and early poems.

Life in London;
Essay on Criticism.

he was, at the first onset, as ripe as Boileau.' There is in it much freshness and freedom of thought, and a wonderful precision and polish of expression.

In 1712 *The Rape of the Lock*, perhaps the most celebrated and characteristic of all Pope's work, was issued, in its first short form, in *Lintot's Miscellanies*, and brought its author into prominence as a fashionable wit. Pope afterwards (1714) enlarged the poem to the mock-epic we have now, contrary to Addison's no-doubt well-meant, though, as it turned out, mistaken advice. This was the beginning of a misunderstanding between them, which ultimately culminated in Pope's bitter satire on Addison in the character of 'Atticus' (p. 270). In 1713 he published in the *Spectator* an eclogue, *The Messiah*, in imitation of Virgil's *Pollio*; and later in the year, at Steele's suggestion, an ode, *The Dying Christian to His Soul*, which long held its own as a masterpiece of devotional poetry, though altogether artificial in tone. In the same year Pope brought out *Windsor Forest*, a poem which he professed to have written four years before. It contains some admirable descriptive touches in its pictures of natural scenery.

Pope was now encouraged by his friends, and especially by Swift, to undertake the translation of the *Iliad* of Homer. It was published by subscription, in six volumes, to appear annually. The first came out in 1715; the fifth and sixth appeared together in 1720. Pope was assisted by Parnell and Broome in the work, which brought him at least £ 5,000. The great scholar Bentley put its merits in a nutshell: 'It is a pretty poem, Mr. Pope, but you must not call it Homer.' The epithet 'pretty' is, however, inadequate; it is really the finest considerable poem in the comparatively un-inspired age intervening between *Paradise Lost* and *The Excursion*.

In 1716 Pope's father removed from Binfield to Chiswick, where he died in the year following. In 1718 Pope purchased his famous villa and grounds at Twickenham, which was his abode for the rest of his life.

*Rape of the
Lock; Messiah;
Windsor Forest.*

Iliad.

The Twickenham
Villa.

Here he lived with his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. She died in 1733.

From 1722 to 1726 he was engaged, with Broome and Fenton, in translating Homer's *Odyssey*; by which, after paying assistants, he cleared about £ 3,500. He also brought out an annotated edition of Shakespeare, which, though of no great value, helped to revive an interest in Shakespeare at a time when his plays were almost universally neglected.

In 1726 Swift came to London and stayed with Pope. Gay and Arbuthnot were often in their company; and between them they brought out three volumes of *Miscellanies*, of which the last appeared in 1727, besides the *Memoirs of Martin Scriblerus*. Pope's chief contribution was *A Treatise on Bathos*, satirising the minor poets of the time, among them his own assistant, Broome.

The victims of these satires retorted in savage lampoons; and Pope took the opportunity of making a holocaust of them in an equally savage lampoon, the first draft of which he had written in 1725, and to the composition of which he devoted all the force of his genius and the most stinging sarcasm of his polished couplets. This was *The Dunciad* (1728), in three books. The hero, the crowned favourite of the Goddess of Dulness was Lewis Theobald, the editor of Shakespeare, who in 1726 had criticised Pope's edition. Most of the writers pilloried in the *Dunciad* would never otherwise have been known to us; but what we know of the rest goes to prove that this poetical onslaught, however cleverly composed, is based chiefly upon personal spite. Thus the great scholar Bentley had failed to appreciate Pope's *Homer*; he is therefore belittled with energetic rancour. The lines, in which this pseudo-criticism occurs, writes Pattison, are a typical specimen of the fatal flaw in Pope's writings, viz. that the workmanship is not supported by the matter; a palpable falsehood is enshrined in immortal lines.' The original *Dunciad* was subsequently modified, and in its final form, Colley, Cibber, Poet Laureate from 1730 to 1757, a veteran

actor and playwright, was placed on the throne of Dulness instead of Theobald (1743).

Pope's latest works are his best; he had discovered the true sphere of his genius, *viz*: Satire, and with it the art of expressing commonplace philosophy in such perfection of phrase as to make it appear profoundly original. These works include his celebrated *Essay on Man* (1732-34); his *Moral Essays*, concluded in 1735; the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* (1735); and the *Imitations of Horace* (1733-1737). In 1738 he published his well-known *Universal Hymn*, as a suitable close to the *Essay on Man*. The last few years of his life were devoted to the revision of his various works. Towards the end he suffered from asthma and dropsy, and died May 30, 1744.

Personally Pope appears in an unamiable light, with the important exception of his home life. Much allowance must be made for the chronic ill-health and deformity which made his life 'one long disease'; and much for the defective education and the lifelong sense of social injustice which resulted from his position as a Catholic. He never married, though there was a somewhat obscure platonic friendship between him and Martha Blount, with her sister Teresa, whose acquaintance he formed in 1707; and his unrequited passion for Lady Mary Wortley Montague served only to embitter his feelings. We know that Swift, who of all men would have been most inclined to judge him fairly, 'had long conceived a mean opinion of Mr. Pope on account of his jealous, pceevish, avaricious nature.' How far Pope was justified in his satire on Addison is an extremely intricate historical problem. It is at least certain that Pope's moral nature was strangely warped, that he was both vain, vindictive, and untruthful; indeed he had an almost insane love of mystifying the public and his friends, by underhand plots to enhance his own importance.

As a poet Pope stands supreme among the writers of verse from the Restoration to the French Revolution.

(2) As a poet. The aim of those writers was not Nature, but

Art, the art of words. This art Pope brought to its highest perfection. The substance of what he wrote was essentially prosaic ; but the form was so finished and so brilliant as to lift it out of the region of prose. Where Pope is greatest is where this perfect art is used to describe things which he knew well, and in regard to which he felt a keen sympathy or an intense dislike—the life of the Court and of the fashionable frequenters of town society. Hence his *Moral Essays*, his *Satires*, and his *Epistles* (when he does not digress into shallow theorisings) give him his truest title to immortality. ‘The charm of Pope’s best passages,’ writes Gosse, ‘when it does not rest upon his Dutch picturesqueness of touch, is due to the intellectual pleasure given by his adroit and stimulating manner of producing his ideas. It is an additional merit that his original writings, in which caustic wit takes so prominent a place, and in which the attention is always kept tensely on the strain, are usually quite short.’

Pope’s most characteristic poem is *The Rape of the Lock*.

The Rape of the Lock. It was based upon an incident in fashionable life. Young Lord Petre had cut off a lock of hair from a Miss Arabella Fermor. The families had quarrelled in consequence, and Pope’s friend Caryl suggested to him the idea of turning the quarrel into a good-humoured jest by writing a mock-heroic poem on the subject. In the enlarged version he greatly improved it by introducing a supernatural machinery of ‘sylphs’ into the conduct of the intrigue. Addison praised the poem on its first appearance as *merum sal*, a bit of pure wit. De Quincey declares it to be ‘the most exquisite monument of playful fancy that universal literature affords.’ *The Rape of the Lock*, writes Hazlitt, ‘is the most exquisite specimen of filigree work ever invented. It is made of gauze and silver spangles. The most glittering appearance is given to everything ; to paste, pomatum, billets-doux, and patches. Airs, languid airs, breathe around ; the atmosphere is perfumed with affectation. A toilet is described with the solemnity of an altar raised to the goddess of vanity, and the history of a silver bodkin is given with all the

pomp of heraldry. No pains are spared, no profusion of ornament, no splendour of poetic diction to set off the meanest things. It is the triumph of insignificance, the apotheosis of foppery and folly. It is the perfection of the mock heroic.' The poem has, however, with little justice been condemned by Stephen for its smartness and want of delicacy; and Taine, with less. declares that all Pope's stock of phrases is but 'a parade of gallantry which betrays indelicacy and coarseness'; and adds that 'the wit is no wit; all is calculated, combined, artificially prepared.' Gosse writes: 'Its faults, a certain hardness and want of sympathy, are the faults of the age, and mark little more than a submission to the prevalent Congreve ideal of polite manners. Its merits are of the most delicate order.'

QUOTATIONS.

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall. *Essay on Man*, I. 87-8.

Hope springs eternal in the human breast;
Man never is, but always to be blest. *Ib.* 93-6.

Die of a rose in aromatic pain. *Ib.* 200.

The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line. *Ib.* 217-8.

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good;
And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right. *Ib.* 289-294.

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of Mankind is man. *Ib.* II. 1-2.

For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right. *Ib.* 305-6.

Order is Heaven's first law. *Ib.* IV, 49.
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello. *Ib.* 203-4.
 An honest man's the noblest work of God. *Ib.* 248.
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend. *Ib.* 390.
 And mistress of herself, though china fall. *Moral Essays*, II, 268.
 Who shall decide, when doctors disagree ? *Ib.* III, 1.
 Where London's column, pointing to the skies,
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies. *Ib.* 339-40.
 Who never mentions hell to ears polite. *Ib.* IV, 150.
 A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Essay on Criticism, II, 15-6.

A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Ib. 158-9.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. *Ib.* 238-9.
 To err is human, to forgive divine. *Ib.* 326.
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. *Ib.* III, 66.
 Beauty draws us with a single hair. *Rape of the Loch*, II, 28.
 At every word a reputation dies. *Ib.* III, 16.
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
 And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine. *Ib.* 21-2.
 I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, 128.

He whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 It is not poetry, but prose run mad. *Ib.* 187-8.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;

Alike reserved to blame, or to command,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend,
 Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause :
 While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise ;—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ? *Ib.* 193-214.

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel ? *Ib.* 308.

The feast of reason and the flow of soul. *Satires*, 1, 128.

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.

Epilogue to the Satires, 1, 136.

The right divine of Kings to govern wrong. *Dunciad*, IV. 188.

JOHNSON (1709—1784).

Samuel Johnson, poet, essayist, and lexicographer, by common consent of his peers recognised as the literary monarch of his day, was born at Lichfield, Sept. 18, 1709. His father was a bookseller, and had served as Mayor of the city; his mother came from a yeoman's family in Warwickshire. From his father he inherited a marked tendency to melancholy, aggravated by a scrofulous constitution, which left him in mature life with a disfigured face, liable to spasmodic nervous contortions. From his parents he may have inherited his curious tendency to petty superstitions, since they were credulous enough to take him to London to be 'touched' for the 'King's evil.'

Birth and Parentage.

Education.

He was educated, first at a dame's school; then at the grammar-schools of Lichfield and Stourbridge; then after two years of desultory reading at home, his godfather Dr. Swinfen sent him in 1729 to Pembroke College, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by translating Pope's *Messiah* into Latin verse. His father becoming bankrupt, he left Oxford without a degree in 1731.

For the next thirty years his life was a heroic battle with grinding poverty. After enduring the hateful purgatory of school teaching at Market Bosworth for some months, he tried hack-writing at Birmingham. In 1735 he married Mrs. Porter, a widow, who was his senior by twenty-one years, and brought him a dowry of £ 800; but it was undoubtedly a genuine love-match on both sides; and he mourned her with deep and lasting sorrow after her death in 1752. Part of her fortune was lost by a solicitor's insolvency and the rest was wasted in a futile attempt to set up a boarding-school near Lichfield.

Early struggles, and marriage.

Leaving his wife for a time in Lichfield, he came to London
Life in London. (1737) with one of his pupils, David Garrick.

He arrived there with twopence half-penny in his pocket, and a tragedy in MS. With dogged obstinacy and surly independence, often dinnerless and sometimes without a roof to cover him at night, he fought his way upwards among the publishers and editors; contributing to the *Gentleman's Magazine* and *Cave's Parliamentary Debates*.

In 1738 he published anonymously a free paraphrase of
London; Life of Savage. Juvenal's third satire under the title of *London*, a poem whose interest lies in its vivid autobiographical interest. Pope was much struck with its merit. In 1744 he wrote the *Life of Mr. Richard Savage* (1698-1743), an unfortunate poet who had been one of his Bohemian companions in town. In 1847 he began his great *English Dictionary*.

In 1749 he published a still more powerful adaptation of a
Vanity of Human Wishes; The Rambler; Irene. satire of Juvenal's, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, and in 1750 commenced *The Rambler*, a series of essays modelled on Addison's *Spectator*. This periodical, though rather heavy in style, attained some success, and came out twice a week for the next two years. But his tragedy of *Irene* (the one he had brought with him to London) turned out a failure, though Garrick did his best for it at Drury Lane theatre.

In 1755 the *Dictionary* was published, and at once became a standard book of reference. Oxford thereupon gave him the honorary degree of M. A., which was followed by the LL. D degree in 1775. *The Idler*, a similar production to *The Rambler*, appeared in 1758-60. In 1759 he lost his mother, and to cover the expenses of her funeral, he wrote a didactic tale, *Rasselas*, in a week. It is the story of an Abyssinian prince brought up in total seclusion in the 'Happy Valley', who contrives with the help of the philosopher Imlac to see for himself what the world is like.

In 1762 he was induced to accept a pension of £300 from Lord Bute, though in his *Dictionary* he had defined a pension as 'An allowance made to any one without an equivalent,' and a pensioner as 'A slave of state, hired by a stipend to obey his master.' One undesirable result of Johnson's conscientiousness was that it induced him, late in life, to give his *quid pro quo* in the shape of Tory pamphlets on the Government side, among which the unhappiest was, *Taxation no Tyranny* (1775), a defence of the suicidal folly of the American War. Throughout life he was an obstinate and violently prejudiced Tory.

In 1763 he first met James Boswell, a young Scotch barrister, who soon afterwards became Johnson's inseparable companion and devoted worshipper. In his *Life of Dr. Johnson* published seven years after his hero's death, he has recorded with lifelike fidelity, all Johnson's sayings and doings, with the result that he is almost as well known to us as he was to his contemporaries. About 1764 Johnson formed a fast friendship with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale, who did much to brighten his life and give him the benefits of travel. Mrs. Thrale afterwards became Mrs. Piozzi. In the same year was formed the Literary Club, at the meetings of which the dogmatic Doctor, in his comfortable arm-chair for a throne, held supreme sway over the brilliant talk of a circle which included Burke, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and indeed all the most distinguished wits of the time.

In 1773 Boswell succeeded in persuading Dr. Johnson to travel to Scotland and the Hebrides, in those days a serious business. For some time previously Johnson had maintained under his roof a number of poor dependents, including even a negro, whom for various reasons he had befriended. Among these was Robert Levet, whose memory is enshrined in verses written by Johnson on his death. In spite of their querulousness he was invariably kind to them. His house became a kind of literary shrine to which young aspirants to distinction made reverent pilgrimages, to take their chance of a snub or of judicious advice from one who, as

Pension.

Boswell and the
Literary Club.

Closing years.

Goldsmith truly said, 'had nothing of the bear but the skin.'

His *Journey to the Western Islands of Scotland* (1775) and

*Journey to Scot-
land; Lives of
the Poets;
Death.*

his *Lives of the Poets* (1779-1781) represent the main literary work of these closing years; they also shew his style in its best and finally matured form. The *Lives* have little value as

permanent criticisms, but they indirectly reveal the man himself. He was a competent critic only within very narrow limits. In his estimates of Milton and Gray he is too much warped by his own limitations, though he obviously tries to be impartial; but with some of the smaller poets, especially Edmund Smith, he is more at home and writes in his happiest vein. The truth is that his whole code of criticism is based on the orthodox, conventional standards of his age; he is a classicalist, born and bred. He begins his *Lives* with Cowley, ignoring the old romantic school of Chaucer and Spenser, and sets up Pope as his ideal of all that is best in the poetical world. Johnson is, as it were, constitutionally incapable of appreciating the 'fine frenzy', or the latent harmonies of the highest poetry; for him 'the diction' of *Lycidas* 'is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers displeasing,' and Pope's *Iliad* is superior to Homer's. At the same time Johnson's judgments are often interesting and suggestive; and it is certain that his *Lives* 'far outdistanced all previous English works in literary criticism.' But, after all, it was in his table talk that he chiefly shone; and, in a sense, Boswell's *Life* outweighs all Johnson's own published works. In 1783 he had a stroke of paralysis, and, after it had passed, he suffered from a complication of diseases, and died December 13, 1784. All his life long he had dreaded death; but when the end was drawing near he became peaceful, and refused to take the opium offered him to relieve pain, when he was told it could not cure him; 'I wish,' said he, 'to meet my God with an unclouded mind.'

Johnson was an epitome of the English character of that age at its best. His was a nature like the

His Character;
(1) As a Man.

gnarled, stubborn heart of oak which has been hardened and twisted by centuries of wind and

storm Boswell was right when he so often spoke of him as the true-born Englishman. It is significant that Taine has little or no sympathy with him ; indeed there is much truth in the remark that 'no foreigners come to worship at the shrine of the rugged idol whom we have set up.' Rough as he was, and harsh to all shallow and pretentious people, he was infinitely tender at heart. Towards all who were in poverty or distress he was almost quixotically benevolent ; he would carry home on his back a homeless waif whom he might come across lying asleep in the streets, or at least put a few pence in his hand so that he might wake up to the joy of a possible breakfast

In Johnson's case especially the writer was the man. His poetry in form is simply Dryden's without his literary power, and Pope's without his fine polish, but suffused and strengthened by his own indomitable will. 'He talked,' as Gosse remarks, 'superb literature freely for thirty years, and all England listened : he grew to be the centre of literary opinion, and he was so majestic in intellect, so honest in purpose, so kind and pure in heart, so full of humour and reasonable sweetness, and yet so trenchant, and at need so grim, that he never sank to be the figure-head of a clique, nor ever lost the balance of sympathy with readers of every rank and age. His influence was so wide, and withal so wholesome, that literary life in this country has never been since his day what it was before it. He has raised a standard of personal conduct that every one admits. One of the finest things in our literature is the letter (p.53) in which he stigmatises with a fine scorn Lord Chesterfield's belated attempt to patronise a genius who, unaided, had raised himself out of the obscurity in which he might have been safely neglected.

QUATATIONS.

There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.

Vanity of Human Wishes, 159—60.

He left the name at which the world grew pale,

To point a moral, or adorn a tale. *Ib.* 221—2.

Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage. *Ib.* 308.

From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,

And Swift expires, a driveller and a show. *Ib.* 317—8.

Slow rises worth by poverty depressed. *London.* 173.

And panting Time toiled after him (Shakespeare) in vain.

Prologue on the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, 6.

For we that live to please must please to live. *Ib.* 54.

The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary kingdom.

Life of Milton.

His (Garrick's) death eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and impoverished the public stock of harmless pleasure. *Life of Edmund Smith.*

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons. *Boswell's Johnson.*

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. *Ib.*

There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn. *Ib.*

Being in a ship is being in jail with the chance of being drowned. A man in a jail has more room, better food, and commonly better company. *Ib.*

I have found you an argument, but I am not obliged to find you an understanding. *Ib.*

'We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice.' *Ib.*

Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.¹ *Ib.*

All censure of a man's self is oblique praise. It is in order to show how much he can spare. It has all the insidiousness of self-praise, and all the reproach of falsehood. *Ib.*

A man may write at any time if he will set himself doggedly to it. *Ib.*

A mere literary man is a *dull* man; a man who is solely a man of business is a *selfish* man; but when literature and commerce are united they make a *respectable* man. *Ib.*

¹ Parody on 'Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,' quoted by Boswell.

Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel. *Ib.*

No man is a hypocrite in his pleasures. *Ib.*

Clear your mind of cant. *Ib.*

Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures.

Rasselas.

When two Englishmen meet their first talk is of the weather.

Idler No. 11.

Nothing is more hopeless than a scheme of merriment.

Ib. No. 58.

The two lowest of the human beings are a scribbler for a party and a commissioner of excise. *Ib.* No. 65.

Allow children to be happy their own way for what better way will they ever find? *Piozzi Letters*, 11, 165.

I asked him if he ever huffed his wife about his dinner. 'So often' replied he, 'that at last she called to me and said, "Nay, hold, Mr. Johnson, and do not make a farce of thanking God for a dinner which in a few minutes you will protest not eatable."' *Piozzi's Anecdotes*, p. 150.

Oats—a grain which in England is generally given to horses, but in Scotland supports the people.¹ *Dictionary.*

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached the ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. *Letter to Lord Chesterfield.*

¹ 'And where will ye find such horses and such men?' was the Scotsman's rejoinder.

GRAY (1716-1771).

Birth and Parentage. Thomas Gray, a lonely star of poetry shining in the bleak twilight of an age of prose, was born in Cornhill, London. December 26, 1716. His father was a scrivener, a man of so jealous and violent a temper that his wife had to separate from him. Thomas was the only survivor of twelve children, and he too nearly died in infancy. With such antecedents we cannot wonder at the physical depression that marked his later years. But he was cheered by the devoted love of his mother, and of his sister, Mary Antrobus, which he gratefully cherished and tenderly returned.

Education. In 1727 his mother sent him to Eton College. where he contracted a lasting friendship with the Prime Minister's son, Horace Walpole, and with Richard West, son of the Lord Chancellor of Ireland. From Eton he went in 1734 to Peterhouse, Cambridge. Shy and reserved, he never cared for the ordinary studies or sports of the University; but he showed himself a close and critical student, with keen artistic insight, and a discernment of literary merit far in advance of his time. Though well-read in classical and modern literature, he passed no degree examination.

On the Continent & at Cambridge. In March 1739 he accompanied Horace Walpole on a tour through the towns and art galleries of France and Italy. In this way he developed to the utmost his innate love of music and art, and his keen sense of beauties of romantic scenery. He returned home in September 1741. Gray now gave up his intended study of law; and after settling his mother and aunt at Stoke Poges near Windsor he retired to rooms at Peterhouse; whence, fifteen years later, he migrated to Pembroke Hall, which was his home till his death.

From 1744 Horace Walpole's residence at Strawberry Hill became occasionally one of Gray's visiting places; but his mother's and aunt's house at Stoke Poges was his favourite holiday resort, except when he was travelling. He had a keen eye for natural scenery, and was among the earliest to discover the beauty of the Highland mountains which English people then regarded almost with horror.

Gray's early poems were circulated in manuscript for the perusal of the friends long before they appeared in print. Thus his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, written in 1742, was not published till 1747; and an *Ode to Spring*, sent in 1742 to his friend West, who died before it reached him, appeared only in 1748. He completed his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* about June, 1750 at Stoke Poges, where he had begun it seven years previously. He sent it to Walpole; it was extensively circulated and much admired, and was printed in February 1751. Two years later Gray's mother died, and he wrote a beautiful epitaph for her tombstone at Stoke Poges.

The next six years of Gray's life were considered by Walpole to have been the time when his genius was 'in flower.' The *Progress of Poesy* was finished at the end of 1754; and *The Bard* was begun, though it was not completed till three years later. These two 'Pindaric' odes were published in 1757, and at once secured his reputation as the greatest of living poets. Upon Colley Cibber's death in that year he was offered the Laureateship, but declined it. In 1762 he applied to Lord Bute unsuccessfully for the appointment of Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, a post given him in 1768 by the Duke of Grafton. In 1760 he began a special investigation of early English poetry, intending to write a history of it. He also studied Icelandic and Celtic poetry, the results of which studies were seen in those weird poems, *The Fatal Sisters* and *The Descent of Odin*. In 1768 he brought out a complete edition of his collected poems.

Gray intended to give lectures on history, but chronic ill-health prevented his doing so. He suffered from hereditary gout, though he was most abstemious in his habits. Travelling was his great solace; he visited Scotland, Wales, and the English Lakes, the beauties of which he was the first to make known. On July 24th 1771, he was seized with illness in the College Hall, and on the 30th he died. He was buried beside his mother in the 'Country Churchyard' which he has immortalized.

Travels and
Death.

His Character;
(1) as a man.

Gray has half unconsciously sketched his own character in the closing stanzas of his

Elegy :—

'Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.
Large was his bounty and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.'

The *Elegy* shows that he had all Wordsworth's profound sympathy with the joys and sorrows of the toiling poor. To the few who were privileged with his friendship, his life was felt to be an elevating inspiration. But it was not easy to know him. One might say of him as Wordsworth says of the ideal poet,

'And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.'

Gray had a genuine vein of humour. His *Long Story* should be read as a parallel to Cowper's *John Gilpin*; it has the same bantering style, and shows the winning and loveable simplicity that we find so strongly marked in Cowper.

Gray himself said that the style he aimed at was 'extreme conciseness of expression, yet pure, perspicuous, and musical'—words which perfectly describe the charm of his *Elegy*. Adam Smith says that 'Gray joins to the sublimity of Milton the elegance and harmony of Pope'; and Sir James Mackintosh's verdict is 'Of all English

(2) As a Poet.

poets he was the most finished artist.' His prose was perhaps even more perfect than his poetry. Hannah More declares that his letters 'possess all the graces and all the ease which ought to distinguish this species of composition. They have also another and a higher excellence: the temper and spirit he constantly discovers in the unguarded confidence and security of friendship will rank him among the most amiable of men.'

The *Elegy* is the best known and most widely appreciated of all Gray's poems. It was not of course actually 'written in a Country Churchyard,' as the title states, but it was begun and finished at Stoke Poges; and on each occasion his thoughts were turned towards it by the death, first of his dear friend West, and then of his beloved aunt. Its main idea is a pensive sympathy with the unknown, unrecorded, moral heroism that often marks the life of the labourer on the land. The numerous Quotations that follow show how deeply this poem has impressed itself upon the national thought. Wolfe recited it on his way to his last battle and declared he would rather have written it than take Quebec. It has been objected by some critics that it might have been written by a Pagan, because it contains no explicit recognition of the Resurrection. This criticism is as untrue as it is irrelevant. It is not the poet's business to expound the dogmas of the Christian faith, or even to refer to them. At the same time, though the poem very rightly eschews all reference to Christian dogma, it is suffused throughout with a distinctively Christian feeling and tone.

In his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, Gray has described with pathetic fidelity the feelings with which mature age looks back on the thoughtless joys of boyhood, in the mimic world of Eton, all unconscious as it is of the grim realities so soon awaiting it in the fierce conflicts of the world.

The two Pindaric Odes, *The Progress of Poesy* and *The Bard*, are by some critics held to be of higher artistic merit than the *Elegy*, the power of which is so much due to its subject. The

The Elegy.

*Ode on Eton
College.*

The Pindaric
odes.

former ode shows that Gray was still largely influenced by the formal classicism of the school of Pope, but was beginning to attain the pure, spiritual freedom of Shelley's handling of legend and myth. It is a history, in rhythmical rhetoric imitating the form of Pindar's Odes, of the development of poetry among all nations, especially Greece, Italy and England. The splendid idealisation of Milton's blindness, and the well-known description of Dryden's heroic couplet will be found in the Quotations. The *Bard* is based upon a tradition that Edward I, after his conquest of Wales, ordered all the bards to be slaughtered. One of these, in a tranced vision foretells the tragic miseries which should hereafter befall Edward's royal descendants, and how the power of Song, under happier auspices, should rise triumphant in the end.

QUOTATIONS.

They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. *Eton College*, ST. 4.

No more ; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise. *Ib.* ST. 10.

He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

Progress of Poesy, III. 2. 7-8 (of Milton).

Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.

Progress of Poesy, III. 3. 2-4.

Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm.

Bard II. 2. 12.

Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed. *Bard*, II. 3. 11-12.

Iron sleet or arrow shower,
Hurries in the darkened air. *Fatal Sister*, 3.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me. *Elegy*, ST. 1.
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep. *Ib.* ST. 4.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn. *Ib.* ST. 5.
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor. *Ib.* ST. 8.
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Ib.* ST. 9.

Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. *Ib.* ST. 10.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
 The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear :
 Full may a flower is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air. *Ib.* ST. 14.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. *Ib.* ST. 15.

The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening paradise. *Vicissitude*, 55-6

A favourite has no friend. *Death of a Cat*, 36.

Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune ;
 He had not the method of making a fortune :
 Could love and could hate, so was thought somewhat odd ;
 No very great wit, he believed in a God. *Sketch of his own
 Character.*

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
 And reddening Phoebus lifts his golden fire ;
 The birds in vain their amorous descant join ;
 Or cheerful fields resume their green attire ;
 These ears, alas ! for other notes repine ;
 A different object do these eyes require ;
 My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
 And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
 Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
 And new-born pleasure brings to happier men ;

The fields to all their wonted tribute bear ;
To warm their little loves the birds complain ;
I fruitless mourn to him that cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

Sonnet on the Death of West.

GOLDSMITH (1728-1776).

Oliver Goldsmith, poet, dramatist, and prose writer, was born at Pallasmore Longford, Ireland, November 10, 1728. His father was a clergyman of English extraction, who later on obtained a small living at Lissoy, in West Meath ; so that Goldsmith's boyhood was spent in the typical Irish village which he has idealised and immortalised in *The Deserted Village*.

Birth and Childhood.

At the village school, kept by Paddy Byrne, Goldsmith used to amuse himself with writing verses, which pleased his parents, who determined to give him a better education. Accordingly he was sent to the scholastic charge of different clergymen to be prepared for the University. On one occasion a practical joke was played upon him by his school-fellows ; he was directed to stay at a gentleman's house under the belief that it was an inn. This ludicrous adventure proved afterwards the central situation in his comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*. In June 1744 Goldsmith was admitted a sizar (or poor scholar) of Trinity College, Dublin ; but he was very irregular both in his studies and habits, and repeatedly got into trouble with the authorities. He took his B. A. degree in 1749 two years after the proper time.

Education.

Goldsmith's father had died while he was at the University, and his uncle, Mr. Contarine, did his best to look after his erratic nephew. He tried to get him into the Church, but Goldsmith recklessly went to the Bishop's examination in scarlet hunting breeches, and was naturally rejected. An abortive attempt to study law in England followed ; but he got no further than Dublin, where he lost all his money to a card-sharper. In 1752 he was sent to Edinburgh to learn medicine, and narrowly escaped imprisonment there, through having good-naturedly become surety for a

European tour.

friend's debts to his tailor. After a year spent in Holland, having run through his money, he went on his famous tour through Europe, earning (if we are to believe *The Traveller* 243-250) his meals and his night's lodging by playing on the flute. His tour ended at Padua, where he stayed for six months and professed to have taken a medical degree. He returned home in the same eccentric fashion, and arrived in London in 1756. This tour was the basis of *The Traveller*.

Goldsmith now had much ado to earn a livelihood, first by being an usher in a school, then by helping a chemist in his laboratory, then by practising as a medical man among the poor of London.

*Citizen of The
World*

Tired of these pursuits, he became a hack-writer for the publishers, and in addition to *An Enquiry into the State of Polite Learning in Europe* (1759), and *The Bee* (1759), a collection of essays, he wrote a series of satirical letters, which professed to be from a Chinese traveller studying English manners and customs, and which were afterwards published as *The Citizen of the World* (1762).

In May 1761, he moved into better lodgings in Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, where his friendship with Johnson began; and in 1764 he became one of the nine original members of

*Traveller;
Vicar of
Wakefield.*

the Doctor's Literary Club. Johnson revised for him his poem, *The Traveller*, and added a few lines at the close. It was published in 1765, and at once made Goldsmith famous. His reputation was enhanced by the appearance, in 1766, of his one novel. *The Vicar of Wakefield*, which had previously been sold for £60 to a publisher by Johnson, to rescue its author from imprisonment for debt.

At the outset of his literary career he had attempted to write a tragedy, but gave up the idea as hopeless. He now tried his hand at Comedy, and composed *The Good-natured Man*, which was

*Comedies;
Deserted
Village.*

refused by Garrick, but brought out by Colman at Covent Garden Theatre in 1768 with moderate success. In 1770 he published *The Deserted Village*, to which Johnson contribut-

ed the last six lines ; and in 1773 attained a triumphant success with his comedy *She Stoops to Conquer*, which is still a favourite on the stage.

Besides producing these works of original genius, he gained his livelihood chiefly by making bright and readable compilations of standard works on various subjects—histories of Greece, of Rome, and of England ; a book on Natural History (Goldsmith himself ‘did not know a goose from a turkey except at table’); Lives of Bolingbroke, Parnell, Voltaire, and Nash ; a short English Grammar, and a collection of *Beauties of English Poetry*.

His last two poems, *Retaliation*, a series of humorous epitaphs on his friends written in ‘retaliation’ for their criticisms on himself, and a witty letter in rhyme addressed to Lord Clare, entitled *The Haunch of Venison*, were published after his death. His experiences of life failed to cure him of his irregular habits ; and he was two thousand pounds in debt when he died, after a brief illness, April 4, 1774. He was buried at the Temple, but a monument was erected to him in Westminster Abbey by his literary friends.

Goldsmith’s fault were venial, and his character was most loveable. He was a queer compound of contradictory qualities : he was reckless, thoughtless, and vain, yet generous and prompt to love and pity ; as easily duped as a child, and yet obstinately unwilling to be corrected in his most palpable blunders. Garrick’s epigram that he ‘wrote like an angel and talked like poor Poll’ was mainly due to a passage in the *Enquiry* (p. 286), which Garrick chose to interpret as an attack upon himself ; and Boswell’s hostility arose most probably from jealousy. The fact appears to be, as a modern writer has pointed out, that the poet’s vanity was ‘not an eagerness to display powers of which he was conscious, but an eagerness to reassure himself of the possession of powers of which he was diffident.’ According to Macaulay, ‘There was in his character much to love, but little to respect : so generous that he quite forgot to be just ; so liberal to beggars that he

Hack-work.

‘Retaliation’ ;
‘Haunch of
Venison.’

Character ;
(1) As a man.

had nothing left for his tailor and his butcher. He was vain, sensual, frivolous, profuse, improvident.' And yet at the news of his death Burke burst into tears, and Reynolds could do no more painting that day.

One of Goldsmith's most useful talents was a wonderful capacity for taking any dry, voluminous, (2) As a writer. standard work, picking out its essential substance, and rewriting it briefly in the clearest and most interesting style. His hack-work, mentioned above, presents numerous instances. In his own proper sphere, he is unsurpassed for human tenderness and graceful delicacy of thought. His heroic couplet has a simplicity and grace of its own. Blank verse, and the lyric forms of Gray and Collins he rather despised. It was as a dramatist and a prose writer that he really made his mark on our literature. But he has a limited range; the ethics of his one novel are merely conventional; the eternal verities of nature and of man are beyond his scope; all his imaginative work is little more than thinly disguised reminiscences. But within his narrow limits he has an inimitable charm.

From Cooke, one of Goldsmith's friends and neighbours in the Temple, we know something of his literary methods. He first sketched his design in prose, then rewrote it in verse, then patiently corrected and recorrected it; and if any lines spontaneously occurred to him, he polished these afterwards with all the more care because of their *impromptu* origin. Cooke came into Goldsmith's room one day, when the latter read with great delight the four lines of *The Deserted Village* beginning 'Dear lovely bowers,' which he had just finished. Goldsmith considered that amount 'No bad morning's work.' Yet no poem seems simpler or more spontaneous. In it we find his own father (or perhaps his elder brother, also a clergyman) idealised as the village preacher and the Lissoy schoolmaster and village inn transplanted to English soil. The rest of the poem is a denunciation of the corrupting influence of the modern commercial spirit and the greed of gain on the real wealth of the country, viz: the

hardy, self-respecting peasantry. Goldsmith's political economy is of doubtful value, and his ethical estimates are very one-sided; but he has thrown his own graceful charm over what is really a political pamphlet in verse.

Much the same criticism applies to *The Traveller*. It is, more largely than *The Deserted Village*, a sermon in verse; and its chief interest, the poet's personal reminiscences, form a much less conspicuous part of the whole than in the latter poem. In *The Traveller* Goldsmith has hardly risen to his usual poetic strain; his couplets are heavier, and the whole is more laboured.

Fortunately this tendency to sermonise is wholly absent from Goldsmith's novel. Such sermons as are met with occur naturally as the spontaneous utterances of good Dr. Primrose, the *Vicar*, or of the eccentric Mr. Burchell. Goldsmith's own personality and varied experiences all reappear under the whimsical disguises of his *dramatis personae*: Moses, with his gross of green spectacles, is a mere variant of one of Goldsmith's own earlier escapades. The characters are all intensely true to nature, the humour is delightful, and the whole story vividly reproduces in a form at once real and romantic the rustic life of England in a bygone age.

QUOTATIONS.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow. *Traveller*, 1.
 And drags at each remove a lengthening chain. *Ib.* 10.
 And learn the luxury of doing good. *Ib.* 22.
 But winter lingering chills the lap of May. *Ib.* 172.
 Pride in their port defiance in their eye,
 I see the lords of humankind pass by. *Ib.* 327—8.
 Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates and men decay.
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade,
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

Deserted Village, 51—6.

The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind. *Ib.* 122.

Passing rich with forty pounds a year. *Ib.* 142.

The broken soldier.....

Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won. *Ib.* 158.

His pity gave ere charity began. *Ib.* 162.

Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,

And fools who came to scoff remained to pray. *Ib.* 179—180.

For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still ;

.....And still the wonder grew

That one small head could carry all he knew. *Ib.* 211—216.

The chest contrived a double debt to pay,

A bed by night, a chest a drawers by day. *Ib.* 229—230.

Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,

And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,

And thought of convincing while they thought of dining.

Retaliation (on Burke), 31—36.

On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;

'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.

Ib. (on Garrick), 101—2.

When they talked of their Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,

He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

Ib. (on Reynolds), 145—6.

The naked every day he clad—

When he put on his clothes. *Death of a Mad Dog*, 11—12.

Measures, not men, have always been my mark. (p. 302).

Good-natured Man, ii.

The very pink of perfection. *She Stoops to Conquer*, i.

Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs. *Ib.* iii.

Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt ;

It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.

Haunch of Venison, 33—4.

Man wants but little here below,

Nor wants that little long. *Hermit*, ST. 6.

BURKE (1729—1797)

Edmund Burke, perhaps one of the most lastingly influential among those few Englishmen who have combined devotion to literature with strenuous activity in Parliamentary statesmanship. 'the greatest man since Milton,' as Macaulay called him—was born in 1729 at Dublin, where his father was a successful attorney. His mother belonged to an influential Roman Catholic family. Burke's literary work is so inseparably bound up with his relations to contemporary party-politics that it is necessary for the student to keep before his mind's eye a clear outline of the history of that time.

George III, on his accession to the throne in 1760, inaugurated a new era in politics. The great Whig party which had triumphed so conspicuously in the Revolution of 1688, and in the settlement then made of the prerogatives of the Crown and the rights of Parliament, was now beginning to break up into factions. From the first the king resolved to 'be a king,' and to this policy he doggedly adhered throughout his long and inglorious reign. His ideal was to be a popular king, ruling firmly in accordance with the laws by the goodwill of his people, as the Tudors had done. He detested the position of a mere figure-head to the particular Parliamentary party which might happen to be in power for the time being. He would manage the Parliament; they should not manage him. This idea of his office had been sedulously instilled into his mind from the first by his mother, and by his tutor, the Marquis of Bute. It had been invested with the highest literary charm by the genius of Bolingbroke in his tract *The Patriot King*. His stubborn conscientiousness, the blamelessness of his domestic life, and his homely good-nature made him the idol of the people. The reaction against Whiggism, of which he was the embodiment, was a national reaction. His

errors were the errors of the nation. The American War was the outcome of our national pride ; and the great war with France, unpopular at first, soon became a war of almost religious and national enthusiasm. Had George III been a man of intellectual power, or had he had the wit to choose able ministers and govern through them, he might have established a more than Tudor despotism. Fortunately for England he was ignorant and narrow-minded, and jealous of the least sign of ability in his ministers. Hence his career was one long failure.

The older Tories, who had been fanatical adherents of the Stuart cause under the first two Georges, had
 Tory allegiance. been gradually disillusionised by the logic of events. The Pretender in 1715 had crossed the sea to hearten his half-defeated followers, and had ingloriously sailed back again without striking a blow, leaving them to their fate. His son, the ' Bonnie Prince Charlie,' had been more chivalrous and more successful ; but he too had been crushed at Culloden, chiefly through his inability to control his Highland followers ; and he was now closing an inglorious career abroad. When, therefore, a new King came, a born Englishman, a ' Patriot King,' who was on principle the sworn foe of the detested Whigs, the Tories naturally rallied round him, and transferred their allegiance from the Stuarts to the House of Hanover.

There were at least four sections of the Whig party. The
 The Whig most reputable was that headed by the Marquis
 factions. of Rockingham, with which Burke was associated. The most popular, but the weakest, was led by Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham. In all alike favouritism, family influence, and partizan dexterity, were the avenues to promotion. They differed from one another chiefly in the extent to which they used the weapons of cajolery and corruption, which during his long tenure of office the great Whig Walpole had reduced to a science.

The Democratic party was unfortunate in its chosen idol,
 The Democratic John Wilkes, the member for Aylesbury, a
 party scurrilous profligate, who came into notoriety

by his outspoken denunciation of the King's policy (1763), and by the repeated failures of the attempts to crush and silence him on the part both of the Crown and the Parliament. Four times returned to Parliament by the electors of Middlesex, he was four times refused admittance. In the end he conquered, took his seat, and became Mayor of London. The popular discontent against both Crown and Parliament was reflected in the fierce invectives of the *Letter of Junius* (p. 55). For indeed Parliament during this epoch did not in any real sense represent the people; it was a bureaucracy of landed proprietors.

The King and the Court party fought against the Whigs by using Walpole's own weapon of systematized corruption against his successors in office. In addition the Crown held complete control over promotion in the Church and the Army, and over many places in the Civil administration and about the Court. George III profited by the lessons of experience. His first attempt at 'Kingship' in the Bute ministry of 1761 was a failure. He then tried to induce Pitt to take office, but Pitt refused unless all sections of the Whigs should be represented in the Government. The King then took up with the narrowest and most corrupt of the Whig cliques led by George Grenville. The Grenville ministry (1763-5) involved itself in the disastrous attack on the freedom of the Press in the Wilkes case; and initiated the still more disastrous interference with the freedom of the American Colonies by the ill-fated Stamp Act. Grenville resigned, and the King again had to content himself with using the only available section of the Whigs, and so formed the feeble Rockingham ministry (1765-6). Pitt's open approval of the resistance of the Colonists led to the repeal of the obnoxious Stamp Act, though the right to tax the Colonies was still asserted. But the King found it impossible to govern without Pitt; Pitt accordingly constructed a ministry (1766) representing all the Whig sections that could be induced to join, and, to the King's outspoken delight, he gave a few subordinate posts to the Court

Successive
Ministries.
(1) Bute's.

(2) Grenville's.

(3) Rockingham's.

(4) Chatham's.

party. But conscious of the approaches of disease, the 'Great Commoner' took refuge in the Upper House from the storms of debate, being created Earl of Chatham, and thus for a time lost his popularity. The Chatham administration lasted only a year. Chatham's ill-health

(5) Grafton's

deprived it of the services of its head; and it became the Grafton Ministry (1768-70), and subsequently the North ministry (1770-1782). These two ministries

(6) North's.

were in fact a coalition of the worst of the Whig factions and the Court party; Lord North was the mere mouthpiece of the King. The crushing disaster of the Yorktown surrender made the continuance of the American War and of the ministry alike impossible. A Whig ministry, formed

(7) Rockingham's 2nd,

(8) Shelburne's.

under Lord Rockingham (1782), lasted till his death in July. Lord Shelburne the leader of the Chatham section of the Whigs (which was strengthened by the entrance into Parliament of the younger Pitt) now became prime-minister; but on his accession Fox and his followers deserted. This Shelburne ministry (1782-1783) lasted till the conclusion of the Peace of Paris, when it was overthrown by the unscrupulous coalition of the Whig

(9) Portland's
'Coalition.'

followers of Fox with the Tory followers of Lord North under the Duke of Portland (1783-1784). Fox brought forward an injudicious India Bill which raised a storm of opposition in the country. The King saw that it would transfer the patronage of the East India Company

(10) Pitt the
Younger's.

from the Crown to the Whigs; he accordingly availed himself of the extreme unpopularity of the Bill to throw it out in the Lords and to dismiss his ministers. Pitt now formed his ministry at the close of 1783; early next year Parliament was dissolved; Pitt appealed to the country, and was returned with an overwhelming majority. His administration lasted till 1801, thus covering the latter part of Burke's political career.

Burke was educated in Ireland in a school at Ballitore, then at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his Education. B. A. degree in 1748, having passed his aca-

denic course without special distinction. In 1750 he entered the Middle Temple, London to study law, but after a time abandoned it.

For ten years his career is almost unknown, but for his production of two interesting books, both published in 1756. These are *A Vindication of Natural Society* and *An Inquiry into the Origin of our ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*. The latter is an original and thoughtful treatise, which greatly influenced both Lessing and Kant, and was pronounced in Germany to be an 'epoch-making book.' The former is like Defoe's *Short Way with the Dissenters*, a piece of veiled irony, proving (in travesty of Bolingbroke in regard to revealed religion) that civilization itself is the root of all evil. Like Defoe's pamphlet it was for some time read and received as a genuine confession of faith. Underneath all the subtle irony of Burke's *Vindication* lie the two lines of thought that dominated his intellectual career from beginning to end: (1) that the restraints of revealed religion are indispensable to the stability of society, and (2) that to allow every individual to think out the whole scheme of things for himself, unfettered by prescription and the traditional wisdom of the ages past, is the high road to national ruin.

In 1756 Burke married the daughter of Dr. Nugent, a physician at Bath. They had one son, Richard, whose untimely death in 1794 no doubt hastened his father's end. In 1759 Burke brought himself into notice in the political world by his contributions to Dodsley's *Annual Register*, a summary of the political history of each year. In 1761 he was appointed Private Secretary to W. H. Hamilton (nick-named 'Single speech'), Lord Halifax's Irish Secretary, and held the post for three years. In 1764 he was one of the first members enrolled in the Literary Club (p. 273). Its president, Dr. Johnson, was a stubborn Tory, who held that 'the first Whig was the Devil'. From the outset Johnson averred that Burke's political principles in their inmost reality were not far removed from his own, and when in 1765 Burke became Lord Rockingham's Secretary, and was given a

Early writings.

Marriage; enters Parliament.

place as Member of Parliament for Wendover by a Whig nobleman, Lord Verney, Johnson shook his head, and affirmed with some truth that Burke was false to his own principles. Burke at once made his name as a Parliamentary orator, and was complimented on his first speech there by the Great Commoner himself. After his own dismissal from office (1766), Lord Rockingham advised Burke to join the Chatham ministry. He preferred however to share the fortunes of his own immediate political friends, and never held office till the downfall of Lord North's ministry in 1782.

His first party service was his *Observations on the Present State of the Nation* (1769). Grenville had published a pamphlet accusing his successors of ruining the country. Burke's *Observations* ably refuted these charges and incidentally proved that its writer excelled Grenville in the mastery of finance and wholly eclipsed him as a political writer. In his next great pamphlet, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents* (1770), he discussed the various problems arising out of the Wilkes case, attacking the growth of the King's power on the one hand, and of faction on the other.

In 1773 Burke went to Paris; saw and heard all he could in the law courts and in the *Salons*, where he met the brilliant sceptic Diderot. He also witnessed with profound interest the splendours of the Court at Versailles; the old King at Mass with a bevy of Bishops, and the beautiful young dauphiness, Marie Antoinette, 'glittering like the morning star.' Burke was profoundly impressed with the growing strength of infidelity and atheism in France, and foresaw that it would end in social ruin.

During the long controversy about the American War, Burke produced three of his finest works: the *Speeches on American Taxation* (1774), on *Conciliation with America* (1775), and the *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol* (1777). In these he inveighs against the mad English policy which goaded the Colonists into revolt and final separation.

Upon the dissolution of Parliament in October, 1774, Burke was informed that the electors of Bristol M. P. for Bristol. wished him to contest that important constituency, without cost to himself. He was elected; and in returning thanks to his constituents boldly declared that a Member of Parliament should think and vote in accordance with his own judgment and conscience. For six years Burke was M. P. for Bristol, and acted up to this creed. In defiance of the selfish clamour of the Bristol merchants he voted in 1778 for a measure of free trade for Ireland, and in the same year he supported a Bill for giving some shreds of justice to the oppressed Roman Catholics in England. This independent action set the merchants and Protestants of Bristol against him, and at the next election in 1780 they threw him out; thenceforward till his retirement he sat for the Rockingham borough of Malton.

In 1780 Burke with a fearless honesty led a movement in Parliament for abolishing a vast network of salaried posts, both in the Government and in the Royal Household, which not only drained the Treasury, but gave to the Crown endless opportunities of corrupting Parliament and turning it into a mere stronghold of vested private interests. Among other reforms his own salary of 'Paymaster of the Forces' was cut down to £4,000 a year.

Burke held this post in Lord Rockingham's second administration, and again in the Fox and North In office. coalition ministry of 1783, but it did not give him a place in the Cabinet. At times, in the House, he showed great want of temper and judgment, which may have been one of the causes of his persistent and otherwise incomprehensible exclusion from high ministerial rank. The India Bill which led to the fall of the Coalition was originated by Burke, though it was mainly carried by the eloquence of Fox. Burke's speech in defence of the India Bill is one of his ablest efforts. But the Bill itself was, as Lord Morley says, 'a masterpiece of hardihood, miscalculation, and mismanagement.'

After the fall of the Portland Coalition ministry Burke was never again in office. In 1785 he made his great speech on *The Nabob of Arcot's Debts* and in 1786 brought forward in Parliament his motion for the impeachment of Warren Hastings. In 1788 the memorable trial began in Westminster Hall. Fanny Burney has recorded her impressions of Burke's opening speech. She of course took the Court view that Hastings was a martyr to Whig malevolence. 'When he came to his two narratives, when he related the particulars of those dreadful murders, he interested, he engaged, he at last overpowered me; I felt my cause lost. My eyes dreaded a single glance towards a man so accused as Mr. Hastings; I wanted to sink on the floor, that they might be saved so painful a sight. I had no hope he could clear himself; not another wish in his favour remained. But from this narration Mr. Burke proceeded to his own comments and declamation.....then there appeared more of study than of truth, more of invective than of justice; and in short so little of proof to so much of passion that I began to lift up my head and found myself a mere spectator in a public place, with my opera-glass in my hand.' Six years later the Lords brought in a verdict of acquittal. Hastings had been high-handed—he had fought Orientals with their own weapons of treachery, deceit and violence. But he had done all solely for the establishment of British supremacy; and personally he came out with clean hands. He was consequently acquitted; but the system was tacitly condemned. It is owing in a great measure to Burke's generous enthusiasm and to the unrequited toil of the eight best years of his active life that English rule in India is an honest attempt at a righteous tutelage, instead of a mere tyranny of money-grubbing aliens.

In 1790 Burke published his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*. In less than a year it reached its eleventh edition. The position he took up in this work completely estranged the Whigs from him. He became the champion and the idol of all the reactionaries of Europe. In his *Appeal from the New to the*

Impeachment of
Warren Hastings.

The *Reflections*
and later pamph-
lets.

Old Whigs (1791), *Thoughts on French Affairs* (1791), and *Letters on the Regicide Peace* (1796), he urges the government not only to fight the Revolution, but to suppress all freedom of writing and speech at home. How deeply Burke's mind had been alienated from its natural channel is best seen by the fact that, though he had always denounced the Test Act, yet when in 1790 Fox brought forward a motion for the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, Burke bitterly opposed him, and declared the Dissenters to be disaffected citizens who were unworthy of relief!

At the close of the Hastings trial in 1794 Burke resigned his seat in Parliament. It was proposed to give him a peerage, but, with the death of his son, Burke had no heart for the honour. With the King's cordial co-operation, Pitt arranged for a pension both for Burke and for his wife; but he did not venture to grant these through a Parliamentary vote. This gave occasion to much hostile party criticism, especially from the Duke of Bedford. Burke's reply in his *Letter to a Noble Lord* (1795) is 'the most splendid repartee in the English language.'

In 1795 Burke published his *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity*, a clear and well reasoned exposition of the principles of trade in corn, in regard to which he was far in advance of the best opinion of his time. He died July 9th, 1797. Fox proposed that he should be buried in Westminster Abbey; but Burke had left strict injunctions that he was to be buried privately in the little church at Beaconsfield, where his landed estate lay.

The foregoing sketch of itself shows us the most salient points of Burke's personal character, both in its weakness and in its strength, so far as his public life was concerned. That weakness has been admirably sketched by Miss Burney: 'How I wish that you could meet this wonderful man when he is easy, happy, and with people he cordially likes. But politics, even on his own side, must always be excluded; his irritability is

Pension and proposed peerage.

Free Trade in Corn; Death.

Character;
(1) As a man.

so terrible on that theme, that it gives immediately to his face the expression of a man who is going to defend himself from murderers.' In his home life he was delightful, and he could play with children and roll about with them on the carpet with energetic glee.

As a speaker in Parliament Burke was less successful than many men of far inferior ability. Indeed his rising to speak was, latterly at least, so commonly the signal for the benches to empty themselves, that he was nicknamed 'the dinner-bell.' Yet the people who thus neglected his spoken words would read and study them, when printed, with the utmost avidity. His failure to gain the ear of the House was due partly to his ungainly manner and harsh voice; more perhaps to his total lack of humour and of real pathos; but chiefly to the fact that he appealed mainly to reason and imagination. He was too profound for his audience. 'Burke,' writes M. Arnold, 'is so great because, almost alone in England, he brings thought to bear upon politics; he saturates politics with thought.' The magnificence of Burke's oratorical style is due—(1) To the earnestness and strength of his feeling; the style is the man. (2) To the extent and thoroughness of his knowledge; there is nothing narrow in his treatment of a subject. (3) To his high imaginative power, enabling him to see at a glance all the bearings of an argument, and to enter into the feelings of all parties in a question.

Burke's *Reflection on the Revolution in France* is his most characteristic and important work. The Revolution was a touchstone which brought out the unsuspected peculiarities of his complex mentality. It has been maintained by many writers—Moore (in his *Life of Sheridan*), Cobden, and Buckle—that these *Reflections* flatly contradict all the doctrines taught or implied in his speeches on the claims of the American Colonists. The explanation given is that towards the end of his life Burke's brain became unhinged; a view which Buckle has eloquently elaborated. But the contrast between Burke's earlier and later attitude is

(2) As a Speaker
and Writer.

The *Reflections*.

due to the difference between the external situations ; not to any real change in the man himself. The germ of the *Reflections* of 1790 can be clearly traced in the *Vindication* of 1756. Burke's mind was essentially conservative. Five leading principles dominated his whole career : (1) a mystic veneration for all established political institutions, amounting almost to a worship of prescription ; (2) an impatient contempt for all *doctrinaire* speculations ; (3) a conviction that political changes can safely come about only as a slow growth from the past to the future ; (4) a still deeper conviction that religion is essential to social stability ; and growing out of this, (5) a profound veneration for all the paraphernalia of long-established national religions. He detested the French revolutionaries just as he detested Warren Hastings as the reckless destroyer of a venerable religion and an immemorial civilisation. In the case of the American Colonists the situation was exactly reversed. The King and the Tories were the innovators ; the Colonists had on their side the venerable prescription which has always conjoined taxation and representation ; while the Court party could allege nothing better than a *formal* assertion of the sovereignty of the Crown in the Colonies. Finally, the Colonists were grave, God-fearing men, whose whole political life had been bound up with their religion from the first landing of the Pilgrim Fathers ; whereas the French Revolution was a reckless defiance of every one of the five principles which to Burke were sacred and vital. Furthermore the class-blindness which led him to accept the degraded servitude of the artisan classes as a postulate for his argument in the *Vindication* of 1756, kept him from recognizing that the real source of the French Revolution was not the *doctrinaire* speculations of Rousseau and Robespierre, but the unendurable agony of a down-trodden people. He wept over the sufferings of Marie Antoinette ; he had never even a thought for the millions of French peasants trampled down in hopeless semi-starvation and soul-numbing toil. For them Burke has but one specific—'they must be taught their consolation in the final proportions of eternal justice.'

QUOTATIONS

Power gradually extirpates from the mind every humane and gentle virtue. *Vindication of Natural Society, Preface.*

The writers against religion, whilst they oppose every system, are wisely careful never to set up any of their own. *Ib.*

There is however a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue. *On The Present State of the Nation.*

To complain of the age we live in, to murmur at the present possessors of power, to lament the past, to conceive extravagant hopes of the future, are the common dispositions of the greatest part of mankind. *Present Discontents.*

When bad men combine, the good must associate. *Ib.*

Of this stamp is the cant of 'Not men but measures'; a sort of charm by which many people get loose from every honourable engagement. *Ib.*

The religion most prevalent in our northern colonies is a refinement on the principle of resistance; it is the dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion. *Conciliation with America.*

Magnanimity in politics is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. *Ib.*

I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people. *Ib.*

Liberty too must be limited in order to be possessed. *Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol.*

Bad laws are the worst sort of tyranny. *Speech of Bristol, 1780.*

What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. *Ib.*

People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors. *Reflections on the Revolution.*

The age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded....The unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise, is gone. It is gone, that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound. *Ib.*

Kings will be tyrants from policy, when subjects are rebels from principle. *Ib.*

Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, while thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British Oak, chew the cud and are silent, pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are

the only inhabitants of the field ; that, of course, they are many in number ; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled meagre, hopping, though loud and troublesome, insects of the hour. *Ib.*

The men of England—the men, I mean, of light and leading in England. *Ib.*

Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society. *Ib.*

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. *Ib.*

Our patience will achieve more than our force. *Ib.*

To innovate is not to reform. *Letter to a Noble Lord.*

If we command our wealth we shall be rich and free ; if our wealth commands us, we are poor indeed. *Letters on the Regicide Peace.*

Never, no never, did Nature say one thing and Wisdom say another. *Ib.*

Early and provident fear is the mother of safety. *Speech on the Petition of the Unitarians.*

Dangers by being despised grow great. *Ib.*

The individual is foolish ; the multitude, for the moment is foolish, when they act without deliberation ; but the species is wise, and, when time is given to it, as a species it always acts right. *Speech on Reform of Representation.*

There is but one law for all, namely that law which governs all law, the law of our Creator, the law of humanity, justice, equity—the law of nature and of nations. *Impeachment of Warren Hastings.*

No, not a good imitation of Johnson. It has all his pomp without his force ; it has all the nodosities of the oak without its strength ; it has all the contortions of the sibyl without the inspiration. *Remarks on Croft's 'Life of Dr. Young.'*

COWPER (1731—1800)

William Cowper, the Poet Laureate of Evangelicalism, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, November 26th, 1731. His father was Rector of the parish and a nephew of Lord Chancellor Cowper; his mother was a Donne, of the same family as the poet (p. 27). She died when Cowper was six years old, but her gentle care made an ineffaceable impression on his nature; and his grief for her at the time, and reverent life-long love are beautifully recorded in his well-known lines *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture* (1798).

Cowper was sent to a boarding-school; and in 1741 to Westminster School, where Vincent Bourne was one of the undermasters. Among his schoolmates were Warren Hastings, Robert Lloyd, Colman, and Churchill. At Westminster he figured as a good cricketer; and under Bourne's care acquired the art of writing good Latin verse, as well as a good general knowledge of the standard Greek and Latin authors. His experiences of school life led him afterwards to write his somewhat one-sided condemnation of a Public School education in his *Tirocinium* (1784).

Leaving Westminster in 1749 he became a Member of the Middle Temple, and was articled to an attorney in London, in whose office Thurlow, the future Lord Chancellor, was his fellow-clerk. In 1752 he took Chambers in the Temple, and in 1754 was called to the Bar.

While at this solicitor's office he spent much of his time at the house of his uncle, Ashley Cowper, and fell in love with one of his daughters, Theodora Jane (the 'Delia' of Cowper's poems and the 'Anonymous' of his *Letters*); but her father forbade the engagement. Another, daughter, Harriet (afterwards Lady

Hesketh) became in the later years of Cowper's life, one of his best friends. This disappointment, and the loneliness of life in Temple Chambers brought on his first fit of mental derangement in 1752. This however soon passed away with change of air and scene.

In 1763, through the good offices of his kinsman, Major Cowper, he received a nomination to the Clerkship of the Journals of the House of Lords. There was some possibility of his having to appear before the bar of the House for a personal inspection and examination. The anticipation of this filled him with morbid forebodings which led to several attempts at suicide and at last to complete insanity, which took the form of religious despair. He was sent to Dr. Cotton's private asylum at St. Albans, where after eighteen months he recovered, and in 1765 his relatives arranged for him to live in Huntingdon.

Here he met the Unwin family, and lived with them for two years. Then, on Mr. Unwin's death, he removed with the widow (the 'Mary' of his *Letters* and poems) to 'Orchard Side,' a house close to the Olney Vicarage, on the river Ouse in Buckinghamshire. The Rev. John Newton, a famous Evangelical clergyman, was curate there. Cowper was much influenced by his ministry, and joined him in writing the *Olney Hymns* (1779).

In 1773, chiefly perhaps through the injudicious mode of life enforced on him and Mrs. Unwin by Newton's masterful piety, Cowper was again seized with a fit of insanity, in which he again attempted suicide. Dr. Cotton was called in, and succeeded in effecting a cure. To complete his recovery he took to gardening, carpentering, and drawing; he also amused himself with keeping three tame hares, which form the subject of some of his most characteristic poems, and appear in his *Letters*.

Mrs. Unwin, however, now very wisely induced him to cultivate the poetic faculty, which had lain dormant since the 'Delia' poems. She doubt-

Second Derangement.

The Unwins.

Third Derangement.

The Moral Satires.

less suggested this new occupation to him as a useful religious and moral mission ; so that naturally we find in his first poems, *Table Talk*, with the other moral satires (1782), that Cowper figures chiefly as a Christian moralist, writing in rather tame verse of the Pope style.

In 1781 Cowper formed the acquaintance of Lady Austen, the widow of a Baronet. Under her genial influence (she being in the best sense a woman of the world) the poet's shyness thawed, and so warm a friendship sprang up between them that Lady Austen came to live at Olney. That a lady who had been accustomed to fashionable society should have banished herself to such an out-of-the-world place with no other companions than these two Puritans, speaks volumes for the deep attractiveness of Cowper's nature. To him this friendship was a veritable godsend. They supplemented each other's defects, and stimulated each other's most characteristic talents. She told him the story of John Gilpin, which kept him awake at night with laughter, and next morning he wrote his immortal ballad. It was published at first anonymously in *The Public Advertiser* (Nov. 14, 1782), and became famous through being recited on the stage by John Henderson, a popular comedian of the day. Lady Austen also inspired the fine lyric, *On the Loss of the Royal George* (1803). Best of all she urged him to try a long poem in blank verse, and playfully suggested as a subject the sofa on which she was then reclining. The idea took hold of Cowper's imagination, and *The Sofa* grew into the six books of *The Task*, so called as being a task imposed upon him by his lady friend. This poem, with *Tirocinium* and a poetical epistle to his school-fellow and financial adviser, Joseph Hill, was published July 1785.

Unfortunately this friendship came to an abrupt end, and Lady Austen left Olney in May 1784. But other friends filled up the blank. He became intimate with the Throckmortons of Weston Hall in the neighbourhood. His cousin, Lady Hesketh, came to visit him in June 1786, and by her care and liberality Cowper and Mrs.

Unwin were removed from their house at Olney to a much more healthy one at Weston, belonging to the Throckmortons. She helped to brighten the life of both; and Cowper showed how much his health and sanity had been restored by his firmness in declining to be dictated to by Newton, who did his best by letter to rescue them from the worldliness into which he believed they were falling.

During this comparatively happy period Cowper produced some of his best work, the short poems which are immortal—such as *Alexander Selkirk*, *The Foplar Field*, the *Lines on a Young Lady* and those *To Mary*. These poems have all the charm of absolute spontaneity. They nappily express the feeling of the moment. One of the best among his didactic fables is perhaps *The Needless Alarm*. The Anti-Slavery philanthropists induced him to write some ballads in support of their cause—a task which he rather disliked, and in which he was not very successful. But there is a vein of humorous satire in *Pity for Poor Africans* which has immortalised itself in the closing line,

‘He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.’

It is perhaps to be regretted that Cowper should have been induced to spend his time in the almost impossible task of translating Homer. He began his translation soon after 1784, and finished it in 1790. It was published in July 1791. It is far more faithful to the original than Pope’s; but otherwise possesses no great merit.

In 1787 occurred his fourth attack of suicidal insanity; and in 1791 his anxieties were increased by Mrs. Unwin’s failing health. The poet Hayley, who had introduced himself to Cowper in connexion with an edition of Milton’s Poems, now came forward with friendly help. In August 1792 he induced Cowper and Mrs. Unwin to pay him a visit at Earham near Chichester; but the health of neither received any benefit. In January 1794 he and Mrs. Unwin, the latter now helpless through partial

Short poems.

Translation of
Homer.

Fourth derange-
ment; death.

paralysis, were removed to Mundesley on the Norfolk Coast. In October 1796 they were taken to East Dereham in Norfolk, where Mrs. Unwin died. Cowper survived her for three years and a half, but was little better than a wreck of his former self. Occasionally he roused himself to literary effort, usually in the shape of Latin verses or translations; and once only (March 20, 1799) wrote an English poem, the despairing wail of his *Castaway*. He died peacefully April 25, 1800, and was buried in Dereham Church.

Cowper was naturally amiable and cheerful, and had a wonderful faculty for attracting the devoted love of those who came in contact with him. Shy and retiring as he was, and afflicted with a constitutional tendency to melancholy, he was never morose, and was remarkable for his sympathy, not only for suffering humanity but for the unprotected dumb creation. An unusual proportion of his shorter poems are inspired by his love for birds and animals. He had too a genuine love of Nature, though the Nature he loved was of the prim domesticated kind, rather than the Nature of the rugged mountain or the primeval forest.

As S. Brooke has pointed out, Cowper 'struck the first note of the passionate poetry which was afterwards carried so far in the *Prelude* of Wordsworth, the *Alastor* of Shelley, the *Childe Harold* of Byron, but he struck it in connexion with religion.' With him, T. H. Ward tell us, 'the joy in natural objects begins to be linked with a sense of the brotherhood of mankind; to the religious mind this sense of brotherhood and this sense of natural beauty being sharpened and strengthened by the belief in the near presence of the Creator and Father of all. Cowper is the artist who has expressed in a new and permanent form this complex sentiment. He is the poet of the return to Nature, and he is the poet of the simple human affections.' As Bagehot remarks, 'What Pope is to our fashionable and town life, Cowper is to our domestic and rural life.' Cowper may usefully be contrasted with Scott as regard his subject matter and style. Both

Character; (1)
As a man.

(2) As a poet.

poets have written in an entirely novel and original manner, but the originality of each takes a different direction. Cowper's poems contain truthful and picturesque descriptions of scenes of existing everyday life ; Scott's are filled with the romantic and imaginative actions of a chivalrous past. Cowper throws a halo of interest over the most unpromising subjects—the tea-table, the newspaper, the postman ; Scott delights in portraying the legends and exploits of mediæval times—the Border foray, the battle, the gathering of the clans. Cowper is fond of introducing satirical sketches and moral declamation ; Scott describes striking situations and picturesque episodes without any attempt at a moral analysis of the characters or the events he portrays. Cowper is delicately descriptive, Scott gorgeously dramatic. The different styles of these two poets will give us a key to the different influence they exerted in turning our national taste from the artificial and classical type of Pope in the direction of the real sympathies of general humanity. Cowper led men to take an interest in the poetry of domestic life and its affections, which to the 'classical' poets was untrodden ground ; while Scott lured his readers from the cold, clear-cut, statuesque beauty of their poems to the warm and glowing life of his own. The moral reflections of Cowper on the one hand, and the fresh and vivid delineations of Scott on the other, both performed their share in the reformation of English poetical literature. As a letter-writer, Cowper deserves and has obtained the highest praise from all competent critics. Walpole's and Gray's and above all Charles Lamb's letters are inimitable of their kind : but Cowper's combine so many of the qualities that go to produce excellence in letter-writing that they remain, if not unequalled, at least unsurpassed in English literature.

The Task is on the whole the most important and characteristic of Cowper's poems ; though perhaps, as in the case of Wordsworth, his special genius is most conspicuous in some of his shorter poems. In *The Task* Cowper has indeed no inspiring philosophy with which to elevate life ; but he certainly succeeded in making poetry

religious after his own somewhat narrow pattern. As Goldwin Smith remarks, 'As *Paradise Lost* is to militant Puritanism, so is *The Task* to the religious movement of its author's time. It was about the only poetry that a strict Methodist or Evangelical could read. A regular plan assuredly *The Task* has not. It rambles through a vast variety of subjects with as little of method as its author used in taking his morning walks. But Cowper is right as to the existence of a pervading tendency (in the poem). The praise of retirement and of a country life is its perpetual refrain, if not its definite theme. From this idea immediately flow the best and most popular passages; those which have found their way into the heart of the nation, and intensified the taste for rural and domestic happiness.' The poem is comprised in six books: (1) *The Sofa*, a description of rural sights and sounds, with reflections on the drawbacks of city life; (2) *The Time-piece*, a series of reflections on the corruptions of the time, due to ineffective preaching and lax university discipline; (3) *The Garden*, in which the poet quits his previous moralisings to contrast the calm of country life and domestic happiness with the fevered pleasures of the town; (4) *The Winter Evening*, in which from the snug seclusion of his own fireside and tea-table he reviews the peculiar vices of village life: the unnecessary number of public houses, inviting wholesale drunkenness, and the City-bred affectations of the modern farmer's daughter; all this being caused chiefly by the fact that the rich have left the country neglected and spend all their time in town; (5) *The Winter Morning Walk*, in which he reflects on the origin of wars, of tyranny, and on religion as the sole source of true freedom; (6) *The Winter Walk at Noon*, a discourse on the immanence of God in Nature; on the senselessness of chess and billiards; on the cruelty of fieldsports, and a concluding encomium on the life of retirement and meditation.

QUOTATIONS.

God made the country and man made the town. *Task, I, 181.*

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade ! *Ib. II, 1-2*

Mountains interposed

Make enemies of nations who had else,
Like kindred drops, been mingled into one. *Ib. II, 17-9.*
Slaves cannot breathe in England : if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country and their shackles fall. *Ib. II, 40-2.*
England, with all thy faults I love thee still. *Ib. II, 206-7.*

Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother-tongue. *Ib. II, 235-7*

The toil

Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up. *Ib. III, 188-190.*

The cups

That cheer but not inebriate. *Ib. IV, 39-40.*
But war's a game which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at. *Ib. V, 187-8.*
He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. *Ib. V, 733-4.*
I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm. *Ib. VI, 560-3.*
Absence of occupation is not rest,
A mind quite vacant is a mind distress'd. *Retirement, 623-4.*
O why are farmers made so coarse,
Or clergy made so fine ?

A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine. *Tithing Time in Essex, St. 16.*
The parson knows enough who knows a Duke. *Tirocinium, 403*
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees. *Olney Hymns, XXIX, 11-12*
I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute. *Alexander Selkirk, 1-2*
But the sound of the church-going bell

These valleys and hills never heard. *Ib* 29-30.
The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.

To an Afflicted Protestant Lady.

The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back

His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend as one had need
Be very much his friend indeed,

To pardon or to bear it. *On Friendship, St.* 29.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear ;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

Mutual Forbearance in the Married State, 37-40

WORDSWORTH (1770—1850)

William Wordsworth was born April 7th, 1770, at Cocker-
mouth, Cumberland, in the immediate neigh-
Birth and Child-
hood. bourhood of that romantic lake scenery which
has for evermore been associated with, and
consecrated by, his genius. On both his father's and mother's
side he came of good old north-country stock. As a child he
was stubborn, moody, and of a violent temper. From his
earliest years he had lived in the wild freedom of Nature,
plunging in the mill-race and then basking in the summer
sun; or scouring the fields and woods with his favourite
playmate, his only sister Dorothy. She even then was un-
consciously his teacher, and helped to mould his most charac-
teristic tendencies.

At eight years old he was sent to school at Hawkshead,
School-days. on Esthwaite Lake, a few miles west of Winder-
mere. He was exceptionally favoured in the
wise freedom allowed to the scholars: they were boarded out
with cottage dames, nurtured in homely, healthy simplicity,
and while well taught in school hours, they had abundance
of time for out-door sports and for general reading. Fielding's
novels, *Don Quixote*, and *Gulliver's Travels*, were his favourite
books. But his best teacher was Nature. In lonely midnight
wanderings over the frost-bound heights of Esthwaite in search
of snared woodcocks, once when he had unfairly taken a
school-fellow's birds, 'low breathings' from the 'solitary hills'
came after him, and 'steps almost as silent as the turf they
trod' taught him the lesson, *Thou shalt not steal*. Or on a
summer evening, as he stealthily rows out on Esthwaite Water
in a purloined boat, his conscience is scared by the sudden
apparition, beyond the bounding hills, of a black crag rising
up as if threatening vengeance. He thus foreshadowed the
dramatic experiences of his own *Peter Bell*. *The Prelude* is

a faithful and detailed autobiography of the poet's spiritual growth.

Upon his father's death in 1783 (he had lost his mother five years previously) two uncles shared the charge of the children, five in all. In 1787 they sent him to St. John's College, Cambridge. Here he troubled himself but little with the University *curriculum*; his education was carried on by self-chosen reading, by the study of Italian, Spanish, and French, and of literature and history; by the free social life of University men, and by his profound consciousness of the venerable associations of the place, the majestic mind of Newton, and Milton's immortal verse.

His summer vacations were a valuable part of his inner education. The first found him again among his boyish haunts at Esthwaite Lake—a centre of admiring interest to his former school-fellows and friends; above all to the kindly dame who had been as a mother to him in his school-boy days. He mixed freely in the rustic society of his Cumberland friends, and took a kindly pleasure in their dancing parties and innocent flirtations. One night returning to his lodging in the early summer dawn after one of these prolonged festivities, he was confronted with the calm splendour of sunrise, and felt suddenly laid upon him the consecrating hand of Nature. Thenceforth he knew himself to be a 'dedicated spirit,' her chosen prophet and priest.

His second vacation was spent in a tour among 'romantic Dovedale's spiry rocks,' through the Yorkshire dales, and by the bank of the river Emont, to be celebrated later in his *Song at the Feast of Brougham Castle*. He was accompanied by his sister Dorothy, and her friend, a companion of their childish days, Mary Hutchinson, who afterwards became his wife. The third vacation he spent in a tour through France and Switzerland with a college friend who was all aglow with the new-born hopes of the Revolution, hopes which kindled Wordsworth's whole-hearted enthusiasm. This tour bore poetic fruit in the

University career.

Long vacations;
poetic call.

Tours in Dove-
dale and France.

Descriptive Sketches, which with the *Evening Walk* were published in 1792, constituting Wordsworth's first appearance as an author.

He took his B. A. degree at Cambridge in January 1791, and then settled in London, though with no definite plans for his future career. *The Reverie of Poor Susan* (1797) vividly illustrates his own habitual feelings while thus living, a stranger in that wilderness of sombre streets and hurrying pre-occupied crowds. The chance song of a caged thrush heard at a street corner would suddenly transport him, as it does her, to the scenes of childhood; Lothbury and Cheapside vanish in a fairy vision of mountain mist and woodland waters.

In November 1791 Wordsworth paid a second visit to France. At Orleans he formed an intimate friendship with the republican general Beaupuis. So filled was he with revolutionary enthusiasm that he seriously contemplated coming forward as a leader of the Girondist party. But his friends at home saved him by stepping his allowances, and he perforce returned to England. The execution of Louis XVI, and the subsequent declaration of war against England by the French Republic in 1793 shattered Wordsworth's belief in the new-born world of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity (See p. 301). A period of gloom followed in which for a time he lost faith in Nature, in Art, and in his own mission,—almost indeed lost belief in God. His poem entitled *Guilt and Sorrow* (1791-4) reflects something of the darkness that now enwrapped him. He had no settled home but lived chiefly in London, with occasional excursions into the country.

About this time (1795) a young friend, Raisley Calvert, whom Wordsworth had nursed in an illness, died, and left him a legacy of £900, so that he might feel free to devote himself to literature. Wordsworth gladly embraced the opportunity; and with some help from pupils settled down with Dorothy to a frugal housekeeping at Racedown, in the south-east of Somersetshire. Here he wrote

Legacy 'The
Borderers.'

his only dramatic attempt, the tragedy of *The Borderers*, and a poem of high merit, *the Ruined Cottage*, which was subsequently incorporated in the first book of *The Excursion*. Here too he met Coleridge, who speedily became an intimate friend. In 1797 Wordsworth and his sister removed to Alfoxden in Somersetshire, near the Quantock Hills, not far from Coleridge's residence at Nether Stowey. This latter was a rendezvous for many brilliant writers and thinkers, inspired with revolutionary ideas about Society and Art, among whom were Lamb, De Quincey, Southey, and Hazlitt. A sympathetic and generous publisher, Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, befriended their literary ventures.

In 1798 he published the *Lyrical Ballads*, containing nineteen of his poems, Coleridge contributing *The Ancient Mariner* and three other pieces. These were republished in 1800 with a dogmatic preface in which Wordsworth expounded the theory of poetic art in accordance with which they had been written. The importance of this volume in the history of our literature has been pointed out by Dowden. Of the two tendencies of the time, the tendency to romance was liable to extravagance, the tendency to realism was liable to a hard, dry literalism. 'English poetry needed, first, that romance should be saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of truth—truth moral and psychological; and secondly, that realism, without losing any of its fidelity to fact, should be saved and ennobled by the presence and the power of imagination—"the light that never was, no sea or land,"' And this is precisely what the *Lyrical Ballads* did for English poetry.

After the publication of this volume Wordsworth and Dorothy spent a winter at Goslar, in Hanover, near the northern slopes of the Harz Mountains. Here he learned German, and composed some of his best poems, *Lucy Gray*, *Ruth*, *The Poet's Epitaph*, *Nutting*, and the exquisite group of poems addressed to 'Lucy.' Here too he planned and began the autobiographical *Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind*, a poem addressed and dedicated to Coleridge.

This was finished in 1805, but was not published till after his death.

Towards the close of 1799, Wordsworth settled with his sister at Townend in Grasmere; and in 1880 the Coleridges took a house in their neighbourhood. On October 4, 1802, he married his cousin, Mary Hutchinson. Thenceforward Wordsworth lived an ideal poet's life, consecrated to 'plain living and high thinking'; surrounded by congenial friends; inspired by the familiar voices of mountain, lake, and stream; and above all, blest by the constant home companionship of a devoted sister and an equally devoted wife. Here he planned and deliberately pursued the scheme for which Nature and experience alike had fitted him; to write a poem of lofty philosophical aims, such as posterity should not willingly let die.

That poem, in its integrity, was to have been *The Recluse*, to consist of three parts; of which, however, only the second part was actually finished and published under the title of the *Excursion*.

The *Prelude* was intended as an introduction to *The Recluse*; Wordsworth himself comparing the *Prelude* to the antechapel, and *The Recluse* to the body of a Gothic Church; while his smaller poems he regarded as 'the little cells, oratories, and sepulchral recesses ordinarily included in those edifices.'

Three children were born to Wordsworth at Townend. In 1808 he moved to Allan Bank, where the two youngest were born, and from 1811 to 1813 he lived in the Rectory, Grasmere. Here two of his children died, a loss, which occasioned him deep and lasting sorrow. Life at the parsonage in sight of their graves became unendurable; he quitted it as soon as possible for Rydal Mount, his favourite and last abode. Southey, De Quincey, Coleridge and Arnold of Rugby were here his neighbours and constant companions.

Wordsworth's sole luxury was travelling, and his tours usually bore poetic fruit. Shortly before his marriage he paid a short visit to France with his sister, who has recorded in her diary the incidents

Marriage.

'Excursion'
Prelude.

Family Life.

Tours in France,
Scotland, etc.

in London and on the Calais sands which he has immortalised in two of his noblest sonnets, *Westminster Bridge* and '*It is a beauteous evening.*' Similarly in her diary of a subsequent tour in Scotland (1803) we find the prose original of Wordsworth's striking lines *To a Highland Girl*, which originated the opening of the poem to his own wife, 'She was a phantom of delight.' Outcomes of the same tour were, *At the Grave of Burns*, *Stepping Westward*, *The Solitary Reaper*, and *Rob Roy's Grave*. A second tour in Scotland produced, among other poems, *The Brownie's Cell*. Other tours on the Continent, in North Wales, and in Ireland, followed. In the summer of 1807 Wordsworth visited for the first time, Bolton Priory, in Yorkshire, the beautiful surroundings of which form so dramatic a setting to *The White Doe of Rylstone*, composed after that tour. In 1831, with his daughter, he paid a visit to Sir Walter Scott at Abbotsford before the departure of the latter for Italy. *Yarrow Revisited* and the touching sonnet, 'A trouble not of clouds nor weeping rain' are memorials of that excursion.

Between 1814 and 1816 Wordsworth superintended his eldest son John's preparation for the University. He read again with him some of the standard Latin poets, and was deeply influenced by the magic of Virgil's verse. *Laodamia* and its companion poem *Dion* (1816) form stately memorials of this classic *renaissance* in Wordsworth's poetic career. The lines composed *Upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendour and Beauty*; the River Duddon Sonnets; the Sonnet on King's College Chapel; *To the Skylark*, *A Morning Exercise*, and *Scorn not the Sonnet*; *The Primrose of the Rock*, a thesis on immortality; and two 'Evening Voluntaries,' *Calm is the Fragrant Air* and *By the Seashore*, with other poems and sonnets chiefly didactic, bring us to the close of Wordsworth's poetical career.

Latter Days ;
Death

The death by shipwreck of his loved and venerated brother John (1805); the serious illness of his sister Dorothy (1832); the death of his poetic associate Coleridge (1834), and of his wife's sister,

Sarah Hutchinson, for many years an inmate of his household ; the illness and subsequent death in 1847 of his daughter Dora, who had married a Mr. Quillinan—threw a shadow over the poet's later years, though these sorrows were met with dignified fortitude and deepening religious resignation. On the other hand, these years were brightened by the ever-growing reverence with which the public had begun to cherish a name which for so long had been the butt of reviewers' ridicule, and the object of contemptuous neglect. In the summer of 1839 Keble welcomed him at Oxford amidst a scene of unprecedented enthusiasm to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. In October 1842 Sir Robert Peel conferred upon him an annuity of £300 from the Civil List in recognition of his distinguished literary merit. In March 1843, upon the death of Southey, he accepted with some reluctance the office of Poet Laureate. He closed a long and, on the whole, a happy life at Rydal Mount, April 23rd, 1850, and was buried in Grasmere Churchyard.

The age of Wordsworth embodied a reaction from the Classical school of Dryden and Pope to the Romanticism of the age of Spenser, Shakespeare, and Milton. There is, however, a distinct difference between the Romanticism of the two ages. As has been already remarked, the Elizabethan period was the age of the drama, the age of action ; that of Wordsworth is the age of the novel, the age of introspection. A. J. Wyatt has pointed out that 'the Elizabethans came into a rich heritage of *life*, which they had to investigate and explore and make their own ; their world was a world of action, and therefore their literature is before all things a literature of action ; they did not often pause to reflect and analyse, they acted by impulse or by intuition. On the other hand, their descendants of the early nineteenth century were necessarily much more self-conscious, critical, introspective ; the problems of life lay heavy upon some or all of them, not least probably upon those in whose works they seem to have left the fewest traces. Lastly, the age of Wordsworth regarded external nature in a

The age in relation to that of Spenser and Shakespeare.

way unknown to the Elizabethans, who, apart from Shakespeare, appear to have been unable even to assign flowers to their proper seasons.'

The most striking feature of Wordsworth's character was its combination of the lofty and austere self-control of the man with the responsive, self-forgetful susceptibility of the child. He opposed, as has been well said, 'a steady resistance to the ebb and flow of ordinary desires and regrets. He is the most solitary of poets. He snatches away his subject from the influence of the lower currents it is beginning to obey, and compels it to breathe its life into that silent sky of conscious freedom and immortal hope in which his own spirit lives. In all his characteristic poems on Nature there is just the same method: first a subjection of the mind to the scene or object of feeling studied: then a withdrawing into his deeper self to exhaust its meaning.' Almost ascetic in the simplicity of his habits, Wordsworth's manhood was as pure and flawless as Milton's. Like Milton too he showed himself capable of taking a prominent part in the public business of active and stirring times. Above all, like Milton, he felt himself divinely called to write some work which should be a landmark for humanity, so that in whole-hearted self-dedication to that life-work he lived hour by hour—

'As ever in the great Taskmaster's eye.'

But he was deservedly happier than Milton in his relations with womanhood and childhood. He had nothing of the half-contemptuous assumption of woman's inferiority which marks the creator of *Paradise Lost* and *Samson Agonistes*. Wordsworth lived on terms of frank intellectual equality with his sister and his wife, and habitually sought their sympathetic criticism of his writings. He openly maintained that his wife's contribution to *The Daffodils* ('They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude') more than made up for all the abuse of the reviewers; and in *The Sparrow's Nest* he touchingly records the spiritual debt he owed to his sister Dorothy's influence. His sympathy

His Character:
(1) Austerity combined with susceptibility.

(2) Sympathy with womanhood and Childhood.

with childhood is the very soul of such wellknown poems as *We are Seven*, *Lucy Gray*, and *Alice Fell*; and it led him to include among his own poems two beautiful lyrics by his sister Dorothy, entitled *Address to a Child* and *The Mother's Return*. The deep-seated child-likeness of his nature, the divine weakness which is the secret of all genius, he has perhaps best illustrated in *The Poet's Epitaph*.

A prominent feature in Wordsworth's character was his intense constitutional love of Order, Custom, and Law. His brief fever-fit of Revolutionary zeal was really the outcome of his fundamental enthusiasm for the dignity of Man as man; a dignity which to him was fundamentally associated with the abiding calm of Nature as seen in the Cumbrian lakes and mountains. The subsequent history of France proved for him a never-to-be forgotten object lesson on the moral worthlessness of lawless revolt. In the period of depression that followed the shattering of this illusion he seems to have anchored his soul in the conception of God as Eternal Law. When the French Revolution finally merged itself in the military despotism of Napoleon, the whole force of his inborn patriotism fired with a passionate ardour some of his noblest sonnets, such as *To the Men of Kent*, *On the Subjugation of Switzerland*, and 'When I have borne in memory.' His *Ode to Duty* (1805) shows that all these influences combined had wrought within him a distinct consciousness of his need for the guidance of external law, and a deepened sense of the kinship of the unbroken order of Nature with the moral order within the soul of man (ll. 25-48). Certain it is that from this time onward Wordsworth became more and more attached to the Church of England as the embodiment of social order and of moral law. He was to the last a steady Conservative; a staunch, though never a bitter opponent of the Reform Bill and of Catholic Emancipation; and a fanatical opponent of the extension of the railway system to the Lake District.

(3) Love of Law
and Custom.

An able American critic quotes from Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals passages such as 'William wrote out part of his poem, and endeavoured to alter it, and so made himself ill,' as indicating that Wordsworth's frequent failure as a poet was due to a 'lack of native vitality.' It was no doubt partly this, too, that made him shrink from treating of love. 'The dynamic force of love, the power of love as the supreme mover and perturbator of men, frightened him from the theme.' Similarly, with regard to his change of attitude towards the French Revolution, it was not merely principle but more perhaps 'the aversion to limitless action that turned him against France when the Revolution began to work itself out in fact.' It was to some extent 'the terror of events' that impelled him to seek refuge in the worship of Nature.

The most obvious characteristic of Wordsworth's poetry is its great inequality; its perplexing mixture of the sublimest or tenderest poetry with the baldest and, at times, the most trivial prose. About poetry unfortunately Wordsworth had a theory, set forth in his preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, a theory amplified and re-stated in other prefaces. Byron has satirised it in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :—

His Poetry ;
(1) Its defects :
(a) inequality.

'That mild apostate from poetic rule ;
Who, both by precept and example shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.'

Coleridge, who revered Wordsworth almost to idolatry, has also criticised this theory, and shown its essential defects in his *Biographia Literaria*, Chaps. xiv, xvii—xxii. This theory—that there is no difference between the language of poetry and that of prose—is at best but a half-truth. Coleridge has conclusively shown that Wordsworth himself, when most inspired, set his own theory at defiance. He estimates that 'were there excluded from Mr. Wordsworth's poetic compositions all that a literal adherence to the theory of his preface would exclude, two-thirds at least of the marked beauties of his

poetry must be erased.' And he shows as clearly that the feeble and essentially unpoetic passages which occasionally disfigure Wordsworth's pages are demonstrably due to his bondage to this false theory; they were written 'because the poet *would* so write.' To this should be added the fact that Wordsworth wrote far too much. 'Continual writing,' as A. Symons remarks, 'is really a bad form of dissipation: it drains away the very marrow of the brain.' He went on composing just the same, whether the inspiration was there or not, secure that everything that interested him must interest all the world.

This theory would not have been so harmful, had Wordsworth possessed any sense of humour. The want of it is a negative fault, and need not be regarded as serious. There is no humour in Milton, and but little in Tennyson. But in Wordsworth's case the worst result was that the absence of this saving quality prevented his seeing the ridiculous element in some of the things he wrote. Closely allied to this defect was a wilful isolation of his mind, from men and still more from books. He thought out everything for himself, and thus is sometimes as tedious as a self-taught mathematician who waxes eloquent over his discovery of the Rule of Three. These two personal defects, want of humour and self-isolation, no doubt are the chief causes of the prolixity, stiffness, and heaviness of touch which are the chief faults of Wordsworth's less inspired passages.

Hence too comes the narrowness of his range. He was a man of one book. That one book was the Lake District; and the Cumbrian dalesman, its embodied genius. When he travelled abroad, his heart remained at home; in the Alps and the Apennines, on Como or Maggiore, he saw only reminiscences of Helvellyn and Windermere; and the 'cottage girls' of Italy and Switzerland whom he celebrated in song are but faint echoes of the Highland lass whose beauty so fascinated his sister Dorothy and himself. This was partly constitutional; but it was largely due to his fixed rule, viz; that the poet's duty is to describe

(b) Want of
humour and
Self-isolation.

(c) Restricted
range.

the elementary feelings of humanity in the actual language of the poor.

Another limitation (which has been already referred to) is the almost entire absence of passionate love in his writings. This too was partly the result of an over-scrupulous conscientiousness. He once said, 'Had I been a writer of love-poetry, it would have been natural to me to write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by my principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader.' Wordsworth has composed but three love-poems, included among the five 'Lucy' poems, which are among the finest that he has written. How far the sentiment of these was real, how far imaginary, remains an insoluble problem.

The most noticeable merit in Wordsworth's poetry is its purity and simplicity of style. How great was the need for his life-long crusade against the established 'poetic diction' of his day is best illustrated by the fact that even he could not wholly free himself from its unreal, stilted phrases. He calls a *gun* a 'deadly tube' (*Recluse*, i, 277), or a 'thundering tube' (*Descriptive Sketches*, 61); and describes an eclipse as 'the hour when Sol was destined to endure That darkening of his radiant face.'

Of his strict fidelity in delineating the external world M. Arnold has aptly said: 'Nature herself seems to write for him with her own bare, sheer, penetrating power. . . . His expression may often be called bald, as for instance in the poem of *Resolution and Independence*, but it is bald as the bare mountain tops are bald, with a baldness which is full of grandeur.' His happiest phrases come from direct out-of-door study of Nature; he is as accurate an observer as Tennyson, while his expression is simpler. Here are a few examples:—

(d) Absence of Love-poetry.

(2) Its Merits :
(a) Purity and Simplicity of Style.

(b) Austere yet vivid Naturalness.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air.¹
 The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth
 With burring note.²

With the din

Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;
 The leafless trees and every icy crag
 Tinkled like iron.³
 Over his own sweet voice the stock-dove broods.⁴
 A pool bare to the eye of heaven.⁵

Wordsworth's work is always characterised by seriousness and sanity. His poetry reflects himself. He resolutely kept his life and his singing tuned to the keynote of truth and soberness. There is nothing morbid, sentimental, or sensuous about his verse. His simplest themes are always

(c) Seriousness
and Sanity.

' With something of a lofty utterance drest—
 Choice word and measured phrase,.....
 a stately speech ;
 Such as grave livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.'

With this quality is closely associated Wordsworth's stern, uncompromising morality. Here he is in sharp contrast with Byron, the poet of licentious lawlessness ; and with Shelley, the apostle of revolt against the marriage-law. He touches unwillingly the theme of unlawful love, and always with the object of revealing its essential baseness. Hence, in spite of his inevitable admiration for Nelson's genius, he refused to associate his name with his poem on *The Happy Warrior*.

(d) Uncompromising
Morality.

Another marked characteristic of his poetry is the deep sympathy it shows for man as man. Through this imaginative sympathy the elementary passions of humanity and external nature be-

(e) Sympathy for
Man as Man.

¹ *Lines written in Early Spring*, 17-18.

² *Calm is the Fragrant Air*, 22, 23.

³ *Influence of Natural Objects*, 83-86.

⁴ *Resolution and Independence*, 5

⁵ *Ib.* 54.

come parts of one divinely ordered, harmonious whole. This truth illuminates all his work ; we hear it in the song of *The Solitary Reaper* ; it inspires the large-hearted charity of *Rob Roy's Grave* ; it is like the cadence of a vesper-hymn in 'Calm is the Evening air ;' it colours his musings on the scenery of the Wye, and in the *Immortality Ode* ; it strikes a note of sadness in his ecstatic welcome to the budding tenderness of spring (St. X). It uplifts him amidst the dreariest surroundings, as in *The Leechgatherer* or *The Old Cumberland Beggar*.

Closely connected with this is his sympathy for the brute creation, the 'minute obeisances of tenderness' for beast or bird, which in later life he numbered 'with his first blessings.' In the *Sparrow's Nest*, and his lines *To a Butterfly*, he records how his sister's reverent awe planted in his soul the first germs of this higher feeling. The story of *Hart leap-Well* repeats this lesson on a loftier scale. That poem ends, like Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*, with an emphatic plea for humanity towards all sentient creatures.

More than this, Wordsworth extends this tenderness to plants as well as animals. He believed (*Lines Written in Early Spring* 11, 12, 19-22) that flowers and leaves had a conscious pleasure in life, and in *Nutting* he describes his sympathetic pain at the sight of wantonly broken boughs. In *Humanity* he expressly connects man, brute, and flower in one ascending law of love, as sacred in its lowest as in its highest links ; while, in *The Primrose of the Rock*, the primrose tuft is for him

'A lasting link in Nature's chain
From highest heaven let down.'

Lastly we may notice the power and truth of Wordsworth's imagery. He seldom uses the conventional comparisons of the 'classical' school. His imagery comes direct from his intense communion with that world of leaf and stream and sky in which he lived and moved and had his being. Sea and sunset, dewdrop

(f) Sympathy for
Animals.

(g) Sympathy for
Vegetable life.

Vivid and truth-
ful imagery.

and rainbow, inspire his metaphors; and cloud scenery he has made specially his own. He himself wanders 'lonely as a cloud'; the knight of *Hart-leap Well* rides 'with the slow motion of a summer cloud'; and the motionless leechgatherer is imaged by the cloud—

That heareth not the loud winds when they call;
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

Any adequate survey of Wordsworth's poetry must notice his attitude towards Nature and Science, Politics and Religion, as contrasted with other poets who preceded or followed him. We have seen that to Wordsworth Nature was a living Presence, the highest and best of all teachers. The *Prelude* is a systematic account of his moral and spiritual education in Nature's school. All his poems are more or less tinged with his fixed belief that—

(3) **Attitude to Nature.**

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man
Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Insensibility to such impressions he regards as spiritual death, the state typified in *Peter Bell*. His ideal saint is the person who, from childhood upwards, is habitually responsive to Nature's touch; typified in his Dovedale 'Lucy' whose education is described in 'Three years she grew in sun and shower.' Here Wordsworth stands almost alone. To the Pope school Nature is a convenient storehouse of conventional images; something that may become poetical if set off with tricks of phrase and the paint of metaphor. To Shakespeare, and even to Tennyson, Nature is seldom more than a vividly sympathetic background for human emotion. With Wordsworth all this is reversed. For him Nature comes first and man second; though he did realise that man himself 'half creates' as well as perceives the glory of the universe around him (*Tintern Abbey*, 105-6). In the *Prelude* too Wordsworth admits that the imagination 'must give, else never can receive,' and in *The Excursion* this latter view begins to predominate, until in the fragmentary *Recluse* it culminates in the wedding of the 'discerning intellect of Man' to the 'goodly

universe.' One of the greatest of modern thinkers, James Hinton, has, in *Man and His Dwelling Place*, epitomized on his own lines, Wordsworth's whole system.

The poet whose attitude towards Nature approaches nearest to Wordsworth's, is Shelley. 'As the poet of Nature,' says S. Brooke, 'Shelley had the same idea as Wordsworth, that Nature was alive; but while Wordsworth made the active principle, which filled and made nature, to be Thought, Shelley made it Love.' This we must supplement by saying that, while, for Wordsworth, Nature is 'both law and impulse,' with Shelley she is 'impulse' alone, and sympathises with his chronic attitude of revolt—his ceaseless and exclusive assertion of individual liberty. Again, for Wordsworth, Nature is one; for Shelley she is virtually many. Thus Wordsworth resembles the stern self-controlled law-centred Jew, with his reverent worship of the one Jehovah; while Shelley is the passionate, sensuous lawless Gentile, with his free, familiar worship of 'gods many and lords many.' Hence Shelley perceived in Nature only that which appealed vividly to his sensuous self; he had no eyes, as Wordsworth had, for the homely and the commonplace. 'For,' writes Francis Thompson, 'with Nature the Wordsworthians will admit no tampering: they exact the direct interpretative reproduction of her; that the poet should follow her as a mistress, not use her as a handmaid. To such following of Nature, Shelley felt no call. He saw in her not a picture set for his copying, but a palette set for his brush; not a habitation prepared for his inhabiting, but a Coliseum whence he might quarry stones for his own palaces. Even in his descriptive passages the dream-character of his scenery is notorious; it is not the clear, recognisable scenery of Wordsworth, but a landscape that hovers athwart the heat and haze arising from his crackling fantasies.'

An instructive contrast may be drawn between Shelley and Wordsworth where their subject happens to be the same. These two writers were familiar with each other's poetry; Shelley was to some

Contrasted with
Shelley's.

Wordsworth and
Shelley's 'Sky-
lark' contrasted.

extent a disciple of Wordsworth, and Wordsworth in his own *Skylark* shows traces of Shelley's lyric. The two poems should be read in their entirety and then compared. Shelley's is the more musical of the two, and far richer in fanciful imagery. There are true touches of nature in it: his description of the morning star ('Keen as are the arrows') might have been written by an astronomer, so accurate is it. Equally true are the references to a glowworm, to a rainbow shower, to April grass, and to flowers opening in the sunlight after rain. But Shelley's *Skylark* itself is a mere figment of exuberant fancy, untrue to nature at the outset, and hyperbolical all through. 'Bird thou never wert' is meaningless. Wordsworth's 'O cuckoo, shall I call thee bird or but a wandering voice?' admirably expresses the phantom-like ubiquity of that herald of the Spring. Everyone has heard, hardly any one has ever seen a cuckoo. But in the case of the skylark 'Thou art unseen' is inapplicable, for the skylark is always plainly visible if you look in the right direction, and it seldom rises to any great height. Tennyson is guilty of the same inaccuracy when he writes (*In Mem. CXV*):

'And drown'd in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.'

It is true that when it is overhead, soaring towards the noontide brilliance of the zenith, it does often become relatively invisible, and thus justifies Wordsworth's Miltonic hyperbole, 'A privacy of glorious light is thine.' That one line sums up perfectly all that is true in a dozen stanzas of Shelley's imaginatively complicated metaphor. In twelve lines Wordsworth has reproduced with exquisite truth and felicity, each characteristic of his subject: the rapturous joyousness of its song; the spiritual thread which binds the singer to its nest; the rapid vibration of its wings; the sudden breaking off of the song as the bird drops to its nest. Shelley enlarges on the first of these, but does not notice the rest. Lastly, Shelley's poem is wholly non-moral, it is purely sensuous; whereas Wordsworth's is a true echo of the Great Teacher who

bade us consider the lilies, and learn the lesson of trust from the birds of the air.

Of Science Wordsworth knew little or nothing. His habitual attitude towards the man of science proper is one of intolerant aversion (*A Poet's Epitaph*, 17-20); though, in his prose preface to a poem composed in 1839, 'This lawn, a carpet all alive,' he acknowledges that the practice of dissecting and analysing does not make people soulless; that idea, he says, has become prevalent because, as a rule, it is soulless people who take to dissecting. And he adds: 'The beauty in form of a plant or an animal is not made less but more apparent as a whole by more accurate insight into its constituent properties and powers.' To the wide inductions of modern science, however, his mind was closed; nor does he ever attain to that minute delicacy of touch in describing flower or landscape which is one of Tennyson's charms.

Wordsworth was the poet of all that was fundamentally true in the great world-movement which, for a time, culminated in the volcanic outburst of the French Revolution. 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity', is the keynote of a poetry which is really an impassioned philosophy. 'He made the illiterate, the half-witted and the children,' writes Magnus, 'more potent media of philosophic truth than the princes of intellect; while his democratisation of poetic diction was a conscious part of his democratic scheme. . . . The scheme of democracy to which Wordsworth's disillusion (after the French Revolution had converted him) was the practical democracy towards which the nineteenth century has tended...His democracy was conservative. He retained existing divisions of society, and affected no disguise of their utility in stormy protests against their artificial character. The whole value of his French experience lay in his conviction that no manner of hasty legislation could permanently influence the happiness of the race. True reform must be from within.' Hence the external reform on which he most strenuously insisted was precisely

(4) His attitude to Science.

(5) His attitude to politics.

that which is postulated by a democracy of Character, viz: the duty of the State to give education to every one of her children, (*Excursion*, IX, 293-335). And in this education Religion must be a paramount influence.

This brings us to Wordsworth's attitude to Religion. It may seem strange that Wilson in his *Recreations of Christopher North* speaks of the religious aspect of Wordsworth's poetry as a 'great and lamentable defect.' Leigh Hunt fears that he will be taken by posterity as 'a kind of Puritan retainer of the Establishment.' The truth is that Wordsworth never formulated his religion; he did not even consciously think it out. It had two aspects. One was the idea of Law and Duty, which permeates his whole life-work. The British Constitution and the Established Church seemed to him the appointed safe-guards for these fundamental sanctities. Hence arose his growing affection for both, which, as age enfeebled his inspiration, degenerated into the Toryism of the *Ecclesiastical Sonnets* and of his prose pamphlet (1829) against the Catholic Relief Bill. The other was what he felt out, rather than thought out for himself from childhood onwards. It was identical with what Tennyson has so perfectly described as 'The Higher Pantheism.' What the relation is between this and Christianity; whether indeed the two are logically or spiritually compatible, were questions that never entered his mind. He took Christianity as he found it, with 'a wise passiveness.' Certainly no one ever deprecated more strenuously than he did the dead agnosticism, the all-pervading materialism, to which a one-sided and absorbing devotion to physical science is apt to lead.

The White Doe of Rylstone was composed in 1807, after a visit to the romantic scenery round Bolton Priory in Yorkshire. Its central theme is the spiritual sympathy between dumb animals and the saintliest types of humanity. The latter are typified in the lady Emily, sole survivor of the members of the Norton family, who all perished tragically in the Catholic rising against Queen Elizabeth (1569). Her brother Francis, the eldest of

(6) His attitude to Religion.

The White Doe of Rylston.

the family, is nearest to her in spiritual sympathies. He at first refused to join his father in what he felt to be a hopeless and an unwarrantable rebellion; afterwards in expiation of this unfilial prudence, he follows his brothers unarmed, and at their execution is entrusted with the duty of bringing the banner, wrought at her father's command by the lady Emily, back to its resting-place in Bolton Priory. He faithfully fulfils the charge, but on his return journey is slain by the Earl of Sussex. The Doe is the central figure in the landscape when Francis is bidding a pathetic farewell to his sister before setting out on his pilgrimage of atonement. It reappears at each spiritual crisis of the story, a living emblem of Emily's purification through the sorrows of self-abnegation, and of the final beatitude of her perfect self-surrender to the Divine Will.

The *Prelude* (in fourteen books), and *The Excursion* (in nine books), have been already referred to. The former is chiefly valuable as Wordsworth's spiritual autobiography. It shows in detail how the experiences of childhood, boyhood, university life, and foreign travel, all gradually prepared him for his conscious vocation as Priest and Prophet of Nature and of Man. *The Excursion*, as we have seen, is but a fragment of the great poem he hoped to make his life-work. It embodies his mature philosophy of Nature and of Life. It is written throughout in the poet's own person; but a dramatic interest is given to the discussion of abstruse themes by the introduction of three characters: the Wanderer, a kind of poet-pedlar, unlearned in the craft of verse, but taught a homely wisdom by wide experience of nature and of men; the Solitary, an embodiment of Wordsworth's own disillusion and disappointments connected with the French Revolution; and the Pastor, who crowns their conclusions of philosophic calm with the sanctions and consolations of the Christian faith. The three lines from Book IX among the 'Quotations' form a kind of brief epitome of the whole poem.

'Prelude';
'Excursion.'

Wordsworth himself always placed the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* at the end of all editions of his works published during his life-time.

Ode on Immortality.
 In a sense, therefore, he regarded it as a kind of epitome of his poetic philosophy. He took three years (1803-6) over it, and it is commonly regarded as his masterpiece, though Coleridge among his contemporaries, and Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold among moderns, have given it but a qualified admiration, especially in its seventh and eighth stanzas. 'Its true merit,' remarks a recent critic, 'lies in its opening and conclusion, not in the ingrafted metaphysical speculations. The disparagement of earth's pleasures in the sixth strophe, and onwards is practically abandoned towards the end for a re-statement of the philosophy arrived at in the final books of *The Prelude*. The poem contains eleven stanzas (or strophes). In stanzas 1 and 2 the poet tells us that the whole visible universe has lost a mysterious glory which it possessed for him as a child. In stanzas 3 and 4, while the world rejoices around him, he rebukes himself for sadness at his loss. In stanzas 5 to 8 he explains the reason of this feeling. The key to it is the doctrine of human pre existence. We come from the glories of a heavenly world; in infancy and childhood those glories are still visible to us, reflected in the outward Universe; but the routine of life dulls this prenatal consciousness, and in manhood the world becomes commonplace and prosaic. In stanza 9 he notes that occasional flashes of this pre-natal glory come to us at times; wholly inexplicable, and yet the surest proof of our real relation to the Eternal world. In stanzas 10 and 11 the poet thankfully owns that, though this mysterious glory has set below the horizon of life, yet it still is visible to thoughtful minds in a kind of sober twilight—in the human sympathies through which the humblest flower presents a new and deeper meaning.

Laodamia, Wordsworth tells us, grew out of its closing incident, narrated in Pliny (*Hist. Nat.*, xvi. 44), how the trees round the tomb of Lao-

damia's husband, Protesilaus, grew till they were tall enough to see the towers of Troy, where he had met his death by an act of heroic self-sacrifice, and then withered away only to grow up again,—‘A constant interchange of growth and blight.’ Such a touch as this, of Nature's communion with Man, would appeal powerfully to Wordsworth. Laodamia, the legend tells us, mourned her husband so faithfully that he was allowed for three hours to revisit her from the abodes of the dead. In their interview Protesilaus rebukes her womanly weakness and her longings for earthly love, and exhorts her to prepare by steadfast self-control for a spiritual reunion with him hereafter. In this poem Wordsworth deliberately tried to dramatise the Greek ideal of life, instead of allowing the poem to grow of itself within him; hence, as Arnold has noted, ‘this profoundly natural poet becomes for once “artificial,” in a poem which has been classed among his masterpieces.’

Michael, a Pastoral poem (1800) was written at Grasmere, and was based on events that had occurred in the neighbourhood. The sheepfold, Wordsworth tells us, still remained, or rather the ruins of it. Much of the poem forms a typical illustration of his theories about poetry. Here we have an ordinary homely story written in ordinary homely language. With *Michael* should be compared and contrasted Tennyson's *Dora*. Both are tales of humble life, and in both the diction is severely simple and unadorned; both are full of strong pathetic touches, and here Wordsworth's poem excels that of Tennyson; but there is a poetic dignity and restraint about *Dora* which is almost entirely absent in *Michael*. Tennyson could never have written such lines as the following, which are simply ‘prose cut into lengths’ :—

‘ At length

The expected letter from their kinsman came,
 With kind assurances that he would do
 His utmost for the welfare of the boy ;
 To which requests were added that forthwith
 He might be sent to him.’

The story is of a shepherd Michael, living in Grasmere, and his son Luke, both patterns of industry. Unhappily Michael had made himself surety for a nephew, who failed in business, and Michael thus became responsible for his debts. At first he thought of selling part of his land to pay the debt. This, however, he felt to be morally impossible; the land was a part of his ancestral life and of all his family hopes. Accordingly he decided to send Luke to join a kinsman of theirs, a thrifty tradesman in town. Before Luke left, the father and son went together to a part of their farm-lands where a sheepfold was being built; as yet only the stones had been heaped up on the spot. Luke solemnly laid the first stone of the building as a covenant of love between himself and his father; who after his departure went on slowly with the work of building up the walls. But Luke fell into bad company, and at last to avoid the consequences of his criminal vices, he had to hide himself in a foreign land. The broken-hearted father hopelessly toiled on at his sheepfold, but (the two lines are among Wordsworth's best)—

‘Many and many a day he thither went,
And never lifted up a single stone.’

The old man died soon after, leaving the fold still unfinished.

Besides poetry, Wordsworth, like Milton, published some
Prose Works. prose works of high merit. His youthful *Apology for the French Revolution* (1793) is full of lofty eloquence and generous enthusiasm. His reply to John Wilson's strictures on Modern Education in the columns of *The Friend* is an admirable exposition of his views of the educative influences of Nature set forth autobiographically in *The Prelude*. There is great literary merit in his letter to Bishop Blomfield in opposition to the Catholic Relief Bill. In addition to the prose prefaces and appendices to various poems in which he discussed and defended his own theories of poetic diction, he wrote some interesting essays on Epitaphs, and a *Guide to the Lakes* which for beauty of diction

and artistic insight is worthy of a place beside the masterpieces of Ruskin.

QUOTATIONS.

And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

Lines written in Early Spring, 11-12.

The Child is father of the Man. 'My heart leaps up.' 7.

O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,

Or but a wandering Voice ? *To the Cuckoo, 3-4.*

The harvest of a quiet eye. *A Poet's Epitaph, 51.*

And beauty born of murmuring sound

Shall pass into her face. 'Three years she grew,' 29-30.

That inward eye

Which is the bliss of solitude. 'I wandered lonely,' 21-22.

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride

With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

Hart-leap Well, 179-180.

The heavy and the weary weight

Of all this unintelligible world. *Tintern Abbey, 39-40.*

'I have learned

To look on Nature not as in the hour

Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes

The still sad music of humanity.

.....And I have felt

.....a sense sublime

Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

And the round ocean and the living air,

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;

A motion and a spirit, that impels

All thinking things, all objects of all thought,

And rolls through all things.' *Ib. 89-100.*

Nature never did betray

The heart that loved her. *Ib. 122-3,*

(Let) The swan on still St. Mary's Lake

Float double, swan and shadow. *Yarrow Unvisited, 43-44.*

The good old rule

Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can. *Rob Roy's Grave*, 37-40.

Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart. *London*, 1802, 9.

The river glideth at his own sweet will. *Westminster Bridge*, 12.

Old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago. *Solitary Reaper*, 19, 20.

The light that never was, on land or sea. *Peele Castle*, 15.

The glory and the freshness of a dream. *Intimations of Immortality*, 5.

The primal duties shine aloft—like stars ;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers.

Excursion, ix, 238-240.

A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more. *Peter Bell*, Pt. I. St. 12.

SCOTT (1771-1836).

Birth and Parentage.

Sir Walter Scott, the most popular and successful of story-tellers both in verse and prose, was born in Edinburgh August 15th, 1771. His father was a Writer to the Signet or lawyer, the first professional man of an old border family, the Scotts of Harden addicted to fighting and sport. From his great-grandfather, also a Walter, nick-named 'Beardie' because he refused to trim his beard after the banishment of the Stuarts, the poet inherited his Jacobite sentimentalism. The poet's mother was a Miss Rutherford, the exceptionally well-educated daughter of a physician. It was she who stored her son's mind with endless legends of bygone days. Between mother and son there was always the tenderest sympathy. Walter was the ninth of twelve children; of whom the first six died in infancy.

Childhood.

When only eighteen months old, his right leg became nearly paralysed through a teething-fever; the resulting lameness was never cured. In consequence of this illness he was sent to live with his grandfather at Sandyknowe, near the ruined tower of Smailholm, described in his *Eve of St. John*. Here he lived an out-of-door life, often in charge of the shepherd, lying on the turf among the sheep. He was the pet of the household; and in spite of his lameness rode fearlessly on a Shetland pony; clambered about the Smailholm crags; drank in eagerly all the wild legends of the countryside, and delighted himself with declaiming ballads in the open air. These scenes are pictured in the introduction to the third canto of *Masminion*.

Education.

In 1779 he was sent to the High School, Edinburgh, where he was a great favourite with his school-fellows, as an enchanting story-teller, a clever rock climber, and a fearless fighter with the street boys. At the University he achieved no distinction, and openly expressed his contempt for the Greek language and literature. But he

studied French and German, and, later on, Italian to some purpose.

In 1786 he entered his father's office and read law with considerable interest, chiefly for its historic or antiquarian associations. His experiences with his father he has idealised in the character of 'Saunders Fairford' in *Redgauntlet*. His work as a lawyer's clerk brought him into contact with many and varied features of Scottish life; having among other duties to superintend on one occasion the eviction of a defaulting tenant in the Highlands. He was fond of company, and spent so large a part of his time in adventurous rambles that his father feared he would never be fit for anything better than 'a gangrel scrape-gut,' i.e. wandering fiddler. However, Scott was called to the bar in 1792, and for some fourteen years actually practised, though he never earned much as a lawyer.

During his apprenticeship to the law he lost his heart to a Miss Belches, and for some six years believed himself a favoured suitor. She eventually married another, and Scott never quite got over his disappointment; his broken heart he says was afterwards 'handsomely pieced, but the crack will remain to my dying day.' Williamina Belches was more or less his ideal heroine in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Redgauntlet*. In 1797 Scott in his short poem of the *Violet*, compares her eye to its blue petals shining through a dewdrop :—

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
 Ere yet the day be past its morrow ;
 Nor longer in my false love's eye
 Remained the tear of parting sorrow.

On Christmas Eve, 1797, Scott married Miss Charlotte Margaret Charpentier, the orphan daughter of a French loyalist. It was a happy marriage, and Scott was a devoted husband and father. At first he lived in a country cottage at Lasswade, where he wrote *Glenfinlas* and the *Eve of St. John* for a book brought out by M. G. Lewis (author of *The Monk*). He had produced a version of

Burger's *Lenore* in 1796, and he now brought out a translation of Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen*.

After his father's death in 1799 Scott was appointed Sheriff of Selkirk. In 1800 he induced the Ballantynes to remove their printing establishment from Kelso to Edinburgh. For one of them, James, he entertained a strong friendship. He arranged to give them the printing of his projected collection of Scotch ballads, *The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1802-3); and, disastrously for himself, he became in 1806 a secret partner in their business.

In 1805 was published *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, which met with immediate popularity. In the previous year Scott had removed to Ashestiel, a small house among beautiful woods on the banks of the Tweed. Here he contributed to the 'Edinburgh Review,' and wrote some of the earlier chapters of *Waverley*, but the unfavourable criticism of his friend Erskine caused them to be laid aside for nearly ten years.

In 1806 Scott was appointed Clerk of Sessions, and gave up practising at the Bar. The same year he began to write *Marmion* (1808), which was even more popular than the *Lay*. At Ashestiel he adopted the plan of rising at five o'clock, and working from six till breakfast about 9 o'clock; then two more hours of desk-work; for the rest of the day he was in the saddle, or at least out of doors.

In 1808 Scott had a quarrel with Jeffrey over an unfair review of *Marmion* in the 'Edinburgh,' and joined Murray in starting the 'Quarterly' (p. 66). The same year Scott published an elaborate edition of Dryden, which was followed by one of Swift in 1814. In 1810 appeared *The Lady of Lake*, which proved a great success. He began also to take tours among the western islands of Scotland, and to make mental sketches for a Highland poem. These afterwards bore fruit in *The Lord of the Isles* (1815).

We now come to the fatal turning-point in Scott's life.

Abbotsford. In 1812, with the help of a legacy of £5,000 and a mortgage on his unwritten poem of *Rokeby* (1813), he bought a farm five miles from Ashestiel, and began his life-work of gradually turning it into the baronial mansion of Abbotsford. Abbotsford kept enlarging itself, and, with the exercise of an almost princely hospitality, proved a most expensive hobby, and led him into the habit of spending his income before it was earned. In addition to this he went on extending the Ballantyne publishing business, over which, though he provided the greater part of the funds, he exercised no adequate control.

The comparative failure of *Rokeby*, owing to Byron's sudden rise to popular favour, made Scott determine to try a fresh road to fame. He revised and completed the unfinished MS. of *Waverley* and published it anonymously in 1814. It proved a marvellous success, and revealed to its author the secret of his true literary power. It was an added pleasure to find that his success as a novelist depended solely on the merits of his work, and was in no degree due to his personal reputation. For this reason, and also because the mystery which enveloped the unknown authorship acted as a stimulant to his imagination, he took every precaution to keep his secret safe. It was not till 1827 that he finally owned at a public dinner that he was the author of *Waverley*. Some less important poems, *The Vision of Don Roderick* (1811); *The Bridal of Triermain* (1813); *The Field of Waterloo* (1815); and *Harold the Dauntless* (1817), mark the close of Scott's poetic career. In 1813 he refused the Laureateship in favour of Southey.

It is as a novelist that Scott has the most enduring title to fame. His long series of tales and romances, almost unexampled as to mere quantity, and certainly unparalleled as regards variety of interest, filled up the rest of his working life. They may most simply be classed as (a) those written from the pure artistic impulse (1814—1826); (b) those written under a stern sense of duty, to satisfy his creditors (1826—1832). To the year 1815

(a) *Waverley*
Novels, 1814-26.

Waverley; Last
Poems.

belongs *Guy Mannering*; in 1816 no fewer than three were published, *The Antiquary*, *Old Mortality*, and *The Black Dwarf*. These last two represent probably Scott's best and worst work; they show at any rate that his genius was fitful, and that a declension in power cannot be ascribed solely to the later date of production. For two years (1817-1819) Scott was continually subject to agonizing attacks of cramp in the stomach. During this period, in 1818, were composed *Rob Roy*, and his masterpiece *The Heart of Midlothian*. *The Bride of Lammermoor* (1819), with *A Legend of Montrose* (1819), and *Ivanhoe* (1820) were all dictated to amanuenses because he was physically incapable of writing, and almost doubled up with agony. *The Monastery* and *The Abbot* (1820) were written after his health was re-established, and in this year he was made a baronet. *Kenilworth* (1821); *The Pirate* and *The Fortunes of Nigel* (1822); *Peveril of the Peak* and *Quentin Durward* (1823); *St. Ronan's Well* and *Redgauntlet* (1824); *The Betrothed* and *The Talisman* (1825), with varying degrees of interest and excellence bring us to the date of the great crisis in his life, a crisis which only brought out to the full all the latent heroism of Scott's personal character.

Early in 1826 the crash came. In 1818 the publishing department of the Ballantyne house had been Bankruptcy. wound up. But the printing business still remained entangled in responsibilities to the Constable firm. The latter were involved in business liabilities with a London firm, which failed; the Constable firm followed, and dragged over the Ballantynes with it. On January 17th Scott learned that his firm was bankrupt, and that he himself was liable to the extent of £117,000. He might have availed himself of the bankruptcy laws and compounded with his creditors at once. Instead of that he merely asked for time, and doggedly resolved to pay off the whole.

Two days after the failure he took up the interrupted novel *Woodstock*, and wrote twenty pages. His wife died soon after, and Scott felt the bereavement keenly. He toiled bravely on, and *Woodstock*

came out in 1826; then *The Life of Napoleon* (1827); the first series of *Chronicles of the Canongate* (1827); *Tales of a Grandfather* (1827-30); *The Fair Maid of Perth* (1828); *Anne of Geierstein* (1829); *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft* (1830); a *History of Scotland* (1829-30);* *Count Robert of Paris* and *Castle Dangerous* (1831), with the preparation of a carefully annotated edition of all his novels, bring us to the close of his literary career. Towards the end he was half paralysed. It was a magnificent battle with misfortune and disease.

In September 1831 Scott's brain began to give way, and he was persuaded to take a voyage to the Mediterranean in a ship of the navy placed at his disposal by the Government. Before starting he was visited by Wordsworth, a meeting immortalised in the latter's sonnet commencing 'A trouble not of clouds or weeping rain.' From his voyage and travels on the Continent he returned home on June 13th, 1832; and though almost dying, entreated to be taken to Abbotsford, where after lingering for two months he died, September 21st, 1832. He had then discharged more than half his debt, and on the 21st February, 1833, the creditors were paid in full, his publisher, Mr. Cadell, on the security of Scott's copyrights, making himself responsible for the balance, which was finally cleared off in May 1847. Thus his debt of honour was paid to the last farthing. But his life-long ambition of founding a new branch of the Scott family was tragically disappointed by the death of his sons without issue, and in 1879 only one direct descendant, Mary Monica Hope-Scott, his great-grand-child, remained.

The foregoing account illustrates better than any mere words the heroic strength and the pardonable weaknesses of Scott's personal character. Add to this his love of pet animals and his wonderful power of fascination over them, so that even a little black pig would vainly struggle to follow him on a hunting day, and we shall form some idea of the magic of his personality. But it was not till after the fatal disaster of

His Character
(1) As a Man.

Last illness and
Death.

1826 that he stood out in all his heroic strength of character, a triumphant Laocoon.

Of Scott's character as a writer there are widely differing opinions. Some praise him as second only to Shakespeare and Homer; others maintain that he is merely a story-teller in verse, fascinating for school boys, but not to be taken seriously as a poet, except in some of his shorter pieces, such as *Proud Maisie*, than which he has written no finer lyric. His literary defects tell more seriously against his poems than his novels. Goldwin Smith says of him: 'He had a passionate love of the beauties of Nature, and communicated it to his readers. He turned the Highlands into a place of universal pilgrimage. He never thought of lending a soul to Nature, like the author of *Tintern Abbey*. But he could give her life; and he could make her sympathetic with the human drama, as in the end of the Convent Canto of *Marmion*, and in the opening of *Rokeby*, which rivals the opening of *Hamlet*.' Bagehot differentiates Scott's attitude to Nature from Shakespeare's by saying that 'Scott's is the strong admiration of a rough mind: Shakespeare's the nice minuteness of a susceptible one.' Scott's chief excellencies as a novel writer are—(1) The naturalness and variety of his characters; they are all drawn from life. (2) The smooth working out of his plots; history and invention are harmoniously blended. (3) The beauty and correctness of his descriptions, down to the smallest details. (4) His knowledge, which is both extensive and exact; he is never crude or one-sided in his attitude or in his judgments. Another outcome of Scott's genius, more especially as shewn in his novels, is that he has given us a sympathetic insight into the primitive virtues of the Highland race. He did much too towards making the history of the middle ages a living reality. And Lang declares that 'his influence on literature was immense. The Romantic movement in France owed nearly as much to him as to Shakespeare. Alexandre Dumas is his literary fosterchild, and his only true successor.'

Of Scott's longer poems *Marmion* is the most artistic ; its plot is complete and well worked out ; the story is forcibly told ; and it has throughout the inspiration of action and changing scene. The hero is a strange blending of villain and warrior ; his career comes to its tragic close in the battle of Flodden, which is described with an almost Homeric power. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* has the same background for its story, the romantic Tweedside ; and its description of Melrose has always captivated readers of every class ; still more the weird vision of the wizard lying in his opened tomb. But the legend of the goblin page, the original nucleus of the whole poem, is not well fitted into its place ; Scott was more at home in the stirring life of the Border warriors than in any artistic presentment of the supernatural. *The Lady of the Lake* takes us to another region ; the romantic beauty of Highland scenery and the vivid passions of primitive life in a Highland clan are brought into stronger relief by contrast with the chivalrous refinement of the Court of James V. Much of the interest of the poem lies in its local associations ; so that it is almost indispensable to the tourist visiting the Trossachs and Loch Katrine.

Of the versatility of Scott's genius perhaps the best proof is the fact that so few readers agree as to which is the best of all his novels. There is hardly one of them but will find some critic of ability to champion its special merits. We select here three of the most popular as examples of Scott's characteristic merits.

The story of the *Heart of Midlothian* (*i. e.* Edinburgh) is centred in the Porteous riots, with the burning of the Tolbooth Prison and the rescue of the prisoners confined in it. The main interest lies in the contrast between the characters of Jeanie Deans, of her shrewd Covenanted father, and of the unhappy sister to redeem whose forfeited life Jeanie undertakes her adventurous journey to London, and with the Duke of Argyle's help intercedes successfully with the Queen.

Chief Poems.

Chief Novels.

*The heart of
Midlothian.*

In *Old Mortality* Scott has drawn a vivid portrait of the dour fanatical Covenanter, Balfour of Burleigh, and a rather fancy portrait of Claverhouse; and has clothed the fierce religious animosities of that time with living flesh and blood. Mause Headrigg, with her zeal for martyrdom and her motherly care for her more worldly-minded son, is an inimitably humorous sketch. In this, as in most of Scott's historical novels, he has employed the artistic device of a somewhat colourless hero (Morton) as a neutral background on which to display his own personal consciousness that 'much might be said on both sides.' All Scott's own instincts were with Claverhouse; but his reason and his ethical sense made him approve of Morton's judicious sympathy with the Covenanting cause.

The story of *Ivanhoe* is fixed in the period of internal confusion and lawlessness which prevailed through John's usurpation during the absence of Richard I in Palestine. Here Scott has cut himself adrift from the source of his special power, his inborn familiarity with Scotch character and scenery. Here for the first time he places his genius amidst English surroundings and in the atmosphere of the Middle Ages. The strong contrasts between Norman and Saxon, both in politics and in character; the romantic, half-mythical figures of Robin Hood and his followers, and the tragic interest centering in the Jewish maiden Rebecca—these with their background of mediæval knightly adventures and ceremonial have made this novel one of the most popular, at any rate with younger readers.

QUOTATIONS.

Just at the age, 'twixt boy and youth,
When thought is speech and speech is truth.

Marmion, Canto II, Introduction.

When, musing on companions gone,
We doubly feel ourselves alone. *Ib.*

In the lost battle,
 Borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles War's Tattle,
 With groans of the dying. *Ib. Canto III, St. 11.*
 O what a tangled web we weave,
 When first we practise to deceive ! *Ib. Canto VI, St. 17.*
 O woman, in our hours of ease
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made,
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou ! *Ib. Canto VI, St. 30.*
 Charge Chester, charge ! On Stanley, on !
 Were the last words of Marmion. *Ib. Canto VI, St. 32.*
 E'en the slight hare-bell raised its head,
 Elastic from her airy tread. *Lady of the Lake, Canto I, St. 18.*
 Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland
 Less used to sue than to command. *Ib. Canto I, St. 21.*
 Come one, come all ! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I. *Ib. Canto V, St. 10.*
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel. *Ib.*

They carved at the meal
 With gloves of steel,

And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred.

Last Minstrel, Canto I, St. 4.

If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
 Go visit it by the pale moonlight. *Ib. Canto II, St. 1.*
 Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said
 This is my own, my native land !
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand !
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well ;
 For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
 High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim :
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, centred all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
 Unwept unhonoured and unsung. *Ib. Canto VI, St. 1.*

O Caledonia, stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child !
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires ! *Ib. St. 2.*

'Pro-di-gious !' exclaimed Dominie Sampson.

Guy Mannering, Ch : XIV.

Among the sea of upturned faces. *Rob Roy, Ch : 20.*

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.

Ib. Ch : 24.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !

To all the sensual world proclaim,

One crowded hour of glorious life

Is worth an age without a name. *Old Mortality, Ch : 34.*

COLERIDGE (1772-1834).

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, a unique combination of poet, critic, and philosopher, was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, October 21, 1772. His father was a clergyman, the vicar of the parish and master of the grammar school; a learned man and a Hebrew scholar. His second wife was Anne Bowdon, by whom he had ten children, the youngest of which was the poet. The poet's father died in 1779, and his mother in 1781.

Birth and Parentage. In 1782 he entered Christ's Hospital, London, where Lamb was one of his companions. Coleridge took **Education.** very kindly to the classics and read Homer and Virgil for his own pleasure. His chief amusements seem to have been talking Platonic philosophy, day dreaming, and bathing. He used to plunge into the New River with his clothes on, and after a good swim resume his games and let his clothes dry on his back; thus contracting a life-long liability to rheumatic pains. After remaining at Christ's Hospital for eight years and becoming head of the school, he entered Jesus College, Cambridge, in October 1791, where he showed marked ability in classics. But he became involved in debt, fled to London, and entered in the 15th Dragoons under the name of Silas Tomkyns Comberback (S. T. C.) His identity, however, was discovered, his friends bought him out, and he returned to Cambridge, which he left without a degree.

In 1794 Coleridge made the acquaintance of Southey and **The Pantisocracy.** of a friend of his, Robert Lovell. These three were all ardent partisans of the French Revolution, and bent upon radically reconstructing society. They married three sisters, the Miss Frickers, and decided to found an ideal Commonwealth, a Pantisocracy ('all-equal government'), on the banks of the Susquehanna, in America—a scheme which of course fell through. Coleridge took to journalism and lecturing. In September 1796, his son Hartley

was born, who afterwards became a poet of considerable ability, but more wayward and unsuccessful than his father.

Celeridge was much indebted to the liberality of a friend, Mr. Thomas Poole, to be near whom he went to live in a cottage at Nether Stowey, Somerset. Here he became acquainted with Wordsworth and his sister Dorothy, who in 1797 removed to Alfoxden for the sake of being near him. The friends planned an excursion to Lynton that autumn, and Coleridge with some help from Wordsworth wrote *The Ancient Mariner* to pay the expenses of their trip. This poem was published in 1798 in the *Lyrical Ballads* (p. 312), a joint production, to which however Wordsworth was the chief contributor.

About this time the brothers Wedgwood settled an annuity of £150 on Coleridge to enable him to devote his life to poetry and philosophy. Accordingly in 1798 Coleridge went with the Wordsworths to Germany to study Kant, and attended lectures at Göttingen, returning to England in June 1799. Towards winter he left Stowey for London, where he made his great translation of Schiller's *Wallenstein* and did some irregular journalistic work. In July 1800 he removed to Greta Hall, Keswick, where Southey joined him in 1803. Here Coleridge wrote the second part of *Christabel*, which he had begun at Stowey. Here too he formed the opium-eating habit, which was thenceforward the bane of his life, making him hopelessly incapable of serious, sustained exertion. In 1806 he went to Bristol, where he met De Quincey and attracted his ardent friendship. From 1809 to 1810 he lived with the Wordsworths at Grasmere, and started a short-lived periodical, *The Friend*. Thence he went to London, did some more irregular journalism, and gave the lectures on Shakespeare which inaugurated a new era in Shakespearean criticism. One of the Wedgwoods had died, and the other in 1811 stopped Coleridge's pension, being dissatisfied with the work done for it. In 1813 through Byron's influence Coleridge's tragedy of *Remorse* was brought out at Drury Lane theatre. In 1816 he

Meets the Wordsworths.

Wanderings in England and abroad.

finally settled in the home of Mr. Gillman, a medical man at Highgate, who did his best to cure his patient of the opium habit, but with only partial success. It was here that Carlyle saw him, and describes him 'with the look of confused pain looking mildly from his deep eyes.' Coleridge remained with the Gillmans till his death; and the house at Highgate became a kind of shrine where literary enthusiasts went to hear the oracle talk.

In 1816 *Christabel* was published, along with *Kubla Khan* a weird poem which, in 1797, came to Coleridge in a sort of trance vision, after taking an opiate; and its companion poem, *The Pains of Sleep*. In 1817 he brought out a collection of his poems, entitled *Sibylline Leaves*, and a critical prose work, *Biographia Literaria*, in which among other things he fully discusses Wordsworth's recently published theories of poetry and 'poetic diction.' In 1825 he published his *Aids to Reflection*, and in 1830 the *Constitution of Church and State*. His *Lectures on Shakespeare*, with his *Table Talk* and a few other works, did not appear till 1849, after his death. In 1828 he visited the Rhine with the Wordsworths. He died July 25, 1834, and was buried in the old churchyard at Highgate. His neglected wife, his two sons Hartley and Derwent, and his daughter Sara, who for the previous thirty years had all been supported and cared for by Southey, survived him.

Of Coleridge's personal character it has been well said that his epitaph might have been 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel.' Full of reforming zeal in his youth, he never tried to reform himself, and such commonplace moralities as the payment of debts, the fulfilment of social or business obligations, and care for wife and children, seem to have been quietly ignored by him. Much of this was no doubt due to defective early training, to his forlorn boyhood, and above all to chronic ill-health. He was aware of his own deficiencies. Of a too faithful portrait painted by Alston he acknowledged that the face was feeble and unmanly, and that its 'weakness and strengthlessness' were

His Character
(1) As a man.

painful to him. He declares solemnly that 'this (the opium-habit), the curse and slavery of my life, did not commence in any low craving for sensation, in any desire or wish to stimulate or exhilarate myself, but wholly in rashness, delusion, and presumptuous quackery, and afterwards in pure terror. His neglect of his family was chiefly due to a want of sympathy; he was too weak to meet the difficulty, and simply fled from it.

The same want of steadfast purpose was the bane of
 (2) As a writer. Coleridge's literary work, whether in poetry or in prose. 'There is no lesson,' writes Brooke, 'so solemn in the whole range of modern poetry as that given by Coleridge's poetry—genius without will—religion without strength—hope without perseverance—art without the power of finish.' His poetry, at its best, as in *Christabel* and *The Ancient Mariner*, is essentially an opium dream. But his actual use of opium did but reinforce the natural languor of his whole imaginative being. Professor Raleigh calls him 'a genius fluctuant and moon-struck as the sea.' His business was to surround supernatural persons and characters with 'a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of the imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment which constitutes poetic faith.' His poetic gifts blossomed most luxuriantly when he was strung up to work by the sympathetic influence of a stronger soul. All his best work was done when he was under the influence of William and Dorothy Wordsworth's companionship. A. Symonds remarks upon Coleridge's great sensitiveness to colour and to sound, 'Rossetti called Coleridge the Turner of poets, and indeed there is in Coleridge an aerial glitter which we find in no other poet, and only in Turner among painters. With him colour is always melted in atmosphere, which it shines through like fire in a crystal. It is liquid colour, the dew on flowers or a mist of rain in bright sunshine. His images are for the most part derived from water, sky, the changes of the weather, shadows of things rather than things themselves.' The navigator Shelvocke, who tells us that his lieutenant, being a melancholy man, was possessed by

a fancy that some long season of foul weather, in the solitary sea which they were then traversing, was due to an albatross which had steadily pursued the ship; upon which he shot the bird, but without mending their condition. The poem is written in seven parts; and the whole piece is accompanied by a quaint prose commentary which has the effect of a carved oak frame on a stately picture. The tale is told by an aged seaman who wanders through the world, and from time to time meets some one to whom he must tell it; some one who will be so fascinated by his look as to listen against his will, as is the case with one of three guests just about to enter for a wedding feast. In a voyage among the Antarctic icebergs a friendly albatross had come to their ship and had been petted by the sailors; in mere wantonness the Mariner slew it. His shipmates at first blamed him, but as the weather became finer, they changed their minds and praised him for killing 'the bird that brought the fog and the mist.' They are all punished: fixed motionless in a stagnant tropical calm, where one by one his shipmates die and he is left alone in dumb, prayerless despair. But one night as he watched the strange creatures of the deep, he blessed them in his heart. That instant he could pray; he slept peacefully; and after many ghastly adventures the ship is brought back by supernatural agency; and he seeks and finds absolution for murdering the albatross from the 'hermit in the wood.' S. Brooke remarks upon the poem's wide range, which 'extends from the quiet scenery of a country wood to the fierce scenery of the tropics, and to that of the polar zone.' At least half a dozen aspects of the sea are sketched with perfect pictorial skill and truth: a stormy sea with the ship scudding before the wind; the iceberg-covered sea; the sea covered by a great snow-fog; the belt of calms with its dreadful rolling swell; the sea in the tornado; and the gentle weather of the temperate seas. Symonds calls this poem 'the most sustained piece of imagination in the whole of English poetry. It is full of simple, daily emotion, transported, by an awful power of sight, to which the limits of reality are no barrier, into an unknown sea and air,...it presents

to us the utmost physical and spiritual horror, not only without disgust, but with an alluring beauty.'

Christabel is a weird poem of witchcraft. The lovely lady Christabel meets with a forlorn maiden, Geraldine, who has been dragged from home by caitiff knights and left in a swoon beside the tree where Christabel finds her. Christabel takes her home, and when Geraldine is undressing she half reveals herself as a being of diabolical nature; but the vision is forgotten in sleep, and next day when Geraldine is presented to Sir Leoline, Christabel's father, he imagines her the daughter of his long-since alienated friend Roland de Vaux; and commands Bracy, the bard, to go with harp and song and tell him of his daughter's safety and of Sir Leoline's wish for reconciliation. Everyone who comes near Geraldine is in turn affected in some mysterious way by her hidden, serpent-like nature, and the second part closes abruptly, leaving Sir Leoline raging at his daughter for her unconcealed dislike of the beautiful stranger. The poem was never finished; Part I was written at Stowey in 1797, Part II at Keswick in 1800. Of *Christabel* Symonds says: 'I know no other verse in which the effects of music are so precisely copied in metre. Shelley, you feel, sings like a bird; Blake, like a child or an angel; but Coleridge certainly writes music.'

Coleridge's prose works are just as unmethodical as his poetry. He had a lifelong dream of constructing a philosophy which should explain Man and Nature in their related totality. But he drifted about from one philosophical system and theological belief to another; he remained 'thought-bewildered' to the end; and for the last few years of his life all these aspirations evaporated in endless talk to his admiring disciples.

QUOTATIONS.

We were the first that ever burst
 Into that silent sea. *Ancient Mariner*, Part II.
 As idle as a painted ship
 Upon a painted ocean. *Ib.*

Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. *Ib.*

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea. *Ib.* Part IV.

O sleep, it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole. *Ib.* Part V.

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Ib.* Part VII.

He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast. *Ib.*

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things, both great and small. *Ib.*

A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn. *Ib.*

Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain. *Christabel*, Part I.

Her gentle limbs did she undress,
And lay down in her loveliness. *Ib.*

A sight to dream of, not to tell ! *Ib.*

To be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain. *Ib.* Part II.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder ;
A dreary sea now flows between. *Ib.*

The owllet Atheism,
Sailing on obscene wings athwart the moon,
And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven,
Cries out, 'Where is it?' *Tears in Solitude.*

And the Devil did grin, for his darling sin
Is pride that apes humility. *The Devil's Thoughts.*

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.
The Homeric Hexameter.

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column ;
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.

The Elegiac Metre.

Motionless torrents, silent cataracts.

Hymn in the Vale of Chamoni.

A mother is a mother still,
 The holiest thing alive. *Three Graves.*
 The Knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust ;
 His soul is with the saints, I trust. *Knight's Tomb.*
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise. *Kubla Khan.*
 Ere sin could blight or sorrow fade,
 Death came with friendly care ;
 The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
 And bade it blossom there. *Epitaph on an Infant.*
 I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
 All well defined and several stinks. *Cologne.*
 Flowers are lovely ; Love is flower-like,
 Friendship is a sheltering tree ;
 O the joys, that come down shower-like,
 Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty.
 Ere I was old. *Youth and Age.*
 Clothing the palpable and familiar
 With golden exhalations of the dawn.

The Death of Wallenstein, I. i.

Often do the spirits
 Of great events stride on before the events,
 And in to-day already walks to-morrow. *Ib. V. i.*
 Our myriad-minded Shakespeare.

Biographia Literaria, Ch. XV.

Prose = words in their best order ; Poetry = the *best* words in
 the best order. *Table Talk.*

SOUTHEY (1774—1843).

Birth and early surroundings. Robert Southey, the most industrious of English poets and prose-writers, was born at Bristol, August 12, 1774. His father was an unsuccessful linen-draper; his mother a bright, cheerful woman, who came of a good yeoman stock. Much of his childhood was spent with her half-sister Miss Tyler, a wealthy old maid, who familiarised him with Shakespeare and his fellow dramatists as well as with the *Faery Queen*, Pope's *Homer*, and Sidney's *Arcadia*.

Education. In 1788, he was sent to Westminster School, where from reading Picart's *Religious Ceremonies*, he conceived the idea of turning each of the world's mythologies into a narrative poem. This idea he subsequently carried out in *Thalaba, the Destroyer* (1801), for the Mahometan religion; and in *The Curse of Kehama* (1810), for the Hindu. In 1793 he went to Balliol College, Oxford, and left it in 1794 to join his friends Lovell and Coleridge in their Utopian Pantisocracy (p. 345).

Marriage, and settlement at Keswick. His aunt now shut her doors upon him; and an uncle who was chaplain to the British factory at Lisbon hoped to wean him from his imprudent attachment to Miss Edith Fricker by taking him for six months to Spain. Southey apparently yielded, but married his Edith secretly before they started. In Spain he acquired the knowledge which he afterwards turned to good account in his *Letters written in Spain and Portugal* (1797), and his *History of the Peninsular War* (1823). In May 1796 he returned to England; tried reading law; took a secretaryship in Ireland; returned to Lisbon; and finally settled, in September 1803, at Greta Hall, Keswick, where his brother-in-law Coleridge and his wife were established.

Southey was enabled to devote himself to a literary career by an allowance, made him by a friend, of Pension : chief writings. £ 160 a year from 1796 to 1807, when he received an equivalent government pension. Thenceforward his life is little more than a record of his successive publications ; of which in addition to the two already mentioned, the most important were : *Fall of Robespierre* (1794) ; *Joan of Arc* (1795) ; *Madoc* (1805), the story of a semi-historical pioneer of militant Christianity in Britain (this poem was a great favourite with Scott) ; *Roderick, the Last of the Goths* (1814), a subject chosen also by Landor (see p. 367) ; *History of Brazil* (1810-19) ; *Life of Nelson* (1813) ; *Life of Wesley* 1820) ; *Life of Bunyan* (1830) ; *a Vision of Judgment* (1821) ; *The Book of the Church* (1824) ; *Colloquies on Society* 1829) ; *Naval History* (1833-40) ; and a curious miscellany entitled *The Doctor* (1834-47), from which comes that nursery favourite the *Three Bears*. He also wrote largely for the periodicals, especially *The Quarterly Review*.

In 1813 he was appointed Poet Laureate ; and in 1820 Poet Laureate ; death. received the honorary degree of D. C. L. from Oxford. In 1835 Peel offered him a baronetcy, which he declined, but accepted an addition of £300 a year to his pension. Two years later his wife died, and in 1839 he married the poetess, Caroline Bowles, who had long been his intimate friend and correspondent. In 1840 his mental faculties gradually gave way, and on March 21, 1843 he died. He was buried in Crosthwaite Churchyard.

Southey's personal character has always been held in the His character (1) As a man highest admiration. He was exemplary in his domestic relations ; there was something heroic in his patient acceptance of the burdens laid upon him by Lovell's early death and by Coleridge's hopeless incapacity. He was perhaps somewhat too much wrapped up in books and writing. Rogers called him 'a cold man,' and Coleridge, who held him in the highest esteem, once said 'I can't think of Southey without seeing him either using or mending a pen.'

As a poet he is now admitted to be only second-rate. His most valuable poems are his short ones, of which the best are *After Blenheim*, with its exquisitely humorous sarcasm veiled under a childlike simplicity, and *The Scholar*, with its 'pungent homeliness.' His prose is of high excellence, though even in prose he wrote too much; his *Life of Nelson* being almost the only book of his that has established itself as a recognised classic. Macaulay has described this biography, so simple and easy in its style and so interesting in its presentment of incidents and character, as being 'beyond all doubt the most perfect of his works.' Symons calls it 'a marvel of clear, interesting, absorbing narrative. We remember it, not for any page or passages, but as a whole, for its evenness, proportion, and easy mastery of its subject.'

QUOTATIONS.

No bond

In closer union knits two human hearts
Than fellowship in grief. *Joan of Arc*, Bk. I.

The determined foe

Fought for revenge, not hoping victory. *Ib.* Bk. II.

The grave

Is but the threshold of Eternity. *Vision of the Maid of Orleans*, Bk. II.

The vanquished have no friends. *Ib.* Bk. III.

You are old, Father William, the young man cried,
And pleasures with youth pass away;

And yet you lament not the days that are gone,

Now tell me the reason, I pray. *The Old Man's Comforts*.

In the days of my youth I remembered my God,

And He hath not forgotten my age. *Ib.*

My days among the dead are past;

Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old;

My never-failing friends are they,

With whom I converse day by day. *The Scholar*.

And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending;
Cataract of Lodore.

As he passed through Cold Bath Fields he looked
 At a solitary cell ;
 And he was well-pleased, for it gave him a hint
 For improving the prisons of Hell. *The Devil's Walk.*

But things like that, you know must be
 At every famous victory. *After Blenheim*, St. 8.

'But what good came of it at last ?'

Quoth little Peterkin.

'Why that I cannot tell,' said he,
 'But 'twas a famous victory.' *Ib.* St. II.

To prove by reason, in reason's despite,
 That right is wrong and wrong is right,
 And white is black and black is white. *All for Love*, Part 9.

They sin who tell us Love can die :
 With life all other passions fly,
 All others are but vanity. *Curse of Kehama*, X 10.

Thou hast been called, O sleep ! the friend of woe ;
 But 'tis the happy that have called thee so. *Ib.* XV, 11.

The School which they have set up may properly be called the
 Satanic School. *A Vision of Judgment*, Preface Part 3.

The most triumphant death is that of the martyr ; the most
 awful that of the martyred patriot ; the most splendid that of the
 hero in the hour of victory : and if the chariot and the horses
 of fire had been vouchsafed for Nelson's translation, he could
 scarcely have departed in a brighter blaze of glory. *Life of
 Nelson ad fin.*

JANE AUSTEN (1775-1817).

Jane Austen, in her own limited field easily the first of woman novelists, was born December 16, 1775, at Steventon in Hampshire. Her father was rector of the parish; and there she spent the first twenty-five years of her life. Jane was the youngest of seven children, of whom only two were daughters. Her elder sister Cassandra was her devoted and lifelong companion.

Birth and Parentage.

Her father supplemented his income by taking pupils.

Education.

He gave her what for a woman of that time was an unusually good education: she was taught French and Italian; could sing well, and was specially skilful with her needle. Above all she was well-read in standard English authors, especially Richardson, Johnson, Cowper, and Crabbe; and later on, Scott. Fielding is not mentioned by her biographers, but internal evidence, especially in such passages as the second chapter of *Sense and Sensibility*, renders it probable that she not only read him, but had been much influenced by his style. The best part of her education was what she gave herself by her keen sympathetic insight into the social life around her in the miniature world of a small country village. She is said to have had one disappointment in love; but no trace of any such experience is to be found in her novels. One other accomplishment she had which must have helped to foster her genius; she was greatly in request as an improviser of stories for children.

From a very early age Jane Austen began to write tales.

Her earliest were mere sketches; later they were burlesques on the silly romances then in vogue, of which phase in her development there are some traces in *Northanger Abbey*. Towards 1792 she began a story, in Richardson's epistolary form, which she subsequently rewrote as *Sense and Sensibility* (1811). Between October

Steventon novels.

1796 and August 1797, she had finished her masterpiece, *Pride and Prejudice* (1813), originally entitled *First Impressions*. *Northanger Abby* (1818) was finished in 1798, and was bought by a Bath publisher for £10; he was however afraid to risk money by publishing it, and it was not brought out till after her death.

In 1801 the family went to reside in Bath, the scene of many episodes in her writings. After the death of her father in 1805 they removed for a time to Southampton and finally settled at Chawton, a village in Hampshire. Here she wrote three more novels, *Mansfield Park* (1814), *Emma* (1816), and *Persuasion* (1818). Her health now began to fail, and she removed with her sister to Winchester for the sake of medical attendance. Here she died July 18, 1817, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral.

Living as she did among the secluded proprieties of a clergyman's home, we know her only from her novels. They reproduce with absolute accuracy the social atmosphere of the genteel society of her age. Scott regretted that he had not her 'exquisite touch which renders commonplace things and characters interesting from the truth of the description and the sentiment.' There is no note of cynicism, no false sentiment, in any of her pages; only strong common sense lighted up with a deliciously subtle, all-pervasive humour. Some of her characters are as immortal as any of those created by Dickens: especially the dry, caustic Mr Bennet and his fatuous wife in *Pride and Prejudice*, or the charmingly garrulous Miss Bates of *Emma*. Jane Austen's genius shows itself in the exquisite fidelity of her character-drawing, which resolutely refuses the adventitious aids of stirring external incident. Her defect springs from a constitutional incapacity to enter into any intense passion. Love in all her novels is a mild, genteel sentiment, culminating in the conventional happy marriage. She knew her limitations, and wisely refused to stray beyond her appointed bounds. But in her somewhat narrow domain she is supreme.

Chawton novels.

Character as a woman and a writer.

QUOTATIONS.

To sit in the shade on a fine day and look upon verdure is the most perfect refreshment. *Mansfield Park*, Chap. 9.

It is happy for you that you possess the talent of flattering with delicacy. May I ask whether these pleasing attentions proceed from the impulse of the moment or are the result of previous study? (Mr. Bennet to the Curate) *Pride and Prejudice*, Chap. 14.

Nobody is on my side, nobody takes part with me; I am cruelly used, nobody feels for my poor nerves. (Mrs. Bennet) *Ib.* Chap. 20.

"I am afraid" replied Elinor, "that the pleasantness of an employment does not always evince its propriety." *Sense and Sensibility*, Chap. 13.

It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife. On such a man's first entering a neighbourhood, this truth is so well fixed in the minds of the surrounding families, that he is considered as the rightful property of some one or other of their daughters. *Pride and Prejudice*, Chap. 1.

LAMB (1775—1834).

Charles Lamb, the unique and inimitable essayist, was born February 10, 1775, at the Temple, London. His father was clerk and confidential servant to Samuel Salt, of the Inner Temple, immortalised in Elia's Essay on *The Old Benchers*. Only three of his children attained to maturity: John, Mary, and Charles.

After some preliminary schooling Charles Lamb was sent in 1782 to Christ's Hospital, where he formed valuable friendships, especially with Coleridge, and read widely in Elizabethan literature. He left after seven years, as his incurable stammer made it impossible for him to take Orders, and only on that condition could he have been educated for the University.

Through Mr. Salt's influence Lamb obtained a post in the South Sea House soon after he left school in 1789, and in 1792 he was promoted to a clerkship in the India House, which he held till 1825. This gave him a small but settled income, with which he managed to keep the home together. The mother was an invalid, and Mary inherited from her a strain of insanity. One day in a fit of irritation over some domestic trifle Mary stabbed her mother to the heart and wounded her father. At the inquest a verdict of temporary insanity was brought in, and Mary was sent to an asylum. Charles, however, made himself personally responsible to the authorities for her, and so obtained her release. Thenceforward he relinquished all idea of marriage and devoted the rest of his life to the care of his sister.

There are several references in Lamb's writings to a love affair which was thus tragically blighted. In his poems the lady is called 'Anna'; in his

Essays 'Alice W.....' Her real name was Anne Simmons; she lived in a village in Hertfordshire, the scene chosen by Lamb for his romance of *Rosamond Gray* (1798). Lamb's grandmother was housekeeper at Blakesware (the 'Blakesmoor' of the *Essays*), close to this village. Anne afterwards married a Mr. Bartram, a London silversmith. 'Elia's' tender reverie *Dream Children* ends with the wistful reminiscence, 'The children of Alice call Bartram father. We are less than nothing and dreams.'

Lamb's earliest poems grew out of this half-imaginary attachment; they were included in Coleridge's first volume of verse (Bristol, 1796). In 1798 he joined with Charles Lloyd, a friend introduced to him by Coleridge, in publishing a volume, *Blank Verse*, in which Lamb made his mark by the pathetic 'Old Familiar Faces.' In 1801 he published *John Woodvil*, a failure as a drama, but interesting as being so largely reminiscent of the spirit and style of the Elizabethan dramatists. Later on Lamb proved the value of this close study of Fletcher, Jonson, and their compeers by the admirable notes and criticisms in his *Selections from the Elizabethan Dramatists* (1808).

Lamb and his sister bravely struggled on together under the burden of poverty, living for the greater part of the years 1796 to 1817 at the Temple. In 1806 the managers of Drury Lane theatre brought out Lamb's farce of *Mr. H...* which however proved a total failure. In 1807, with his sister's help he finished the well-known *Tales from Shakespeare*. This led to the recognition of his ability, and to the joint production by the Lambs of *Mrs. Leicester's School* (1807) and *Poetry for Children* (1809).

In 1817 the two removed to Covent Garden, where they lived for the next six years. Charles's prose and verse writings were now published in two volumes as *The Works of Charles Lamb*. This led to his joining the staff of the newly started *London Magazine*, in which his first paper was his *Recollections of the O'd South Sea*

'John Woodvil'
'Elizabethan Dramatists.'

'Tales from Shakespeare.'

'Essays.'

House, where his elder brother John held an important position. One of Lamb's former fellow-clerks in that office, a foreigner, was named Elia. Lamb adopted this pseudonym by way of a joke, and afterwards kept to it for all these essays. The first collected edition of them was published in 1823; and the *Last Essays of Elia* were brought together in a second volume in 1833. In 1823 Charles and Mary started a house of their own in Colebrooke Row, Islington, close to the New River. One of the last Essays of Elia *Amicus Redivivus*, gives a humorous account of how their friend George Dyer, after leaving them one day, through sheer absent-mindedness walked in broad daylight into the river and was nearly drowned. In 1825 Lamb retired from the India House on a pension of £400 a year. His feelings on the occasion and subsequently are recorded in *The Superannuated Man* (*Last Essays of Elia*).

This pension set Lamb free to choose his own residence ;

Death. and the brother and sister moved to Enfield and finally to Edmonton, both in his beloved

Hertfordshire. But Mary's infirmity increased; he was too far from London to see his old friends; and he found that 'absence of occupation is not rest' Coleridge's death in the summer of 1834 was a heavy blow to him. In the December of that year while taking his daily walk he stumbled and fell, and slightly cut his face. Erysipelas supervened, and he died September 29, 1834. He was buried in Edmonton Churchyard; his sister, who survived him for nearly thirteen years, was buried by his side in May 1847.

One of Lamb's peculiarities is the impossibility of separating the man from the writer. The criticism

His character :
(1) As a man.

that applies to the one applies equally to the other. He was a bundle of quaint contradictions—of the strangest, the most extravagant discords, which somehow were blended into an exquisite harmony by a deep undertone of elemental goodness. Coleridge in his *Table Talk* thus describes him: 'His heart is as whole as his head. The wild words which sometimes came from him on religious subjects might startle you from the mouth of any other man ;

but in him they are mere flashes of firework. If an argument seems to him not wholly true, he will burst out in that odd way ; yet his will—the inward man—is, I well know, profoundly religious and devout.' It has been truly said of Lamb that 'he jested that he might not weep : he wore a martyr's heart beneath his suit of motley.' His addiction to strong drink in his later years has been much exaggerated. His life-long devotion to his sister is the truest index to the real man. 'O he was good, if e'er a good man lived' is Wordsworth's pregnant verdict.

As a poet Lamb felt himself out of his element. His . verses express strong personal feeling ; but
 (2) As a writer. he has no mastery of poetic art sufficient to make him at ease in self-expression ; still less to enable him to realise the 'pleasure' that comes with genuine 'poetic pains.' Hence, as Symons says, his best-known *Old Familiar Faces* is 'scarcely a poem at all ; the metre halts, stumbles, there is no touch of magic in it ; but it is speech, naked human speech, such as rarely gets through the lovely disguise of verse. It has the raw humanity of Walt Whitman, and almost hurts us by a kind of dumb helplessness in it.' His poem *On an Infant Dying as soon as Born*, with its concise subtleties of expression is almost after the manner of the 'metaphysical' poets (the school of Donne, p. 27). But in prose Lamb was in his element. Steeped as he was to the core in memories of the Elizabethan drama, in the pedantries of Burton and the metaphysics of Sir Thomas Browne, or in the poetic subtleties of Wither and Marvell, it was impossible for him to write in ordinary English. A 'self-pleasing quaintness' both of style and phrase, was, as he himself confesses, inevitable. Sir Thomas Browne especially dominates his more reflective moments, and leads to his vivid paradox and to quaint half-acclimatised Latinisms. The writers of the Renaissance have infected him with their passion for word-coinage. Still more characteristic of Lamb's style is his rich allusiveness. 'He is full,' writes Ainger, 'of quotations held in solution. One feels that a phrase or idiom is an echo of something that one has heard or read before. A

charm is added by the very fact that we are thus continually renewing our experiences of an older day. His style becomes aromatic, like the perfume of faded rose-leaves in a china jar.'

Lamb's masterpiece is undoubtedly his *Essays of Elia*. 'Essays of Elia'. They are absolutely unique in English literature, as regards style, substance, and a quaint inimitable humour. One can never tire of reading them. Written originally as regular contributions to a journal; often written, as he himself tells us, 'As a futile effort wrung from him with slow pain,' the impression they always leave on us is that of fresh, exuberant spontaneity. And Lamb's wit never leaves a bad taste in the mouth. The soul of transcendent goodness illumines all. He gives freshness and beauty to the commonplace and the trivial; he never degrades the noble and the pure to obtain the false humour of burlesque. Perhaps of all his charms the most magnetic is his frank self-revelation. He lives in an Eden of the simplicity of a child—he is 'naked and not ashamed.' To Wordsworth the 'meanest flower that blows' can summon up 'thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears'; and Lamb has the same magic power. Only with him (to take one instance) the touch of inspiration comes not from a wayside blossom, but from the soiled human flowers of a London street boy chimney-sweeps, 'tender novices, blooming through their first nigrity, the maternal washings not quite effaced from the cheek—such as come forth with the dawn, or some what earlier, with their little professional notes sounding like the *peep, peep* of a young sparrow.

QUOTATIONS.

That dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood. *Work*.

The human species according to the best theory I can follow of it, is composed of two distinct races, *the men who borrow*, and *the men who lend*. *Two races of Men*.

What a liberal confounding of those pedantic distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*! *Ib.*

A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game. *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*.

He who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. *All Fool's Day.*

I have been trying all my life to like Scotchmen, and am obliged to desist from the experiment in despair. *Imperfect Sympathies.*

He hath a fair sepulchre in the grateful stomach of the judicious epicure—and for such a tomb might be content to die.

Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

'Presents' I often say 'endear Absents'. *Ib.*

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the faces of a new-married couple—in that of the lady particularly. *A Bachelor's Complaint.*

LANDOR (1775—1864).

Walter Savage Landor, the son of a physician in Warwick, was born January 30, 1775. His father and mother both belonged to families of good social standing; his mother, whose maiden name was Savage, had considerable landed property which was entailed upon her son. At ten years old he was sent to Rugby School, where he soon distinguished himself by a remarkable genius for writing admirable Latin verse. He was popular and high-spirited, but exceedingly impatient of rebuke or restraint. In a dispute with his head master over the quantity of a Latin syllable he behaved with such reckless insubordination that he had to be removed; and on his return home he quarrelled with his father over the French Revolution, about which the two held diametrically opposite opinions. In 1793 he went to Oxford, where he soon made himself notorious by his outspoken sympathy with the revolutionary leaders in France, and he behaved so violently in a political quarrel with a fellow-undergraduate, that he was rusticated. At home he proved so intractable that his father gave him an allowance and allowed him to go where he liked. He went to live in South Wales, occasionally visiting his home.

Here he thought out and wrote a romantic poem, *Gebir*, which he began in Latin, and which was published in 1798. It was too severely terse and classical to be popular, but literary men like Southey and De Quincey appreciated it highly. It was largely a prophetic vision of the glory of the French Revolution and a contemptuous satire on George III. 'No blank verse,' writes Symonds, 'of comparable calibre had appeared since the death of Milton, and, though the form was at times actually reminiscent both of Milton and of the Latin structure of some of the portions as they were originally composed, it has a quality which still

Parentage and Education.

remains entirely its own.' Scarcely any verse in English has more stately music, or is more precise and restrained.

In 1805 Landor succeeded to his father's estate, and went to reside in Bath, where he figured as a man of fashion. In 1808 he became acquainted with Southey, and formed with him a close literary friendship, each admiring and helpfully criticising the work of the other. Their political enthusiasms as well as their literary tastes drew them together. When the Peninsular War broke out, Landor with two Irish friends set sail for Corunna, and threw himself whole-heartedly as a leader of volunteers into the war of Spanish independence. The Convention of Cintra drove him home in disgust.

He next bought the estate of Llanthony Priory in Wales at a considerable sacrifice of his paternal property and of what would become due to him on his mother's death. He still continued however to reside in Bath, and in 1811 married a young lady whom he met there at a ball. In 1812 he published his tragedy *Count Julian*, on the same historical subject as Southey's *Roderick*, the two working in friendly co-operation.

But he soon quarrelled both with his Welsh neighbours and with his wife; Llanthony Abbey was put into the hands of trustees, his other property was sold, and he left England. After a time his wife joined him and they lived first in France and then in Italy, where his son, Arnold Savage, was born. He had three other children, a girl and two boys. Through a quarrel with a magistrate he had to leave Como and take up his residence at Pisa, where he lived from 1819 to 1821. He spent his time, partly in writing Latin verse and prose, but chiefly in the composition of the *Imaginary Conversations*, on which his literary reputation chiefly rests. These are dramatic dialogues between a great variety of historical personages (for example, Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn), written in a style at once pure and vigorous.

Friendship with Southey;—in Spain.

Marriage; 'Julian.'

In Italy; 'Imaginary Conversations.'

In 1829 Landor settled at Fiesole. Here he lived very happily with his children, though somewhat stormily with his neighbours. He published in 1831 a revised collection of his poems, and in 1834 brought out anonymously his *Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare*. He wrote also a great part of *Pericles and Aspasia* (1836), an imaginary correspondence. But a quarrel with his wife caused him to return to England, where he went from place to place till he settled in Bath from 1838 to 1857. He published an additional series of *Imaginary Conversations* in 1846, *Hellenics* in 1847, and *Greeks and Romans* in 1853. A quarrel with a lady at Bath involved him in a serious libel suit; he returned to Italy, and spent the rest of his days at Florence, where he lived on bad terms with his own family, but kindly cared for by Mr. and Mrs. Browning. He died September 17, 1864.

At Fiesole ;
death.

The defects in Landor's personal character are obvious from the above sketch: he was essentially undisciplined, and mistook the excitability of weakness for the strength of true passion. Both in literature and in politics he was curiously anti-democratic, while enthusiastically devoted to the idea of liberty. Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Kossuth he revered as heroes; yet he had little practical sympathy with modern ideals. Hence his writings both in prose and verse have never been popular, though they have always won the admiration of the aristocracy of letters. Shelley, Wordsworth, Southey, Lamb, Carlyle, the Brownings, and Swinburne all regarded him with the profoundest admiration.

His character :
(1) As a man.

Landor was a distinguished writer, both in prose and verse; and in both alike there was the same severe truth to fact, the same exactly measured correspondence between the thing he saw and the words in which he made it live. In his prose 'every phrase comes to us with the composure and solemnity of verse, but with an easier carriage under restraint.' Of his *Pericles and Aspasia*

(2) As a writer.

E. B. Browning says that it shews him to be of all living writers the most unconventional in thought and word, the most classical because the freest from mere classicalism, the most Greek because pre-eminently and purely English.' Of his *Pentameron* (1837) Saintsbury says, 'These conversations are never entirely or perfectly natural; there is always a slight "smell of the lamp," but of a lamp perfumed and undying. In particular Landor is most remarkable for the weight, the beauty, and the absolute finish of his phrase.' He is perhaps at his best when he deals with womanhood, infancy, and flowers; here he is surpassed by none except the greatest writers in the delicacy and the depth of his intuitions. An excellent example of this special power is to be found in his description of a maiden gathering flowers in a *Fiesolan Idyl*, and a still better in the keen sympathy with childhood shown in *Landor in England to his youngest son in Italy*. Of his shorter poems *Rose Aylmer* and *Dirce* are poetic jewels of supreme beauty.

QUOTATIONS.

Ah what avails the sceptred race,

Ah what the form divine !

What every virtue, every grace !

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and of sighs

I consecrate to thee. *Rose Aylmer.*

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife,

Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art ;

I warn'd both hands before the fire of life ;

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

On his Seventy-fifth Birthday.

Shake one (a sea-shell) and it awakens, then apply

Its polish'd lips to your attentive ear,

And it remembers its august abodes,

And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there. *Gebir.*

O Liberty ! What art thou to the valiant and brave, when thou art thus to the weak and timid ! dearer than life, stronger than death, higher than purest love. *Scipio, Polybius, and Panaetius.*

The things that are too true pass by us as if they were not true at all ; and when they have singled us out, then only do they strike us. Thou and I must go too. Perhaps the next year may blow us away with its fallen leaves. *Essex and Spenser.*

CAMPBELL (1777-1844).

Thomas Campbell, one of the most inspired of our minor poets, was born in Glasgow July 27, 1777.

Birth and parent-
age.

His father was a retired merchant, the son of a Scottish laird. The poet's home-life was

of the type immortalised by Burns in his *Cottar's Saturday Night*. But his parents were not strait-laced; his father never used the rod, and left domestic discipline in his wife's hands.

At eight years old he was sent to the Grammar School;

Education.

but, overworking himself, had to take a six weeks' holiday in a country cottage by the

river Cart. There the love of Nature became an instinctive habit, and afterwards blossomed into such poems as *Field Flowers* and *To the Evening Star*. At fourteen Campbell entered the Glasgow University, where he took kindly to classical studies and gained many prizes for English verse.

In 1795 his father's straitened circumstances compelled him to take a tutorship in the Isle of Mull.

'The Pleasures
of Hope.'

A half-fanciful love episode, celebrated in his *Caroline*, varied the monotony of his life

there. Six months later he returned to the University. He studied the speeches of Chatham, Burke, and Wilberforce, and was an enthusiastic advocate of the French Revolution. In 1798 he began *The Pleasures of Hope* and finished it by April in the next year. It proved a great success and Campbell at once became a literary lion.

In June 1800 he visited Hamburg and Ratisbon, and came within sixty miles of the scenes so powerfully

Visits the Con-
tinent.

depicted in *Hohenlinden*. Returning home from Altona, his ship was chased by a Danish

privateer, but escaped, so that he landed safely at Yarmouth,

and thence went to London, April 1801. During this Continental sojourn some of his minor poems, including *The Exile of Erin*, were published in the 'Morning Chronicle'; his *Ode to Winter* and *Ye Mariners of England* followed soon afterwards.

In the Autumn of 1801 he became private secretary to Lord Minto, a post which gave him large leisure for literary work. In 1802 he brought out at Edinburgh a revised edition of his poems, and on September 10, 1803 he married his cousin, Matilda Sinclair. For seventeen years he settled at Sydenham, a country residence within easy reach of London. In 1805 he received a Government pension of £200, and from 1820 to 1830 he was editor-in-chief of the 'New Monthly Magazine' (to which he contributed his *Lectures on Poetry*) with a salary of £500 a year; so that Campbell was never burdened with financial cares. His wife, who had long been an invalid, died in 1828, soon after the poet's removal to London.

During this period he published *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, *The Soldier's Dream*, *The Battle of the Baltic*, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, *Glenora* and *O'Connor's Child*. He edited for Murray *Specimens of the British Poets*, which led to a literary controversy between Campbell and Byron on the one side and W. L. Bowles, who had depreciated Pope as an artificial poet. In 1824 Campbell published *Theodric, a Domestic Tale*, a worthless poem; and in 1842 *The Pilgrim of Glencoe*, one not much better.

After his wife's death Campbell did little beyond lecturing and public speaking. In 1834 he spent the winter and spring in Algeria, a visit recorded in his *Letters from the South* (1845). In 1843 he went to reside in Boulogne, attended by his niece Mary Campbell. He now became a complete invalid, and died June 15, 1844, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

As a man he cannot be called great. He was loveable, affectionate, had all the domestic virtues; but he lacked strenuous purpose, and was prone to drift aimlessly through life. His friends nicknamed him 'procrastinating Tom,' and his publishers found the name only too true. He had a weakness for wine, though from 1804 onwards he kept this tendency severely in check. He was liberal-minded, had a strong hatred of despotism, and was an ardent patriot, as is shown by his spirit-stirring naval ballads.

As a poet Campbell is distinguished by a want of finish and accuracy, at times amounting to slovenliness. Thus his loveliest poem, *To the Evening Star*, otherwise equal to the best of Keats's Odes, is marred by two bad blemishes in three stanzas. *The Battle of the Baltic* is a magnificent lyric with two weak lines (19,20) and one halting line (59); and it ends in a ridiculous bathos. Campbell frequently uses bad or feeble rhymes; his poems are defaced by grammatical, historical, geographical, and physical blunders; and in his longer poems especially he is addicted to the hackneyed conventionalisms of the imitators of Pope. And where his feelings are roused, he often falls into an almost hysterical exaggeration.

His *Pleasures of Hope* is chiefly versified rhetoric; it is modelled on the so-called 'Classical' School of poetry. But within four years from this transition stage in this work we find him embodying his own instinctive genius in those flawless gems, *The Soldiers' Dream* and *Hohenlinden*. Of this latter poem Symons remarks that 'every line is a separate emphasis, but all the emphasis is required by the subject—is in its place. The loud and brief repeated monotony of the metre give the very sound of cannonading; each line is like a crackle of musketry.' With *Hohenlinden* may be compared Cowper's *Loss of the Royal George*: in both the narration is simple and the materials are obvious; in both there is the intensity of feeling that comes from constraint of expression. Campbell's style exhibits a re-

Character :
(1) As a man.

(2) As a poet (a)
His defects.

(b) His excel-
lences.

markable transition from the artificiality of Pope to the simplicity of Wordsworth and the virility of Byron and Burns. His poems are full of vivid descriptive touches where a telling word or phrase calls up a whole picture to the mind's eye. Three examples may suffice :—

'Tis she (the muse) elates
 To sweep the field or ride the wave,
 A sunburst in the storm of death.¹
 And ships were drifting with the dead
 To shores where all was dumb.²
 By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking ;
 And in the scowl of heaven each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.³

Occasionally Campbell singularly resembles Wordsworth : thus five lines (68-72) in the *View from St. Leonard's* might easily be mistaken for lines from *The Excursion* or the *Prelude*. He has moreover very much of Wordsworth's deep sympathy both with childhood and with dumb animals.

QUOTATIONS.

'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.

Pleasures of Hope. I. 7.

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
 And Freedom shrieked—as Kosciusko fell. *Ib.* 381-2.

Without the smile from partial beauty won,
 O what were man?—a world without a sun. *Ib.* II. 21-2.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild ;
 And Man, the hermit, sighed—till Woman smiled. *Ib.* 37-8.

Like angel visits, few and far between. *Ib.* 378.

'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.

Lochiel's Warning, 55-6.

Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze. *Ye Mariners of England, 3-4.*

¹ *Ode to Burns, 64-6.*

² *The Last Man, 19-20.*

³ *Lord Ullin's Daughter, 25-28.*

The sentinel stars set their watch in the sky.

The Soldier's Dream, 2.

But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away. *Ib.* 25.

A stoic of the woods,—a man without a tear.

Gertrude of Wyoming, I. 23.

To live in hearts we leave behind

Is not to die. *Hallowed Ground*, 35-6.

DE QUINCEY (1785-1859).

Thomas De Quincey, one of the greatest of prose poets, and the most literary of magazine writers, was born in Manchester, August 15, 1785. His father, Thomas Quincey, was a linen merchant, with literary tastes; his mother came of a good family and was well educated. The former died prematurely of consumption, leaving his widow with eight children (of whom Thomas was the fifth) well provided for.

Birth and parentage.

Thomas received his education at different schools in Salford, Bath, Winkfield, and at the Manchester Grammar School. He was so good a Greek Scholar that he could talk the language fluently; but he hated the restrictions of school life and ran away, wandering for a time in Wales. Thence he drifted to London, and there met with the strange experiences of destitution and vagabondage related in *The Confession*. In 1803 he was sent to Oxford with the slender allowance of £100 a year; but he disliked the life and studies of the place and left it in 1807.

Education.

It was during this Oxford time that he first experienced the effects of opium, given him by a chemist as a cure for rheumatic pains. The use of the drug became a habit, which coloured his whole life both personal and literary. De Quincey deliberately justified its use, and apparently was able towards the end of his life to forgo it almost entirely, without having, like Coleridge, to put himself under restraint. Undoubtedly it coloured all his thinking and writing, turning much of his prose into *Kubla-Khan* (of Coleridge p. 347) fantasies, the gorgeous but unsubstantial fabric of an opium-dream.

Opium habit.

In 1807, De Quincey's mother having removed to Bath, he met the Coleridges in Bristol. This led to his visiting Wordsworth and Southey at the Lakes; and in London he formed the

'Confessions of an Opium Eater.'

acquaintance of Lamb and Hazlitt. In 1809 he settled in the house at Grasmere formerly occupied by Wordsworth, and devoted himself to literary work; and in 1816 he married Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a farmer. He contributed to 'Blackwood's Magazine', 'The Quarterly Review,' and other periodicals. In 1821 his *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* appeared in 'The London Magazine' and at once established his reputation. In 1828 he took his family to Edinburgh, drawn there partly by his friendship for John Wilson, the 'Christopher North' of the *Noctes Ambrosianae*, and soon afterwards settled at Lasswade, near that city, in the cottage formerly occupied by Sir Walter Scott. Here he lived and worked to the end. Besides magazine articles, he wrote *The Logic of Political Economy* (1844) and a romantic novel *Klosterheim* (1839) of no great value. He died at Edinburgh December 8, 1859.

Character as a
man and a writer.

As a man De Quincey was abnormal; he had Coleridge's faults without his loveableness; and he never knew the elevating influence of such a lifelong devotion as transformed the whole being of Lamb. As a writer he is unequal. His reading was enormous, and he often makes a parade of it. As a humourist, he continually degenerates into a laborious trifling, though his own special type of humour, the grimly fantastic, best seen in his masterpiece, *Murder as one of the Fine Arts*, stands unapproached in literature. As a critic, he is more remarkable for felicitous phrase than for real insight; as a philosopher, he is but superficial. His literary style is often inappropriately grandiloquent, and is marred by excessive involutions and complications. The one thing in which he is unrivalled is his gift of imaginative word-music—the splendid imagery, rich colour, and vivid intensity of the visions that he can conjure up, clothed in all 'the glory and the freshness of a dream.'

QUOTATIONS.

The memory strengthens as you lay burdens upon it, and becomes trustworthy as you trust it. *Confessions.*

Better to stand ten thousand sneers than one abiding pang, such as time could not abolish, of bitter self-reproach. *Ib.*

I feel assured there is no such thing as ultimate *forgetting*: traces once impressed upon the memory are indestructible. *Ib.*

Then like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms, hurrying to and fro; trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! *Ib.*

The public is a bad guesser. *Essays, Protestantism.*

Friends are as dangerous as enemies.

Schlosser's Literary History.

BYRON (1788–1804).

George Gordon Noel, sixth Lord Byron, was born January 22, 1788, in Holles St., Cavendish Square, London. His father, Captain John Byron, son of Admiral John Byron, and nephew of the 'wicked' Lord Byron, was nearly as bad as his uncle. He scandalously ill-treated his first wife, whose daughter was the 'Augusta' of some of his sincerest verses. Afterwards Captain Byron married Catherine Gordon, apparently for her fortune, which he squandered. She was a Scotch lady of good family, but with a violent and capricious temper. The two were always quarrelling ; but at a very early age Byron was left fatherless, and thenceforward alternately petted and thwarted by his mother's irrational caprices. From birth he was troubled with a slight lameness in one foot which made him morbidly self-conscious.

On the death of his great-uncle in 1798 the poet succeeded to the title and estates. In 1801 he was sent to Harrow, and in 1805 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he made some friends, including John Cam Hobhouse, his life-long associate. His love affair with Mary Chaworth, the daughter and heiress of a neighbouring squire, whom the 'wicked' Lord Byron had killed in a duel, led to nothing beyond the inspiration of some of the best passages in his poems. Byron never took to serious study, and his strange blending of vanity, morbid shyness, and exaggerated pride of rank kept him from deriving much benefit from the social education of University life.

Byron's first poems were published in March 1807 under the title of *Hours of Idleness*, and were savagely criticised in the 'Edinburgh Review.' He replied with *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809), a telling satire in the style of

Birth and Parentage.

Education.

'Hours of Idleness';
'English Bards
and Scotch
Reviewers'

Pope, which produced a considerable sensation. He had meanwhile attained his majority, had taken his seat in the House of Lords, and determined to keep up the ancestral estate at Newstead Abbey. He completed his education by making, with Hobhouse, the grand tour of Europe, as far as was possible under the warlike conditions then prevailing. At Athens his meeting with Theresa, daughter of Madame Maeri, inspired his well-known *Maid of Athens*. The tour included Lisbon, parts of Spain, Malta, Greece, and the surrounding islands. It was during this tour that he performed his celebrated feat of swimming the Hellespont.

While abroad, Byron had written two Cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, which were published 'Childe Harold.' by Murray in February, 1812. Their success was phenomenal; in his own words, 'he awoke one morning and found himself famous.' He became a literary lion, and the spoiled darling of Society. For ordinary readers, Byron is best represented by this poem, especially by Cantos III and IV (1816-17). The antique title 'Childe' (a young noble, a squire) is used in harmony with its archaic Spenserian versification. 'It was,' Byron tells us, 'begun in Albania; and the parts relative to Spain and Portugal were composed from the author's observations in these countries. The scenes sketched are in Spain, Portugal, Epirus, Acarnania, and Greece. A fictitious character (the Childe) is introduced for the sake of giving some connexion to the piece.' Canto III describes scenes in Belgium, Switzerland, and the valley of the Rhine; here occurs the famous Waterloo episode. Canto IV is chiefly occupied with Rome, and introduces the two best known of Byron recitations, the Dying Gladiator and the Address to the Ocean. Cantos I and II are too much permeated with the personality of Byron's typical hero; but in the third and fourth Cantos he almost drops out of view, and Byron speaks in his own person with untrammelled genius and more impassioned eloquence.

This success incited Byron to the rapid production of poems mostly of the same type as *Childe Harold*. In 1813 appeared *the Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*; in 1814 *The Corsair* and *Lara*; and in 1815 the *Hebrew Melodies*, *The Bride of Corinth* and *Parisina*—all received by the public with as much acclamation as their prototype. The ‘Byronic ideal,’ a young man wrapped in a mysterious isolation, who has drained the cup of vicious pleasure to the dregs, scorns mankind, despises women, and defies God, became a fashionable craze, and infected all the popular literature of the time.

On January 2, 1815 Byron married Anne Isabella Milbanke, a wealthy heiress of noble family. His daughter Ada was born in the following December, and in January 1816 Byron and his wife separated from each other finally. Why they separated has never been ascertained; probably it was nothing more than entire incompatibility of temperament; but the fashionable world, which adored the Byronic hero in the abstract, could not tolerate him in concrete reality. Lady Byron was conventionally faultless and religiously orthodox; Lord Byron, being hopelessly free-thinking and unconventional, was adjudged to be wholly in the wrong, and the storm of obloquy both in society and in the public press was so violent that he left England, April, 1816, in disgust and never returned.

After leaving England, Byron went to Switzerland where he met the Shelleys and formed an intimate friendship with the family. It was at this time that he wrote *Domestic Pieces*, which comprise the pathetically beautiful *Epistle to Augusta*, his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh. The Shelleys returned to England in the autumn of 1816, when Byron went to Venice, where he lived for about two years. The wild life attributed to him there is hardly consistent with his great literary activity, for it was during this period that he produced two more Cantos of *Childe Harold*, *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816), *Manfred* (1817), *The Lament of*

The Byronic
type of poem.

Marriage and
separation.

The Shelleys;
The Countess
Guiccioli.

Tasso (1817), *Monody on the Death of Sheridan* (1817), *Beppo* (1818), *Mazeppa* (1819), and *Don Juan*, Cantos I. IV. In 1819 Byron became acquainted with the Countess Teresa Guiccioli, a lady who had separated from her husband and was living with her father, Count Gamba. With her Byron formed that peculiar platonic friendship which was in vogue in the fashionable society of Italy at that time; and thenceforward, while in Italy, he lived with the Gamba family. This friendship proved an inestimable boon to the poet. For the first time in his life he came intimately under the influence of a woman who was intellectually his equal, and who had sufficient tact and sympathy to inspire him with the best ideals possible to his nature. Her influence upon his work as a poet may be compared to that of Lady Austen and afterwards of Lady Hesketh upon Cowper's.

The list of works written by Byron during the period of this Guiccioli friendship is the best commentary on its fruitfulness. It comprises a translation of *Morgante, Maggiore*, Canto I; *The Prophecy of Dante*; translation of *Francesca de Rimini*; *Marino Faliero*; *Don Juan*, Canto V; *The Blues*—all written in 1820: *Sardanapalus*; *Letters on Bowles* (a criticism of Pope's genius and style); *The Two Foscari*; *Cain*; *Vision of Judgment*; *Heaven and Earth*—all written in 1821: *Werner and Deformed Transformed* (1821-22); *Don Juan*, Cantos VI-XI (1822); *The Age of Bronze*, *The Island*, and *Don Juan*, Cantos XII and XIII—all written in 1823. From the Countess Guiccioli's letters we know that Byron worked hard in sifting the historical foundations of his *Marino Faliero*, and we know from other sources that he took great pains with the local colour and legendary basis of his other poems; so that the above list represents a record of strenuous literary labour.

In 1821 Byron took steps in concert with Shelley and Leigh Hunt to establish a journal in England, *The Liberal*, which made its first appearance in 1822, but came to an untimely end after its fourth number. Byron's chief contribution to this paper

¹ 'The Liberal';
death.

was *The Vision of Judgment*, which appeared in the first number. This is a masterpiece of satire, provoked by Southey's criticism of Byron as 'the leader of the Satanic School' (see 354). Byron's stormy life was destined to have a stormy end. His enthusiasm for Greek freedom and his revolutionary proclivities led him to throw himself heart and soul into the Greek War of Independence. He raised funds in support of the insurgent chiefs, and sailed from Genoa to the seat of war in an English brig with arms and ammunition. But after having been appointed Commander-in-chief of an expedition against Lepanto, he was seized with fever and died at Missolonghi April 19, 1824. His body was brought to England and buried in the church near Newstead Abbey.

In estimating Byron's character as a man we are mainly concerned with its effect on his writings. One thing is certain; he was not one quarter as bad personally as he would fain have made himself out to be; but at the same time we cannot be blind to his littleness, his vanity, and his almost snobbish regard for rank and title. Undoubtedly his worst fault was a studied dissimulation of his real self, a love of posing before the foot-lights of the world's stage; and his earlier poems are little more than a monodramatic expression of this. When, however, the worst sorrows of life had brought him to the sense of reality, he became far more natural. His masterpiece, *Don Juan*, probably comes nearest of all his works to genuine self-revelation. With all his occasional looseness of living, he held firmly to the ideal of a pure and abiding love for one as the very foundation of true manhood. Byron never sneers at marriage itself; only at the conventional travesty of it which is too common in Society. The deepest-rooted evil in Byron's character was his irreligion, or rather non-religion. To him the universe was a hopeless riddle, 'at the worst a glorious blunder': and no ray of Christianity ever illuminates the darkness of his spirit. It has been pointed out that he draws his own portrait, as he conceived it, in *Manfred*:—

Byron's character. (1) As a man.

‘ This should have been a noble creature : he
 Hath all the energy which should have made
 A goodly frame of glorious elements,
 Had they been wisely mingled ; as it is,
 It is an awful chaos—light and darkness—
 And mind and dust—and passions and pure thoughts,
 Mixed, and contending without end or order,
 All dormant and destructive.’

Byron’s immense reputation during his lifetime was soon succeeded by a reaction ; and it has now
 .2 As a writer. become almost a literary fashion to decry his merits. But he is the only British poet of the nineteenth century who has a European reputation. Goethe affirmed that England could show no poet who could be compared to him ; and Mazzini extolled him not merely as the poet of democracy, but still more as the man who had opened the eyes of Europe to the transcendent merit of Shakespeare, and had taught Continentals, through him, to understand and appreciate the literature of England. At school Byron thought his qualities were ‘ much more oratorical than poetical’ ; and this is true of the great body of his verse. He is vigorous, direct, sincere, with an admirable fitness of expression ; but he has little of the lofty imagination or of the subtle sense of music that mark the true poet.

QUOTATIONS.

Hereditary bondsmen : know ye not
 Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow ?
Childe Harold, II, st. 76.

Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spoke again,
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell. *Ib.* III, 21.

Battle’s magnificently-stern array. *Ib.* 28.

By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone. *Ib.* 71.

In solitude, where we are *least* alone. *Ib.* 90.

Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer. *Ib.* 107. (of Gibbon).

The Niobe of nations ! there she stands,
Childless and crownless, in her voiceless woe.

Ib. IV. 79. (of Italy).

Man !

Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Ib.* 109.

There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday. *Ib.* 141.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more. *Ib.* 178.

Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow.

Ib. 182. (of the Ocean).

For Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won. *Giaour*, 123-5.

The blind old man of Scio's rocky isle.

Bride of Abydos, II, 2 (of Homer).

She walks the waters like a thing of life. *Corsair*, I, 3.

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies. *Hebrew Melodies*.

With just enough of learning to misquote. *English Bards*, 66.

So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And wing'd the shaft that quivered in his heart.
Keen were his pangs, but keener far to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel ;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest
Drank the last life-drop of his bleeding breast. *Ib.* 826-833.

Believe a woman or an epitaph. *Ib.* 78.

When people say " I've told you *fifty* times,"
They mean to scold, and very often do ;
When poets say " I've written *fifty* rhymes,"
They make you dread that they'll recite them too.

Don Juan, I, st. 108.

A solitary shriek, the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony. *Ib.* II, 53.

'Tis strange the mind, that very fiery particle,
Should let itself be snuffed out by an article.

Ib. XI, 60 (of Keats).

Tis strange, but true ; for truth is always strange,
Stranger than fiction. *Ib.* XIV, 101.

SHELLEY (1792-1822).

Percy Bysshe Shelley, 'the poet's poet,' was born August 4, 1792, at Field Place, near Horsham, Sussex. His father, Sir Timothy Shelley, M. P., was an ordinary country squire of good family. The poet's mother was a good letter-writer, but in no way distinguished.

After two years at a private school, Shelley in 1804 went to Eton College. In both schools he became familiar with the classics, and was much interested in scientific studies. At the same time he read with avidity the sceptical and revolutionary writers of the 18th Century, and William Godwin's *Political Justice* exercised a lasting influence over him. Caring nothing for school-boy sports or traditions, and bitterly persecuted in consequence, the young Shelley grew up shy, defiant, and solitary; in some respects a sort of undeveloped child, a child that has never acquired the ideas or learned the responsibilities of maturity. In 1810 Shelley entered University College, Oxford, where in 1811 he published an anonymous pamphlet, *The Necessity of Atheism*, and was expelled the University.

Shelley went to London, and there he fell in love with one of his sisters' school-fellows, Harriet Westbrook, a girl of sixteen. Her parents naturally objected to a suitor of such principles. For Shelley not only repudiated Christianity, but had embraced Godwin's doctrine of 'free love,' *i. e.* that marriage should last only so long as the two parties are in love with each other. In the end the lovers eloped together and were married at Edinburgh, a step for which Shelley was disowned by his father. After their marriage Shelley and his wife travelled about to various places, returning in 1813 to London, where in June his first child Ianthe was born. *Queen Mab*, Shelley's

Birth and parentage.

Education.

Marriage: 'Queen Mab.'

first poem of any real value, was privately printed in this year; it was of too revolutionary a character for regular publication.

In 1814 domestic disagreements, caused chiefly by the presence in their household of Harriet's eldest sister, became acute, and Shelley and his wife separated. Harriet went to Bath, and Shelley to London. Here he became acquainted with Mary, the daughter of Godwin and the celebrated Mary Wollstonecraft. The daughter's tastes thoroughly coincided with his own, and at length she and Shelley went off together through France to Switzerland; but money difficulties compelled them to return to London in September 1814. In November Harriet gave birth to Shelley's second child, a son. In January 1815 Shelley's grandfather died, and he was enabled to make arrangements in regard to his hereditary estates that freed him from debt and gave him an income of £1,000 a year. After some touring in Devonshire and up the river Thames he settled in a home near Windsor Park. Here he wrote *Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude* (1816), the first offspring of his mature genius.

After the birth of Shelley's and Mary's son, William, Shelley left England in May 1816, taking with him Mary, the infant, and Jane Clairmont. They settled near the Lake of Geneva, and were near neighbours of, and in constant companionship with, Lord Byron. Shelley and Mary visited Chamounix; its magnificent scenery has left its impress on his poem *Mont Blanc* and his *Hymn to Intellectual Beauty*. In September 1816 they returned home. In November Harriet was missing: she had gone from her home, no one knew whither; in December she was found drowned in the Serpentine, Hyde Park, London. On December 30th 1815 Shelley legalised his union with Mary Godwin. He attempted to recover his two children from the custody of Harriet's father, but Lord Eldon gave judgment against him in the Court of Chancery on the ground of his atheistical and immoral opinions.

Mary Godwin;
'Alastor.'

Life at Geneva;
Harriet's death.

During this time Shelley was residing at Marlow, in Buckinghamshire, spending much of his time boating on the Thames. To drift and dream in the sunshine on the water was his special delight. He embodied some of the feelings caused by the troubles of this time in a fragmentary poem *Prince Athanase*, in *Rosalind and Helen*, and in his *Laon and Cythna*, embodying his ideal of the French Revolution. The violent attacks on theism and the Christian religion in this poem roused such strong protests that Shelley cancelled parts of it and altered it into *The Revolt of Islam* (1817).

During this time Shelley was much occupied in visiting the homes of the poor in his neighbourhood, who were suffering from the effects of a bad harvest. He wrote several prose pamphlets urging the need of speedy and drastic reforms for the relief of those evils with which he was thus forcibly confronted; and it is remarkable that in these pamphlets he is far more moderate and reasonable than many of his merely political allies. In his poems he dreams unreal visions of a golden future, and his underlying theories are often absurdly shallow; but he never sanctioned methods of violence, and was content in practical life with instalments of reform, however small, so long as they did not compromise fundamental principles.

Early in 1818 Shelley's health began to fail, and he determined to leave Marlow for Italy. Accordingly, in March of that year, accompanied by his wife, his son William, and his infant daughter, Clara, six months old, he left England finally. They spent the summer in Pisa, Leghorn, and Lucca. They then visited Venice; and at Byron's invitation, settled in his villa at Este, among the Euganean Hills. There little Clara was taken ill and died in September. Shelley's impressions of Venice and Byron are idealised in a narrative poem *Julian and Maddalo* (1818). The first Act of his *Prometheus Unbound* (1819) was nearly completed at Este. But the need of a warmer climate drove him southwards, to Rome and Naples. The second and

'Revolt of
Islam.'

Shelley as Re-
former.

Life in Italy;
'Prometheus'
and 'The Cenci.'

third acts of *Prometheus* were written among the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, inspired by the return of spring. Here in June 1819 his son William died, and the grief-stricken parents removed to a villa near Leghorn. The tragedy of *The Cenci*, begun at Rome, was completed in this year, as was also his *Prometheus*. In October Shelley removed to Florence, where the news of the 'Peterloo' massacre roused him to write his *Mask of Anarchy*. A stormy afternoon in a wood by the Arno inspired his magnificent *Ode to the West Wind*. Wordsworth's senile Toryism led Shelley to write a warning against such self-betrayal of genius in *Peter Bell the Third*. Finally in this year he translated into verse the *Cyclops* of Euripides.

Another son, Percy Florence, came in November 1819 to comfort the bereaved parents. Towards winter Shelley had to remove to Pisa for a warmer climate, where, with occasional changes of residence during the heats of summer, Shelley remained till the end. An expedition to Monte San Pellegrino bore fruit in his *Witch of Atlas* (1820). The persecution of Queen Caroline by George IV was somewhat clumsily satirised in *Swellfoot the Tyrant* (1820). His introduction to Emilia Viviani, who had been imprisoned in a convent by her father for crossing his plan of a marriage for her, brought about a mystical admiration which in 1821 Shelley embodied in his transcendent love-poem, *Epipsychidion*. In the same year he wrote one of his ablest prose essays, the *Defence of Poetry*; while his friendship for Keats was enshrined in *Adonais*, written soon after the news of that poet's untimely death. Francis Thompson calls this the most perfect, as *Prometheus* is the greatest, of Shelley's poems, placing it before even *Lycidas*, because it is the longer. He remarks too upon the inconsistency of the poet's doctrine of Pantheistic immortality—

'He is a portion of that loveliness
Which once he made more lovely,' etc.

with the personal immortality implied in

'The soul of Adonais like a star
Beacons from the abode where the eternal are.'

In his *Hellas* (1821), modelled on the *Persae* of Aeschylus, Shelley idealised the revolutionary movement then stirring in Greece.

In January 1822 Shelley was joined by Lord Byron at Pisa.

Death.

They were in constant companionship; Byron's strenuous virility having a powerful fascination for Shelley's more ethereal temperament. They had three other friends, an adventurous young Cornishman, Edward John Trelawny, a young lieutenant of dragoons, Edward Williams, and his musical wife Jane, who inspired some of Shelley's most exquisite lyrical poems. Trelawny, Williams, and Shelley were all passionately fond of the sea. A new swift sailing-boat was built for them; and the friends shared a summer villa near the Bay of Spezzia. Shelley's unfinished historical drama of *Charles I.* had been written in the early part of this year; and in their summer residence he worked at his last great poem, *The Triumph of Life*, never completed. In June, hearing of Leigh Hunt's arrival at Leghorn, he and Williams sailed thither in their new boat and after a delightful time with his old friend, on the afternoon of July 8, they started to return home. For some ten miles out to sea they were visible; then they were lost in a mist. Day after day passed, but no news came. Trelawny searched for them, and at length identified them in two bodies that had been washed ashore. They were cremated in the presence of Trelawny, Byron, and Leigh Hunt; and the ashes buried near Shelley's son William, in the old Protestant cemetery at Rome. It may be noted that the poet's *Stanzas Written in Dejection, near Naples*, in which he would fain 'hear the sea Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony,' seem half prescient of his end.¹

Shelley's character as a man presents strange contradictions.

Shelley's
character:
(1) As a man.

A fanatical revolutionary, and yet wholly averse to methods of bloodshed and violence; a universal philanthropist and a self-sacrificing

¹ Cf. also *Julian and Maddalo*, where Maddalo (Byron) says to Julian (Shelley): 'If you can't swim, Beware of Providence.'

benefactor of the poor, and yet capable in private life of conduct which in any other man would have been heartless cruelty — by some perverse freak of nature he seems, when thirty years old, as irresponsible as an infant, and with hardly any better grasp of the realities of life. He was in certain directions 'as ruthless as a baby with a worm'; and he appears to have had no sense of moral proportion. There are instances where his conduct displays an almost inconceivable egotism and moral obtuseness.

Brooke distinguishes between two Shelleys: Shelley the philanthropist and Shelley the musical dreamer. The first of these is the chief speaker in that 'sermon in verse', *Queen Mab*. The two confusedly alternate in that 'most unbalanced of all his works', *The Revolt of Islam*. Then for a short time, the culminating point of which is *Prometheus Unbound*, the two natures reach their perfect fusion. Afterwards the latter nature becomes more and more predominant. He is Shelley the dreamer, who lives in an ethereal world of his own, divorced from all the realities of life.

It is remarkable that Shelley, the vegetarian and the teetotaler, the almost Buddhist ascetic by instinct and habit, should have been so closely drawn to the self-indulgent and sensuous Byron. Byron's influence is shown most clearly in *Peter Bell the Third*, which is perhaps the most virile of all Shelley's poems. It has something of the unpleasant suggestiveness, and much of the daring abandon of Byron's *Don Juan*. Shelley's *Julian and Maddalo* is described by Symonds as 'Byron and water,' while his *Rosalind and Helen* is 'Byron and fire.'

Shelley's attitude towards Nature has been previously discussed and compared with Wordsworth's (see pp. 324-326). A similar comparison may be made, in mutual contrast, of the three poems—Shelley's *Arethusa*, one of the most exquisite of all his lyrics, Wordsworth's 'Brook, whose society the poet seeks,' and Tennyson's

The Brook; or again of Shelley's *Sensitive Plant* and Wordsworth's two poems *To the Small Celandine*.

Shelley's attitude to religion, as that word is commonly understood, is practically a hysterical and irrational iconoclasm. Brooke, however, declares that Shelley 'indirectly made an ever-increasing number of men feel that the will of God could not be in antagonism to the universal ideas concerning Man : that His character could not be in contradiction to the moralities of the heart, and that the destinies He willed for mankind must be as universal and as just and loving as Himself. There are more clergymen and more religious laymen, than we imagine, who trace to the emotion Shelley awakened in them when young, their wider and better views of God. Many men also who were quite careless of religion were led to think concerning the grounds of a true worship, by the moral enthusiasm which Shelley applied to theology. He made emotion burn around it, and we owe to him a great deal of its nearer advance to the teaching of Christ.' Browning's verdict is that Shelley was not guilty of any 'atheism of the heart'; and that, had he lived, 'he would have finally ranged himself with the Christians.' We cannot, indeed, do justice to Shelley, if we overlook the fact that a great deal of the accredited theology of his day was little better than a caricature of primitive Christianity.

QUOTATIONS.

How wonderful is Death !

Death and his brother Sleep. *Queen Mab*, Canto 1.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,

Pollutes whate'er it touches ; and obedience,

Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,

Makes slaves of men, and, of the human frame,

A mechanized automaton. *Ib.* 3.

War is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,

The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade. *Ib.* 4.

Commerce ! beneath whose poison-breeding shade
 No solitary virtue dares to spring :
 But poverty and wealth, with equal hand,
 Scatter their withering curses. *Ib.* 5.

It is unmeet

To shed on the brief flower of youth
 The withering knowledge of the grave. *Rosalind and Helen.*
 All spirits are enslaved which serve things evil.

Prometheus Unbound, II, 4.

Death is the veil which those who live call life :
 They sleep, and it is lifted. *Ib.* III, 3.

Narcissi, the fairest among them all,
 Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess
 Till they die of their own dear loveliness. *Sensitive Plant*, I, 5.
 A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift. *Adonais*, St. 32.

Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments. *Ib.* 52.

Most wretched men

Are cradled into poetry by wrong ;
 They learn in suffering what they teach in song.

Julian and Maddalo, 543-5.

Can man be free if woman be a slave? *Revolt of Islam*, II, 43.
 With hue like that, when some great painter dips
 His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and eclipse. *Ib.* V, 23.
 True love in this differs from gold and clay,
 That to divide is not to take away. *Epipsyichidion*, 160-1.

Music, when soft voices die,
 Vibrates in the memory ;
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
 Live within the sense they quicken ;
 Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
 Are heaped for the belovèd's bed ;
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
 Love itself shall slumber on. *To*———.

KEATS (1795-1821).

John Keats, the most Shakespearean of Nineteenth Century poets in imaginative expression, and perhaps the most effective exponent of the Romantic movement, was born in Finsbury, London, October 29, 1795. He came from the lower middle class of society, his father being the head servant of a livery-stable in Moorfields, who had married his master's daughter; and who had thriven so well that, when killed by a fall from a horse in 1804, he left his widow and young children, of whom John was the eldest, comfortably provided for.

Keats was sent to a private school at Enfield, where he acquired a reputation for courage, and won several school prizes. He studied Virgil and classical mythology with close attention, from a literary rather than a scholarly point of view. *Robinson Crusæ*, *The Incas of Peru*, and Shakespeare's *Macbeth* were among his favourite books. His mother, to whom he was passionately devoted, died while he was at school.

At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a surgeon at Edmonton. It was at this time that he borrowed the *Faery Queen*, which at once fascinated him. He used to rave about the poem, and it left an ineradicable impress on all his future poetic career. For some unknown reason he left his apprenticeship before his time had expired and went to live in London, where he walked the hospitals and passed the Apothecaries' Hall examination with considerable success.

While in London he was introduced by his school-friend Charles Cowden Clarke (of Shakespearean notoriety) to Leigh Hunt, who published the poet's fine sonnet *On First Looking into Chapman's Homer* in his paper, 'The Examiner.' Keats's circle of friends

Birth and parentage.

Education.

Apprenticed to a surgeon.

Friendship.

included Shelley and Ollier, the publisher, who in 1817 brought out his first book of poems; also the painter Haydon, with whom Keats formed a close and strong intimacy. Haydon placed a likeness of Keats beside that of Wordsworth in his picture of 'Christ's Entry into Jerusalem'; and some of Keats's best sonnets bear testimony to Haydon's influence upon his artistic life.

Keats soon gave up all idea of medical practice, and by
 'Endymion.' May 1817 was working hard in Hampstead
 (where he was living with his brothers) at
Endymion, which was brought out in 1818. His immediate friends were somewhat divided in opinion about its merits; but it was brutally reviewed in 'Blackwood's Magazine' and in 'The Quarterly Review'; though their obvious injustice led later to a spirited defence of the poet by critics as eminent as Sir James Mackintosh and Lord Jeffrey. Common report, echoed by Byron (in his *Liberal contributions*, p. 382), attributed Keats's subsequent breakdown in health to these savage criticisms, but without foundation.

In June 1818 his brother George emigrated to America,
 Fanny Brawne. and Keats, who was ailing, went for a tour in
 the Lakes and Scotland in hope of recovery. Not long after came the news of his brother Tom's death of consumption. He had loved his brothers so deeply that, as he tells us, his heart was closed to love in the other sense of that word. But now that he was left alone, he fell deeply in love in 1819 with a Miss Fanny Brawne. This passion, doomed almost from the outset to hopelessness through poverty and irremediable disease, exercised a predominant influence over him for the brief remainder of his life.

After writing a tragedy, *Otho the Great*, and a fragment
 of another play, *King Stephen*, Keats completed his poem *Lamia* (1820), a story, based upon Greek witchcraft, of a youth who married a serpent-woman. He worked at his first version of *Hyperion*, which he afterwards, in 1820, rewrote in narrative form. *Isabella or the Pot of Basil*, a

'Lamia and other poems'; 'Hyperion.'

story from Boccaccio, and *St. Agnes' Eve*. with the Odes to the *Nightingale* and *The Grecian Urn*, were comprised in the last volume of his poems, published in July of the same year. *Hyperion* is a Miltonic fragment, in two books, which pictures the despair of the Titans, conquered by Almighty Jove and compelled to give place to a new race of deities. In this poem Keats shadows forth the onward progress of the world to higher ideals of beauty through the painful renunciation of older forms of belief and thought consecrated by immemorial tradition.

In February 1820 Keats had had an attack of bleeding from the lungs after a cold night-ride on the outside of a stage-coach. In September he went abroad to Naples under the care of a young artist friend, Joseph Severn, and afterwards to Rome. Here he lingered for three months; but in spite of the best medical treatment and Severn's devoted care, he gradually sank and died February 23, 1821. Severn's strong Christian character, in contrast with his own vague sentimentalism, made a deep impression upon him; and at his own earnest request Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying* was regularly read to him during the closing days of his life. Four days before his death he asked that the words 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water' should be engraved on his tombstone. He was buried not far from Shelley in the old Protestant cemetery of Rome.

In one of his letters Keats declares his one desire to be 'a life of sensations rather than of thoughts'; and in another letter he declares that 'with a great poet the sense of Beauty overcomes every other consideration, or rather obliterates all consideration.' This seems to have been the ruling principle of his life. M. Arnold remarks upon his want of character and self-control, so indispensable for the great artist, shown especially in his letters to Fanny Brawne, where he appears as the merely sensuous man, the slave of passion. But there was undoubtedly another side to Keats's character. 'He had', writes Leigh Hunt, 'a very manly as well as delicate spirit. He was personally

Death.

Character;
(1) As a Man.

courageous in no ordinary degree, and had the usual superiority of genius to little arts and the love of money.' Nor must we overlook his affectionate devotion to the members of his family.

Of Keats as a poet Saintsbury says: 'The note of all the best poetry in the century was this pouring of new English blood through the veins of old subjects—classical, mediæval, foreign, modern,...and Keats was the first leader who started the adventure. The perfect poetry of his later work showed this general tendency in all its choicest pieces—clearly in the larger poems, but still more in the smaller, and most of all in those twin peaks of all his poetry, the *Ode on a Grecian Urn*, and *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*. He need indeed have written nothing but these two to show himself not merely an exquisite poet, but a captain and leader of English poetry for many a year, almost for many a generation to come.....To Keats we must trace Tennyson, Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Morris; to Keats even not a little of Browning has to be affiliated; to Keats, directly or indirectly, the greater part of the poetry of nearly three generations owes royalty and allegiance.' In his own words, 'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,' Keats sums up his poetic faith. 'It was just because Keats was so much, so exclusively possessed by his own imagination,' writes Symonds, 'that all his poems seem to have been written for the sake of something else than their story, or thought, or indeed emotion. Meditation brings to him no inner vision, no rapture of the soul; but seems to germinate upon the page in actual flowers and corn and fruit... Metrically he is often slipshod: with all his genius for words, he often uses them incorrectly, or with but a vague sense of their meaning.....We have only to look close enough to see numberless faults in Keats; and yet, if we do not look very closely, we shall not see them; and, however closely we may look, and however many faults we may find, we shall end, as we began, by realising that they do not essentially matter. Why is this? Wordsworth, who at his best, may seem to be the supreme master of poetical style, is often out of key; Shelley, who at his best may seem to be almost the supreme singer, is

often prosaic ; Keats is never prosaic and never out of key. To read Wordsworth or Shelley, you must get in touch with their ideas, or at least apprehend them ; to read Keats you have only to surrender your senses to their natural happiness. He cannot write without making pictures with his words, and every picture has its own atmosphere.' Keats's poetry is essentially Shakespearean, 'because,' says Arnold, 'its expression has that rounded perfection and felicity of loveliness of which Shakespeare is the great master.' Where he falls short is in the faculty of moral interpretation, in which Shakespeare reveals such beauty and such power. He had not, moreover, the constructive power that goes to the making of an *Agamemnon* or a *King Lear*. 'His *Endymion*,' continues Arnold, 'as he himself well saw, is a failure, and his *Hyperion*, fine things as it contains, is not a success. But in shorter things, where the matured power of moral interpretation, and the high architectonics which go with complete poetic development are not required, he is perfect.'

QUOTATIONS.

The poetry of earth is never dead.

The Grasshopper and the Cricket.

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse
And thought it Pegasus. *Sleep and Poetry.*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. *Endymion*, Bk. I.

He ne'er is crowned

With immortality who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead. *Ib.* II.

Let me have music dying, and I seek
No more delight. *Ib.* IV.

Love in a hut with water and a crust
Is—Love forgive us !—cinders, ashes, dust ;
Love in a palace is, perhaps, at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast. *Lamia*, Part II.

Philosophy will clip an angel's wings. *Ib.*

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knotgrass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings ;
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries
 And twilight saints and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Eve of St. Agnes, St. 24.

As though a rose should shut and be a bud again. *Ib. 27.*

Now comes the pain of truth, to whom 'tis pain ;
 O folly ! for to bear all naked truths,
 And to envisage circumstance all calm,
 That is the top of sovereignty. *Hyperion II. 102-5.*

O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth. *Ode to a Nightingale.*

The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here, where men sit, and hear each other groan. *Ib.*
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter. *Ode on a Grecian Urn.*

On one side is a field of drooping oats,
 Through which the poppies show their scarlet coats,
 So pert and useless that they bring to mind
 The scarlet coats that pester humankind.

To my Brother George.

Even bees, the little almsmen of spring bowers,
 Know there is richest juice in poison flowers. *Isabella, St. 13.*

CARLYLE (1795-1881).

Thomas Carlyle, 'a prophet in the guise of a man of letters,' was born December 4, 1795 at Ecclefechan in Annandale, Dumfriesshire. His father was a prosperous stonemason of sturdy character and intellect. His mother had been a servant; poorly educated, she taught herself to write to be able to correspond with her son Thomas. Both were earnestly attached to one of the offshoots of the National Kirk, and both set their hearts on making Thomas a Minister of their own denomination.

Birth and parentage.

Carlyle learned English and began Latin at his own parish school. Thence in 1805 he went to Annan Academy, and in 1809 entered the University of Edinburgh. Here he worked well, but gained no distinction except in mathematics. In 1813 having finished his Arts Course without a degree, he began to study Divinity. In 1814 he was made mathematical master of Annan Academy, and in 1816 was appointed teacher of the Grammar School of Kirkcaldy in opposition to Edward Irving. The two rivals became fast friends and remained such for life. In 1818 he gave up his school and went to Edinburgh. Here, having finally decided against the Ministry on conscientious grounds, he tried for a time the study of law; but soon threw it aside, and so ended his career as a University student.

Education.

For a time, Carlyle gained a livelihood by literary hack work and by taking pupils; in 1822 he became tutor to Charles Buller, the famous politician, and his two brothers, with a salary of £200 a year. This gave him leisure to write a *Life of Schiller* and a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. In October 1826 he married Jane Baillie Welsh, the only daughter of Dr. John Welsh of Haddington. For a time they lived in Edinburgh, and Carlyle contributed to 'The Edinburgh Review'; but in May

Marriage; 'Sartor Resartus.'

1828 they retired to the solitude of his wife's farm at Craigenputtock, that he might devote himself exclusively to literature and self-education. Here, besides Review articles, he wrote his first great and characteristic book, *Sartor Resartus*, first published by instalments in 'Fraser's Magazine' (1833-34), then in book form in 1838.

In 1834 Carlyle and his wife left Scotland and settled in London at 5, Cheyne Row, Chelsea, where he lived for the rest of his life. Here he worked steadily at his *French Revolution*, undismayed by the accidental burning of the MS of the first volume. It appeared in 1837. From 1837 to 1840 he gave lectures on literary and historical subjects, among them being *Heroes and Hero Worship*, published in book form in 1841. In 1839 he definitely assumed the role of a political prophet by publishing his pamphlets on *Chartism* (1839), *Past and Present* (1843), and *Latter Day Pamphlets* (1850). In 1845 he revolutionised the unfavourable popular estimate of Cromwell by publishing *Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*. In 1851 he wrote a biography of his friend John Sterling, and thenceforward he devoted himself to his longest work, the *History of Frederick the Great* (1865). In 1866 he was triumphantly installed as Lord Rector of Edinburgh University, when he delivered a characteristic address to the students; but his joy was turned into remorseful mourning by the news of his wife's sudden death April 21, 1866. Too late he found out how deeply she had suffered by the thoughtless moroseness of his habits. After her death he wrote no important works; but he took an active interest in international politics. He died February 5, 1881. A funeral in Westminster Abbey was offered; but he had left instructions for a private burial at Ecclefechan.

Both as a man and a writer, Carlyle was a 'pithy, bitter-speaking body.' But he was capable of strong and generous friendship; and his bearishness was largely the result of chronic ill-health (he was a lifelong martyr to dyspepsia) and of an overmastering, scornful hatred of social affectations and pretences. As a

Character as a
Man and a Writer.

writer his chief characteristics are a white heat of enthusiasm or indignation, set off by alternations of quaint, caustic humour; a profound insight into character and a sledge-hammer directness and force in argument coupled with an intensely vivid dramatic presentment of his ideas. And with all this almost savage strength, there is a deep underlying vein of tenderness.

Carlyle's genius is mainly historical, for biography is but

history in miniature. But everywhere he is

Chief works.

dominated by the central idea of his *Heroes*.

To him, mankind is a herd of moral ciphers who are led and moulded by the God-inspired Strong Man. As Mazzini truly says, 'Carlyle comprehends only the individual; the true sense of the unity of the human race escapes him.....The great religious idea, the continued development of Humanity by a collective labour, according to an educational plan designed by Providence, finds but a feeble echo, or rather no echo at all in his soul.' Hence his exclusive enthusiasm for the great and forceful leaders in thought or action; the Luthers, the Cromwells of history. Carlyle's *French Revolution* is a series of prophetic visions rather than a history; indeed it is hardly intelligible to any one who has not first gained a clear view of the sequence of the actual facts. His *Sartor Resartus* is a thinly veiled autobiography, in which, with a volcanic ruggedness of style and a humour half cynical but wholly sincere, he criticises and condemns the want of principles and ideals, the hypocrisy and the materialism of his age.

QUOTATIONS.

The Public is an old woman. Let her maunder and mumble.

Journal, 1835.

The beginning of all is to have done with Falsity to eschew Falsity as Death Eternal. *June 23, 1870.*

It is now almost my sole rule of life to clear myself of cants and formulas, as of poisonous Nessus shirts. *Letter to his Wife, Nov. 2, 1835.*

How far inferior for *seeing* with is your brightest rain of fireworks to the humblest farthing candle. *Diderot*.

In epochs when cash payment has become the sole nexus of man to man. *Chartism, Chap. 2*.

Liquid madness sold at tenpence the quartern. *Ib. 4*.

Evil, once manfully fronted, ceases to be evil. *Ib. 10*.

What we might call, by way of eminence, the *dismal science* (*i.e.* political economy). *The Nigger Question*.

It is the first of all problems for a man to find out what kind of work he is to do in this universe. *Address at Edinburgh, 1866*.

Work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind. *Ib.*

History is the essence of innumerable biographies. *On History*.

Self-contemplation is infallibly the symptom of disease, be it or be it not the cure. *Characteristics*.

A loving heart is the beginning of all knowledge. *A Biography*.

The sea-green incorruptible (of Robespierre). *French Revolution, III, 3. 1*.

A Burns is infinitely better educated than a Byron. *Note Book*.

Sarcasm I now see to be, in general, the language of the Devil. *Sartor Resartus, II. 4*.

Do the duty that lies nearest thee, which thou knowest to be a duty ; the second duty will already become clearer. *Ib. 9*.

That monstrous Tuberosity of civilised life, the capital of England. *Ib. III. 6*.

Of all the nations in the world, at present the English are the stupidest in speech, the wisest in action. *Past and Present, III. 5*.

Every noble crown is, and on earth will for ever be, a crown of thorns. *Ib. 8*.

Blessed is he who has found his work ; let him ask no other blessedness. *Ib. 11*.

Little other than a red-tape talking machine, and unhappy bag of Parliamentary eloquence. *Latter Day Pamphlets, No. 1*.

Idlers, game preservers, and mere human clothes-horses. *Ib. No. 3*.

A Parliament speaking through reporters to Buncombe and the twenty-seven millions, mostly fools. *Ib. No. 6*.

MACAULAY (1800-1859)

Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the most brilliant of
Birth and par- entage. essayists and historians, was born at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire, the house of his father's sister, Mrs. Babington, October 25, 1800. On his father's side he was connected with a Celtic family, many of whom had been distinguished as ministers of the Kirk of Scotland. His mother was a Quaker, a pupil and friend of Hannah More's. His father, Zachary Macaulay, had been overseer of a slave plantation in Jamaica, but afterwards held an important position in the Sierra Leone Company for the development of free negro labour, and joined Wilberforce in his anti-slavery crusade. Young Macaulay was distinguished by a ready wit and a marvellous memory; his early surroundings no doubt helped to inspire him with a life-long enthusiasm for liberty and profound veneration for the Puritan Evangelicalism which was so staunch a protector of the enslaved and the oppressed.

Macaulay was educated at private schools, first at Clapham, then near Cambridge, and in October 1818
Education. entered Trinity College, Cambridge. He gained several College and University prizes, but did not pass in the Tripos through his inaptitude for mathematics. He took his degree in 1822, and in 1824 was elected a Fellow of his College. The failure of his father's firm led him to read law, and he was called to the Bar in 1826.

As a child of seven Macaulay had written a compendium
'Essay on Milton.' of Universal History and long poems in imitation of Scott. In 1823 he became a contributor to 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine' and some of his best verses, *Ivry*, the *Armada*, and *Naseby*, appeared in its columns. In 1825 Jeffrey, looking out for 'some clever young man' to sustain the reputation of the 'Edinburgh Review' came across

Macaulay. His first contribution was an article on *Milton*, which at once made his reputation, though he himself afterwards declared that 'it contained scarcely a paragraph which his matured judgment approved.' This success decided him to embrace literature conjoined with politics as his final vocation. He was a Tory when he went to Cambridge, but there his friend Austin had converted him almost to Radicalism; and for the rest of his life he remained a Whig of the Whigs. His articles attracted the attention of Lord Lyndhurst, who appointed him in 1828 a Commissioner of Bankruptcy. In 1830 Lord Lansdowne sent him to Parliament for his own pocket-borough of Calne.

His first speech, on behalf of the removal of Jewish disabilities, was a pronounced success. He showed himself a powerful debater, and after the passing of the Reform Bill he sat as one of the two members for the new borough of Leeds, and was made Secretary of the Board of Control over the East India Company. In 1834 he went out to India as member of the Supreme Council. He was accompanied by his sister Hannah, who afterwards married Charles Edward Trevelyan, an energetic Under-Secretary, who was subsequently made a baronet for the good work he had done in India. While on the Supreme Council Macaulay served as President on two Committees, for Education and for Law Reform. He thus moulded the whole future of English education for the natives of India, and had the largest share in drawing up the Indian Penal Code, which has stood the test of practical experience and commanded the admiration of the best legal experts. In India he read voluminously and wrote many articles for the 'Edinburgh.' In 1838, he came home with a competence saved from his salary, and returned to political life as Member for Edinburgh in 1839, and as Secretary at War in Lord Melbourne's Cabinet in the same year. In 1846 he took office as Paymaster of the Forces, and was re-elected M. P. for Edinburgh; but in the next general election he lost his seat, chiefly for having supported a grant to the Roman Catholic Maynooth College. In 1852 he

Parliamentary
career.

was returned again for Edinburgh, though he took no steps to forward his election. In 1849 he was elected Lord Rector of Glasgow University. A severe illness in 1852 weakened his health, and in 1852 he retired from Parliamentary work altogether.

About this time Macaulay wrote his *Lays of Ancient Rome* (1842), inspired partly by memories of a visit he made to Italy on his return from India. In these *Lays* he makes the early history of Rome so vivid and pictorial, with all the ring and fire of ballad poetry, as to delight the most careless school-boy, though some fastidious modern critics deny that they are poetry at all.

In 1845 Macaulay ceased to write for the 'Edinburgh' and devoted himself to his *History of England*. The first two volumes appeared in 1848; the third and fourth in 1855; the unfinished fifth volume in 1861 after his death. He also wrote articles for the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on Atterbury, Bunyan, Goldsmith, Johnson, and Pitt. In 1857 he was created Baron Macaulay of Rothley, and was elected a foreign associate of the French Academy of Moral and Political Sciences. Later on he received the Prussian Order of Merit. Towards the end of his life he suffered much from asthma and heart-weakness, but worked on with undaunted courage. He died December 28, 1859 at Holly Lodge, Kensington, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Though Macaulay never married, the most striking illustration of his personal worth is perhaps to be found in the depth and persistency of his domestic affections. His sister insisted, after her marriage with Trevelyan, on retaining him as an inmate of her new household—a somewhat severe test of sisterly love. And Macaulay's biography, written by her son, George Otto Trevelyan, gives clear proof of the deep impression made upon the author's mind by his uncle's unselfish and affectionate character. Macaulay was a devoted son, a true-hearted brother, a loyal friend, wholly uncorrupted either by popularity or power. Sydney Smith truly said that 'You might lay ribbons,

'Lays of Ancient Rome.'

'History of England'; death.

Character :
(1) As a man.

stars, garters, wealth, titles before him in vain. He has an honest, genuine love for his country, and the world could not bribe him to neglect her interests.' The defects in his character were precisely those which are so plain in his writings: an easy optimism, too prone to rest satisfied with external evidences of human progress.

As a writer Macaulay was morally and intellectually the exact antithesis of Carlyle. Saintsbury divides his work into verse, prose essays, and history. (2) *As a writer.* 'In all three he was eminently popular; and in all three his popularity has brought with it a reaction, partly justified, partly unjust. The worst brunt of this reaction has fallen upon his verse. A poet of the very highest class Macaulay was not; his way of thought was too positive, too clear, too destitute either of mystery or of dream, to command or to impart the true poetical mirage, to "make the common as if it were not common."' In essay-writing he regards Macaulay as quite supreme in his own kind. His *Essays* are almost all famous, and all deserve their fame. 'Their defects are serious enough. The system (of reviewing), which Macaulay did not invent but carried to perfection, of regarding the particular book in hand as a starting-point from which to pursue the critic's own views of the subject, inevitably leads to unfairness..... He had strong prejudices and the vindication of these prejudices, rather than the exposition and valuation of the subject, was what he had first at heart. He had the born advocate's inclination to *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi*, and he has a heavy account to make up under these heads. The characteristics of the *Essays* reproduce themselves on a magnified scale in the *History*. The width of study and the grasp of results become altogether amazing and little short of miraculous in this enlarged field..... And Macaulay was practically the first historian who took the trouble to inspect the actual places with the zeal of a topographer or an antiquary. This has added greatly to the vividness and picturesque character of his descriptions, and has often resulted in a distinct gain to historical knowledge.' Bagehot's verdict is that 'the striking quality

of his writings is the *intellectual entertainment* which they afford. He has fancy, sense, abundance ; he appeals to both fancy and understanding. There is no sense of effort. His books read like an elastic dream.....And no one describes so well the *spectacle* of a character. But he is too omniscient ; everything is too plain ; all is clear ; nothing is doubtful. The great cause of this error is an abstinence from practical action. Macaulay's party-spirit is another consequence of his positiveness. When he inclines to a side, he inclines to it too much.' The fact is Macaulay is a rhetorician, whose business it is to convince. Hence, with his short sentences, he is absolutely clear, full of illustrations and allusions, drawn from his wide and vast erudition ; there are no half tones ; everything is depicted in broad, plain strokes : William of Orange is the highest type of ruler, Boswell is the meanest of mankind.

QUOTATIONS.

The dust and silence of the upper shelf. *Milton.*

As civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. *Ib.*

In enterprises like theirs parsimony is the worst profusion
Hallam's Constitutional History.

The gallery in which the reporters sit has become a fourth estate of the realm. *Ib.*

We know no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in one of its periodical fits of morality. *Moore's Life of Byron.*

There is not a forward boy at any school in England who does not know that the marquis was hanged.¹ *Boswell's Life of Johnson.*

An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia.
Lord Bacon.

She (the Roman Catholic Church) may still exist in undiminished vigour, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins St. Paul's. *Ranke's History of the Popes.*

¹ Cf. Swift, *The Country Life* :—

'Oh how our neighbour lifts his nose
To tell what every schoolboy knows.'

He was a rake among scholars, and a scholar among rakes.
Aikin's Life of Addison.

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate :
"To every man upon this earth
 Death cometh soon or late ;
And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
 And the temples of his Gods ?" *Lays, Horatius, St. 27.*
With weeping and with laughter
Still is the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old. *Ib. St. 70.*

He felt towards those whom he had deserted that peculiar malignity which has in all ages been characteristic of apostates.
History of England, Chap. 1.

The Puritan hated bearbaiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. *Ib. Chap. 2.*

It is possible to be below flattery, as well as to be above it. *Ib.*

There were gentlemen and there were seamen in the navy of Charles the Second. But the seamen were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen. *Ib. Chap. 3.*

TENNYSON (1809-1892).

Alfred, Lord Tennyson, was born August 6, 1809 at Somersby in Lincolnshire, a small village where his father was Rector. The Rectory with its old-fashioned garden, pictured so well in the *Ode to Memory* and *In Memoriam*, was the poet's home for the first twenty-eight years of his life. The surrounding neighbourhood presents great varieties of scenery—the 'gray old grange and lonely fold,' the 'low morass and whispering reed,' the 'simple stile from mead to mead,' and the 'sheepwalk up the windy wold'¹; and further away,

'Stretched wide and wild the waste enormous marsh,
Where from the frequent bridge,
Like emblems of infinity,
The trenched waters run from sky to sky.'²

The near sea-coast has special characteristics, and seems to have deeply impressed the young poet's imagination. The Tennysons always spent their summer holidays by the sea, usually at Mablethorpe, where no doubt he often heard and saw what he afterwards so vividly described, when,

'The crest of some slow-arching wave,
Heard in dead night along that table shore,
Drops flat, and, after, the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves,
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing.'³

Alfred Tennyson was the fourth child of a family of twelve, eight sons and four daughters, who formed a little social world of their own. Alfred's next brother, Charles, became a clergyman and wrote sonnets of considerable merit. Of his sisters, the second,

¹ *In Memoriam*, C.

² *Ode to Memory*, V.

³ *The Last Tournament*, 461-6.

Emily, and the youngest, Cecilia, are of literary interest. The first was engaged to Arthur Henry Hallam, son of the historian and the subject of *In Memoriam*; while the 'marriage lay' of the other, who wedded Edmund L. Lushington, forms an epilogue to that poem. In the *Memoir* of Tennyson, by his son, there is a beautiful picture of their family life: little Alfred sitting surrounded by his younger brothers and sisters, while in the winter firelight he fascinates the little group with tales of knights and demons, dragons and distressed damsels. In the summer he spent most of his time in out-of-door games and rambles. He had the run of their father's large library, and thus became familiar with many of the great writers. To a large extent his father was his tutor. From him he learned all he knew of languages, mathematics, the fine arts, and natural history, till he went to Cambridge.

Tennyson had a great love for animals, and a keen interest in natural history. He would brave the wrath of the neighbouring gamekeepers by springing their traps; for he could not bear to think of the long hours of torture endured by bird or beast, pinioned by a crushed limb, with no release but the murderous advent of the keeper. This sympathetic instinct shows itself in those lines of *Geraint and Enid* where he tells how the helpless Enid

Fondness for
animals.

'Sent forth a sudden, sharp, and bitter cry
As of a wild thing taken in the trap,
Which sees the trapper coming thro' the wood.'

He brought a young owl to his attic window one night by answering its cry, and succeeded in turning it into a household pet. And he would spend long nights with the shepherd on the wold, watching the sheep and the stars. The latter all his life long had a great fascination for him, as every reader of *Maud* will have noticed. Wherever he lived, he liked to have some way of access to the roof; and after a midnight talk with his visitors, he would take them up for a look at Orion, the Pleiades, or the 'barren square' of Pegasus, before he bade them good-night.

When Tennyson was seven years old, he was sent to live with his grandmother at Louth, that he might attend the Grammar School where his experiences were not happy.

At school at Louth; 'Poems by two Brothers.'

After four years he returned home, and his education was carried on by his father with some help from outside. He and his brothers had a very free life at home: not over-burdened with lessons, plenty of open-air amusements, and, indoors, wood-carving, clay-modelling, with endless story-telling and writing of original poems. These were composed mainly by Charles and Alfred, a few being by Frederic. At a loss for pocket-money, the brothers took their MSS. to Mr. Jackson, a Louth bookseller, who gave them £20 for the book, which was published in 1827, and republished in 1893. It is interesting chiefly as showing how the writers had been influenced by Scott and Moore, but especially by Byron. The last was the young Alfred's idol: on hearing of his death, he carved on a rock the word's 'Byron is dead,' and the whole world seemed, as he tells us, to be darkened for him.

In February 1828 Tennyson matriculated at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he soon became intimate with most of the men of the time who were afterwards distinguished in literature, art, politics, or the Church. He became a member of a society founded by Carlyle's friend Sterling, a sort of informal debating club, called the 'Apostle,' because theoretically limited to a membership of twelve. The meetings were strictly private, and topics of every kind were discussed. Thus in one debate on the question, 'Is an intelligible First Cause deducible from the phenomena of the Universe?' Tennyson's vote is 'no' a negation which is expanded in In Memoriam, CXXIV, St. 2. These debates, no doubt somewhat idealised, are described in LXXXVII, St. 6-10, of that poem, the 'master-bowman' being Hallam, who became Tennyson's dearest friend.

In 1829 Tennyson won the Chancellor's gold medal for English Verse with *Timbuctoo*, which was a *réchauffé* of an earlier piece that he had by

Timbuctoo'.

him, *The Battle of Armageddon*. This poem has never been included among his published works; but it shows an unusual mastery of the secrets of blank verse form. And it gives in half a dozen powerful lines an account of what appears to have been a peculiar faculty in Tennyson—the power, claimed by all oriental mystics, of getting out of his own personality into a conscious oneness with the Infinite. This liability to an ecstatic trance holds an important place in Tennyson's poems; we meet with it in *The Princess*, I and IV; at the close of *The Holy Grail*; in sections XCV and CXXII of *In Memoriam*; and above all in *The Ancient Sage*, which is really a veiled piece of autobiography.

In 1830 Tennyson published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, in which *Mariana in the Moated Grange*, *The Dying Swan* and *Claribel* were the most noticeable poems. They shewed that a poet of unique power had arisen. One thing we may remark at once: that Tennyson continually corrected and recorrected himself in successive editions of his poems, and usually for the better. It is true that Milton too erased and altered much that he had written; but he more wisely kept his poems to himself till they had attained their final perfection. These early poems also serve to show how studiously Tennyson accumulated a vast hoard of poetic wealth in nature-studies at first hand, in choice words and quaint phrases culled from old English authors or adapted from the Latin or Greek classics; and finally in varied experiments in word-music and metrical form.

Their main defect is that the writer had not as yet mastered the art of concealing art; one can get behind the scenes and see how the poetical effects are thought out and elaborated.

In the summer of the same year Tennyson accompanied Hallam to the Pyrenees with money supplies for the insurgent general Torrijos, who had risen in revolt against the tyranny of King Ferdinand. From this somewhat Quixotic adventure they re-

'Poems, chiefly
Lyrical.'

'Journey to the
Pyrenees.'

turned safely, stored with imperishable memories of mountain scenery. Part of *Cenone* was written in the valley of Cauteret; which, when revisited thirty-one years afterwards, inspired one of Tennyson's loveliest lyrics, 'All along the valley', and after-echo of *In Memoriam*.

Tennyson left Cambridge in 1831 without taking a degree, and in March of that year his father died. By Poems (1832). an arrangement made with Dr. Tennyson's successor, the Tennysons were allowed to remain undisturbed in the Rectory for the next six years. In 1832 were published his *Poems*, containing such splendid work as *The Dream of Fair Women*, *Cenone*, *The Lady of Shalott*, *The Lotos-Eaters*, *The Palace of Art*, and *The Miller's Daughter*—work which in some respects he never afterwards surpassed. Though enthusiastically received by discerning critics, the book was savagely attacked by a reviewer in the 'Quarterly.' For a new type of poetry had undoubtedly appeared; and the public taste in England is obstinately conservative. Tennyson's sensitive nature felt this want of sympathy so keenly that he preserved an almost unbroken silence for the next ten years.

He and Arthur Hallam went for a tour up the Rhine in the Hallam's death. summer of 1832. In 1833 Hallam, who had been in frail health for some time, went with his father to the Tyrol, where it was hoped that change of air and scene would restore him. They reached Vienna; and there one day (September 13) the father returning from a walk found his son dead on the sofa—

' In Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touched him, and he slept.'¹

He was buried at Clevedon, January 3. To Tennyson the sudden news came as a crushing blow; for some time the light of life was eclipsed. *The Two Voices*, a modern *replica* of Hamlet's soliloquy on suicide, was begun under the shadow of this loss. Gradually, in scattered fragments, the *In Memori-*

¹ IN MEMORIAM, LXXXV, St. 5.

am poems came to him, bringing in the end solace and resignation.

In 1837 the Tennyson family left Somersby for their new home, High Beech, in Epping Forest. This removal is beautifully described in *In Memoriam*, sections C—CV. Tennyson was now working at his own poems and studying Wordsworth, Keats, and Milton. His great sorrow found relief in Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, which at this time he thought superior to his dramas. A comparison of these *Sonnets* with *In Memoriam* will show how deeply Tennyson was influenced by them. Tennyson also contributed an anonymous poem, 'O that 'twere possible' to 'The Tribute.' This poem was afterwards expanded into *Maud*. In 1838 he joined the Anonymous Club, which included Carlyle, Thackeray, Macready, and Landor.

It was not till the two-volume edition of his poetry was published under the title of *Poems* in 1842 that Tennyson really became known to the English public. These volumes contained most of his earlier poems, carefully revised, with new ones of striking merit, *Morte d' Arthur*, *Ulysses*, *The Two Voices*, *St. Agnes' Eve*, *The Palace of Art*, *The Gardener's Daughter*, *Dora*, *Locksley Hall*, and some others. One result of this popularity was the enlargement of his circle of friends. Carlyle sought him out, exhorting him to quit poetry for 'Work and Prose'! Rogers, Dickens, and Elizabeth Barrett (afterwards Mrs. Browning) made his acquaintance, and later on Wordsworth.

About this time Tennyson was induced to invest his property and some of his brothers' and sisters' in a quasi-philanthropic speculation. It failed, and he was left penniless. So severely did the shock prey upon his nerves that his life was despaired of; but he recovered after a course of hydropathic treatment at Cheltenham. His friends used their influence with Sir Robert Peel, and a pension of £200 was conferred upon him.

The Princess, a Medley, was published in 1847. The prologue to this poem had been suggested by a festival of the Maidstone Mechanics' Institute held on July 6, 1842 in his brother-in-law Lushington's grounds at Park Hall, near Boxley, where the Tennysons were then living. One of the songs in it, 'Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,' was composed during a tour among the Swiss Alps in company with Edward Moxon, his publisher. A second edition followed in 1848; but the distinguishing charm of the poem, the division of the drama into acts by exquisitely appropriate lyrics, was not made till the 1850 edition.

Ever since Hallam's death Tennyson had in a somewhat desultory fashion been engaged upon the series of poems which make up *In Memoriam* (1850). On this poem Moxon advanced £300; and Tennyson at last was able to marry Emily Sellwood, the subject of his sonnet, *The Bridesmaid*, written in 1836, when Charles Tennyson married her sister Louisa. Part of their honeymoon was spent at Lynton, Glastonbury, where the first germ of *The Holy Grail* came to him. Mrs. Tennyson proved a perfect wife, screening her sensitive husband from rough contact with the world's jealousies, and always ready with sympathetic help.

In November 1850 Tennyson accepted the post of Poet Laureate, vacant by Wordsworth's death. In July 1851, he and his wife went for a tour in Italy, during which they stayed with his eldest brother Frederick in Florence, returning by Paris, where they met Mr. and Mrs. Browning. This tour has been immortalised in *The Daisy*, a perfect gem among Tennyson's poems. It is written in a new and original metre, of which there is a variant in the verses *To the Rev. F. D. Maurice*.

In August 1852 Tennyson's eldest son Hallam was born; and in November was published the *Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington*, one of his finest efforts, in which the 'iron duke' stands as the symbol of

patriotism and duty. About this time Tennyson, like many other Englishmen, keenly distrusted France under the new Napoleonic *régime*. In this spirit he wrote two patriotic poems published in 'The Examiner,' *Britons guard your own*, and *Hands all round*. By 1854 England and France had become allies in the Crimean War; one of the incidents in which was celebrated by the Laureate in his memorable *Charge of the Light Brigade*, of whose merit one proof is the enthusiasm it roused among the soldiers themselves. Its companion poem, *The Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, was published in 1882. *Riflemen form* appeared in 1859.

In 1853 Tennyson settled in the house and farm of Farringford, in the Isle of Wight. In July 1855
 'Maud.' *Maud* was published, soon after he had received at Oxford the honorary degree of D.C.L. The enthusiasm with which he was welcomed on that occasion strangely contrasted with the storm of ignorant abuse which was showered upon the new poem. It was ably defended by Dr. Mann who pointed out that the poem was meant to be dramatic and not an exposition of Tennyson's own beliefs. To guard against this misapprehension, the title in all subsequent editions was expanded into *Maud, a Monodrama*. Seldom has popular criticism been more wide of the mark. But it deeply wounded Tennyson's feelings, and he remained silent for several years, meditating upon and trying experiments in the Arthurian legends.

In 1859 Tennyson made public the result of these experiments in his *Idylls of the King* (*Enid Vivien*,
 'Idylls of the King.' *Elaine*, and *Guinevere*), four narratives in blank verse, each throwing its own special light on the central theme, King Arthur's ideal society, his knights of the Round Table. These *Idylls* were welcomed by the public for their individual merits, as exquisite studies of four types of womanhood, rather than as parts of a national epic. Tennyson afterwards added eight more idylls published at different dates, and placed the whole of them finally in the following order with the following titles :—

The Coming of Arthur (1869), forming a prologue or introduction.
Gareth and Lynette (1872), an allegorizing tale of the earlier happy times in Arthur's Court.

The marriage of Geraint } (1859),¹ a picture of the pure and loyal
Geraint and Enid } wife who by her sweet meekness re-
 deems her wayward and jealous husband.

Balin and Balan (1885), the story of two brothers, whose tragic death is brought about by Vivien's malice through the scandal about the Queen.

Merlin and Vivien (1859), telling how the cunning Vivien entices the great wizard Merlin to his doom.

Lancelot and Elaine (1859), a type of sweet girlish innocence who might have been the salvation of Lancelot but for his guilty love for the Queen.

The Holy Grail (1869), a legend of the Cup of the Last Supper, supposed to have been brought to Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathæa.

Pelleas and Ettarre (1869), a study of the moral corruption in Arthur's Court caused by Guinevere's disloyalty.

The Last Tournament (1872), a powerful description of the final downfall of the Round Table and the Court.

Guinevere (1859), the guilty Queen in her last remorseful meeting with her lord, before he rides away to the battle that is to end his work and his life.

The Passing of Arthur (1869),² forming an epilogue.

A new edition of these *Idylls* (1862), with a dedication to the Prince Consort, led to Tennyson's presentation in person to the Queen, who thenceforward became an attached friend. His popularity was further increased by the publication in 1864 of *Enoch Arden*; *Sea Dreams*, a domestic idyll; *Aylmer's Field*, a tragic story of true love crossed by pride of caste; and the *Northern Farmer, Old Style*, a vivid monodrama in dialect. Tennyson's mother died at Hampstead in 1865. He now bought an estate near Haslemere in Surrey, where his house 'Aldworth' was built.

¹ Originally one poem, *Geraint and Enid*; the division was made in 1888.

² In this Idyll is included *Morte d'Arthur*.

In 1869, Tennyson published, along with the four new Arthurian idylls, *Lucretius*, powerful study of a sceptic's suicide; *The Higher Pantheism*; *The Golden Supper*, the conclusion of an earlier poem, *The Lover's Tale*, which Tennyson had written before he went to Cambridge, and had printed, but afterwards suppressed; and the *Northern Farmer, New Style*, another dialect poem. These with some smaller poems completed the volume, which however did not prove so popular as its predecessor. In this year Tennyson was elected Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Tennyson now applied his powers in a new direction, and began a persistent struggle against the true bent of his genius by determining to win success as a dramatic poet, with a view to the elevation of the modern stage. In this struggle he for the most part failed, but he continued it bravely to the end of his days, and did in fact attain some posthumous success. His natural gifts were essentially lyrical, or at best monodramatic. He overlooked the fact that even Shakespeare had to serve a long apprenticeship to the detail drudgery of the stage; and without a tithe of Shakespeare's dramatic instinct he attempted to continue that poet's great historical dramas with no practical knowledge of stage-craft. Failure to a great extent was inevitable. Of this series of historical plays *Queen Mary* was published in 1875 and staged by Irving at the Lyceum in 1876; *Harold* was published in 1876, but never acted; *Becket* was published in 1884 and produced by Irving in 1893, and proved one of his greatest successes. All three dramas were highly praised by Browning, Aubrey de Vere, G. H. Lewes, Dean Stanley, and Edward Fitzgerald. The historian J. R. Green said that all his researches had not given him 'so vivid a conception of the character of Henry II and his court.' *The Foresters* was brought out in New York, and attracted crowded audiences. A short play, *The Falcon*, was produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in 1879 and was well received, as was also *The Cup* (1880), which was brought out by Irving at the Lyceum. But *The*

Promise of May (1882), produced by Mrs. Bernard Beere at the Globe Theatre, was a dismal failure.

In 1880 Tennyson published *Ballads and other Poems*, a volume containing *Rizpah*, a terribly pathetic study of a mother's devotion; *In the Children's Hospital*, a touching story; and the immortal ballads, *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow*. The former is based mainly upon Sir Walter Raleigh's account of the fight between a single ship, the *Revenge*, commanded by Sir Richard Grenville, and the whole Spanish fleet in 1591. With this splendid ballad may be compared Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* and Drayton's *Battle of Agincourt*. This volume also comprises *De Profundis*, a speculation, as M. Luce remarks, on the genesis of the soul and its future destiny. The poem forms a valuable comment on two lines in *Crossing the Bar* :

'When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.'

Tennyson moved into his new home at Aldworth in 1874, and thenceforward lived alternately there and at Farringford. He had twice, in 1873 and 1874, been offered and had declined a baronetcy. In 1883 he went for a voyage with W. E. Gladstone round Scotland to Norway and Denmark. During this voyage Mr. Gladstone arranged to offer the poet a peerage, which he finally accepted, and on March 11, 1884 he entered the House of Lords as Baron Tennyson of Aldworth and Farringford. He never spoke in the House, but voted twice.

Tiresias and other Poems appeared in 1885. It contains the magnificent lines *To Virgil* and *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, a passionate, mono-dramatic denunciation of modern decadence.

Last poems;
death.

In 1889 was published *Demeter and Other Poems* comprising a dialect story, *Owd Roa*; *Happy*, a powerful sketch of a wife who shares the lifelong burial of her leper husband; *Romney's Remorse*, a study of the conflict between Art and Love; and concluding with the incomparable lyric, *Crossing the Bar*.

His last volume, *The death of Ænone* (1892) and other poems, was brought out after his death. It contains *Kapiolani*, the story of a chieftainess who converted the people of the Sandwich Islands to Christianity by defying the goddess of the volcanic lake of fire, Kilauea; and *The Churchwarden and the Curate*, a dialect monodrama. Tennyson died after a short illness on Thursday, October 6, 1892 at the age of 83. He was buried on the 12th in Westminster Abbey, next to Robert Browning, and in front of the Chaucer monument.

Tennyson's character as a man may be summed up in one sentence: he represents at its best the cultured nineteenth century English gentleman. Love of order, reverence for all settled institutions, purity of thought and life, chivalrous deference to womanhood, a sober acquiescence in established religious forms and ideas, combined with a fearless receptivity towards new ideas and scientific criticism, so long as these avoid revolutionary haste; a sober patriotism and above all a deep devotion to all the sanctities of family life:—these made up the man, and these are the springs of his poetic inspiration. From his earliest years he conscientiously devoted himself to his mission as an artist, and throughout his life he kept himself up to the highest level of capacity by systematic study of all that is best in literature, ancient or modern; by sympathetic intercourse with cultured minds; and above all by constant, keen-eyed communion with the open-air world of leaf and flower, insect, beast, and bird, sunrise and sunset, sunshine and storm.

Such being the man himself and such being the essential characteristics of his work, it is easy to see why he was and still is so popular and so widely read by English people. He is at once the product and the representative of his age. His first *Locksley Hall* is the mouthpiece of the Liberalism of the early Victorian era; his later *Locksley Hall* similarly embodies the doubts and distrust of the Conservatism of the compeers of his declining age. In *The Princess* he deals with a social problem that was then beginning to make itself insistent, the changing position

Tennyson's Character:
(1) As a man.

(2) As a poet:
(a) Representative of his age.

and the proper sphere of woman ; and he deals with it in the same spirit of hopeful yet cautious tolerance. The scientific tendencies and religious doubts of the age find their clearest utterance and their ripest solution in *In Memoriam*, *The Two Voices*, *The Higher Pantheism*, and *The Holy Grail*. Our somewhat reserved national feeling finds free voice in the patriotic poems mentioned above, in *The Defence of Lucknow*, and above all in the trumpet-toned *Revenge*.

But though Tennyson's popularity is based upon a correspondence between his own reverence for Law and the deepest foundations of English character, it is based no less upon his delicate power as an artist. Among the elements of this power is his close observation of Nature, which furnishes him with an endless store of poetic description and imagery ; his scholarly appreciation of all that is most picturesque in the literature of the past ; his exquisite precision in the use of words and phrases ; all joined with an expressive harmony of rhythm.

(b) Artistic
perfection.

Connected with Tennyson's close observation of Nature is his scientific insight. He is pre-eminently the Poet of Science. Tyndall speaks warmly of the debt which men of science owe to his poems. When broken down in health, he found that Tennyson's poems had quite as much to do with his recovery as the fresh mountain air. And when he was at his work, he found them 'like wine to his intellect.' For indeed Tennyson revealed in his own personality, as it had never been revealed before, the close organic connection there is between the scientific and the imaginative sides of the human mind.

(c) Scientific
insight.

No poet has ever attained to such a complete and varied mastery of the music of words. This he showed at the very outset, in his earliest poems such as *Claribel* and the *Dying Swan* ; and this he sedulously cultivated throughout his whole career. And this entrancing music he always linked with a subtle suggestiveness of thought. Saintsbury well says : ' only Milton, with Thomson as a far distant second, had impressed upon non-dramatic blank

(d) Word music.

verse such a swell and surge as that of *Ænone*. And about all these different kinds and others there clung and rang a peculiar dreamy slow music which was heard for the first time, and has never been reproduced—a music which makes the stately verses of *The Palace of Art* and the *Dream of Fair Women* tremble and cry with melodious emotion, and accomplishes the miracle of the poet's own dying swan in a hundred other poems "all flooded over with eddying song."

Tennyson preferred short poems to long; indeed brevity and compression is one secret of his art. A single four-line stanza will often contain as large a landscape or as intricate a complexity of thought as a page of Byron or Scott. And as a rule he does not excel in long poems; there is seldom a complete and satisfactory unity about them. 'Short swallow-flights of song' suited his genius best, and he was well aware of the fact. His best long poem is *The Princess*, best, that is, as regards its artistic unity from beginning to end. It is, writes Saintsbury, 'undoubtedly Tennyson's greatest effort in a vein verging towards the comic—a side on which he was not so well equipped as the other. Exquisite as its author's verse always is, it was never more exquisite than here, whether in blank verse or in the superadded lyrics, while none of his deliberately arranged plays contains characters half so good as those of the Princess herself (who seeks to redeem womanhood by founding a college for their education wholly apart from man), of Lady Blanche and Lady Psyche (her friends, the college tutors), of Cyril (the Prince's friend, who goes with him, both in female disguise, as a College student, and by his half-tipsy carelessness betrays their plot) of the two Kings (the father of the Prince and the father of the Princess) and even of one or two others. And that unequalled dream-faculty of his enabled him to carry off whatever was fantastical in the conception with almost unparalleled felicity.' No doubt there are inconsistencies in the story, situations which are obviously impossible or out of keeping with the rest: but all this is accounted for by the author's deliberate choice of method. He calls it 'A Medley,' and such

it is ; a fantastical mixture of mediævalism with nineteenth century ideals ; an outward framework of tilts and tournaments and old-world chivalry, and yet all the while we feel that the Prince and his companions, the Princess and her pupils, are but playful or half-serious sketches of the Cambridge undergraduates and the Girton girls of to-day. The worst fault of *The Princess* is that towards the end the poet half drops his puppet-masks and preaches a somewhat tedious sermon, however beautifully phrased, on his own half-conventional theory of the true relation between the sexes.

In writing *Maud* Tennyson was perhaps hampered by his building it on a poem already written. He
 'Maud.' certainly injured its chances of success by making it a kind of tractate against the 'Manchester School' of 'peace at any price.' And though he afterwards called it a 'Monodrama,' his patriotic songs, more especially the Epilogue to the *Charge of the Heavy Brigade*, show that the sentiments of his fictitious hero were very largely his own. The central doctrine of *Maud* is summed up in one verse, in which, after dilating on all the horrors of our mammon-worshipping civilisation, that hero says :—

'For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill,
 And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of
 the foam,
 That the smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue would leap from his
 counter and till,
 And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yard-wand
 home.'

It would be difficult to find in English literature a line more musical and more effective than the second of the above quotation ; it would be equally difficult to find a more supercilious contempt for all retail tradespeople than is concentrated in the third line. We need not impute this contempt to Tennyson himself ; but the sequel is instructive. Shakespeare has created a hero who embodies a more heroic and less vulgar disdain for the plebeian herd ; but Shakespeare by pure dramatic art shows how such a caste-centred contempt inevitably brings

about, both inwardly and outwardly, the hero's own destruction. Tennyson shows no such insight; his hero's *Nunce dimittis* is an ecstatic welcome to

' The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire.'

Maud has been described as ' Tennyson's worst poem but finest poetry.' Saintsbury says that the poet ' has never done more poetical things than the passage " Cold and clear-cut face etc."; than the prothalamium " I have led her home"; than the incomparable and never-to-be-hackneyed " Come into the garden, Maud "; or than the best of all, " Oh that 'twere possible." It may even be contended that these are the absolute summit of the poet's effort, the point which, though he was often near it, he never again quite reached.' Two passages in *Maud* are classical instances of Tennyson's imaginative application of his close observation of Nature. The hero says that he knows the way his lady went,

' Her feet have touched the meadows
And left the daisies rosy.'

A daisy usually is almost entirely white on its upper surface, but the sides of each petal are deep pink. Thus in its natural position it looks white, but when trodden on it seems to turn ' rosy.' The other passage is :

' Birds in the high Hall-garden
When twilight was falling,
Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud,
They were crying and calling.'

Tennyson was especially fond of reading *Maud* aloud; and any one who heard his deep, rough voice in the third line would at once recognise the note of the rooks.

Enoch Arden is perhaps the best representative of a series of poems which their author originally called ' Enoch Arden.' ' Idylls of the Hearth.' They are stories of domestic life among the humbler classes. This particular one, a dramatic sketch drawn from seaside village life, involving three types of character—Enoch, the strong heroic sailor;

Philip the weak but affectionate stay-at-home; and Annie, an example of simple commonplace womanhood—gives admirable scope for Tennyson's special powers. We have a vivid picture of sea-faring life in England; and contrasted with it, a still more vivid picture of the gorgeous scenery of the tropics, where the shipwrecked sailor is left in lonely desolation. The personal situations—Annie left in straitened poverty by her husband's shipwreck, and the gradual change on the part of Philip from an unselfish pitying friendship into a somewhat selfish love, as the belief gains ground on every side that Enoch is certainly dead—provide opportunities for some very subtle character-drawing; as does still more the tragic conclusion, when Enoch returns to find his wife married to another, and settled in a happy home.

Probably the greatest and the most enduring of all Tennyson's poems is *In Memoriam*. For it is to the modern conception of Christianity what *Paradise Lost* was to the faith of the puritan. It is the unconscious autobiography of Tennyson's own religious life. But, apart from this, it has a unique literary value. Nowhere else can we find such a perfect fusion of artistic beauty with philosophic thought; nowhere else can we find scenes so beautiful suffused with such vivid emotion. One instance (from Section XI) may suffice to illustrate this:

'Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
And waves that sway themselves in rest,
And dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.'

Tennyson for some time believed that he had invented this special metrical form. He did not know that Lord Herbert of Cherbury had used it in the seventeenth century. But in reality Tennyson did make it. He did for this peculiar quatrain what Milton did for blank verse; he made it a poetic instrument of the most wonderful flexibility and variety. Of course this poem is not the last word that can be spoken on the themes, scientific, religious, and philosophical, with which it deals. The poet frankly acknowledges this (XLVIII); nay he

himself has exemplified the fact by making alterations in it to suit the subsequent changes of his own thought. Its most serious defect is that Tennyson nowhere seems to recognise the truth that wholesale death and perpetual battle are the means by which the upward progress of Evolution, the 'Ascent of Man,' is secured. That 'Nature red in tooth and claw with ravin' does *not* 'shriek against the creed' that 'God is love,'¹ is precisely what Darwin has made clear. But strangely enough neither in *In Memoriam* nor in *Maud*² does Tennyson show any consciousness of this fundamental idea of modern science.

The *Idylls of the King* was in one sense the work of Tennyson's lifetime. From his earliest years he had studied the Arthurian legends and made prose sketches of them. *The Lady of Shalott* in the 1832 volume of his poems is an earlier version of *Elaine*; and we know that the greater part, if not the whole of *Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere* (1842) was written in 1830. We also know that he deliberately intended his *Idylls* to be an allegory of the Ideal Man—at once the individual and the race, coming into this world of action out of the Unknown and returning to the Unknown. Tennyson himself says: 'Camelot, a city of shadowy palaces, is everywhere symbolic of the gradual growth of human beliefs and institutions, and of the spiritual development of man.' It is perhaps the highest praise of the *Idylls* that the allegory is never obtruded; in fact it might easily be overlooked. Regarded as an epic, the poem lacks unity; indeed it is really what the title implies, not so much an epic as a series of separate idyllic pieces, all more or less connected with a central theme. Moreover here, as in *The Princess*, there is the same blending of incongruous ideals. Tennyson's King Arthur and Sir Lancelot belong really to the nineteenth century; they are wholly different beings from the flesh and blood heroes of Sir Thomas Malory's Romance. But Tennyson's 'dream-faculty' carries him triumphantly through;

¹ *In Mem.* LVI, 4.

² *Maud*, IV, 4.

his world is a wholly different world from that of Malory, but in its own way it is as real, and it is but seldom that we have an uneasy suspicion that in Arthur we are after all only gazing upon a glorified image of the Prince Consort. Of the whole group of idylls the most Homeric is the earliest, the *Morte d' Arthur* fragment; while for spiritual sublimity *The Holy Grail* is unrivalled in English literature. Dowden points out as a defect in the *Idylls*, that Tennyson has no sympathy with the nobler aspects of the mystical religious spirit: 'we find nowhere among the persons of his imagination a Teresa, uniting as she did in so eminent a degree an administrative genius, a genius for action, with the genius of exalted piety.' But while it is true that Tennyson strove to show the superiority of the life of action to the life of contemplative vision both by making his ideal King take no part in the Quest of the Sangraal and by the King's homily to that effect at the close of that idyll, it nevertheless remains true that the poet in him overbore the moralist. Tennyson failed, just as Milton failed in *Paradise Lost*, only more happily. Milton's splendid genius left Satan rather than the Almighty as the centre of our sympathies; and certainly no one can read *The Holy Grail* without feeling that Galahad, not Arthur, is the real hero of the poem. Nowhere in English literature is there a more richly beautiful imaging forth of the unspeakable glories of the heavenly world than is found in Galahad's entry into the far-off 'spiritual city.' King Arthur is most kingly and most heroic, not in the latter idylls, when Tennyson had begun consciously to allegorize, and moralize but in his earliest and most Homeric work.

QUOTATIONS.

Thou art no Sabbath drawler of old saws,
 Distilled from some worm-cankered homily. *To J. M. K.*
 Howe'er it be, it seems to me
 'Tis only noble to be good.
 Kind hearts are more than coronets,
 And simple faith than Norman blood.

Lady Clara Vera de Vere.

Where Freedom slowly broadens down
 From precedent to precedent. *You ask me why.*
 And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Morte d' Arthur.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love. *Locksley Hall.*

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords
 with might ;

Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out
 of sight. *Ib.*

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's
 heart. *Ib.*

This is truth the poet sings,

That a sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier
 things. *Ib.*

Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay, *Ib.*

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still ! *Break, break, break !*

We are the ancients of the earth,

And in the morning of the times. *The Day-Dream, L'Envoi.*

Sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair. *The Princess.*

Jewels five-words long,

That on the stretch'd forefinger of all time

Sparkle for ever. *Ib.*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,

Tears from the depth of some divine despair

Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,

In looking on the happy Autumn fields,

And thinking of the days that are no more. *Ib.*

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,

And murmuring of innumerable bees. *Ib.*

And, as the greatest only are,

In his simplicity sublime. *Duke of Wellington, St. 4.*

Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set

His Briton in blown seas and storming showers. *Ib. St. 7.*

Not once or twice in our rough island-story

he path of duty was the way to glory. *Ib. St. 8.*

Nor tho' the soldier knew
 Some one had blundered :
 Their's not to make reply,
 Their's not to reason why,
 Their's but to do and die :
 Into the valley of Death
 Rode the six hundred. *Charge of the Light Brigade.*

Never morning wore
 To evening but some heart did break. *In Memoriam, VI.*
 The Shadow cloaked from head to foot,
 Who keeps the keys of all the creeds. *Ib. XXIII.*

'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all. *Ib. XXVII.*

Oh yet we trust that somehow good
 Will be the final goal of ill. *Ib. LIV.*
 Ring in the Christ that is to be. *Ib. CVI.*

Gorgonized me from head to foot
 With a stony British stare. *Maud, Part I, 13. 2.*

Wearing the white flower of a blameless life,
 In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.
Idylls of the King, Dedication.

I hope to see my Pilot face to face,
 When I have crossed the bar. *Crossing the Bar.*

THACKERAY (1811-1863).

William Makepeace Thackeray, one of the great novelists whose work is based upon English life and manners, was born in Calcutta, July 18, 1811. His great-grandfather was head-master of Harrow; his father and grandfather were both in the service of the East India Company. The former died when he was five years old, and he was sent to England to live with an aunt, Mrs. Ritchie.

At eleven years old he went to the Charterhouse, where he stayed six years. His earlier writings show that, while at school, he suffered a good deal from the brutality then universal among schoolboys; but in after years the memory of his school days grew mellowed in imaginative retrospect. His mother, who had married again, returned from India with her husband during these Charterhouse days, and settled in Devonshire near Ottery St. Mary, of which place there are some reminiscences in *Pendennis*. In 1829 Thackeray entered Trinity College, Cambridge, where he remained two years, learning something of classical literature, and a good deal from the society and associations of the place; but he left without any degree. Here he won his first literary success in a University periodical by a burlesque parody of Tennyson's prize poem, *Timbuctoo*.

Continental travel filled up the next two years of his life. He then tried the Bar, but soon gave it up for journalism and art. Towards the end of 1833 he joined his parents in Paris, and busied himself with the study of painters and painting. He attempted unsuccessfully to secure the post of illustrator to the *Pickwick Papers*. He was also a prominent contributor to 'Fraser's Magazine.'

Birth and Parentage.

Education.

Studies art in Paris.

In 1836 he married Isabella Shawe, the daughter of an Indian Colonel. A newspaper, *The Constitutional*, on which he was then partly dependent

Marriage.

for his income, failed six months afterwards, and in its failure swallowed up the fortune both of Thackeray and his parents. In 1837 he moved to London, where he wrote for 'The Times,' 'Fraser's Magazine,' 'The New Monthly,' and Cruikshank's 'Comic Almanack.' Here, between 1837 and 1840, three daughters were born, of whom the eldest, Mrs. Ritchie, became a successful novelist; the youngest married the brilliant critic, Leslie Stephen; the other died in infancy. His wife's health failed after 1840, and his home for a time was broken up. The children were sent to their grandmother in Paris, while he sought in vain by change of air and scene to promote his wife's recovery. His success in literature, however, became so well established, especially after he had joined the staff of 'Punch' in 1842 in the double capacity of draughtsman and writer, that in 1846 he brought his family from Paris, and settled in a permanent London home.

Thackeray's first book, *The Paris Sketch-book*, appeared in

Chief Works.

1840; in 1841, *Comic Tales and Sketches*, containing *The Yellowplush Papers* from 'Fraser,' *Major Gahagan* from 'The New Monthly,' and *The Bedford Row Conspiracy*. In 1841 also *The Hoggarty Diamond* and *The Shabby Genteel Story* came out in 'Fraser,' in which *Barry Lyndon* and *Men's Wives* were subsequently published. *The Irish Sketch-book* appeared in 1843, and *Cornhill to Cairo* in 1846. *The Book of Snobs* in 'Punch,' with his Christmas book, *Mrs. Perkins's Ball* (1847), roused the interest of the public; and his great novel *Vanity Fair* (1847-48) secured for its author a position of permanent popularity, and divided the public into two rival camps, the worshippers of Dickens and the worshippers of Thackeray. *The History of Pendennis* (1849-50), a partially autobiographical novel, next appeared, and was followed in 1852 by *The History of Henry Esmond*, perhaps his masterpiece. Thackeray had met with great success as a lecturer in 1851 with *The English Humourists of*

The Eighteenth Century which, along with *The Four Georges*, he afterwards (1856) delivered in America. *The Newcomes* appeared in 1853-55, and in 1857-58 the *Virginians*, a sequel to *Esmond*.

From January 1860 to April 1862 Thackeray edited the newly-founded 'Cornhill Magazine,' to which he continued to contribute till his death. The pain of refusing MSS, that 'thorn in the editor's cushion' was the cause of his retirement. In it was published *The Four Georges* (1860), as also two less successful novels, *Lovel the Widower* (1861) and *The Adventures of Philip* (1862); the latter having a considerable autobiographical interest. But his best work for the 'Cornhill' is *The Roundabout Papers* (1862), in which he struck out a new line, taking his readers into his confidence with the easy charm of Montaigne. In 1862 Thackeray removed to a house which he had built on Palace Green, Kensington. Here he began *Denis Duval*, a historical novel of great promise; but his sudden death, December 24, 1863, left it a mere fragment. He was buried in Kensal Green Cemetery, and his bust was placed in Westminster Abbey.

Thackeray's personal character has been unfortunately overshadowed by a delusion, springing from a misreading of his novels, that he was of a profoundly cynical nature. False as this notion is from a merely literary point of view (as we shall see later), as applied to the man himself it is simply ridiculous. His resignation of the editorship of the 'Cornhill' referred to above sufficiently proves this; to say nothing of his kindness to young and struggling authors, and the tender fidelity of his domestic life.

The chief charm of Thackeray consists in a subtle blending of the simplicity and tenderness of a child with the ironic humour of the experienced man of the world. In his books written for the young, such as *The Rose and the Ring* (1855), and in his ballads there is the entire *abandon*, the whole-hearted playful-

Editor of 'The
Cornhill'; death.

Character :
(1) As a man.

(2) As a writer.

ness of one who delights in the merry laughter of children ; though he knew too well how soon the innocence of youth loses its fresh bloom in a premature worldliness. But his supreme hatred was for cant and hypocrisy in every form. Here he is at one with Carlyle, though his mode of attacking it is wholly different. George Brimley has put this very clearly : 'Mr. Thackeray's humour does not mainly consist in the creation of oddities of manner, habit, or feeling ; but in so representing actual men and women as to excite a sense of incongruity in the reader's mind—a feeling that the follies and vices described are deviations from an ideal of humanity always present to the writer...It is this which makes him a profound novelist.' Of Thackeray's so-called cynicism Saintsbury remarks : 'of all the innumerable cants that ever were canted, the cant about Thackeray's "cynicism" was the silliest and the most erroneous. He knew the weakness of man, and laughed at it as the wise knows and laughs, "knowing also," as the poet says, "that he himself must die." But he did not even despise this weakness, much less is he harsh to it. On the contrary, he is milder, not only than Swift, but even than Addison or Miss Austen, and he is never wroth with human nature save when it is not only weak but base.' Thackeray does not excel in mere story or plot. He has two special gifts indispensable to the novelist, 'an incomparable power of presenting scene and personage to the necessary extent and with telling detail', and the faculty of 'creating and immortalizing character.' Neither Thackeray nor Dickens care much about the development of the plots of their stories. The plot is always subordinate to the character-drawing ; and incidents that have no bearing upon the plot are freely introduced, so long as they help to illustrate the characters, in which lies the main interest of the story. But in other points the two novelists are in strong contrast to each other. Thackeray's humour is quiet and reflective ; Dickens's is broad and exhilarating ; while neither's is savage or cynical. Thackeray's humour is shown in the form of comments on incidents, Dickens's expresses itself in the characters. Thackeray's more refined

taste preserves him from lapsing into the melodramatic and the sentimentally pathetic, from which Dickens is not altogether free.

QUOTATIONS.

Whenever he met a great man, he grovelled before him, and my-lorded him as only a free-born Briton can do. *Vanity Fair*, Bk. I, Chap. 13.

Nothing like blood, sir, in hosses, dawgs, and men (James Crawley). *Ib.* Chap. 35.

'Tis strange what a man may do, and a woman yet think him an angel. *Esmond*, Bk. I, Chap. 7.

The true pleasure of life is to live with one's inferiors. *The Newcomes*, Bk. I, Chap. 9,

Is not a young mother one of the sweetest sights which life shows us? *Ib.* Bk. II, Chap. 13.

As the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said "Adsum", and fell back. It was the word he used at school, when names were called; and lo he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master. *Ib.* Chap. 42.

What woman, however old, has not the bridal-favours and raiment stowed away, and packed in lavender, in the inmost cupboard of her heart? *The Virginians*, Bk. I, Chap. 28.

He that hath ears to hear, let him stuff them with cotton. *Ib.* Chap. 32.

There are some meannesses which are too mean even for man: woman, lovely woman, alone, can venture to commit them. *A Shabby Genteel Story*, Chap. 3.

Why do they always put mud into coffee on board steamers? Why does the tea generally taste of boiled boots? *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*.

Charlotte, having seen his body

Borne before her on a shutter,

Like a well-conducted person,

Went on cutting bread and butter. *Sorrows of Werther*.

DICKENS (1812-1870).

Charles Dickens, the most popular of English novel-writers and humourists, was born at Landport, near Portsmouth, February 7, 1812. His father, John Dickens, the original of Mr. Micawber, was a clerk in the Navy Pay-office; his mother, who in some ways was the model for Mrs. Nickleby, did her best to supplement her husband's deficiencies by teaching Charles the rudiments of Latin and starting a boarding-school, when the family were reduced to great straits by John Dickens's thriftless ways. In 1816 John Dickens had been moved to Chatham, where Charles formed his earliest impressions of shipping and sailors. In 1821 changes in the Admiralty deprived the father of his post and of most of his salary, and the family experienced dire poverty in sordid London surroundings. After a few months the home was broken up by John Dickens's imprisonment for debt in the Marshalsea, an event which supplies material for parts of *Little Dorrit*. Charles was sent to lodge with an old lady in Little College Street, who afterwards figured as Mrs. Pipchin in *Dombey and Son*. There he earned six shillings a week by labelling blacking-pots in a factory.

While at Chatham, Dickens had been sent to two inferior schools; his father's bookshelves had given him access to some old standard novels, such as Fielding's and Smollett's; and his cousin James Lamert had introduced him to the delights of the theatre. From his godfather, a thriving sail-maker in Limehouse, he acquired that familiarity with the details of a shipwright's yard which so often provide a vivid background for his scenes of fiction. And from his experiences in the blacking warehouse and in his daily walks to and from it through the London streets he stored up memories which proved an inexhaustible treasury for *The Pickwick Papers* and *David Copperfield*. From early childhood he

had been intensely observant of particulars both of person and place; and he had formed the habit of associating his surroundings with imaginary continuations of the life supplied by favourite works of fiction. Thus he imagined himself for weeks together to be Tom Jones, or Roderick Random, and could point out the exact public house where he had seen Commodore Trunnion hobnobbing with Mr. Pickle in the bar-parlour. His father having secured his release under the Bankruptcy Act, the family returned to their home in Camden Town; and Charles was delivered from the blacking-pot drudgery and sent to school for the next four years. But at fifteen years old he had to earn his living as an attorney's office boy: spending his spare time as a reader in the British Museum, or in learning shorthand. In 1831 he became a parliamentary reporter. The connexion with several important newspapers involved journeys all over the country, and taught him all the lore of the stage-coach, the inn-yard, and the commercial travellers' room. Dickens thus educated himself for his special life-work with a thoroughness all the more complete because it was unconscious and instinctive.

Dickens began his literary career with his *Sketches by Boz*, contributed to periodicals and published in book form in 1836, the year of his marriage. This work led to his being engaged by Chapman and Hall to write the letterpress for an illustrated monthly serial, which his genius transformed into *The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club* (1836-39). As soon as Sam Weller appeared in the fifth number, the circulation became enormous, and the author's reputation was made. Simultaneously he was bringing out monthly instalments of *Oliver Twist*, as well as of *Nicholas Nickleby* (1838-39). He then started a weekly periodical, *Master Humphrey's Clock* (1840-41), in which appeared as serials *The Old Curiosity Shop* (1840), and *Barnaby Rudge* (1841). The latter, introducing the Gordon Riots, and *A Tale of Two Cities* (1859), a powerful French Revolution story, are his only excursions into the historical novel. In 1841 Dickens for relaxation and change paid a visit to America, the outcome of which

was *American Notes* (1842), in which he severely satirised his late entertainers; nor less severely in the American episodes of his next serial novel, *Martin Chuzzlewit* (1843-44), the most prominent figures in which are the hypocrite Pecksniff, the repulsive villain Jonas Chuzzlewit, and the immortal Sairey Gamp. In spite of the literary success of this novel, its sale was unsatisfactory, nor was he much more successful with his next venture, *A Christmas Carol* (1843); and he had begun to live beyond his means. Accordingly, with a view to retrenchment, he settled in Genoa for a time, and then visited the chief towns of Italy, coming home in June 1845.

After his return to England he was appointed editor of the newly-established 'Daily News'; but resigned

Later novels.

after a fortnight's experience and again went

to live abroad, where he contributed to that newspaper a series of letters, *Pictures from Italy* (1846), and wrote *Dombey and Son* (1846-48). The next year he commenced perhaps his greatest and most characteristic work, largely autobiographical, *David Copperfield* (1849-50). *Bleak House* (1852-53), *Little Dorrit* (1855-57), and *Our Mutual Friend* (1864-65), are the landmarks of Dickens's mature creative power. But as early as 1849 he had begun to project a new kind of weekly periodical; and in March 1850 his idea took form in 'Household Words,' to which he contributed his second-rate *Child's History of England* (1851), and a novel, *Hard Times* (1854). In 1859 this periodical was replaced by 'All the Year Round,' for which, besides *A Tale of Two Cities* already mentioned, he wrote *The Uncommercial Traveller* (1860) and *Great Expectations* (1860-61).

In his childhood Dickens had developed a passion for the stage; in 1836 he wrote a farce and a short

Public readings;
death.

comedy; and the essential theatricality of his nature is more or less discernible in all

his novels. He now took up a semi-dramatic form of activity with great success, by giving public readings from his own novels. In this way he visited all the large towns of the United Kingdom between 1858 and 1870, and gained a small fortune in America in 1867 and 1868. On June 8, 1870, while he

was at work on *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*, he was suddenly struck down by apoplexy. He died the next day at his house, Gadshill Place, near Rochester; and on the 14th was quietly buried in Westminster Abbey.

In spite of the jovial benevolence of his writings, Dickens himself seems to have been less amiable in private life than either the 'cynical' Thackeray, or the saturnine Carlyle. His taking to public readings was partly, as he said, 'to escape uneasiness at home'; an uneasiness chiefly due to his own restless and exacting temper. He separated from his wife in 1858. He was always morbidly conscious of his humble origin and defective education. But he is optimistic in his views of life generally, and is ready with his indignation against the oppression of the weak by the strong. As a writer he possessed an unrivalled range of imagination, never strictly true to nature, but always intensely vivid; and he is a master of the humorous, the grotesque, and the terrible. His range was confined to the lower, or to the lower middle classes: of 'society' he knew nothing, and his attempts at describing it are mostly caricatures. His humour, too, in some cases consists in inventing a character which is a mere bundle of catch-words; and his pathos is at times laboured and unreal. But his popularity is indubitable, and will probably be permanent. He made humour, the harsh humour of Hook and Jerrold, genial and harmless. Sam Weller can never die, nor Betsy Trotwood, nor Joe Gargery; indeed the list of Dickens's immortals is so long and so varied that all his failures and mannerisms are comparatively but dust in the balance. For, as G. K. Chesterton well says, 'in England...the poor people are the most motley and amusing creatures in the world, full of humorous affections and prejudices and twists of irony...The democracy is really composed of Dickens's characters; for the simple reason that Dickens himself was one of the democracy.' But Dickens did more than this. His writings have exerted a strong and beneficial moral influence. They have largely helped to throw down the barriers between class and class, and taught us that goodness

Character as a man and a writer.

and human kindness are to be found in all sorts of persons, even the lowest. Conventional as he is in many of his opinions, he is one of the leaders in the progress towards the brotherhood of mankind. It should be noted that not a few of his novels are novels with a purpose (pp. 82-83); they point out evils with a view to their reform. Thus *Oliver Twist* shows up the abuses of Poor Law administration; *Pickwick*, *David Copperfield*, and *Little Dorrit* expose the harm done by imprisonment for debt; the dilatoriness of the Law is emphasised in *Bleak House*, and the mischief of red-tapism in The Circumlocution Office of *Little Dorrit*: while the private school system of the time is mercilessly ridiculed in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

QUOTATIONS.

He had used the word in its Pickwickian sense. *Pickwick*, Chap. 1.

"I want to make your flesh creep," replied the (fat) boy. *Ib.* Chap. 8.

Battledore and shuttlecock's a werry good game, when you a'n't the shuttlecock and two lawyers the battledores, in which case it gets too excitin' to be pleasant. *Ib.* Chap. 20.

When you're a married man, Samivel, you'll understand a good many things as you don't understand now; but wether it's worth while goin' through so much to learn so little, as the charity boy said, ven he got to the end of the alphabet, is a matter o' taste. *Ib.* Chap. 28.

"That's rayther a sudden pull-up, ain't it, Sammy?" Inquired Mr. Weller. "Not a bit on it," said Sam, "she'll wish there was more, and that's the great art o' letter-writin'." *Ib.* Chap. 33.

"Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick." Chops! gracious heavens! and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? *Ib.* Chap. 34.

"Yes, I have a pair of eyes," replied Sam, "and that's just it. If they wos a pair of patent double million magnifying gas microscopes of hextra power, p'raps I might be able to see through a flight o' stairs and a deal door; but being only eyes, you see, my wision's limited." *Ib.*

Oh, Sammy, Sammy, vy worn't there a alleybi? *Ib.*

Oliver Twist has asked for more. *Oliver Twist*, Chap. 2.

"If the law supposes that," said Mr. Bumble... "the law is a ass—a idiot." *Ib.* Chap. 51.

My life is one demd horrid grind. (Mr. Mantalini) *Nicholas Nickleby*, Chap. 64.

Codlin's the friend, not Short. *Old Curiosity Shop*.

There might be some credit in being jolly under the circumstances. (Mark Tapley) *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chap. 5.

"Let us be merry," said Mr. Pecksniff. Here he took a captain's biscuit. *Ib.*

"Mrs. Harris," I says, "leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so disposed." *Ib.* Chap. 12.

"Bother Mrs. Harris," said Betsy Prig... "I don't believe there's no sich a person!" *Ib.*

In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. *A Christmas Carol*, Stave 2.

Barkis is willin'. *David Copperfield*, Chap. 5.

Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen six; result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six; result misery. (Mr. Mickawber) *Ib.* Chap. 12.

When found, make a note of. (Captain Cuttle) *Dombey and Son*, Bk. 1, Chap. 15.

The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. *Ib.* Chap. 23.

"Father" is rather vulgar, my dear. The word "Papa", besides, gives a pretty form to the lips. Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism are all very good words for the lips; especially prunes and prism. *Little Dorrit*, Part II, Chap. 5.

R. BROWNING (1812-1889).

**Birth and parent-
age.** Robert Browning, the subtlest and most passionately philosophic of our poets, was born in Camberwell, London, May 7, 1812. His father was a clerk in the Bank of England, a man of strong character and great ability, who cherished through life an intense love for books. His literary and artistic sympathies found vent in loving care for the future of his son. His mother was of mixed Scotch and German descent. She was a woman of fervent piety and of the sweetest disposition; and from her Browning seems to have inherited the nervous susceptibility which is one condition of the poetic organization.

Education. Browning attended several private schools, where he easily surpassed his schoolfellows; but his real education was derived from his father's large and choice library and his parents' sympathetic encouragement in the use of it. When he was only twelve, he had written a volume of short poems, inspired by Byron's influence. His father tried in vain to get them published; they were afterwards destroyed. His education for his life-work began with a chance introduction to Shelley and a volume of Keats. These two opened up for him a new world, and left a permanent imprint on his genius. One thing only his father denied him, the free comradeship of a public school and the social life of Oxford or Cambridge. He was taught music, singing, dancing, riding, boxing, fencing, and French at home, under excellent tutors, and studied Greek for a few terms at the London University. Mathematics and logic were entirely left out of his course; and possibly to this defect is due the inconsecutive involutions of thought which are such a stumbling-block to his unpractised readers.

Before he was twenty-one Browning had written *Pauline*, which was published anonymously in 1833, but met with little recognition. Twenty years afterwards Rossetti was so charmed with a copy he came across in the British Museum that he copied out the whole poem, and was sure it was by the author of *Paracelsus*. This was Browning's next poem, which was published in 1853 at the author's expense. Though *Paracelsus* did not win the popular favour, it introduced its author to the friendship of Leigh Hunt, Dickens, Wordsworth, and Landor. John Forster, knowing nothing about it but that 'The Athenaeum' had called it 'rubbish', favourably reviewed it in 'The Examiner,' clearly recognizing its great poetic promise.

About this time the family removed to Hatcham where they had the advantage of a larger house and a garden opening on to the fresh air of the Surrey hills. This removal brought them into friendly intercourse with relatives, one of whom, 'Uncle Reuben,' kept a horse, and was glad to have it exercised by so admirable a horseman as his nephew. This good horse 'York' no doubt helped to inspire Browning's stirring lyric. *How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix*. Among the friends that *Paracelsus* brought him was the actor Macready, who first met Browning at a dinner to celebrate the success of Talfourd's *Ion* (1839). The result was Browning's *Strafford*, which was brought out successfully at Covent Garden Theatre May 1, 1837. Longman published the play at his own expense ; but it brought him no profits.

Browning's next poem was *Sordello* (1840), the story of the development of a self-centred poet's soul.

For a long time, even among readers as able as Tennyson, this poem was looked upon as an incomprehensible puzzle. While it was in process of creation, Browning had the benefit of a complete change of air and scene in a voyage to Trieste. This voyage produced *Home thoughts from the Sea* and the gallop in verse, *Ghent to Aix*, referred

to above. From Trieste Browning went to Venice ; visited Asolo, then the Tyrol, and home by the Rhine.

In *Pippa Passes* (1841), Browning's next work, the poet's true genius first asserted itself with comparative freedom from those defects of form and expression which made his earlier works 'caviare to the general'. It is a dramatic poem, in which a poor girl, a worker in the silk-mills of Asolo, during her one day's holiday in the year 'passes by' singing, and so unknowingly influences the spiritual history of different sets of *dramatis personae* at an important crisis in their lives. This poem was published as the first of a series, *Bells and Pomegranates* (an alternation of music with discoursing, poetry with thought, is Browning's own interpretation of the title). The series contained plays, dramatic romances, and lyrics, afterwards incorporated, with some changes, in his published works. His *Dramatic Romances* are good examples of how Browning seizes upon and brings out 'the full emotional significance of such things as a glance or a chance word, of a landscape or of an ambition.'

The tragedy of *A Blot in the Scutcheon* (1843) was written in about five days for Macready, and was distinctly a success. It was afterwards revived by Phelps at Sadler's Wells theatre in 1848. *Colombe's Birthday* was acted in 1833 at the Haymarket, and afterwards in the provinces. Two other tragedies, *King Victor and King Charles*, and *The Return of the Druses* were written for the stage, but not sent to any manager ; they were published among the *Bells and Pomegranates*. Dramatic monologue, rather than drama proper, was Browning's strong point. In his *Cavalier Tunes* he has shown with what vigour he could whole-heartedly put himself into the mental and emotional attitude of a sturdy royalist. This is the more striking when we remember his *Lost Leader*, a fancy sketch, with Wordsworth as "model," which shows the poet's own intense and indignant Liberalism. His feelings in this respect are shown by a sonnet written in 1885, not published in his works :—

A Blot in the
Scutcheon';
'Colombe's
Birthday.'

‘ If fetters not a few
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his degree
Also God-guided—bear, and gladly too ?’¹

In the autumn of 1844 Browning again made a tour in Italy, reminiscences of which are vividly embodied in *The Englishman in Italy* (1845).

On his return he read and greatly admired the recently published *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* of Elizabeth Barrett. This led to communication between them and they fell in love with each other. In consequence of her father's irrational opposition, the engagement and the marriage (1846) were kept a profound secret. The latter had been hastened by her father's refusal to accept the family doctor's decision that it was essential for her to winter in the South. Seven days after her marriage she stole in silence from her father's house, and the married lovers took the boat to Havre and settled for the winter in Pisa, where Mrs. Browning made an almost miraculous recovery.

The tragedy of *Luria*, containing the great character of the Moor himself, and *A Soul's Tragedy* (1846) closed the *Bells and Pomegranates* series, which in an earlier issue (1842) had contained the popular *Pied Piper of Hamelin*, written to please Macready's little boy. *Home Thoughts from Abroad*, an exquisite idyll on spring in England, is another of the best known of that series. For three years after his marriage Browning produced nothing. But in 1850 he wrote *Christmas Eve and Easter Day* in Florence; the poem is a first rough draft of his own religious creed. Mr. and Mrs. Browning returned to England for the summer of 1852; but with the exception of such occasional visits to London or a winter in Paris, the two lived the rest of their joint life in Italy, chiefly at Florence, where she died in 1861. Her death was a terrible blow to the poet. After a time he returned to London (where

‘Luria’; ‘The Pied Piper’; ‘Christmas, Eve and Easter Day.’

¹ *Life of Robert Browning*, W. Hall Griffin (1910).

he was joined by his sister) and settled there to look after the education of his son, an only child, born in 1849.

Men and Women, a series of dramatic studies among which

'Men and Women'
'Caliban upon
Setebos'; etc.

An Epistle is a wonderfully subtle study of human feeling, had been published in 1855; as also had a dramatic sketch, *In a Balcony*.

Another similar series, *Dramatis Personae*, begun before his wife's death, was published in 1864; of which the most important are *Abt Vogler*, *Rabi Ben Ezra*, *Caliban upon Setebos*, *Mr. Sludge*, "*the Medium*," and *Prospice*. *Balaustion's Adventure* (1871) and *Aristophanes' Apology* (1875) illustrate Browning's familiarity with the Greek classics, and especially his sympathetic insight into Euripides, 'the human, with his droppings of warm tears'.

In 1867 the degree of M. A. was conferred upon Browning by the University of Oxford, and he was made

'The Ring and
the Book'.

an honorary Fellow of Balliol College. In 1869 was published his masterpiece, *The Ring*

and the Book. In June 1860 the poet had come across an old book on a stall, containing a full account of the trial of Count Guido Franceschini of Arezzo for the murder of his wife Pompilia, who had fled from him under the care of a priest Caponsacchi. It was a long and complicated case, and public opinion in Rome was much divided at the time (1698), some siding with the husband, some with the wife. All these divergencies of opinion find full dramatic expression in the poem; each of the chief actors tells the tale from his or her own point of view; the pope giving, from the loftiest standpoint, the final verdict. As a subtle study in dramatised psychology this poem is unrivalled in English literature. After its publication, the poet's fame was fully established; in America even more than in England.

Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau, Saviour of Society (1871), a

dramatic psychological study of the third Napoleon, and *Fifine at the Fair* (1872), like *Mr. Sludge*, "*The Medium*," are both examples of the work which had a growing fascina-

'Fifine at the
Fair', 'Red Cotton
Night-cap Coun-
try'; etc.

tion for the poet since his study of the Roman murder-case. It lies in weaving with all the resources of intellectual subtlety the special pleadings of some arch-villain for his own favourite vices, who in thus telling his own story, vividly reveals his own character; while all the time the poet's own moral fervour remains suppressed in an ironic background. *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* (1873), a study of a tragic story leading to a lawsuit in the courts at Caen, is a good example of Browning's later style. The poem is full of quaint conceits, all playing upon the tragic contrast between the sleepy stagnation of rustic innocence and the hidden depths of scarlet guilt which it may sometimes serve to hide. The *Inn Album* (1875) is an even more characteristic and subtle study of the higher love of man and woman. *Pacchiarotto and How he Worked in Dis-temper* (1876), with most of the poems that follow in that set, are examples of Browning's racy satire, made more pungent by his prodigal use of the queerest double or triple rhymes. *The Agamemnon of Aeschylus* (1877) with its satirical prose-preface, is a powerful because faithfully close translation of the greatest of Greek tragedies; it rounds off the preceding poems much as Balaustion's two *Adventures* serve to round off *Men and Women* and the *Dramatis Personae*.

In 1877 Browning returned for a time with his sister to

Return to Italy;
'Jocoseria,' etc.
death.

Italy, staying frequently in Venice and at his beloved Asolo, where he planned to build himself a summer home, to be called 'Pippa's Tower.' During this period were produced—

Jocoseria (1883), a series the first of which, *Donald*, is, in its moral, an exact counterpart to Wordsworth's *Hartleap Well*; *Ferishtah's Fancies* (1884), a series of parables under which Browning veils some of his philosophy of religion and ethics; and *Asolando: Fancies and Facts* (1889), a series containing some of his loveliest lyrics, closing with the beautiful *Epilogue*, which may be compared and contrasted with Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*. At the end of October 1889 Browning left Asolo to join his son and daughter-in-law in their new home in Venice. Here he caught cold by walking out in a fog,

gradually grew worse, and died December 12, 1889. His body was taken to his London home, and thence to the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey, where it was interred Dec. 31.

Browning as a man and a poet naturally invites comparison with the other great poet of his age, Tennyson.

Character as a
man and a poet :
contrasted with
Tennyson.

Of the two Browning certainly had the greater intellectual power and grasp. Both alike were examples of the highest social and literary culture of the age, but whereas Tennyson simply represented his age, Browning led it; he will hereafter be a guide in philosophic thought, when Tennyson is prized only for his beauty of expression. Their scope differs: Browning's art concerns itself almost exclusively with men and women; nature for him held scarcely even a secondary place. Correspondingly, while Tennyson was shy and almost a hermit, Browning made a point of living in Society; he was one of the personages of the London 'seasons.' Both aimed at success on the dramatic stage, and both in some limited measure attained it; but whereas the dramatic monologue was Tennyson's occasional achievement, it was Browning's strongest point. Browning has little of Tennyson's exquisite grace and music; on the other hand Tennyson has nothing like Browning's range of humour, nor has he the least appreciation of the bizarre and the grotesque, in which Browning instinctively delighted. Browning, again, is one of the most difficult of English poets, while Tennyson is one of the clearest; the former was too much taken up with the matter of his poems to trouble about the classic perfection of form which the latter prized so highly. Both alike held the highest ideal of the sanctities of sex, and the married life of each came up to the full beauty of their ideals; but while the passion of the lifelong and undying love for 'one and one only' was with Tennyson a conviction on which he is never tired of preaching, with Browning it was too sacred and intense to be dramatized about, and is referred to only on the rarest occasions, as when it breathes through the restraint of *One Word More*, or lightens across the darkness of death in *Prospice*. It is however

in the philosophy of religion that the study of Browning is so valuable. Though he may sometimes seem to lean towards the Pantheism of Wordsworth or Tennyson, he never loses his hold of the actual and the individual. God is to him a reality; the finite and the infinite, the human and the divine, are made one by love (see the last of the Quotations). In Browning far more than Tennyson, we meet with the fullest and most fearless analysis of all that modern science and modern criticism can suggest in the way of doubt. He wrestles with the Angel of the Dark as no poet-Israel ever wrestled before; and no other poet has succeeded as he has done in bringing the naked human soul face to face with the Ineffable Vision. Browning has not the fullness of Shakespeare's dramatic instinct, though he comes nearer to Shakespeare than any other English poet; but on the other hand he has the power of philosophic insight into what Shakespeare always most conscientiously avoided as beyond his province—the fundamental problems of religion and Christianity. Setting that poet apart, Landor writes of Browning:—

‘Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse.’

One word as to the right way of approaching the study of Browning. G. K. Chesterton's admirable book on his poetry will serve as a useful introduction. Avoid beginning with such poems as *Sordello*. Study sympathetically his shorter, easily understood poems, selected from the *Dramatic Lyrics*. Then read and drink in the inspiration of Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Aurora Leigh*; and then peruse in its light *The Ring and the Book*, especially section vii, omitting for the present the intricate legal arguments of sections viii and ix. When *The Ring and the Book* has been thoroughly mastered, the student may pass on to other poems, leaving *Sordello* to the last.

How to read
Browning.

QUOTATIONS.

- God is the perfect poet,
 Who in his person acts his own creation. *Paracelsus*, Part 2.
- 'Tis only when they spring to Heaven that angels
 Reveal themselves to you. *Ib.* Part 5.
- The great beacon-light God sets in all,
 The conscience of each bosom. *Strafford*, IV. 2.
- The year's at the spring
 And day's at the morn ;
 Morning's at seven ;
 The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
 The lark's on the wing ;
 The snail's on the thorn ;
 God's in his heaven—
 All's right with the world. *Pippa Passes*, Part 1.
- All service ranks the same with God—
 With God, whose puppets, best and worst,
 Are we : there is no last nor first. *Ib.* Part 4.
- ' Here and there did England help me : how can I help Eng-
 land ? '—say,
 Who turns as I this evening turn to God to praise and pray,
 While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.
Home-Thoughts, from the Sea, 5—8.
- He said " What's Time ? Leave Now for dogs and apes !
 Man has Forever." *A Grammarian's Funeral*, 83 —
- So, the All-Great were the All-Loving too—
 So, through the thunder comes a human voice
 Saying, " O heart I made, a heart beats here ! ". *An Epistle*.
- The aim, if reached or not, makes great the life ;
 Try to be Shakespeare, leave the rest to fate.
Bishop Blougram's Apology.
- God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
 Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with,
 One to show a woman when he loves her. *One Word More*.
- There's a real love of a lie
 Liars find ready made for lies they make.
Mr. Sludge, "The Medium."
- Stung by the splendour of a sudden thought.
A death in the Desert, 59.

There shall never be one lost good. What was shall live as before.

.....On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven, a perfect round. *Abt Vogler*, 9.

I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !

I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past. *Prospice*.

Genius has somewhat of the infantine :
But of the childish not a touch or taint.

Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau.

For this did Paganini comb the fierce
Electric sparks, or to tenuity
Pull forth the inmost wailing of the wire—
No cat-gut could swoon out so much of soul.

Red Cotton Nightcap Country, Bk. 1.

One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better, sleep to wake.

Asolando : Epilogue.

O lyric Love, half-angel and half-bird
And all a wonder and a wild desire,—
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun,
Took sanctuary within the holier blue.
And sang a kindred soul out to his face, —
Yet human at the red-ripe of the heart—
When the first summons from the darkling earth
Reached thee amid thy chambers blanched their blue,
And bared them of the glory—to drop down,
To toil for man to suffer or to die,—
This is the same voice can thy soul know change ?

Hail then, and hearken from the realms of help ! *The Ring and the Book*, I. 1391-1402.

HELPS (1813-1875).

Arthur Helps, a graceful writer of philanthropic essays, often in semi-dramatic form, was born at Balham Hill in Surrey July 10, 1813. His father was an influential City merchant and treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital. Helps was educated at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1835, being thirty-first wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos. Delicate health kept him from any high success in competitive examinations: but his intellectual power and moral earnestness made themselves felt, and he was elected as one of the select band calling themselves the 'Apostles' (p. 413). Arthur Hallam and Alfred Tennyson took part in their meetings and discussions, not long before Helps became one of the fraternity. As we shall see later, the free interplay of thought and suggestion at these friendly gatherings no doubt largely inspired the form of Helps's most characteristic literary work.

After leaving Cambridge, Helps worked as Private Secretary to the Chancellor of the Exchequer (Spring Rice) in Lord Melbourne's administration. He married an Irish lady, Miss Bessy Fuller, in October 1836. In 1840 he went to Ireland as Private Secretary to Lord Morpeth, who was then Secretary of State for Ireland: and he was appointed one of the Commissioners to settle certain outstanding claims of Denmark, dating from the Siege of Copenhagen. When Sir Robert Peel became Prime Minister, Helps's official position came to an end. But he had proved his ability for all work that required delicate tact, thought, discretion, and diplomatic skill. Accordingly in 1860, on the occurrence of a vacancy in the Clerkship of the Privy Council, he was recommended for the post by Lord Granville, and held it for the rest of his life. This appointment involved frequent personal association with Queen Victoria and occasion-

Parentage and
education.

Official life.

ally with the Prince Consort; and Helps speedily won their confidence and regard. After the Prince Consort's death, the Queen employed him to edit, with a suitable introduction, the speeches and addresses of the deceased Prince—a task which he fulfilled most successfully (1862). In like manner he edited, with a preface, *Leaves from a Journal of our Life in the Highlands* (1868), taken from the Queen's diary. In this way he became her trusted and invaluable literary adviser. In 1864 he received an honorary D. C. L. degree from Oxford; in 1871 he was made a C. B.; and in 1872 a K. C. B.

His first book (1835) was a collection of original aphorisms giving promise of the excellence shown in his later works. His *Essays Written in the Intervals of Business* (1841) and his *Essay on the Duties of the Employers to the Employed* (1844) have a permanent value. In 1843 he published two historical dramas, and in 1858 a play, *Oulita the Serf*, none of them of any great merit. His share of the dramatic faculty was insufficient for this purpose, but it stood him in good stead in representing lifelike discussions of interesting topics by a number of imaginary interlocutors. He thus reproduced the distilled essence of his happiest Cambridge days, and re-created an ideal 'Apostles' Club' of his own. The first series of *Friends in Council* appeared in 1847. In it, as in the second series (1849); in a sort of novel, *Realmah* (1869); in *Conversations on War and General Culture* (1871); and in *Talk about Animals and their Masters* (1873), the same method of dramatic discussion was employed with no little felicity. These friendly critics, chief among whom were Milverton, Ellesmere, and Dunsford, became increasingly real and effective both to the author and his readers, and they impart a unique charm to the work in which they occur.

Helps was all his life a vehement opponent of Slavery. A whole essay is devoted to the subject in the first series of *Friends in Council*. It is more fully treated in two books on. *The Conquerors of the New World and their Bondsmen* (1848 and 1852); and

Anti-slavery
books; death.

forms the prominent theme in the four volumes of his *Spanish Conquest in America* (1855-1861). Indeed the author's obvious pre-occupation with one idea, his self-imposed fidelity to bare unquestionable fact, and his tendency to ethical digressions made this book a failure with the general public. He afterwards re-wrote this history in the form of separate biographies, viz: *Las Casas, the Apostle of the Indians* (1868), the *Life of Columbus* with the *Life of Pizarro* (1869), and the *Life of Hernando Cortes* (1871). In this amended form his historical work proved much more successful. Helps had always been of a delicate constitution, and during his later years he suffered from pecuniary anxieties which somewhat preyed upon his health. A brief illness carried him away March 7, 1875.

Helps was a man of sterling integrity, a conscientious worker a lover of accuracy both in political and literary work. Eminently gentle and sympathetic, he shrank from the rough world of political strife, in which otherwise he might have attained high distinction, and devoted himself with a strong feeling of duty to making this imperfect world better. He had a keen sense of the misery caused in the world by thoughtlessness, injustice, and the abuse of power. All his writing is suffused with the passion of the social reformer. There is a somewhat feminine delicacy and charm about his literary style, which is the exact reflex of his characteristics as a man. Simplicity, straightforwardness, and an absence of dogmatism mark his composition; he has a quiet faith in the strength of right and a certain hope of its final triumph.

QUOTATIONS.

When a matter is made public, to proclaim that it had ever been confided to your secrecy may be no trifling breach of confidencly ; and it is the only one which is then left for you to commit. *Essays ; Secrecy.*

Remember that in giving any reason at all for refusing, you lay some foundation for a future request. *Ib. Treatment of Suitors.*

There is a deafness peculiar to suitors ; they should therefore be answered as much as possible in writing. *Ib.*

Its (party-spirits) insidious prejudices, like dirt and insects on the glass of a telescope, will blur the view, and make them see strange monsters where there are none. *Ib. Party-Spirit.*

Our prejudices imprison us : and like madmen, we take our jailors for a guard of honour. *Ib.*

It is a common thing for people to expect from gratitude what affection alone can give, *Ib. Aids to Contentment.*

Depend upon it, the most fatal idleness is that of the heart. *Ib.*

FROUDE (1818-1894.)

James Anthony Froude, a vivid historian and fine prose-writer, was born at Dartington, Devon (near Totnes, of which his father was archdeacon), April 23, 1818. His eldest brother, Richard Hurrell, took a prominent part in the Oxford Movement; his younger brother William was a distinguished naval engineer. James was educated at Westminster School and at Oriel College, Oxford, where he took second class honours, won the Chancellor's English Essay prize, and in 1842 was elected a Fellow of Exeter College. He was ordained deacon in 1844, and became a zealous disciple of Newman.

Newman's secession to Rome in 1845 shook the foundations of his religious belief, and Carlyle became his spiritual leader. His wavering faith found expression in a pseudonymous novel, *Shadows of the Clouds* (1847); and his complete scepticism was openly avowed in the semi-autobiographical *Nemesis of Faith* (1849). This avowal cost him his Fellowship and an appointment in Tasmania, whereupon he took to literature for his profession.

In addition to magazine work he wrote a *History of England from the fall of Wolsey to the defeat of the Armada* (1856-1869); *The English in Ireland in the 18th century* (1871-1874); *Short Studies on Great Subjects* (1867-1877); *Julius Cæsar* (1879); *Reminiscences of Carlyle* (1881) and *Life of Carlyle* (1882), whose executor he was; *Oceana* (1886); *The English in the West Indies* (1888); *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy* (1889), an unsuccessful historical novel; *The Life of Lord Beaconsfield* (1890); and the *Divorce of Catherine of Aragon* (1891). His latest works *Erasmus* and *English Seamen* were published—the former just before and the latter soon after his death.

In 1868 he was elected Rector of St. Andrew's University.

Official appointments ; death.

In 1872 he lectured successfully in the United States. In 1874 and 1875 he was sent by the Colonial Secretary, Lord Carnarvon, on important political missions to South Africa. In these he showed himself injudicious and wanting in tact ; as he was also in the Colonial visits recorded in *Oceana*. On the death of his bitter critic Freeman in 1892, he was appointed Regius Professor of History at Oxford. He was twice married. His first wife, a sister of Mrs. Charles Kingsley, died in 1860, and his second wife in 1886. Froude died Oct. 20, 1894 at the Molt, near Salcombe in his native country.

Character as a man and writer.

Froude was a reserved man, with strong prejudices ; genuinely conscientious and of great industry, but naturally careless and inaccurate. He had a powerful imagination and a keen historic sense ; so that he made history a living thing, in which the interplay of feelings and motives among the chief actors became prominently conspicuous. But his 'congenital inaccuracy,' and his vehement partizanship are serious faults in a historian. He was intensely patriotic, and had a keen sense of England's greatness and of the duty which that greatness laid upon all her sons. His style, as Saintsbury says, 'has neither the popular and slightly brusque appeal of Macaulay or Kinglake, nor the unique magnificence of Ruskin...It is never flat, never merely popular, never merely scholarly, never merely "precious" and eccentric ; and at its very best it is excelled by no style in this century, and approached by few in this or any other, as a perfect harmony of unpretentious music, adjusted to the matter that it conveys, and lingering on the ear that it reaches.

QUOTATIONS.

No vehement error can exist in this world with impunity.
Spinoza.

The poet is the truest historian. *Homer.*

Wild animals never kill for sport. Man is the only one to

whom the torture and death of his fellow-creatures is amusing in itself. *Oceana*.

A nation with whom sentiment is nothing is on the way to cease to be a nation at all. *Ib.*

Nations are but enlarged schoolboys. *Ib.*

Moderate reformers always hate those who go beyond them. *Erasmus*, Lecture 20.

KINGSLEY (1819-1875).

Charles Kingsley, a clergyman of varied accomplishments and endowed with a talent closely allied to genius, was born at Holne vicarage near Dartmoor, amidst some of the loveliest scenery in England, June 12, 1819. His father was vicar of Holne. From childhood onwards he was a great lover of open air sports and of the sea; and he showed a marked literary taste. He was educated at King's College, London, and at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he took a first class in the Classical Tripos of 1842.

Soon afterwards he was ordained curate at Eversley Hampshire, and in 1844, the year of his marriage, was appointed rector, a position which he held till his death. In 1860 he became Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. *The Roman and the Teuton* (1864) was the permanent fruit of this appointment. In 1869 he exchanged this post for a canonry at Chester; and in 1873 he was transferred to a canonry at Westminster and became a Queen's chaplain. In 1871 he realized the dream of his life in a voyage to the West Indies, his experiences of which were recorded in his *At Last*. He died at Eversley January 23, 1875.

His first appearance as an author was in *The Saint's Tragedy* (1848), a dramatic presentment of mediæval piety, based on the life of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. In 1849 he published two bold Socialist novels, *Alton Locke* and *Yeast*, in the latter of which he gave voice to the 'divine discontent' of his age in matters of religion even more than in social questions. During this time and onwards he worked with F. D. Maurice in the 'Christian Socialist' movement; his tracts and pamphlets bearing the pseudonym of 'Parson Lot'. In 1853 appeared *Hypatia*, a powerful

Birth and education.

Career.

Literary and social work.

presentation of the conflict between Pagan philosophy and mediæval Christianity. In 1855 he published his greatest novel *Westward Ho*, a stirring tale of Elizabethan adventure, in which the defeat of the Spanish Armada serves to bring about the climax of the hero's fortunes. *Two Years Ago* (1857), based upon the Crimean War and the cholera visitation, is mainly a contrast between the Kingsleyan hero, a sceptical, much-travelled doctor, Tom Thurnall, and the morbidly sentimental poet, Elsley Vavasour. In 1863 he wrote for children the charming half-satirical, half-ethical fairy-tale *The Water Babies*. In 1864 he became involved in an unfortunate controversy with J. H. Newman (1801-1890), in which his hot temper and lack of controversial skill caused him to make the better cause appear the worse. *Hereward the Wake* (1866), the interest of which centres in Saxon opposition to the inevitable Norman Conquest, closed the series of his novels. His chief other books were *Glaucus* (1854), a study of seaside wonders, and *The Heroes* (1856), in which he tells the principal stories of Greek mythology to children so as to bring out their latent spiritual meaning.

Kingsley was a most earnest reformer, a sincere Christian, and a zealous parish priest. Cheerful and manly, he is the prophet of what has been called 'muscular Christianity.' His domestic life was one of ideal beauty. In poetry he has made in *Andromeda* the best attempt at naturalizing that troublesome exotic, the hexameter, and his various songs and short poems are of high merit; but it is in his novels that he is greatest. 'The best passages', writes Saintsbury, 'of Kingsley's description, from *Alton Locke* to *Hereward*, are almost unequalled and certainly unsurpassed. The shadows of London low life and of working-class thought in *Alton Locke*, imitated with increasing energy for half a century have never been quite reached..... Few better historical novels than *Westward Ho* have ever been written.' To which we may add that perhaps no scene in English literature is more subtle, dramatic, and fascinating than the one in which Salvation Yeo recognises in the Indian girl on board the little maid

Character as a man and a writer.

of his life-long quest, linked as it is with the quaint charm of a sailor's 'chanty' and the haunting loveliness of the North Devon coast.

QUOTATIONS.

He did not know that a keeper is only a poacher turned inside out, and a poacher a keeper turned outside in. *Water Babies*, Chap. I.

The most wonderful and the strongest things in the world, you know, are just the things which no one can see. *Ib.* Chap. 2.

This noble soul,

Worth thousand prudish clods of barren clay.

Who mope for heaven because earth's grapes are sour. *Saint's Tragedy*, Act. II. 3.

Yet waste men's lives, like the vermin's,

For a few more brace of game. *The Bad Squire*.

Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,

Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep. *Ib.*

He that will not live by toil.

Has no right on English soil. *Alton Locke's Song*.

For men must work and women must weep,

And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep. *Three Fishers*.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;

Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;

And so make Life, Death, and that vast For Ever,

One grand sweet Song. *Farewell. To C. E. G.*

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880)

George Eliot (Mary Ann Evans), the greatest of English women-novelists, was born at Arbury Farm, near Nuneaton, Warwickshire, November 22, 1819. Her father, Robert Evans was a trusted land agent shrewd, chiefly self-taught, one of those men whose religion lies in conscientious work; a genuine Tory of the old school. Adam Bede and Mr. Garth in *Middlemarch*, especially the latter, are idealizations of his personality. Mary Ann was the youngest of three children by a second marriage; there were two children by the first. Her mother was of a somewhat superior social position, and appears to have had a touch of the caustic wit of Mrs. Poyser in *Adam Bede*, while her mother's family stood as models for the Dodsons in *The Mill on the Floss*. The latter novel indeed is to a great extent George Eliot's own spiritual autobiography, excluding of course its external incidents.

In March 1820 her family removed to Griff, a charming red-brick, ivy-covered house on the Arbury estate. Here Mary Ann lived for the first twenty-one years of her life, and its surroundings and society were her chief educators for her future work. She went to good ordinary schools, and was so far well grounded at them that, when at the age of seventeen she became her father's house-keeper in consequence of her mother's death and her elder sister's marriage, she carried on her own education in German, Italian, and music, and kept up a regular course of standard reading. While at school in Coventry, strong Evangelical fervour was instilled into her by her two school teachers, daughters of a Baptist Minister, who stood as the model for that almost unique creation, Rufus Lyon in *Felix Holt*. That fervour was intensified by the influence of her aunt, Mrs. Samuel Evans, a Methodist preacher, who in like manner is idealised as Dinah Morris in *Adam Bede*.

In 1841 Mr. Evans moved to Coventry, where Mary Ann soon became familiar with persons who revolutionized her whole life. These were Charles Bray and his brother-in-law, Charles Hennell, both thorough-going sceptics in matters of dogmatic religion. A book written by the latter, entitled *An Enquiry concerning the Origin of Christianity* speedily sapped the foundations of Mary Ann Evans's old religious beliefs. But what chiefly moved her were two things: first, the union of a low morality with intense dogmatism which she found so common among the Methodists of her acquaintance; and next, the vividness with which Sir. Walter Scott's novels made her feel that lofty enthusiasms and high morality had no necessary connexion with religious belief. To the end of her life she was wholly sceptical as to all forms of religious dogma; but strongly convinced that the religious life which is built up intellectually on a basis of dogma has in reality its roots far deeper down. This habit of mind is a marked characteristic of all George Eliot's novels; it gave her vivid insight into types of intense religion so widely different as the Nonconformist Rufus Lyon, the Wesleyan Dinah Morris, the Catholic Savanarola, and the Jew Mordecai.

George Eliot's literary career divides itself naturally into two periods. The first began with her laborious translation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu* (1846). The death of her father in 1849, whom she had nursed with devoted care during his last illness, was a severe shock to her affectionate nature. The Brays took her for a tour on the Continent, where she formed a close and permanent friendship with M. and Mme. D'Albert, and lived with them for some time at Geneva. On her return to England she met Dr. Chapman, editor of 'The Westminster Review,' who induced her to write, for that magazine, a review article which appeared in the January number, 1851. In September of that year she became assistant-editor, and made her home with the Chapmans. The 'Westminster' has never been a financial success; but it was for a long time the chief organ

Literary career :
first period.

of higher philosophic thought ; and Miss Evans's position as sub-editor was both socially and intellectually a most valuable education. She had perforce to keep abreast of the most advanced thought in England, France, and Germany, and she was in close and constant literary communion with the leading experts in philosophy and literature. Among these were Herbert Spencer, Carlyle, Francis Newman, Harriet Martineau, J. A. Froude, Theodore Parker, Greg, Forster, Mazzini, and lastly the brilliant and versatile George Henry Lewes.

Lewes had married in 1840, but his wife had forsaken him under circumstances which precluded a legal divorce. His home was broken up, and he was practically a widower. Mary Ann Evans had gradually learned to love him ; and they entered upon a non-legal union in 1854. After a year spent abroad they settled in England, and now began the second period of her literary career. Lewes soon detected the genius latent in his wife's literary hackwork. Encouraged by his sympathy and advice, she wrote a tale. *The Sad Fortunes of the Rev. Amos Barton* ; and Lewes persuaded the Editor of 'Blackwood's Magazine' to accept it. *Mr. Gilfil's Love Story* and *Fanel's Repentance* followed, and in 1858 all three were published together as *Scenes of Clerical Life*. These tales all appeared under the pseudonym 'George Eliot,' which thenceforward became the name by which she was always spoken of and thought of even after her real personality had become known. These *Scenes* were warmly appreciated by the leaders of literature. Carlyle was enthusiastic ; still more so was Dickens, who avowed his certainty that 'George Eliot' was a woman. *Adam Bede* followed in 1859, a triumphant success, most critics regarding it as her masterpiece. Mrs. Poyser is as original as and even more genuinely humorous than Dickens's Sam Weller. *The Mill on the Floss* (1860) ; *Silas Marner* (1861), a perfect gem ; *Romola* (1862-3), a story of Italian life centering in Savonarola's mission and martyrdom, the hero of which, Tito Melema, is a subtle study in the slow ruin of an artistic, pleasure-loving soul, who wrecks the happiness of his heroic wife ; and *Felix Holt the Radical* (1866), were followed

by two poems : *The Spanish Gypsy* (1868), a fairly good drama in blank verse, and *The Legend of Jubal and other Poems* (1874) Her novels recommenced with *Middlemarch* (1873), an exhaustive and subtle study of English middle-class life, with its dreary futilities, its narrow selfishness, and its thwarted heroism. *Daniel Deronda* (1876) is a profoundly sympathetic study of Jewish heredity clashing with all that is most refined and attractive in the associations of a liberal English education. In this novel 'Grandcourt Mallinger' is George Eliot's most powerful embodiment of the spirit of evil as we know it in modern civilisation. Her last book, *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879), is a collection of essays of not very high merit.

Lewes died November 28, 1878; and his death ended her literary career. Without the inspiration of his love she could do nothing, as she was never weary of reiterating. One of their intimate friends, Mr. T. W. Cross, left desolate by his mother's death, had taken to the solace of studying Dante. George Eliot kindly offered to act as his tutor, and the association ended in their marriage in May 1880. Her constitution, however, was undermined by her fatal loss; and a slight chill brought about the illness of which she died, December 22, 1880.

The most remarkable illustration of the close union between the woman and her work is that everybody thinks of 'George Eliot' as if it were her real name. Her literary work is throughout a woman's work; she is an incarnation of 'the eternal feminine which draws Man heavenwards.' But she was a woman who was familiar with the chief languages of Europe, could read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew with pleasure; was well versed in the most abstruse philosophical speculations as well as in the outlines of modern science; and could successfully undertake the severest drudgery in mastering antiquarian or historical details. With all this she was a perfect housewife and capable of strong sympathy and affection. Above all she was a woman to whom a man's love was as the very breath of her nostrils. George

Death.

Character,
personal and
literary.

Eliot possessed a wonderful power of observation, shown in her pictures of rustic and middle-class society which are true to the life. Her humour, like Thackeray's, is sometimes touched with sarcasm. Her command of pathos is undeniable; mingled with something of the old Greek 'irony' it dominates some of her situations, as in the case of Maggie Tulliver, with telling effect. She has more constructive talent than Dickens or Thackeray; her stories, unlike theirs, have a carefully elaborated plot and centre in a catastrophe.

From the date of *Adam Bede* onwards George Eliot was almost as popular as Scott or Dickens; certainly more popular than Thackeray. But towards the end, with *Daniel Deronda* and *Theophrastus Such*, her popularity declined. It became the fashion with a certain clique to disparage her; and the fashion has spread. The two things laid to her charge are—(1) that scientific or philosophical speculation over-rides her imagination, and that her later novels are mainly stalking-horses for the presentment of doctrinal fads; (2) that her gallery of men contains only portraits of women in disguise. The first criticism may be partially true of some passages in *Daniel Deronda* and of the Savonarola episodes of *Romola*, a novel which she felt to be weary work. She does undoubtedly interpolate scientific or philosophical digressions into her story-telling, but to a far less extent than Thackeray; nor in either case does this questionable habit at all enfeeble the writer's dramatic power. The second criticism is untrue to the facts. No more genuine portraits of men were ever drawn than Mr. Gilfil, Adam Bede, Rufus Lyon, or Caleb Garth. The only ground for the objection appears to be that George Eliot never had any tolerance for the moral laxity which some falsely regard as essential to true virility. The highest genius is evolved when a woman-soul is added to a man's whole virile being; Shakespeare was such. The next highest type of genius is when a man's soul is incarnate in a woman; such was George Eliot.

Adverse
criticisms.

QUOTATIONS.

We are apt to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us. Is it because the brutes are dumb? *Adam Bede*, Chap. 4.

Her (Mrs. Poyser's) tongue was not less keen than her eye, and, whenever a damsel came within earshot, seemed to take up an unfinished lecture, as a barrel-organ takes up a tune, precisely at the point where it had left off. *Ib.* Chap. 6.

'It's but little good you'll do a-watering the last year's crop.' (Mrs. Poyser) *Ib.* Chap. 18.

'It's them as take advantage that get advantage i' this world.' (Mrs. Poyser) *Ib.* Chap. 32.

'I never seed a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, "Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em" I mean putting a ghost for a smell or else contrairiways.' (The landlord) *Silas Marner*, Chap. 6.

The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement (as the half-drowned weaver entered the public-house) like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present had an impression that he saw...an apparition. *Ib.* Chap. 7.

'If old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it?' (The Parish Clerk.) *Ib.* Chap. 10.

'But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose—ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful there'll be no holding her.' (Dolly Winthrop on education. *Ib.* Chap. 14.

The gods of the hearth exist for us still; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots. *Ib.* Chap. 16.

'And all as we've get to do is to trusten, Master Marner...to do the right thing as far as we know, an to trusten. For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we may be sure as there's a good and a rights bigger nor what we can know...I feel it in my own inside as it must be so.' (Dolly Winthrop's theology) *Ib.* Chap. 16.

'The law's made to take care of raskills.' *Mill on the Floss*, Bk. III., Chap. 4.

Hitherto he (the parish priest) had been rather more adored and appealed to than was quite agreeable to him ; but now, in attempting to open the ears of women to reason, and their consciences to justice, on behalf of Maggie Tulliver, he suddenly found himself as powerless as he was aware he would have been if he had attempted to influence the shape of bonnets. *Ib.* Bk. VII, Chap. 4.

RUSKIN (1819-1900).

John Ruskin, the prophet at once of art and social reform, was born in London February 8, 1819. His **Birth and Educa-
tion.** father was a successful wine-merchant, 'an entirely honest man,' whose virtues have been chronicled by his son on his tomb at Shirley Church, near Croydon. His mother was her husband's first cousin, and John, their only son, was always delicate. He never went to school, but was allowed a large liberty in self-development, writing verses and drawing, and above all travelling about all over the kingdom and on the Continent with his father and mother. In 1837 he matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, having previously attended lectures at King's College, London. In 1839 he won the Newdigate Prize for Poetry; but ill-health compelled him to give up the idea of taking Holy Orders, and his parents gave him the benefit of entire change of air and scene by a long tour on the Continent. With the subsequent help of a private tutor at home he took a pass degree in 1842.

Ruskin made his mark by the first volume of his *Modern Painters* (1843), proving philosophically their **Literary career.** superiority to the ancients, especially by the paintings of Turner. The four remaining volumes were published at intervals, the fifth and last volume in 1860. In 1849 he published *The Seven Lamps of Architecture*; and between 1851 and 1853, the three volumes of *The Stones of Venice*, perhaps his greatest work. He had now established his reputation as a profound and original exponent of the principle of art, both in painting and in architecture; and took the lead in the development of the 'Pre-Raphaelite' School of painting by his lectures, *Architecture and Painting* and *The Two Paths* (1854), with *Political Economy of Art* (1858).

After the completion of *Modern Painters* in 1860 Ruskin entered on a new phase of his career. During a sojourn at Chamounix he wrote his first attack on the accepted political economy of the day, with its utilitarian ethics, its policy of *laissez-faire*, its confident belief that self-interest and the law of competition would solve every social problem. *Unto this Last* (1862) was followed up by *Munera Pulveris* (1865) in 'Fraser's Magazine.' His views were at first received with a storm of opposition, but later he came to be regarded as a supreme authority not only in art but in economics and morals. *Sesame and Lilies* (1865) is a guide to the profitable reading of books; *The Crown of Wild Olive*, and *Ethics of the Dust* (1866) are devoted to social reform. But this social work was chiefly promoted in his brilliant irregular serial, *Fors Clavigera* (1871 to 1884), which led to his organisation of the Guild of St. George, an association for carrying out in practice his new principles.

In 1869 Ruskin was elected Slade Professor of Fine Art at Oxford, a post in which his intense enthusiasm and personal charm gave him a great influence upon the undergraduate world. He did for Botticelli, a forgotten Italian painter, what he had previously done for Turner. The chief of his books published during this time were *The Queen of the Air* (1869), *Ariadne Florentina* (1873), and *Val d'Arno* (1874). After 1883 he retired from the Professorship to end his days at his home on Coniston Lake. Several collections of lectures and articles were published by him after his retirement, the most interesting for their absolute frankness, being his autobiographical sketches, *Præterita* (1885-9). He died January 20, 1900.

The chief feature of Ruskin's career as an art critic and teacher was his intense moral earnestness and his deep conviction of the kinship between art and true ethics. As a man, he was of a noble and generous disposition, but irritable and inclined to intolerance. He is a master of language, copious, eloquent, picturesque;

but whose very splendour is apt to blind us to his not infrequent fallacies in reasoning. Ruskin, as a modern critic remarks, succeeded not only in 'thinking aloud,' but in writing down in words the workings of his brain. This is a process of the very greatest difficulty; yet, with his absolute mastery over words, he was able to manipulate them, as an organist his notes and stops, so as to produce exactly the effect he wanted.

QUOTATIONS.

The faculty of degrading God's works which man calls his 'imagination.' *Modern Painters*, I. Preface.

They are good furniture pictures, unworthy of praise, and undeserving of blame. *Ib.* I. Part II, Chap. I, Sec. 20.

Vulgarity is only in concealment of truth, or affectation. *Ib.* II. Part 2, Chap. 6, Sec. 7.

The higher a man stands, the more the word 'vulgar' becomes unintelligible to him. *Ib.* III, Part 4, Chap. 7, Sec. 9.

We English have many false ideas about reverence; we should be shocked, for instance, to see a market-woman come into church with a basket of eggs on her arm, *Ib.* III. Part 4, Chap. 10, Sec. 22.

Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all; it is merely being 'sent' to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel. *Ib.* III, Part 4, Chap. 17, Sec. 24.

The purest and most thoughtful minds are those which love colour the most. *The Stones of Venice*, II, Chap. 5, Sec. 30.

Speaking truth is like writing fair, and only comes by practice. *The Seven Lamps*, Chap. 2, Sec. 1.

Among the first habits that a young architect should learn, is that of thinking in shadow. *Ib.* Chap. 3, Sec. 13.

It (a railway station) is the very temple of discomfort, and the only charity that the builder can extend to us is to show us, plainly as may be, how soonest to escape from it. *Ib.* Chap. 4, Sec. 21.

A little group of wise hearts is better than a wilderness of fools. *Crown of Wild Olive*; *War*, II4.

Fine art is that in which the hand, the head, and the heart go together. *The Two Paths*, Lecture 2.

No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. *Ib.* Lecture 5.

You may either win your peace or buy it; win it, by resistance to evil; buy it, by compromise with evil. *Ib.* Lecture 5.

God never imposes a duty without giving time to do it. *Lectures on Architecture*, No. 2.

M. ARNOLD (1822-1888).

Matthew Arnold, poet, critic, and educationist, was born at Laleham near Staines, December 24, 1822.

Birth and Parentage.

His father was the headmaster of Rugby celebrated in *Tom Brown's School-Days*, who almost revolutionised the ideals of public school life. His mother was the daughter of a Nottinghamshire rector, and appears to have impressed all the Rugby boys who came under her influence with the beauty and gentleness of her disposition.

He was educated for a year at Winchester, and for the rest of his school course at Rugby, where he wrote a prize poem. In 1840 he entered Balliol College, Oxford; and here also he won the Newdigate prize with his poem *Cromwell*. In 1844 he took his degree with honours in the second class, and in 1845 was elected a Fellow of Oriel College. Here he was associated with the poet A. H. Clough (1819-1861), whose death he mourned in *Thyrsis*, one of the most beautiful of his lyrics.

Education.

For four years (1847-1851) he was Private Secretary to Lord Lansdowne; and shortly after secured an appointment as Inspector of Schools, which position he held from 1851 to 1886. He exercised a great influence in the development of education in our primary schools, and his official reports, collected and published in book form attracted an unusual amount of public attention. He was thrice commissioned by Government to undertake enquiries into the state of education on the Continent; and his reports on these enquiries are recognised as authorities on their special themes, and have played an important part in educational controversies.

Inspector of Schools.

His first book of poetry was *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* (1848), signed with only an initial. This was succeeded in 1852 by *Empedocles on Etna and Other Poems*. In 1853 and 1855 he

Literary career.

published under his own name selections from the former volumes with new poems added. This gained him so high a reputation that in 1857 he was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, an office which he held for ten years. In 1858 his classical tragedy, *Merope*, appeared; and in 1867 his *New Poems*. During his Professorship he chiefly devoted himself to scholarship and criticism, publishing *On Translating Homer* (1861), *On the Study of Celtic Literature* (1867), and two series of *Essays in Criticism*, in 1866 and in 1888. In 1883 he received a pension of £250. He made himself, however, more especially known to the public by his fearlessly controversial writings on religious questions. Such were *Culture and Anarchy* (1869), *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1870), *Literature and Dogma* (1873), *God and the Bible* (1875), and *Last Essays on Church and Religion* (1877). Other later works were *Mixed Essays* (1879), *Irish Essays* (1882), and *Discourses on America* (1885). In the year 1883 and again in 1886 he undertook lecturing tours in America; but as a lecturer he was not very successful. His sudden death, from heart failure, took place at Liverpool April 15, 1888.

Arnold as a man represented the best type of the cultured upper middle class of English society. He was brought up under the most favourable conditions both for intellectual and moral development. Those who knew him only by his writings imagined him to be somewhat of a literary coxcomb—an entirely false idea. Strenuous, manly, and energetic, he was untainted with affectations of any kind, literary or intellectual. He had a vein of kindly humour which is but slenderly represented in his writings. However keen as a satirist, he was always most urbane in tone and expression. And above all things he was sincere; a fearless and honest thinker, who never tolerated in himself or others the habitual self-deceit implied in the disingenuous acceptance of established conventions either in religion or in life.

As a poet, Arnold is often spoken of as if his chief characteristic were the 'Greek temper,' the free, joyous, unquestioning acceptance of life as we

Character: (1) as
a man.

(2) As a poet.

find it. But however purely Grecian may be the form of his poetic renderings of classical themes, they are always infused with the modern spirit of questionings, of strenuous moral endeavour, and of the pain of spiritual doubt. In one of his most typical poems, *Mortality*, he shows how impossible for him is the 'free, light, cheerful air' of Nature. His early life and surroundings brought him at first under the predominating influence of Wordsworth. Later he became an outspoken critic of Wordsworth's defects. But the paramount influence that formed his genius was Milton (with whom he shares a conscious effort after classical correctness) and to a less extent Gray. Keats and Tennyson both helped to mould his poetic form. Arnold himself maintained that the poet ought to select as a subject one that makes a powerful appeal to the elementary human feelings and affections; that he should treat this as a unity, with due subordination of part to whole, and with a sustained and even dignity of action, on the model of the 'grand style' of the Greeks. Saintsbury declares that while much of Arnold's verse is but second-best, 'the best where it appears is of surpassing charm—uniting in a way, of which Andrew Marvell is perhaps the best other example in English lyric, romantic grace, feeling, and music, to a classical and austere precision of style, combining nobility of thought with grace of expression, and presenting the most characteristically modern ideas of his own particular day with an almost perfect freedom from the jargon of that day, and in a key always suggesting the great masters, the great thinkers, the great poets of the past.'

It was by his *Essays in Criticism*, with its stimulating preface, that Arnold began to be a power in the world of literary opinion. He undertook the role of a 'Socrates in London' and, like his prototype, by the method of suggestive questioning and by a felicitous irony, he succeeded in making the British 'Philistine' aware of his own deeprooted defects. That appellation, happily hitting off the self-satisfied insularity of the middle class English intellect, he so far popularised that we always think of him as its originator. Arnold had an especial admiration

(3) As a critic
and a prose
writer.

for the French people, with their susceptibility to ideas; while he correspondingly deplored the absence of 'sweetness and light', the want of 'culture', in his fellow-countrymen. The style of this criticism was novel and taking, being the academic style of his University, coloured by idiosyncracies of his own. Its defect lay in a certain mannerism, a trick of repeating words and phrases in order to give an air of conviction. The polish and grace of his satire, in which he rivals Addison himself, gave both piquancy and power to his criticisms. He certainly did good work in holding up for imitation the excellencies of Sainte-Beuve, whom he revered as his master in the critic's art. He was possessed of great rhetorical power and a genius for inventing telling phrases, so apt as to become proverbial, and familiar to many who have never studied the writer himself.

The most useful part of Arnold's work however lay in the introductions to the poets. impetus he gave to the intelligent, popular study of our standard poets by his critical and explanatory introductions to selected *Lives* from Johnson's *Poets*; by his introduction to Byron, and above all to Wordsworth. In work of this kind he is unrivalled; and by it he has probably left his most permanent impress on literary opinion and culture in England.

'Sohrab and Rustum.' *Sohrab and Rustum* (1854) is a narrative poem, founded on a Persian legend. The great Persian warrior Rustum had a son Sohrab, whom he had never seen, and of whose existence he was ignorant, since the mother had pretended that her infant was a girl. Sohrab left his mother and gained fame in arms at the head of the Tartar armies. The poem describes a final battle in which Sohrab, seeking to win the love of his undiscovered father Rustum by a heroic exploit, challenges the Persian champion and is mortally wounded by his spear. Too late the aged champion, who is really Rustum fighting under a feigned name, finds the token which proves his son's identity. The style is in many parts strangely reminiscent of Tennyson's *Morte d' Arthur* (1842); but the conclusion, in which the human tragedy is

veiled under the image of the great river flowing past the scene of battle to its destined end, is a magnificent piece of organ-music unique of its kind; less majestic than Milton, but more profoundly spiritual.

Tristram and Iseult is based upon the same legends as Tennyson's *Last Tournament* and *Vivien*; but the treatment is wholly different, and rises to a far higher plane of thought. The young knight Tristram had been brought up in the court of his uncle Mark, king of Cornwall. He was sent to fetch Iseult, the daughter of the King of Ireland, for her bridal with Mark. On the voyage to Cornwall by misadventure the two drank of the magic love-potion which had been prepared for Iseult's marriage with Mark. This wrecked for life the happiness of both. Tristram had to flee from Mark's jealous anger; he went to Brittany and there, more out of gratitude than love, married Iseult 'of the White Hands'. In his last illness he sent for Iseult of Cornwall. The poem describes their meeting and his death, and the subsequent widowhood of Iseult of Brittany, who lives thenceforth only for her children. Tennyson's version makes Tristram a mere coarse animal, who is killed by Mark in the critical moment of a guilty intrigue; he is used only as a foil to set off the 'blameless Arthur,' and to help to explain the downfall of his 'Table Round'. Tennyson's *Vivien* is a vivid description of an evil woman of real flesh and blood; while Arnold's version of the legend is an exquisitely beautiful fairy-tale told by the widowed Iseult to her children. Tennyson treats the rival Iseults on the conventional lines of a Victorian novel; Arnold has the daring and spiritual insight to make the two women meet, just as George Eliot does with the two in *Romola*.

The Scholar-Gipsy, based on Glanvil's story of an Oxford student forced by his poverty to join the gipsy-folk and learn their lore, happily introduces, in harmony with the central theme, descriptions of all Arnold's favourite nooks and by-ways round the Cherwell and the Isis. In *Rugby Chapel* the poet, alone

'The
Scholar-Gipsy';
Rugby Chapel.'

in the gathering gloom, thinks of his father laying buried there ; or rather does not think of him as either there or 'alone.' The memory of his father's life comes back and forces him, in spite of the chill agnosticism of his intellect, to see the spiritual heroes of the past, his father among them, encouraging the stragglers and heartening the wayworn in the vast disorderly army of the pilgrims through the desert sands of Life :—

'Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On to the City of God.'

QUOTATIONS.

The barren optimistic sophistries
Of comfortable moles. *To a Republican Friend.*

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. *Sonnet on Shakespeare.*

Yet they believe me, who await
No gifts from chance, have conquered fate. *Resignation.*

Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee. *Empedocles on Etna, Act II.*

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm ;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm. *Ib.*

Her look was like a sad embrace ;
The gaze of one who can divine
A grief, and sympathize. *Tristram and Iseult, Part I.*

The same heart beats in every human breast. *The buried Life.*
Children of men ! the Unseen Power whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find. *Progress.*

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
 Too harassed, to attain
 Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
 And luminous view to gain. *In Memory of the Author
 of 'Obermann.'*

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire which in the heart resides ;
 The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides.
 But tasks in hours of insight willed
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled. *Morality.*

Culture is 'to know the best that has been said and thought
 in the world.' *Literature and Dogma*, Preface (1873).

Conduct is three-fourths of our life, and its largest concern.
Ib. Chap. I.

The *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness. *Ib.*

Sweet reasonableness. *St. Paul and Protestantism*, Preface
 (1870).

STEVENSON (1850–1894).

Robert Louis Stevenson, a fascinating story-teller and brilliant essayist, was born in Edinburgh November 13, 1850. He was always dedicated, and his life was mostly one long battle with disease. This was in one way fortunate, as it necessitated open air activity, abundant travel, and a familiarity with life in the tropics which is so important an accessory in much of his literary work. Coming from a family of light-house builders, he began to work at engineering in 1866; but finding the physical strain too severe, he unwillingly took to law (1871). But he never practised. Having been addicted from a child to romance reading and to literary composition, more especially to imitating different styles, he finally adopted literature as a profession. An exact mastery of words and phrases was always a consuming passion with him. In 1873 he first met Sidney Colvin, who became his lifelong friend and materially helped his entrance upon a literary career.

In the course of his travels Stevenson met a Mrs. Osbourne (1876), whom he afterwards married in 1880. Her son Lloyd Osbourne subsequently collaborated with his step-father in *The Wrecker* (1892). Stevenson's wife and stepson were warmly welcomed in his Scotch home; but his health compelled repeated visits to Davos for the winter months. The south of France, Bournemouth, and (after his father's death in 1887) the Adirondacks in America, Honolulu, and Sydney were tried from time to time as residences; and finally he found rest and such health as was possible at Vailima, in Samoa, in November 1890. Here he became a pioneer settler and a beloved prince among his Samoan retainers; and here he died from an apoplectic stroke December 31, 1894.

His writings comprise—*An Inland Voyage* (1878), *Travels with a Donkey* (1879); *The Silverado Squatters* (1880); *Virginibus Puerisque* (1881);

the sensational *New Arabian Nights* (1882); *Treasure Island* (1883), perhaps his most popular romance; *Prince Otto* (1885), less successful; *The Master of Ballantrae* (1889); *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1826), a weird study of an artificially produced double personality; *Kidnapped* (1886), with its sequel *Catriona* (1893), *Weir of Hermiston*, his most mature and characteristic novel, was left a fragment. He was dictating it on the day of his death. *The Merry Men and other Tales* (1887) is named from a subtle sketch of a Calvinistic Highland wrecker. *The Wrong Box* (1888) a farcical romance, was written in conjunction with his stepson.

Stevenson was a most loveable and fascinating man; and his writings reflect his inmost self more fully than in the case of almost any other author. Character as a man and a writer. And perhaps no author has excelled him in the perfect combination of an admirably picturesque and polished style with the fascination of a born story-teller.

QUOTATIONS.

A little amateur painting in watercolour shows the innocent and quiet mind. *Virginibus Puerisque*, Part 1.

Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone, but principally by catchwords. *Ib.* Part 2.

The cruellest lies are often told in silence. *Ib.* Part 4.

When an old gentleman waggles his head and says, "Ah, so I thought when I was your age," it is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts: "My venerable Sir, so I shall most probably think when I am yours." And yet the one is as good as the other. *Crabbed Age and Youth.*

A man finds he has been wrong at every preceding stage of his career, only to deduce the astonishing conclusion that he is at last entirely right. *Ib.*

There is no duty that we so much underrate as the duty of being happy. *An Apology for Idlers.*

He sows hurry and reaps indigestion. *Ib.*

Every man has a sane spot somewhere. *The Wrecker.*

To call her a young lady, with all its niminy associations, would be to offer her an insult. *An Inland Voyage.*

I never weary of great churches. It is my favourite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a Cathedral. *Ib.*

Politics is perhaps the only profession for which no preparation is thought necessary. *Yoshida-Torajiro.*

Language is but a poor bull's-eye lantern wherewith to show off the vast cathedral of the world. *Walt Whitman.*

I hate cynicism a great deal worse than I do the devil ; unless, perhaps, the two were the same thing. *Ib.*

Courage respects courage. *Travels with a Donkey.*

There is nothing an honest man should fear more timorously than getting and spending more than he deserves. *Morality of the Profession of Letters.*

Let any man speak long enough, he will get believers. *Master of Ballantrae.*

Autumnal frosts enchant the pool
And make the cart-ruts beautiful. *The House Beautiful.*

All I ask, the heaven above,
And the road below me. *The Vagabond.*

The child that is not clean and neat,
With lots of toys and things to eat,
He is a naughty child. I'm sure—
Or else his dear papa is poor. *A Child's Garden of Verses,*

No. 19.

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